

CHAFFEE

ROARING HORSE
BY ERNEST HAYCOX

He was again full of vital energy. The country of his choice lay stretched into the misty horizons, swelling like the surface of a placid ocean. It was sage and sand arroyo and butte—the same as the land to the other side of the range; yet somehow it was a freer land here and he felt freer in it. The peaks were heavy with snow, the bench was lightly overlaid; down in the flat country no snow had so far touched the earth, though the air was shot with the warning of it and the sun was dim above unusual clouds. He traveled leisurely, timing himself against the hour when he was to meet the ex-Stirrup S men at the old quarters. And around twilight of this short day he surmounted a knoll to confront the familiar, heart-quickening sight of his old homestead. The cottonwoods marched against the deepening blue, the creek bank was heavy with shadows. And the house sat serenely in the shelter.

But only for a moment did he feel the pleasure of revisiting. The next moment he was wistfully sad and regretful. A light glimmered out of the cabin windows. Somebody else enjoyed the comfort of the structure he had created with so much sweat and pride and hope for the future. He reined in only for a moment, absorbing the picture. Then he spoke quietly to the horse and circled away for Stirrup S.

"Things change," he murmured. "That's life, I reckon. And if a man doesn't move with the times the ground is cut from under his feet. I must be getting old. Seems like I'm always harpin' back to what used to be. Well, it's hard for a fellow to bury a piece of his life in one spot of the earth and then go away and forget. I'll never find another place like it."

Twilight was absorbed into darkness. A sickle moon cast a blurred reflection above the clouds, the stars were hidden. And in the desert quietness he became aware that someone followed him. Nothing of sight nor of sound came forward to tell him this; it was rather one of those impalpable warnings carrying across the air to vaguely impinge on his nerves. Some men are given the faculty of feeling such things; some men are not. It is almost an instinct and comparable to that sense in birds which turns them south and north on the approach of the seasons. Jim Chaffee had felt such warnings before. When he obeyed them he profited; when he tried to reason out the strange fact of their existence he invariably went wrong. He traveled onward, making certain of the warning.

Presently he shifted his course to right angles and fell into a gully, waiting. "Four-five hours would give them time to get on my trail," he said to himself. "But how would they know where to look? Maybe they figure an old dog always strays home." No signals rose behind. Far off a coyote lifted its bark and wall to the profound mystery of the universe. Somewhere was a like reply, and that was all. Chaffee tarried fifteen minutes and then went on. Perhaps his senses played him false. Both uncertain and restless he pressed the horse to a faster pace. He passed a solitary pine and a hedge-like clump of juniper bushes; he struck a beaten trail and then the outline of all that had been the Stirrup S home ranch lay dark and obscure in front of him.

He stopped, oppressed by the

tenancy of those chilly shadows. Once Stirrup S had been crowded with life; a light had glimmered from the big house; melody and warmth had dwelt in the crew's quarters. Fine men had walked the yard, proud of all that Stirrup S meant—its vast range, its wide-flung herds. A domain it had been, a little empire apart, a haven and refuge, a sturdy piece of the historic West. Now it was but a cheerless relic of brave dreams gone to defeat. Out beyond in the still heavier shadows Dad Matterlee lay asleep. Miz Sawyer was gone, the crew scattered; never again would the corrals echo to the same shouts, the same epithets, the same ribald jeering. This had been his home; and the thought of it renewed the feeling of homesickness in him.

"Times change. I guess you ain't got any right to stick to the old, familiar things. But it goes hard—it goes hard."

His old-time partners were not yet on hand, otherwise a light would be burning. Dropping from the saddle, he led the horse nearer a corral and left it. Walking alongside the bars of the corral he was more distinctly assailed by the sensation that others were abroad in the night, behind him or about him. The farther he issued into the yard the more strongly did the belief become until at last he halted, drawing his muscles together and dropping his gun arm. He stood between the crew's quarters and the big house, facing westward toward the faint outline of the barn. He had not been aware of a wind before, yet there appeared to be a rustling and a whispering and a soft abrasion of sounds running here and there. It seemed to him to grow louder around the crew's quarters; it seemed to him shadows were shifting. He stepped sidewise, closing upon the porch of the big house, at the same time watching the other direction with flaring eyes.

Was it the Stirrup S bunch, waiting for him and yet wishing to keep under cover for fear of the forces leagued against them? Supposing his friends were over there? Did they figure it was his play and not theirs? Well, maybe it was. He debated, more and more sure of company in the yard. At that point he heard the first definite breaking of silence—a boot dragging along a board, a subdued murmur. All this by the crew's quarters. "Nothing came from the big house. He got to the steps of the house porch and made his decision; he drew a breath, lifted his gun from the holster, and sent a challenge running softly across the yard.

"Who's that?" It were as if he had opened the door to bedlam. A staccato roar rent the silence and the blackness. Flames mushroomed; bullets smashed along roomed at widely divergent points; bullets smashed along the porch and spat at his very feet. And above this he heard the booming, sledging voice of Theodorik Perrine summoning up the attack.

"Now we got him! Snap into it! Lay lead over there—lay lead over there!" He leaped up the steps and over the porch. The door was closed; he flung it open, slid inside, and slammed it shut. The next moment he had jumped away and down to a window. The door seemed about to be beaten off its hinges by the impact of bullets. They came onward, Perrine's mighty, sounding wrath like the break of rollers on abeach. They were up to the porch;

from the window he saw their shadowed forms weaving this way and that way, and he opened on them with a brace of shots that scattered the gang and flattened them down against the porch boards. But only for the moment. He could not stop them; he could not keep them from coming through—either by the front or the back. What he could do was play a game of hide-away. Another shot humbled them for a few moments. In those moments he slipped up the stairs. On the landing he heard the front door give and go down. Only Perrine's strength could have smashed it so suddenly and completely; and they were inside, roving here and there with a singular recklessness until the giant that led them boomed again.

"You go outside, Clipper! Watch! Back door—for the love o' God, watch that back door!"

"Listen," grumbled one of the men, "this ain't no way to get him. Damn place is full of holes an' shadders. Let's go outside and string around it. Burn the joint. Can't miss him then."

"I want to get my hands on him," muttered Perrine.

"Use yore head—"

"Shut up! This is my party!" The giant had gone mad. Chaffee's groping arm touched a table in the hallway. There was a piece of Indian pottery on it. Stizing the jar, he bent over the banister and dropped it down. The smash of it on the lower floor woke their rest's guns. Smoke swirled upward; hot profanity beat along the darkness. They were falling flat, overturning chairs and tables for protection.

"That corner—"

"Chaffee—yore dead now!" Chaffee went down the upper hall a-tiptoe. A window opened to the roof of the back porch, and he hoped to let himself down quietly and circle around to his horse. But in treading the hall his boots struck a loose board. It sent out a sharp protest, and as he reached the window there seemed to be a general break-up of Perrine's party. The renegades broke in all directions, boots drumming the lower flooring, sounding out of the doors. He debated, trying to catch the meaning of the move. Then he heard a brace of shots cracking from the general direction of the barn. Hard after, Perrine went a-bellowing across the yard.

"He's wiggled clear! He's monkeyin' with our hosses! Clipper—Clipper, where in the name o' Judas are yuh Nev, mind upstairs—that's just a sound!" The rest of his vast fury rolled out unprintable and blasphemous. Chaffee shook his head, not understanding. He drew the catches of the window and raised it, noise lost in the general racket going on below. He shoved himself through and worked to the edge of the porch roof. Back here was quietness; out front the guns were playing. Looking to the ground from his elevation was like staring into some black pool of water.

"Maybe it's another neat little device of Mr. Perrine's," he said to himself. "He's crazy as a louse on a hot brick. But I can't be speculatin' all night. Here's a break. Better take it. Now, if they's a man waitin'—"

He dropped and hit the ground on all fours, feeling the impact stabbing his still insecure ankle. So far so good. No gun met him, nobody came catapulating out of the surrounding shadows. He rose and galloped away from the house, hearing the thundering voice of Theodorik Perrine rise and fall from one raging epithet to another. He skirted a shed, reached the corral, and hurried around it. His horse still stood, though restless and circling the reins. Chaffee never gave it a thought; he sprang up and turned the pony. A voice came sibilantly from somewhere.

"Jim."

"Who's that?" this year calmly cultivating a crop which will make them safe from want.

Farmers elsewhere will trouble about the low price of their products. But in Arkansas they are making certain that they produce the things that they themselves need. There are no live-at-home sermons in Arkansas now. The merciless sun and nigarding clouds preached it last year and Arkansas has not forgotten. Arkansas will live at home this summer and fall, yes, and this winter, too. Grimly and without wordiness of any sort, Arkansas farmers are doing all they know

"Mark—Mark Eagle." Horse and rider closed in, came beside Jim. The Indian's arm dropped on Chaffee's shoulder. "I am your friend."

"How in the name of—"

"Let's ride out first."

The pair spurred off, the drum of their ponies bringing Perrine's gang down the yard on the jump. But presently they had become only murmuring figures in the distance. The reports of the shooting were dimmed. "Better swing," said Chaffee. "They'll be on our heels pretty quick."

"Now, listen, Mark, how did you bust into this?"

"This afternoon I saw you going north. I was hidden in a gully. I have led a solitary life recently, Jim. I have come near nobody. But I saw you and I followed. I know many things—too many things. But I was by the corral when Perrine's outfit opened up. The rest was not hard. I am glad to see you back."

"That goes double," muttered Chaffee. "I owe you somethin', Mark. Blamed if I don't. Well—let's swing around anyhow. I sent word ahead for the old outfit to meet me back there. It's plain they won't, so we'll try Linderman which is the alternate rendezvous."

"They will not be at Linderman's," said Mark Eagle, never altering his tones a whit. "They were at Melotte's a little before sundown—part of them. Others are scattered."

"How do you know, Mark? You were on my trail around then."

"I saw Melotte's from a distance at four o'clock. He is building a barn and they are working on it. I saw them."

"They'd still have time to reach Linderman's," insisted Chaffee. "And they wouldn't turn me down. I told Red Corcoran in Bannock City ten days ago to round 'em up."

"Red Corcoran," said Mark softly, "never reached Melotte's, Jim. He is dead—killed eight days ago—up in the bench behind Cherry's horse ranch. I found him, with a bullet in his heart. And I saw a big boot track near by, as big a boot track as you found back of the livery stable."

"Dead!" cried Chaffee, struck clean through by the news. "Red? Why—Perrine killed him?" He sat a long time, staring up to the hidden stars, sad and outraged and remembering the sturdy, reckless courage of the man. "Another fine friend gone. Why was it Jeff Ganashayd didn't mention that when I saw him to-day?"

"Nobody knows but me—and Perrine. It is way back on the bench, Jim. The story was on the ground. Corcoran coming from the low pass—coming from you. And Perrine ran into him. Wasn't it a good chance for Perrine to settle a grudge? I buried Red."

Chaffee's hand rose and fell. "Mark, I wish you'd help me. I wish you'd round up the boys and have them meet me somewhere."

"I will. And the time has come to tell you something else. Light a match."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Judicious Lending.

From Guaranty Trust Co. Bulletin. Regarding the relationship between foreign loans and the international movement of goods, opinions in this country vary. Some maintain that the high level of American exports since the war was possible only because we have been lending foreign countries the funds with which to purchase our goods and that eventually we must accept an imposts merchandise surplus if our international transactions are to be balanced without the continuous process of extending credit abroad. Whichever of these possibilities occurs, the fact remains that most of our excess capital loaned abroad has been invested in foreign industries, permitting them to expand and to bring a greater degree of prosperity to those countries.

Prosperous customers are by no means a setback to American business. As long as there is ample credit in this country to finance domestic industries, the judicious exporting of American capital is wholly a desirable thing; for in reality it merely means that American investors are security holders in foreign business enterprises and enjoy the expenditure, mostly in this country, of the return that these loans bring them.

how to do in order to make sure of that.

NO ZOO FOR HIM

Paris—A six-foot orang-outrung escaped from the Paris zoo and took up his abode in an apartment house. He announced his presence by sitting heavily on the keys by the piano. The noise disturbed him and he grabbed several pictures off the wall and hurled them around the room. Then he sat down until his keeper came. All the choice tidbits the keeper had to offer couldn't induce the animal to quit the house.

OF INTEREST TO FARMERS

BABY TURKEYS

Little turkeys fall victims to many diseases. It is hard to doctor them successfully, so it is necessary to rely on preventive measures almost entirely. One of the most important is the raising of the young turkeys absolutely separate from chickens. It is often wise to raise them away from the main flock of grown turkeys, on clean, well-drained ground. It is extremely dangerous to brood baby turkeys with chicken hens, and all turkey hens used should be wormed and isolated before the brooding period starts. Each turkey mother should have a small rain-proof coop at least four feet square. This will take care of the brood without crowding as they grow older. These coops can be made with shed roof, 30 inches high at the rear and 48 inches at the front. The front should be almost entirely open, but covered with hardware cloth not larger than 1/2-inch mesh. Earthenware drinking fountains should be provided, especially if milk is fed, as they are very easily cleaned. It is never wise to mix baby turkeys of more than one week's difference in age until they are 10 weeks old, after which they can range freely under the watchful care of the mother. One turkey can easily care for 30 to 40 babies. Keep the brooding coop closed until all dew is off the grass in the morning, and keep the young turkeys shut up on cold, rainy days. The mother turkey should never be allowed to range until the youngsters are at least a week old. The little turkeys can be given a small grass yard, which should be changed every four or five days. As soon as the young turkeys are a week old the hen may be given a chance to range with them during the warm, dry parts of the day, but should never be allowed to enter or run with the chicken flock. It is well to allow the young turkeys to be slightly hungry most of the day. Do not give them any solid feed during the first two days, but allow them access to fresh drinking water or clean milk. They should be given coarse sand or grit and some green feed such as finely chopped onion tops, lettuce or green alfalfa. Be sure the green stuff is tender and clean, and put in narrow troughs into which the young turkeys cannot climb. Milk is a wonderful feed for turkeys of any age. Be sure it is fed in earthenware or wooden vessel, is reasonably fresh and that the vessels are cleaned each day. Many farm women who begin feeding their turkeys on crumbled, hard-boiled eggs, including the shell, mixed with finely chopped tender green feed have remarkable success. A regular chick starter, mixed with milk or water to a crumbly state, and one hard-boiled egg and green feed added for each three days will give fine results. All feed should be absolutely fresh and fed in narrow troughs. After the first turkey is ranging with the young turkeys, a creep six feet square will prevent the hen from eating with the youngsters. When the birds are two or three weeks old a mash of yellow corn meal and ground wheat or grain sorghum can be fed if they get all the milk they can drink. It is a good plan to feed them only enough to keep them busy 10 minutes, then remove the feed troughs and give them a fresh feed the next feeding. We can begin by feeding five times a day, decrease it to two or three times before the youngsters are three weeks old, at which period they should be fed only twice. Those who do not have milk and wish to make their own mash will find the following very satisfactory: 50 pounds yellow corn meal, 15 pounds shorts or ground wheat, 20 pounds dried buttermilk, 4 pounds bone meal, 5 pounds oyster shell, 1 pound salt. Feed the young turkeys all they will clean up.

LESS CORN FOR HOGS

Despite low prices—at least in a relative sense—the last crop of hogs paid well for its board. Cheap grains, favorable weather and production curtailment favored growers by enhancing profit. A short corn crop found compensation in full yields of small grains, including wheat, hogs marketing these low-price products with monetary results that would have been impossible otherwise. In the case of hogs the entire net proceeds made bank deposits, while cattle and sheep carried heavy financial burdens in the shape of purchase-money loans, transportation charges and other expenses not entailed by exclusive farm production. The exclusive feeder's margin does not concern the swine raiser, whose major concern is getting more than current market prices for grain, realizing that without conversion into pork such farm products would be worth even less. Recent developments indicate that a larger acreage of wheat, barley and oats can be advantageously installed; these crops, being less expensive than corn are available earlier and broaden rotation. The 1930 drought demonstrated that an excessive corn acreage is both un-economic and dangerous. Much Corn Belt land has been "corned" until yields declined to the danger point, creating a fertility-restoration problem soluble only by resort to small grains and legumes. What in the Corn Belt is now recognized as a valuable feed crop, especially for young growing hogs. It affords the farmer two opportunities to utilize land, as when wheat fails a feed crop can be grown on the same soil. From now on the farmer must regard small grains as feed rather than market crops, utilizing swine to a major extent for conversion into cash product. Reducing the corn ration will be distinctly advantageous in the important matter of porcine health, especially at the pig stage; the frame structure of the growing animal will be strengthened and a more desirable finished product, from the merchandising standpoint, assured.

BIG HEN EGGS

Recently we examined the trap-nest records of more than 2,000 hens, says a poultry expert. All eggs laid by them had been weighed and recorded. No correlation between the number of eggs laid and their size was indicated, but it was shown that the poultryman who selects hens for capacity to produce a large number of large eggs. To illustrate the difference between hens, take these two. One laid in a year 248 eggs, 90 per cent of them first grade in size, and actually worth \$10.20. The other laid 252—four more than the first— but only 19 per cent were firsts, and their market value was \$8.31. Many poultrymen cannot trap-nest or weigh eggs. What can they do to grow pullets which will tend to produce eggs more nearly like the \$10.20 hen? To accomplish this, use as breeders only hens and males which are of good size for their breed, since it is definitely known that larger hens tend to lay the larger eggs. Save the eggs from the breeding pens, but before placing them in the incubators weigh each egg. This is a simple task. Mark every egg which weighs 20 ounces to the dozen or more, with the figure 26. Hatch such 26 eggs in separate trays and mark the chicks which come from them. Reserve the outside right toe punch for such chicks. Choose future breeders from hens thus marked. We should not go below this 26-ounce line, because smaller-sized eggs are likely to have been produced by hens of the small egg inheritance, while it is probable that the inherent small-egg producer will have laid few eggs as large as 26 ounces to the dozen. Of course, clear egg factors, color, shape and shell texture, must be remembered.

BUT DO NOT SKIMP

Do not give the sow's nest too much litter at farrowing time. Many pigs are destroyed by a full nest.

SYSTEMATIC CULLING

June is the time when the laying flock begins to fall off in production due principally to the fact that individual hens cease to produce, start an early molt and become boarders or culls, usually continuing in that condition throughout the summer. The problem is to weed these birds out of the flock as soon as they cease producing and dispose of them immediately for meat. They will usually be found to be in good flesh and well pigmented, and excellent poultry for market. Every two weeks is none too often to go through the flock, usually at night when the birds are

on the perch, and remove the culls. This reduces the flock and the feed consumed, without decreasing the egg production. Systematic culling beginning in June and extending throughout the summer has another big advantage. It automatically leaves in the flock in the fall the persistent laying hens, which the poultryman will hold over for breeding purposes the following year. Before starting the culling operation one should become familiar with those external characteristics which can be used in separating the producers from the non-producers.

PAID IN FULL
El Paso—Harry Brassen is an honest fellow. The other day he took a box car ride out of town. Recently the railroad officials of the line on which he copped the free ride received a letter from him. "God bless your railroad," the letter read. "Please accept these \$500.00 enclosed (40 cents worth) as a token of my repentance for riding you'n' cars."

Arkansas Looks Up.
From the Dallas News. The drought dealt Arkansas a mighty blow. Brazen skies for 190

days make even hope itself a mocking desert. But the rains have come and the seedtime also had already the harvest is in process, as to some things at least. Arkansas has enough to eat and to spare once more.

Fearing lest the country draw the conclusion that Arkansas is the land that God forsok, Earl Page, commissioner of agriculture for the state, sends out a statement of improved conditions found by him on the farms of Arkansas. It is something of a tribute to American generosity and Arkansas grit. For the farmers of hills and lowlands who were in dire distress last year are