

# CHAFFEE

ROARING HORSE  
BY ERNEST HAYCOX

Chaffee found and struck a match. The light flared on Mark Eagle's rounding coppered cheeks and revealed the smeared paint; revealed as well the blanket enfolding him, the fringed leggings. The Indian drew the blanket open and displayed his bare chest. Then the light went out and Mark Eagle was speaking with a rising sonority. "I was raised an Indian till I went to government school. A white man's ways looked good to me. I learned them; I followed them. To be like a white man was to be honorable, to keep a straight tongue. I have kept a straight tongue. But, my friend, it is hard to go against a man's own blood. My heart kept running out even while I turned the pages of the ledger. At one day after you were gone, when I saw how evil a time had come to Roaring Horse, I went back to the blanket. And now what have I found? That I am no longer an Indian. The blanket is not for me. My heart is divided—and always will be. It is bad. Never should I have left my father for a government school."

He paused a moment, expelling a great breath; and Chaffee thought the Indian was staring at the sky. "I have kept a straight tongue. I am proud of it. But I know things that you should know. And now I will tell. I was back of the stable that night—in the darkness, thinking of my father. Men came there, each one apart. I saw them, but they didn't see me. The gambler came, breathing very hard. Perrine came, swearing to himself—but these men did not kill Satterlee even if they meant to do it. Another man came, hardly breathing at all. And he was there long before any of the others, no more than five yards from me. He killed Satterlee, Jim. And his heart was very cold and hard when he did it. He had thought about it a long time, or he would have breathed harder. I know these things because that is my blood. I have said nothing all this while. It is not a white man's way to keep a straight tongue—and a still one? Maybe. But it is an Indian's way to help his friends. Is that not a better thing? Satterlee was my friend. So are you. I tell you—Woolfridge killed Satterlee."

After that, long moments of silence intervened. Mark Eagle had wrapped himself in his blanket again, stolid, patient. Chaffee drew a breath. The match snapped between his fingers. Out of the distant wastes rose the ancient chant of the coyote, bearing in it the impress of primeval desolation and eternal mystery; and far, far away that cry was taken up and echoed, indescribably mournful. Chaffee spoke quietly.

"You go round up the boys, Mark. Tell them to meet me to-morrow night behind the rodeo stands."

He might have gone by the way of Melotte's for his destination was town. But sure as he was of his partners' discretion he was not at all sure of Melotte's crew. And, though his presence was known by now, he could at least keep people from guessing where he meant to strike. Mark Eagle could do the chore safely, whispering his summons to one of the boys. They would say nothing. Nor did he want to meet Perrine again to-night; and Perrine would be scouring the main road. So he took a circuitous route and arrived back of Roaring Horse near twelve. There was an abandoned barn near the rodeo field; he left his horse in it, shut the door, and ad-

vanced along the deep darkness of the street.

The land office was closed. He saw that first because it was to the land office his attention immediately traveled. Looking to the Gusher he studied the corner windows on the second floor—Woolfridge's quarters. And they, too, were dark. Either the man was abed or out on his ranch. It made no particular difference to Chaffee; he was not ready to meet Woolfridge to-night. At the same time he noted certain changes about Roaring Horse. It was a fatter-looking place. A number of tents were up in the empty lots between rodeo field and the town proper. In the dwelling houses so usually tenantless he saw lights twinkling. The stores were open beyond their accustomed hour, and the saloons seemed to be doing considerable business. Strange faces appeared along the illuminated window fronts—appeared and slid into the shadows. He saw Locklear come out of the Gusher and sink to rest in a shrouded corner of the porch. And, still watching, it became evident to him that men were quietly patrolling the town. Quietly idling at intervals by the hotel porch. Passing word with the sheriff.

"Expectin' me, I guess," he murmured, transferring his glance to that room above Tilton's store where Doc Fancher kept office. Naturally the panes glowed with the reflection of Fancher's lamp. Fancher's lamp. Fancher never seemed to go to bed. He debated, half of a mind to detour and visit the county coroner. Fancher was a stout friend and absolutely safe. But supposing Fancher was being watched with the knowledge he, Jim Chaffee, might make just such a visit? It was more or less known, the close regard these two had for each other. Of a sudden Chaffee chuckled softly. "Won't do that—but I'll do the next best thing."

He retreated, circled the town at a safe distance, and gained the back of Tilton's dry-goods store. This was another of those buildings with a flat roof and a triangular false front rising above the roof. Chaffee chinned himself up a porch post, set foot on a window ledge, hooked his fingers across the cornice, and teetered out in space. He achieved the tar-papered roof and went tiptoeing across it. He was directly above Fancher's office; in going to the street side of the building he passed the rectangular box that capped the roof trap door. If he opened that he could look down on Fancher's very head. But he resisted the temptation and curled himself in a corner, shielded by the false front and the yard high coping that ran around the other side. It was very cold, but he alternately dozed and woke till full daylight.

There were small ports cut through the coping and false front to let water flow off the roof. Flat on his stomach and one cheek to the tar paper he could command a partial view westward on the street through these. And as the morning passed a great many citizens crossed his vision. Locklear, looking more taciturn and unmanageable than ever; three of the hired gunmen walking abreast—at which Chaffee murmured some mild oath; Callahan the saloon keeper, jowls looking very fat and unhealthy by day. These and others were familiar faces. But he saw a great many new faces—rawboned and sunburned men who slouched idly here and there;

who fell into pairs and by degrees collected into a crowd. Then the crowd would split and move away. But it was a singular thing that this drawing together occurred many times, and each time seemed to be larger and to hold longer. Men gestured with short jabs of elbows and arms; sometimes the parley appeared to grow heated.

Beyond noon, Perrine and his gang rode into town. Chaffee's interest sharpened. Even from the roof's eminence he made out the giant's sleepy eyes and sandgrimed cheeks. Perrine had been riding most of the night, so much was plain, and the burly one's temper lay heavily on the scowling brow. The whole party dropped reins by Callahan's saloon and went in. There happened to be a group of homesteaders—Chaffee had decided they were such—clustered by the livery stable at the time, and Chaffee noted how these men turned to watch Perrine's crew. That united scrutiny wasn't the ordinary type of interest. Something more was in the air. Then Doc Fancher marched into sight, his bowed legs stretching toward the courthouse. Immediately after, Chaffee became aware that he himself was being sought. Fancher had hardly disappeared beyond Callahan's when there was a creaking of boards below and the squealing of Fancher's office door. The rumble of talk sifted through the thin roof. They were moving about.

He felt the insecurity of his position. It might very soon occur to them that it was but a step and a jump through the trapdoor. Turning over, he rose and with infinite care walked to the center of the roof. Even as he settled himself prone across the trapdoor he heard a chair being dragged along the office floor. Fancher's desk groaned. A man stood on it, fingers brushing the under side of the trapdoor hear near enough to render audible what he said.

"Look anyhow. Better hurry. Fancher's apt to come back any minute."

The trapdoor moved slightly, pressure coming against Chaffee's stomach.

"Nailed down. Couldn't be up there. Let's skin out."

The other seemed to be protesting; the near fellow's answer was impatient. "What would he be climbin' up from outside for? Lots of better places to hide. Let's skin away before that wildcat Fancher gets back. Me, I don't none—"

They left. Chaffee waited a long time to make sure. In fact he held down the trapdoor the best part of an hour, hearing the traffic of the street grow heavier. It sounded as if a great many men were riding into Roaring Horse. Leaving the door he crawled to a port and studied the street. More homesteaders were assembling in groups. He also noticed Locklear, the three hired gunmen and Perrine's crew posted indolently here and yonder. Woolfridge appeared from the direction of the courthouse and walked across Chaffee's line of vision, looking neither to right nor left. The afternoon slid along, the sun's rim tipped toward the western hills, blurred by intervening clouds. Darkness threatened to arrive prematurely. And Fancher was back in his office, swearing to himself in full, irascible accents. Chaffee, cramped and cold and hungry, felt that the time for patience was at an end. He crawled to the trapdoor, listened a moment, and struck it sharply by way of warning. Fancher challenged: "Who in the name of—?" and stopped. Chaffee dragged the door half away and looked down. Fancher's face was wrinkled in anger, but that shifted to concern when he found who was above him. Chaffee dropped to the desk, dragging the door back into place.

"So you was the one who moved my furniture—"

have been several new applicants. Frank Abel is the leader, and his assistant is Harry Rose. Gerald Minton is the president and Miss Lida Abel is the secretary. Both the secretary and the president of this live, wide awake group won trips to 4-H club week this year for their activities in club work last year.

E. T. Winter, county agent of Thurston county, and Catherine Thomas Hall assistant county agent, are now busy helping club leaders with their work and planning the annual summer camp for the club members to be held at Crystal lake July 15, 16 and 17. Af-

"Nope. Couple of gents investigating" while you were gone. I heard 'em. They tried the trap but I spraddled it belly flat."

"They done it before. Boy I'm certainly glad to see you back and alive. But it ain't any place for a fellow with a price tag on his jeans. You're sittin' on a crater. Whoever moves first starts somethin'. But if said fellow don't move first he's apt to be blown to perdition. Jim, unless I'm as crazy as a loon that street is goin' to run red before long."

"Who's so sore as all that?"

Fancher was genuinely disturbed. He was nervous; the mark of worry lay in his eyes. He crossed to the desk and pulled up a copy of the county weekly, indicating a story spread over the center of the front sheet and surrounded by the black border of reversed column rules. "Read that."

It was the story Gay Thatcher had brought from the governor. No attempt had been made to stretch it out or to dress it up. The first paragraph began it and the second paragraph ended it, but these two paragraphs linked together made the story stark and bitter:

This newspaper, along with several newspapers in the territory, received from the Roaring Horse Irrigation and Reclamation Corporation copy for an advertisement to be published in our columns. The substance of the advertisement, as readers will recall, was to invite settlers into this country to buy land on the implied promise that a dam was to be built. We received the copy for this advertisement on the eighteenth of November. Remember that date.

We have since been informed by the governor of the territory of a letter written to him—and printed below—by the president of the Power Company in which that official says that the Roaring Horse Irrigation and Reclamation Corporation was notified as early as the fifteenth of November that no dam was to be built. Compare that date with the one above.

Chaffee dropped the paper, turning his head from side to side. It both surprised him and confirmed a doubt. The doubt was of Woolfridge's honesty, but the surprise came of having to believe that Woolfridge would ever expose himself to such a backslap. "Doc, this is an awful strong statement. What it deliberately says is that Woolfridge knew there wasn't going to be any dam two days or three days before he sent out the ad."

"Philips has run a newspaper all his life," countered Fancher. "And he knows what's libel and what ain't. He ain't sayin' what you claim he says. Not in so many words. He's puttin' two facts together and lettin' folks do their own guessin'. And he got them facts straight or he wouldn't of printed 'em. When the governor steps into this mess you can bet your sweet life something's rotten."

"I don't see it," confessed Chaffee. "Woolfridge is slick. He's smart. He's wealthy and he's educated."

"An built up a fine scheme," said Doc Fancher. "A get-rich-quick scheme. But somewhere along the line he left a gate open. Left it open 'n' behind him, never thinkin' about it. The slick and the smart and the wealthy and the educated dudes in this world do them just as often as you and me. And what's to come of it? What's going to happen in Roaring Horse? Jim, it scares me."

"You're clear," observed Chaffee. "Why worry?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## OFFICE SINKING

Albany, N. Y.—It is reported that the huge new state office building here is sinking and that it has leaned since its construction, as a result of its sinking, so that it is more than four inches off perpendicular. The \$8,000,000 structure has sunk all of nine inches since it was put up several years ago, it is said.

ter the camp the next big job will be the county and state fairs.

Last year 200 4-H club members took half of the premium money at the county fair. What 430 of them will do this year can only be surmised.

## BLOOD WEDDING

Memphis—Several months ago James O. Dunlap offered his blood to save the life of Kathryn Wall. Recently they were married. The marriage was performed behind the bars of Shelby county jail due to a sentence passed on Dunlap which will keep him in jail for five months.

## OF INTEREST TO FARMERS

### CONTROLLING MITES.

One treatment in time saves nine can well be said about keeping a chicken house free of mites throughout the five or six months of warm weather when mites thrive. Of course, the one treatment requires several things if it is really effective throughout the season. First, it must be done with the right material. For years we have found nothing as effective as one of the specially prepared coal-tar mite sprays or paints that are handled by most lumber yards and poultry supply dealers. These are so much more effective than kerosene, used crank case oil, crude oil, distillate and so forth that these others should not be considered except as temporary treatments. Neither are the use of fumigants like burning sulphur more than a make-shift. The trouble with all these is that they are only moderately effective for a few days or a few weeks, while a standard coal-tar mite eradicator will be highly effective for four to six months. Recently it has been called to the attention of poultry specialists that some fluoride preparations applied as a spray are proving highly effective. However, the treatment should be thorough. No matter what is used, merely treating the nests, dropping boards and spots where the mites are readily visible is not more than a third or a fourth effective. The entire wall and ceiling (at least for two or three feet next to the walls) should be treated as well as the nests, dropping boards, roosts and other lumber equipment in the house. Spraying is really the most effective and also reduces the amount of time and material necessary to do a good job. Painting is entirely practical and feasible if neither a hand nor pressure spray gun is available. Third, the treatment should be given early in the season. If delayed until millions of mites infest every crack and crevice, dropping boards, nests and the adjoining walls as well as having breeding beds in litter and filth, more material and skill is required to do a 100 per cent effective job than if the work is done before warm weather. Mites are a warm weather parasite and multiply very slowly if at all before warm weather arrives. Treating brooder houses before they are put into use in the spring is ideal. The next best time is as soon as possible after the fire is put out. Unless all the chicks are roosting, however, the floors should be covered with a quarter or half inch of sand after treatment to prevent irritation from the coal-tar mite eradicator.

### QUALITY PRODUCTION

We are living in an age in which the goal of quantity production is rapidly changing to one of quality production. We do not need more cows; we need better cows. We do not need more roughage; we need better roughage. Our fathers raised good crops of timothy hay. We have increased the production per acre somewhat to be sure, but the increase in the percentage of clovers and alfalfa has been definitely more important to the dairy industry. Many farmers need more pasture feed but practically all of us need better pastures. In early summer many dairymen have enough pasture such as it is; but it is too often composed of poverty grass, sweet vernal, and weeds—poor quality grasses, low in protein and minerals unpalatable. It is just as poor farm practice to provide milking cows with such pasture as to feed them timothy hay as the only roughage all winter. The important factors which are associated with quality in pasture feed are the types or species of grass, the protein content and palatability. When the fertility of pasture soils becomes depleted, the better grasses disappear and are replaced by poverty grass, sweet vernal, moss, cinquefoil, etc. These poorer grasses and weeds have little feeding value and are eaten by cattle only because so often there is no other choice. The restoration of soil fertility by liming with fertilizer almost invariably brings about a return of the better grasses such as Kentucky bluegrass and white Dutch clover. Many farmers have vastly improved the character of the vegetation on their pastures in a single season by fertilization. Very poor sods cannot be changed completely in one year, of course, but surprising improvement can be made. A complete change in the vegetation may be brought about in two or three seasons by adequate fertilization.

### SOME SWINE TESTS

A little bit of Denmark transplanted in America is the record of performance plan for the testing swine. It is only one of many good things we have to thank the Danes for. Briefly the R. O. P. plan is an adaptation of the cow testing association, for use with swine. A breeder wishing to test his herd for production of superior carcasses and greater economy in the use of feed marks the litters, then the county agent inspects the pigs and verifies age, sex, sire and dam, earmarks, and number of pigs living. When weaned, two barrows and two sows from the qualified litter are shipped to the experiment station to be fed until a weight of 225 pounds is reached. Then the pigs are slaughtered and a study is made of all factors necessary in a valuable carcass. Barrows and sows whose records are listed in a register of merit. This plan, while new in the United States, is making headway. In Iowa, during the last three years, 44 litters representing nine breeds and three crosses between these breeds have been tested. Each entry (two barrows and two gilts from a litter of seven pigs weaned, in the case of a gilt, and eight in the case

### BARGAIN GRASS LAND

Pastoral, or grazing, in contradistinction to arable land is slowly attracting investment. Millions of acres of this grass are available in the Mississippi valley at prices that would have appeared absurd even during the prewar period. The potential value of such areas is increased by proximity to arable land where winter roughage and grain can be produced. A commercial cattle raiser who recently acquired considerable rough acreage in state expressed the opinion that it offered excellent ranching opportunity. West of the Missouri river acquisition of grass is the higher altitudes

of a mature sow) was sent to the station when 93 days of age and started on test at 65 days. Weights at this age were from 35 to 75 pounds. In the final sum-up of the difference between cost of gain and value of carcass, a litter of Poland Chinas ranked first with a margin of \$5.25. They required only \$6.97 worth of feed to produce 100 pounds of pork valued at \$12.22 per hundred. This litter ranked fourth in the amount of feed required, fourth on carcass value and were not in the high 15 when it came to rapidity of gains. A litter of Spotted Chinas with a feed cost of \$6.88 and a carcass value of \$12.05 (making a margin of \$5.17) came in second. They were in seventh place in rapidity of gains, eighth on low feed cost and 10th in carcass value. Third place went to the litter of Poland Chinas which ranked first in low feed requirement. They were in 14th place in both rapidity of gains and value of carcass. A litter of Chester Whites which made pork for \$5.77 per hundred pounds, the cheapest of any of the 44 litters on test, ranked fourth in margin. They were handicapped on total score by a low scoring in carcasses. The average daily gain for the highest ranking litter was 1.683 pounds for 102 days. Next came another Duroc litter, with a figure of 1.64, and then two cross-bred litters with figures of 1.619 and 1.610 respectively. While results are still too inadequate to form the basis for any definite conclusions, it is apparent that Poland Chinas and Spotted Poland Chinas seem to have advantage in margin and economy of gains. Duroc Jerseys in rapidity of gains and Tamworths in value of carcass. Figures do not tell the whole story. The Durocs did not seem to be finished for market at 225 pounds and consequently suffered in carcass value. The bacon breeds, on the other hand, were prime at 175 to 200 pounds and in carrying them to 225 pounds the feed cost from the standpoint of economy went up somewhat.

### CULTIVATING SOY BEANS

Soy beans are more susceptible to injury from weeds than are most other farm crops, because of their relatively slow growth during the early stages of development and their lack of ability to compete successfully with weeds. A field of soy beans that is weedy is usually a failure. If weed seeds germinate, or if a crust forms on the soil before the young plants come through the ground, the first cultivation should be given at once. The implements suitable for this early cultivation are the weeder, rotary hoe and spike-tooth harrow. These implements may be used successfully for cultivating the crop until the plants are about six inches high, whether the crop has been drilled in close rows for hay or pasture, or in wide rows for seed production. It is better to cultivate before the plants come through the ground rather than just after they appear above the surface, as they are brittle and break easily just after they come up. After the plants have made a growth of three or four inches little damage will be done, especially if the crop is cultivated in the middle of the day when the plants are somewhat wilted. The crop will not be injured so much by these implements if it is cultivated at an angle of about 45 degrees with the row. Of these three implements, the rotary hoe is more effective in breaking the crust and does not destroy as many plants as does the weeder or spike-tooth harrow. It is not, however, quite as effective in destroying weeds. When the crop is drilled in close rows it is usually not practical or possible to cultivate after the plants have made a start. Neither red nor Savoy types present any big obstacles from a cultural standpoint. They are in demand throughout the entire year, and late red in particular is a good storing type for winter sale.

### TO KILL DANDELIONS

The most difficult of the lawn problems is that of keeping out the weeds. The old method of dealing with these interlopers was to dig them out with a weed knife, but this back-breaking job is just about the most inefficient and difficult method of all. Experimental work on the subject has demonstrated that the only logical and practical method to control dandelions, plantain and similar intruders in the lawn is to drive them out by creating favorable growing conditions for the grass and unfavorable conditions for the weeds. In other words, create a weed-proof turf. In order to build up the weed-proof turf, it is necessary to fertilize the lawn. The fertilizer should consist of sulphate of ammonia and a complete fertilizer, mixed in equal proportions and applied at the rate of 10 pounds per 1,000 square feet of lawn. The first application should be made about the time the grass begins to grow in the spring, followed by a second application some six weeks later. Where ammonium sulphate can not be obtained readily, a 12-4-4 or 12-6-4 fertilizer may be substituted for the mixture. The sulphate of ammonia performs two functions; it acidifies the soil, making conditions unfavorable for weed growth, and the material is rich in nitrogen, thereby stimulating grass growth. The complete fertilizer, in addition to nitrogen, will furnish potash and phosphorus, the other two essential plant food elements often lacking in lawn soils. Lime should not be applied to the lawn, as it encourages the growth of dandelions and plantain.

### RATS ARE COSTLY

Look often to your granaries, lest rats and mice rob you of your hard-earned possessions.

is in progress. Depleted stock-cattle supplies should make such investment profitable. The moment is opportune to pick up tracts of rough land that have gone begging for bids, owing to the plow-minded disposition of the agrarian community. Not only is land cheap measured by cost a few years back, but the stocking problem, with either cattle or sheep, has been simplified by the new scale of prices.

### STICK TO FARM, SON

Insurance statistics show that the life expectancy of a boy who lives in the country is seven years greater than that of the city boy.

## Thurston County 4-H Club Workers Active

Membership Exceeds All Past Records and Still Growing

Thurston county, Nebraska has 430 4-H club members. This is the largest membership the county has ever had, and exceeds the 1931 goal for the county by 30. There has

been a 500 per cent increase in club membership during the last four years.

Swine clubs with a membership of 114 and clothing clubs with a membership of 154 are the two most popular projects. Other club members are in rope, poultry, hot lunch, health, baby beef and corn clubs. In all there are 40 different club organizations in the county, each led by one or more adult leaders.

The largest club in the county is the Oakleaf pig club. This club had 39 members to start with but it has been reported that there

have been several new applicants. Frank Abel is the leader, and his assistant is Harry Rose. Gerald Minton is the president and Miss Lida Abel is the secretary. Both the secretary and the president of this live, wide awake group won trips to 4-H club week this year for their activities in club work last year.

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