

CHAFFEE

ROARING HORSE
BY ERNEST HAYCOX

But Fancher went right on as if he hadn't heard. "This come out four-five days ago. It's traveled like the stink of a stockyard on a windy day. Everybody knows it; everybody's been talkin' about it. It's sorter snowballed up. At first it sorter seemed to miss fire. A homesteader asked Woolfridge about it. Woolfridge laughed in the man's face. Yeah. And what he said was that plenty of people would try to throw a monkey wrench in his business. Get the idea—persecution. Jealousy, plain meanness. Uhuh. It seemed to satisfy these birds for a while. I give the man credit for cold, cast-iron, double-riveted nerve. But pretty soon folks got together. Talked about it, figured it out. It's been growin' stronger every day. They was around fifteen homesteaders here when the news broke. Thirty-four more came since—all from the adjoining counties. I've watched 'em gather from the window here. And I tell you the look that's settlin' in their faces plumb makes me cold."

Chaffee was going around the edges of this business, testing it for himself. "Woolfridge could say that the power company was only denying the story about the dam because of policy. That they didn't want to commit themselves until work was actually started."

"Which he later did say," answered Fancher. "But how does that excuse stack up against the fact that the power company wrote to the governor and the governor made it his personal business to have that letter printed? Folks have been doin' some heavy thinkin'. The governor ain't goin' to mix up with the power company if it's only a bluff. Folks have decided that much. All right. And they've been lookin' back over Woolfridge's record hereabouts. Satterlee dyin' sudden. Stirrup S being froze out. Your own case. Each of them things didn't look like so much at the particular time. Put 'em all together and they seem mighty funny. It leaves a bad taste. The homesteaders are out money. They're in a state of mind. The old-timers around here recollected all the hell raisin' that went on. And they're a long ways from peaceable. It only needs one match to light up the bonfire. From what I been hearin' this afternoon I think the match is lit."

"What's that?"

"You," was Fancher's succinct answer.

"Me?" demanded Chaffee. "Shucks, those homesteaders don't know me. Never saw me."

"Yeah, but they've been hearin' a lot about you recent. That's another item to build up a feelin' against Woolfridge. Well, they've heard you're back. A mob is funny. Anythin's apt to send it on a stampede. Woolfridge has put up a bold face. He's had the situation under his hand. He's powerful. But here you are back again and that takes the play out of his control. The crowd feels the change. That's all it needs."

"Here," protested Chaffee, "I'm not going to lead any lynch party."

"Don't try to stop none, either," Fancher warned him. "Men ain't reasonable at a time like that. Your best friend is just apt to spit in your face and knock you down."

"Which I know blamed well," agreed Chaffee, remembering the time Stirrup S was set to hang the gambler Clyde. Dusk was coming unannounced through the window. Fan-

cher's troubled face veered in the shadowed room, and Chaffee was reminded that he had set himself a chore. "I'm goin' out a minute. Doc. Stay till I come back, will you?"

"Now listen—" began Fancher. But Chaffee shook his head, opening the door and pulling it behind him. He went down the stairway. The walk was deserted at that particular point and he swung himself into the adjoining alley and ran along to the back end of the buildings. The Gusher was beginning to show lamplight, the kitchen door stood open and a flunky leaned in the aperture smoking a cigar. Chaffee knew that flunky. He also knew the Gusher cook. So he walked on and confronted the flunky; the latter snapped his cigar through the air, muttering: "Great guns, where you come from?"

"Who's in the kitchen, Joe?"

"Bill"—who was the cook—"and a couple girls."

"Get the girls out of there a minute."

The flunky disappeared. There was a short interval. He heard the flunky say: "All right. Clear," and he slid into the kitchen quickly. The flunky had his back to the swinging door leading into the dining room. He was grinning and seemed excited. So did the cook who winked at Chaffee. Chaffee dropped a word and turned aside to the small stairway leading up from the kitchen to that part of the second story housing the help. He went down a hall, opened another door, and arrived at the main hall. A light broke through a transom at occasional rooms, and there was a murmur of talk. He walked casually toward the hall's far end. In front of room 101 he paused. A light came over this transom, too, but he heard no conversation. Testing the knob carefully, he dropped his free hand to his gun and pushed the door before him.

Woolfridge stood by a window, looking down to the street. He turned at the sound of Chaffee's entrance, and when he saw who confronted him his face seemed in the lamp's glow to become harsh and triangular. But he said nothing, nor did he show surprise; he had trained himself too long to give way now. Instead, his arms moved together, hand gripping wrist, and he stood with the preciseness of carriage that always marked him; stood like this and somberly studied the man he had watched and harried so persistently in the last two weeks.

"Sit down," said Chaffee as if this was an everyday occurrence. "Hustle it."

Woolfridge moved to a chair and settled.

"Pull off a boot—either one."

He saw the blood spilling up into Woolfridge's neck; he saw the compression of lips and the queer, uncanny shifting of character. At once there was a different look on Woolfridge's face—the emergence of emotions long hidden, carefully suppressed. Emotions that had driven him through the course of the past few months and caused him to become in the end relentless, unscrupulous, and astonishingly reckless.

"Hurry the boot," suggested Chaffee. "Throw it over here."

Still wordless, Woolfridge obeyed. Chaffee reached for the boot and backed to the door. "That," said he with an admirable sang-froid, "will be all for a little while. If I want you later I'll drop around. If you ain't here"—and the leisurely quality of his words was broken by the snap and ring

of rising anger—"I'll come and find you."

Woolfridge shrugged his his shoulders and spoke for the first time. "That," said he, "will be interesting."

Chaffee let himself out of the door. A moment later he was squirming down the stairway; he crossed the kitchen, careless of the waitresses watching, ran rapidly back to the alley beside Tilton's and with one scant moment's hesitation to inspect the street ducked up to Fancher's office. Fancher had lighted the lamp and drawn the front window blind, Chaffee was somehow bothered by the drawn lines on the man's face and the sadness in the eyes. He threw the boot on Fancher's table.

"Where are those models?"

Fancher moved back to a corner of the room. "Them blamed models have been awful strong bait. Somebody's suspected I got 'em. They've rummaged my premises two-three times lately while I was gone. I figured something like that would happen, so I moved 'em out of the cabinet." Two pair of high boots stood against the wall, each boot stuffed with a heavy sock. Fancher pulled out the socks and turned the boots over. The tar models fell to the floor. Chaffee went over and picked out that model with the broad arch and flat heel; he laid it on the table and placed Woolfridge's boot against it. Fancher looked at the mating just once and raised his head.

"It's a fit. I always figured that flat heel must've come from a cavalry style boot. There she is. But the job ain't done yet. We still got this splay-toed model we ain't identified."

"Mark Eagle's—he told me he was there that night. Nobody but an Indian has got a fan-shaped foot. It's complete."

"So," murmured Fancher. "What of it?"

"Mark told me something else," drawled Chaffee. Excitement piled up in him, his eyes were flickering, the lean cheeks compressing. "He was back there. He saw three men come around the stable. One was the gambler, who never fired a shot. Second was Theodorik Perrine, and he didn't fire the shot. The third man killed Satterlee. The name of that man is Woolfridge."

Fancher's head bobbed up and down. "I've had the idea in my head a long time. But supposin' you're talkin to a jury. How strong is Mark Eagle's testimony? Why couldn't he have fired that shot? I'm not accusin' him—I'm lookin' at it from the jury's point of view."

"What reason would he have?" countered Chaffee. "He was Satterlee's known friend. That's well established. Point two—Satterlee was killed with a .44 slug. I know Mark Eagle's guns. Seen 'em lots of times and so have you. He never carries anything but a .45 and a Krag rifle. Point three—his boot prints never came near the mouth of the stable's back door, nor anywhere within a direct line of fire. Neither did the gambler's, nor Perrine's. But the marks of Woolfridge's boots crept along the edge of the stable wall and were sunk deep into the ground right at the edge of the door—as if he'd crouched and set the weight of his body on his heels. Point four—Woolfridge had a good reason for killing Satterlee. He'd been dogging the old man for a long time to sell Stirrup S. Had to have the ranch for his plans. Old man wouldn't sell. So Woolfridge took the only way out. It's clear to me. It will be clear enough to a jury."

"If it gets to a jury," muttered Fancher. "I don't understand why Woolfridge would do it himself when he had so many hired gunmen."

"One time," said Chaffee, "I overheard him say that if a thing was to be well done it had to be done personally. Another mistake. Well, Fancher, I've been hustled around the country a long time. It's my turn—"

"What in God's name is going on below?" interrupted Fancher. He ran to the window and lifted the blind. The street was filling with voices and down it came a body of horsemen yelling into the dark sky. A gun exploded, rattling loose sashes. Fancher turned "Stirrup S crew."

"I told them to meet me behind the rodeo grounds," muttered Chaffee. "They're awful public about it."

"They know—they feel the change," said Fancher, looking old and weary. "It's in the air. Jim, a mob is a terrible thing—a terrible thing."

"My turn has come," replied Chaffee. All at once the last of the tolerance and easy-going air left him. The yellow lamplight beat against his bronze cheeks, bringing into prominence the sharp angles of mouth and chin and eyelids. To-night the impulses of the killer were leaping in his veins, and Doc Fancher, seeing this, sighed and let his shoulders sag a little.

"Jim, don't get reckless. They're under the gun, but they want you pretty bad. And it only takes one shot."

"They've tried too many times," said Chaffee. "It's not in the cards now. What have they done? They've ruined a pleasant country—left scars all over it! Chased fine people away just to make way for an unscrupulous project. Shot folks down—robbed them! It's my turn now. I'm going out there and get the boys together. Woolfridge goes to jail, and if Locklear makes a move against me he goes behind the bars too. Those imported gun artists are ridin' a long way out before daylight. And I'm goin' to see Mister Theodorik Perrine and settle an argument with him. It's a clean sweep, Fancher. Roaring Horse needs it awful bad."

"It only takes one shot," Chaffee was at the door. For just a moment a tight grin flashed across his eyes. "Doc, if you'd been with me the last three weeks I think you'd figger I'm blamed near proof against disaster. Well, here's the start of somethin'."

He went down the stairs and stepped into the street, shadowed and unobserved. Over by the livery stable was a mass of men crowding together and moving with a strange restlessness. Somebody was up on a box in the very center of the crowd, talking rapidly and angrily. The Stirrup S boys were at the other end of the street; evidently they had made one trip to the rodeo grounds and, finding nothing, were bent back to sweep Roaring Horse end to end by way of diversion. Down the thoroughfare they galloped, thigh and thigh. Locklear and Perrine, with his men, were assembled on the porch of the Gusher. The imported gunmen were there as well. And, counting heads, Chaffee observed that most of Woolfridge's ranch crew stood idly at hand. The sight of them was cut off by the charging Stirrup S partisans. Chaffee stepped into the street and raised his voice.

"Pull up, you wildcats!"

The riders came to a swirling halt; they saw him. Another gun exploded and his name was sent ringing down between the building walls.

"Chaffee!"

The crowd heard it. The man on the box looked about and re-echoed the cry. "Chaffee's back!" And then confusion hit Roaring Horse as a bolt of lightning. The crowd shifted and all its black mass came spilling onward toward Chaffee and the Stirrup S riders. A rumbling road quivered through the chill night air, a sound sinister and fear inspiring. As hardened as he was, Jim Chaffee felt a spinal thrill. He whispered to the men about him. "Spread out—block the street. That gang will tear Woolfridge and his bunch apart."

cher, I've been hustled around the country a long time. It's my turn—"

"What in God's name is going on below?" interrupted Fancher. He ran to the window and lifted the blind. The street was filling with voices and down it came a body of horsemen yelling into the dark sky. A gun exploded, rattling loose sashes. Fancher turned "Stirrup S crew."

"I told them to meet me behind the rodeo grounds," muttered Chaffee. "They're awful public about it."

"They know—they feel the change," said Fancher, looking old and weary. "It's in the air. Jim, a mob is a terrible thing—a terrible thing."

"My turn has come," replied Chaffee. All at once the last of the tolerance and easy-going air left him. The yellow lamplight beat against his bronze cheeks, bringing into prominence the sharp angles of mouth and chin and eyelids. To-night the impulses of the killer were leaping in his veins, and Doc Fancher, seeing this, sighed and let his shoulders sag a little.

"Jim, don't get reckless. They're under the gun, but they want you pretty bad. And it only takes one shot."

"They've tried too many times," said Chaffee. "It's not in the cards now. What have they done? They've ruined a pleasant country—left scars all over it! Chased fine people away just to make way for an unscrupulous project. Shot folks down—robbed them! It's my turn now. I'm going out there and get the boys together. Woolfridge goes to jail, and if Locklear makes a move against me he goes behind the bars too. Those imported gun artists are ridin' a long way out before daylight. And I'm goin' to see Mister Theodorik Perrine and settle an argument with him. It's a clean sweep, Fancher. Roaring Horse needs it awful bad."

"It only takes one shot," Chaffee was at the door. For just a moment a tight grin flashed across his eyes. "Doc, if you'd been with me the last three weeks I think you'd figger I'm blamed near proof against disaster. Well, here's the start of somethin'."

He went down the stairs and stepped into the street, shadowed and unobserved. Over by the livery stable was a mass of men crowding together and moving with a strange restlessness. Somebody was up on a box in the very center of the crowd, talking rapidly and angrily. The Stirrup S boys were at the other end of the street; evidently they had made one trip to the rodeo grounds and, finding nothing, were bent back to sweep Roaring Horse end to end by way of diversion. Down the thoroughfare they galloped, thigh and thigh. Locklear and Perrine, with his men, were assembled on the porch of the Gusher. The imported gunmen were there as well. And, counting heads, Chaffee observed that most of Woolfridge's ranch crew stood idly at hand. The sight of them was cut off by the charging Stirrup S partisans. Chaffee stepped into the street and raised his voice.

"Pull up, you wildcats!"

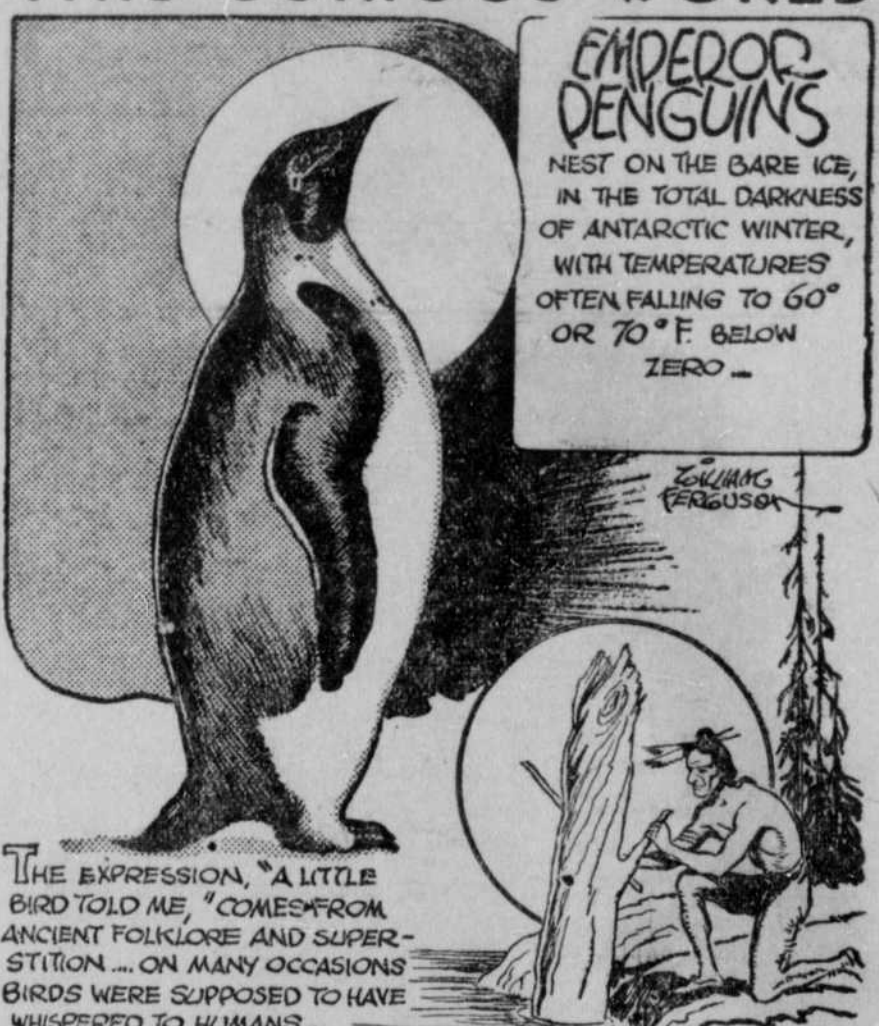
The riders came to a swirling halt; they saw him. Another gun exploded and his name was sent ringing down between the building walls.

"Chaffee!"

The crowd heard it. The man on the box looked about and re-echoed the cry. "Chaffee's back!" And then confusion hit Roaring Horse as a bolt of lightning. The crowd shifted and all its black mass came spilling onward toward Chaffee and the Stirrup S riders. A rumbling road quivered through the chill night air, a sound sinister and fear inspiring. As hardened as he was, Jim Chaffee felt a spinal thrill. He whispered to the men about him. "Spread out—block the street. That gang will tear Woolfridge and his bunch apart."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THIS CURIOUS WORLD



The INDIANS SENT "WIRELESS" SIGNALS BY PLACING A HOLLOW LOG ON END IN A RIVER, AND BEATING THE UPPERMOST END WITH A STICK. THE VIBRATIONS CARRIED MANY MILES IN THE WATER!

Daily Health Service
HEALTHFUL SUMMER LIVING
DEPENDS ON DRY CLIMATE
IT'S THE HUMIDITY, NOT THE HEAT, TO BE AVOIDED IN HOT WEATHER

BY DR. MORRIS FISHBEN
Editor, Journal of the American Medical Association, and of Hygeia, the Health Magazine.

Climate includes the combined effects of the sun, the atmosphere, and the general environment. When one considers the atmosphere, one is concerned with weather, dust, rainfall, snow, hail, sleet and similar attributes. Human beings live in every climate from the equator to the North and South Poles. Unquestionably, the nature of life is modified by the climates in which we live. Certain diseases are definitely associated with climate, such as snow blindness and frostbite in the cold regions and heat stroke in the hot. It is generally established that lung infections are more common in cold than in warm climates, and that intestinal diseases are more common in hot climates. Pneumonia is more frequent in the winter than in the summer. People in the tropical regions suffer little, if at all, with scarlet fever.

These few facts should serve to indicate that climate is of great importance and that people who want to live a healthful life in the summer must take the climate into account. Ordinary high temperatures are not so uncomfortable, provided the air is dry. The moment the humidity begins to increase, the moisture in the air becomes more dense and the human

being becomes more uncomfortable. Hence, it is not possible to separate temperatures from humidity in questions of health in summer and winter.

The sun provides two types of rays—heat rays and ultraviolet rays. These two types of rays have different effects on the human body. Evaporation from the surface of the body takes place more quickly in hot dry air. In the tropical zones it is a common practice to wrap flannel or felt around a bottle of water and after moistening the flannel to hang the bottle in the breeze. The water evaporating from the flannel cools the contents of the bottle.

The worst climates in hot weather are those with high air temperature and high relative humidity. On days when these conditions obtain, it is hard to work and those who suffer greatly will do better on the golf course or on the shores of the ocean, rivers, or lakes. A relatively high humidity can be tolerated if there is a breeze, because the movement of the air helps to evaporate the water from the surface of the body. According to Castellani, the worst place in the world in summer weather is a place called Abusher in the Persian gulf in August. The temperature there is 96.5, the relative humidity 65 per cent, no rainfall occurs during the month. Nobody in Abusher says, "Is it hot enough for you?"

Jersey Head



GEORGE W. SISSON, JR.
New president of the American Jersey Cattle club, numbering thousands of Jersey breeders all over the country, is George W. Sisson, Jr., shown here, of Potsdam, N. Y. Sisson is nationally known for his interest in the paper pulp industry.

Church Mergers

From the New York Times
There have been preliminary steps toward the merging of several religious denominations in the United States. Two years ago it was proposed that the Congregationalists, Methodists and Presbyterians should enter into a union—a proposal that would have seemed impracticable had not similar bodies come together across the Canadian border in an organic union. The hope which was

A Famous Invention

When concrete paving came in, Humphrey O'Sullivan, who died this week, thought of putting a rubber heel on shoes to absorb the shock of walking. It made him rich, and his product became famous. "O'Sullivan's" were recognized everywhere as meaning rubber heels. The term grew into something generic.
Excellent and extensive worldwide advertising, supervised by the inventor himself, made rubber heels known to all the shoe populations of the world. Some years before the war a French farceur had the inevitable "ami" remark to the inescapable "occu": "Diable! Je ne

then entertained by many can hardly be realized until the 13 Presbyterian subdenominations have first come together. For such a preface to the Presbyterian Churches of Scotland have set a notable example.

Yesterday came from Seattle the report of the formal and final completion of a merger, in negotiation for several years, between the Congregational and Christian (or Disciples of Christ) Churches, the latter being itself a union of two denominations. Two churches with a joint constituency of 3,000,000 have thus taken the leadership in a movement concerning which Dr. Cadman expressed the belief two years ago that within 300 years "there will be a united Protestant Church in America." This prophecy suggests that the movement goes at a slow pace, but the very fact that the union of three or four of the largest Protestant denominations has been favorably considered by great numbers today gives promise that there will be a continuing striving toward that goal.

It is significant that the pressure for union comes, as it came in the merging of the Scottish Churches, from the mission fields; where the denominational distinctions and competitive activities of those professing all a Christian faith are puzzling to those whom they would win to that faith.

New Intracoastal Canal May Be Ready in 3 Years

Corpus Christi, Tex.—(UP)—Completion of the intracoastal canal within less than three years seems probable, according to Roy Miller, active vice president of the Intracoastal Canal association of Louisiana and Texas.

Letting of contracts on the section of the canal from Morgan City to Bayou Gregorie, bids for which were opened recently, will put under construction the entire project, via the Plaquemine route in Louisiana and the Sabine district in Texas, Miller said.

savait pas que vous portez les osulivans!" And the Paris audience understood the name at once.

This is the sort of business romance of which many clerks sit dreaming when they should be replacing the stock. Occasionally a real idea comes, as it came to Humphrey O'Sullivan. Often the idea is sold to others, pilfered by them or exploited so feebly that the fruits of ingenuity are garnered elsewhere. But the man who thought of rubber heels advertised and merchandised them intelligently and with firm faith in their merits. He put money in his purse and a term into several languages.

Beer in Michigan.
From Baltimore Evening Sun.
Despite the bitter opposition of the Anti-Saloon League, the Michigan legislature has overridden Governor Wilbur M. Brucker's veto and reinstated a malt tax law. Under the new act a levy of 5 cents a pound is placed on malt extract and 4 cents a gallon on wort or liquid malt.
The new law also provides a 45-cent license fee to be paid by all manufacturers and dealers, with a \$5 fee for each vehicle used in the transportation of malt products. Receipts of the measure, it is the conservative estimate, will total \$2,250,000 annually.
If \$250,000 covers the tax paid by

the makers of and dealers in malt extract, a fair assumption, there remains \$2,000,000 to be collected for the malt itself. We are told two pounds of malt makes five gallons of beer, on which the tax would be 10 cents, or 2 cents a gallon. Two million dollars, therefore, represents 100,000,000 gallons, or 800,000,000 pints of beer. With the average beer bottle holding two-thirds of a pint, the \$2,000,000 tax covers 1,500,000,000 bottles.
Michigan's population at the last census was 4,842,325. The state legislature, then, is anticipating that the average family of five will consume during a year two bottles of beer daily, with 10 bottles a family for

each Sunday and the Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year's, George Washington's birthday and Fourth of July holidays. It will be interesting to note, when the first year's malt tax receipts are in, whether the Michigan folk are as hearty beer drinkers as their legislative beliefs.

TOO ZEALOUS

New York—Policeman Stephen Hennessey wanted to make a good showing on his job. So when his sister's dog got out he took her to court and lodged a protest that her dog was roaming the neighborhood without a muzzle. The judge ruled that it was silly, even though it was

Law Business

From Moustique, Charlerol.
Nurse: Please, ma'am, young Master Jack ran away and I can't find him. We were in the park.
Mistress: But didn't you speak to a policeman?
Nurse: Yes, I was speaking to a policeman when Master Jack ran off.