

CHAFFEE

ROARING HORSE

BY ERNEST HAYCOX

He carried her down the backstairway. At the bottom he stopped to listen, ear against the panel of the door leading to the kitchen. Apparently the place was empty. Pushing the door quietly in front of him, he found the place half dark and without occupants. So he carried her through, kicked open still another door leading off from the kitchen into what once had been a storeroom, and was now nothing but a barren, half-forgotten cubicle spread with cobwebs. He laid her on the floor and backed out, turning a crooked key in a rusted lock. Then he paused, with always the rising and falling echo of the mob pressing against his ears. His breathing turned normal and there, with half the men of the county lusting for his blood and all fortune swinging against him, he reverted to the habit of his softer side and methodically brushed the dust of the storeroom off his sleeves.

"She'll be unconscious for a few minutes," he reflected. "That's time enough. Now—"

He left the kitchen by the dining room and entered the lobby, at once confronting the sheriff and Theodorik Perrine. The rest of his followers were huddled by the entrance, staring up the street.

"About time yuh showed up," growled Perrine. "No time to pick posies with all this brimstone and sulphur yonder."

Woolfridge reached for a cigar, eyes roving over the tremendous spread of Perrine's shoulders. There was something so insolently superior, so critically aloof that the latter's smashed lips began to work wrathfully. "Afraid?" murmured Woolfridge. "I have always prided myself on picking the right men for right places. Perhaps I have been mistaken in you. I never thought you'd let this rabble get under your skin—"

"Afraid?" boomed Perrine, the mighty echo rocketing along the lobby. He lifted his great arms above him, chest muscles crowding against the shirt. "I ain't afraid of any man that ever walked, ever drew breath! Bring that pack in here, and I'll wrap my arms around this shebang and bring it down on their heads! Afraid—hell! But I'm tellin' you, Woolfridge that the lid's goin' to blow off this town in less time than it takes to swing a cat by the tail. If yuh got anythin' to say or anythin' to do, better get started on it now."

Woolfridge rolled the cigar between his fingers until the sheriff, almost in agony from the suspense, cried out: "My God, Mr. Woolfridge, ain't you got no order to give. Ain't you got no way of settlin' this?" Woolfridge returned the cigar to his pocket. "Crumbling—caving in—turning yellow. The whole pack of you. When a man wishes anything done in this world he alone ought to do it. How many can you get to barricade this hotel, Perrine?"

"About ten boys," grunted the big man. "But if that's all yuh got to offer I don't think much o' the idea. Yuh either got to charge that bunch and scatter 'em with lead or else yuh got to spread the soft soap and do it sudden. Once they get the bit in their jaws yore sunk."

"Let me do the arranging for my own funeral," was Woolfridge's cold retort.

Perrine, even at that moment, was under the sway of this man. There was just one thing the hulking renegade admired, just one thing he bowed to—a courage equal or

superior to his own. He clucked his tongue. "Yore a cool cucumber. Well, spit it out."

"Slip out and bring a pair of horses to the back door—to the kitchen door," said Woolfridge. "Hurry it."

Perrine's jaws worked slowly. His face wreathed up in puzzlement. "Then what?"

"Then," went on Woolfridge holding the big man's eyes. "get your men all in here, turn out the lights, and let them have it. Let—them—have—it!"

"What's the horses for?" pressed the renegade.

"I ask questions, not answer them," snapped Woolfridge. "Didn't I tell you I'd arrange my own funeral? Go on—get about it."

Perrine never said a word for a full minute; it took that length of time for his slow brain to catch Woolfridge's real purpose. But when the realization came to him that this cold, imperturbable gentleman who had always held the whip over him was about to turn and run—and while running let his followers go to their ruin—a swift and ferocious gleam leaped into his eyes. His lips splayed back, snarling. And as one crushing paw rose and fell across Woolfridge's shoulder he was incredibly like some rearing grizzly that had turned to fight. Woolfridge swayed at the force of that massive paw and spoke sharply, yet he couldn't escape it. The stubby fingers dug in; Perrine stepped closer.

"I got yore brand now, Mister Woolfridge. Yuh ain't any better than a yella dawg ki-yippin' down the street with his tail draggin'. I thought you had cold-chilled steel in yore system. Thought mebbe yuh even was as tough as me. Why—! So yuh figger to run while we boys stick here and cover yore trail! Like hell we will!"

"What are you being paid for?" challenged Woolfridge. "Did you ever have any doubts as to what I wanted you for, now or any other time? Use your senses. I hired you to destroy for me, do my chores. That is what I want you to do now. Get out there and find my horses."

"Not me," interposed the sheriff. "I won't cover anybody's trail. All I'll do is talk to them boys."

"Yuh won't even do that!" snapped Perrine. He was grinning, though nothing but malice and savage pleasure was in that constricting of lips. "He'll pull his own irons from the fire. Listen, Woolfridge. Listen there!"

There was no mistaking the sound. Above the steady, sinister murmuring rang a man's high and passionate challenge. And no sooner was it spoken than a roar ran wall to wall and heavy boots came running toward the hotel. Locklear shook his head and slowly retreated toward the back end of the hotel, followed by the men near the door. Perrine pushed his ugly face close to Woolfridge. "Hear that? Yore a cooked gander. Yuh've had aplenty of fun and drawn big on the bank account. Now stand here, damn yuh, and pay the bills! When I do killin' it'll be my own killin', not yores!"

Woolfridge seemed to withdraw, to pull his senses inward and take stock. The freckled face lost color, yet other than that no change came to his features. Only, when he raised his eyes again to Perrine a fire burned brilliantly in them.

"I have never found a man who could do a thing just as I wanted it done," said he evenly. "A man ought never

to depart from his beliefs. I'll do this myself. How many guns have you? Two—well, give me one of them."

Perrine took his left gun and passed it, barrel foremost to Woolfridge. Then he drew away, keeping a close watch. "Grandstand," he jeered. "Yuh'll scuttle the minute I'm out o' yore sight. Lord hey, yuh Yore a dead dawg. Me, I'm gone." He stepped beyond the swinging doors and hesitated a moment, bold eyes studying Woolfridge with something that might have been respect or puzzlement or perhaps a little of both. Then he was gone from the lobby along with all the others leaving Woolfridge quite alone.

The rush and clamor of the mob swirled through the street. Voices rose higher, a gun exploded, and the fore- of the homesteaders leaped up to the porch. Woolfridge, with his freckled cheeks set tightly and his gun raised to command the door, backed slowly toward the stairway.

CHAPTER XVIII

The Gods Stand Aside

When Jim Chaffee stepped out of the stairway of Tilton's dry-goods store and rallied the Stirrup S men across the dim and weaving shadows of the street, the full voice of the mob struck him like a furnace blast and he realized then for the first time how inexorable and terrifying the power of massed unreason was. An individual could be persuaded or overawed; an individual had a conscience to rally him back to a sense of order and justice. But a mob had no conscience; it was a caldron of passion without anything to check the fire burning higher and higher. Chaffee had experienced a mob once before—at the time the gambler was killed—yet that was a different affair and far less sinister.

They came onward, these homesteaders, moving with a certainty and an intensity Chaffee never before had seen in men. There were thirty or forty of them; men who had labored through the years with their hands to accumulate that small amount of savings now in the hands of Woolfridge. Their fortunes were involved in the land that never would see water; they were impoverished. Whatever bright hopes they had nourished for the future were gone down, and they saw, each one of them, nothing but ruin. No emotion is so powerful in a human being as that which touches his home and his family; no rage is so latent with destruction as that which comes from the knowledge of a home wrecked and a family broken. It was on their faces as they marched toward Chaffee and the ex-Stirrup S crew, somber faces darkly drawn, gaunt eyes flashing as they crossed the patterns of outflung lamplight. Standing there, Chaffee thought he saw men who were a little frightened or sobered by the destructive machinery of which they were a part. But nowhere did he see the smallest spark of mercy. He felt sorry for them. Their rounding shoulders and blackened cheeks spoke of hard work; their rawboned fists and their worn clothes told of it. And yet, as they closed about him and he saw the guns in their fists and the rifles cradled on their arms, he had a moment of pity for Woolfridge and all who were connected with the man.

They surged against the line of horses; they engulfed Chaffee. Out of the group stepped the individual who earlier had exhorted them from the soap box. He was bareheaded; he threw up a sorrel mane, and a zealot's light poured from his hazel eyes. When he spoke it was the voice of the mob. "Well, come on. What yuh standin' here for? Let's go get 'em."

Chaffee mustered all the lazy casualness he could find. "What's your name, friend?" "Alki Stryker, boy. And I'll carve it on that damn mon-

ster's hyde! Come on, we're wastin' time. We're leavin' the gate open."

"They can't get away," said Chaffee. "They're hooked. We've got 'em where we want 'em. Now why be hasty about it? There's a jail big enough to hold the crew and plenty of good men for jury duty by due course of law. You want your money back, don't you? You want all this straightened out legally—"

Alki Stryker shook his head furly and intolerant.

"Yore Chaffee, ain't you? How come yore so gentle hearted all of a sudden? Ain't they hazed you from hell to break-fast? Yeah. How much due course o' law did you get? Nor will we get any by waitin' around. They's just one thing to do and we aim to do it."

The rising undertone of response was like the mutter of some deep, remote disturbance of the earth.

"You've been duped," agreed Chaffee, still amiable. "We can straighten that. It's a big country and there's plenty of time. Take it to court first and see what you can save from the shuffle. Then if it don't suit you—that will be time enough to consider direct action."

"Who paid you to say that?" cried Alki Stryker. "No man that's been hurt like you been can say such a thing less he's in on the profits! Get out of our way! If you ain't got the bowels to knock in some heads we shore have!"

The pressure of the crowd grew against him. The horses moved uneasily and gave ground. Turning an instant he saw Locklear standing in the hotel doorway, a doubtful and stubborn creature who could not forget his measure of authority. And behind him were all those who held to the Woolfridge fortunes. Yet even as he watched they began to retreat from the door and disappear from his sight. He faced the mob once more. "Roaring Horse don't care for massacres, friend. We boys ran this county once. In our own way. We can do it again. But not by lynching, or by blood."

"You ain't had no luck runnin' it recent," retorted the mob leader. "I'm tellin' yuh for the final time—throw in potluck or get out of the way. We know who yuh are and we're sorry for yore bad luck. But it ain't in the cards to stop us. You can't do it, nor anybody. Clear the street! We're wipin' them buzzards off the map!"

"We're takin' Woolfridge and we're keepin' him for a jury," was Chaffee's blunt reply. "This is our country. Now stand back and behave while we do it."

He thought for a moment that this change of tone would check them. He saw its effect on the crowd. But, on the verge of following up with a still plainer show of strength, Luis Locklear elected to swing sentiment back to its full fury. The sheriff, now in an alley adjacent to the hotel, played true to his nature to the very last. He was afraid; he would not fight for Woolfridge; he had almost no support behind him. But he could not give; he could not find it in his thick head to compromise or forgive. So he raised a shout.

"Who's askin' you to carry authority in this town, Chaffee? I'm sheriff of this county! You fellows are breakin' the peace! Get off the street or take the consequences! I can send somebody to the grave for this night's work! Clear out!"

The reaction of the mob was instant, and the sudden onward surge almost threw Chaffee off his feet. A gun exploded in his very ear, and the horses began to pitch, pulling away. Chaffee was struck in the neck and hurled from side to side. But he tore free from the clawing arms and beat a path toward the hotel porch, crying up to his partners.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

The CUSTER WOLF
OF CUSTER, SOUTH DAKOTA ... IN SIX YEARS, THIS WOLF KILLED \$25,000 WORTH OF CATTLE, BEFORE HE WAS FINALLY TRAPPED!

CABLE SERVICE,
BETWEEN SINGAPORE AND MADRAS, WAS ONCE CUT OFF BECAUSE A SAW FISH RAMMED ITS TOOTH THROUGH THE CABLE ... THE TOOTH BROKE OFF IN THE HOLE ...

A PAIR OF ROBINS, IN WESTERN NEW YORK, BUILT THEIR NEST ON AN ELECTRIC SIGNAL BELL OF THE NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD! ALTHOUGH THE BELL RANG ALMOST CONTINUOUSLY, THE PARENT BIRDS RAISED THEIR YOUNG TO MATURITY!

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Daily Health Service

Hard Work, Exposure to Cold, Cause Temporary 'Albuminuria'

BY DR. MORRIS FISHBEIN, Editor, Journal of the American Medical Association, and of Hygiea, the Health Magazine.

The term "albuminuria" does not describe a disease but a symptom. Whenever the kidneys fail to function properly so far as relates to the elimination of protein substances, some protein passes out of the blood through the kidneys and the excreted fluids. Under normal conditions protein does not appear, only water, salts and various other waste products being found in the fluid. There are, of course, conditions in which the body tissues in the urinary tract itself are damaged and the by-products of these tissues which might appear in the fluid are also responsible for the appearance of "albumin."

In some cases exceedingly hard muscular work, exposure to severe cold, or overeating of meats may temporarily result in the appearance of some albumin, but these conditions are rare and not permanent. The presence of albumin is detected by a simple chemical test. The simplest test is to allow the fluid to come into contact with concentrated nitric acid. Under these circumstances a white ring forms between the fluid and the acid in case any albumin is present. There are occasions, particularly in cold weather, when the excreted fluids seem cloudy, under which circumstances the suspicion

may arise that albumin is present. In such cases the warming of the fluid or the addition of a little acetic acid will cause the development of a clear appearance. This clearance does not occur if the cloudiness is due to the presence of albumin.

The presence of albumin in the urine, or so-called albuminuria, is usually due to an inflammation of the kidneys. This inflammation of the kidneys is called nephritis. It may be present in an acute form, due to the action of some poison or through by-products of fever or to the toxins of bacteria. It may also be present due to a gradual breaking down of the kidney, in which case it is called chronic nephritis or, as is commonly known, Bright's disease. The disease was named for Bright, an English physician, who first classified it and described its symptoms.

In the case of acute inflammation of the kidney, the control of the fever, the stopping of the drugs the elimination of the poisons of the bacteria that cause the irritation will bring about healing, provided too much damage has not already been done to the kidney. If, however, the damage has been too great, if the kidney has lost in its functions, thereafter the person suffers from chronic kidney disease. Under such circumstances, great care is necessary in the diet, in exercise, in the control of life generally in order to prevent further damage and in order not to overtax the weakened tissues.

of other birds, built high in trees, also have been destroyed by rain or wind, he said.

Beetle in Feed Line

Causes Airplane Crash
Climax, Mich. — (UP) — A large beetle lodged in a gasoline feed line was the direct cause of an airplane crash here.

The beetle's presence in the gas line caused the engine of the plane to stall and subsequently crash in a wheat field. The pilot, Leonard Miner, escaped with minor injuries.

GIRL PRODIGY TO COLLEGE

Fort Worth, Tex. — (UP) — Graduated from Central High School at 13, Virginia Lee Jones is planning now to go to college this fall. At nine she won seventh place in the National Spelling Contest at Washington.

Wind and Tide Exile

Ship's Guests Two Days
San Benito — (UP) — Guests aboard the Gulf Breeze, 68-foot cabin yacht of Al Parker, Olmito, were forced to spend the night anchored in the Gulf of Mexico when a recent storm caused the tide to run so high that they could not return through Brazos de Santiago pass.

When the tide had receded the party of six was brought in after having been outside for over two days. In ordinary weather the yacht is taken on extension cruises including the West Indies and South American ports.

Excess Storms Taking

Heavy Toll of Birds
Boston — (UP) — Bird mortality in Massachusetts this summer has been "exceedingly high," due to abnormally heavy rains, according to Dr. John B. May, state ornithologist.

Dr. May reported that damage has not been limited to ground-nesting or low-building birds. Nests

and tranquility, inherent hates apparently forgotten.

One German shepherd was found "mothering" a breed of Angora kittens, while near by was "Pat," the largest got in eastern Pennsylvania.

When the Gerlach family settled on the farm seven years ago their animal kingdom consisted of a single hog.

Steamships on the Pacific coasts report that by blowing loud blasts from their whistles they are able to smash icebergs within range of the sound.



Expert Defends

Soviet Butter

Moscow — (UP) — An eloquent defense of the quality of Soviet butter has just been made by Prof. R. E. Gerlach, of the Moscow Institute of Large Meat and Milk Farming. The statement was prompted by the publication of charges in the English press that butter imported from the Soviet Union contained an Asiatic insect.

Professor Gerlach described the mechanization of the dairy industry in various parts of his coun-

try and showed that it has resulted in higher and cleaner products than before the war.

"A most careful control of the whole process of butter production," he wrote, "has been established by the Commissariat of Agriculture through a commission organized especially for this purpose. At the same time the Commissariat of Foreign Trade, through its trade commission, has introduced rigid inspection of the quality of butter produced, not only in Siberia and the Ural region, but also in the Leningrad port, from which it is shipped.

"Thus the quality of export but-

ter is subjected to examination three times: first, during production, then in the places of concentration for export and lastly before loading into refrigerator ships."

Hot Dogs Hit Again.

From Los Angeles Times. The appetizing and innocent-looking little hot dog, without which no beach resort seems complete, carries a lethal wallop for swimmers, according to officers of the American Red Cross Life Saving corps. They give warning that two hours should elapse between the time of finishing the food and entering the water to give the frank-

furter time to digest. Such warnings appear to be timed with drowning epidemics, for it is then that the public mind is aroused. But just as many bathers eat hot dogs when the waters are calm and free from tide rips. Would it not be a better life-saving measure to post warning against the tide rips, that could be seen by all bathers, rather than issue gastronomic advice so seldom taken?

Dressed For It.

From Answers. Wife: I'm dressed. Where are you going? Husband (looking at her dress): Swimming.