

CHAFFEE

of
ROARING HORSE
BY ERNEST HAYCOX

"Ride 'em down—block that porch! Block it!" And presently, ripped and battered, he stood in the doorway with half of the old crew ranged around him afoot while the others charged backward and forward with their horses. The mob broke, re-formed, and fought for the door. Then it was split in fragments by the constantly circling horses and the foremost section left high and dry on the porch, threatening the defenders.

"Step back" warned Chaffee. "We're takin' Woolfridge to the jug."

"Try it," retorted a near figure, and smashed Chaffee's face with a hard fist. Chaffee's head snapped back against the door frame, and a fiery rage came roaring to the surface. After that he almost lost account of his own acts. His gun was out and he knew he felled the man with a sweep of the barrel. Another came on but never reached him; the rest of his partners were using the same tactics. That cleared the immediate neighborhood of the door for a little while.

"We mean business," called Chaffee. "Go on and pull down a few houses if you want to work off steam. But Woolfridge goes to the jug."

Alki Stryker had been swallowed up during the melee, but his voice rose like a rocket now. "Ne'mind—let's get them buzzards which was imported to kill. Let's get Perrine and his outfit! They're out the back end o' town! Come on—come on!"

That was a rallying cry. The porch almost instantly became deserted. The mob raced along the street and sifted down the alleys. Firing began and the yells came shrilly back, like the sounding of a wolf pack. Chaffee spoke hurriedly. "You fellows close in here. Couple hit for the back way to see they don't try to fool us. I'm going after Woolfridge. Saw him a second ago climbin' toward the sky."

He turned in and walked to the stairway. Looking up he saw Woolfridge standing on the landing and just about to disappear down the hall. It brought him to a full halt, for he discovered a gun in the man's hand and a pinched look on the soft cheeks.

"Come down, Woolfridge. Your skin ain't worth much, but such as it is you owe it to Stirrup S. Step along. We can just make the jug before anybody gets rash."

Woolfridge nodded slightly. "You made a worthy stand, my friend. But was it worth the trouble?"

"I've got to live a long time," muttered Chaffee, "and I don't want you on my conscience. You've bothered me enough as it is. Come down."

"And supposing I don't?" asked Woolfridge in a droning monotone.

"Then I'll come up," said Chaffee.

"Come ahead," grunted Woolfridge, and immediately disappeared from sight. One of Chaffee's partners left the door. "That means business. He'll get leaded yet before the night's over. Better a couple of us take the back stairs and some more hike up thisaway. Mebbe—"

But Chaffee, still watching the landing, shook his head. "It's my play, Mike. He expects me to try it. He's issued the invite. I'm goin' up there alone. Just stay right here and wait."

That drew the puncher's immediate protest. And the rest of the old Stirrup S riders closed in, dissenting. "What for—to get ambushed?" demanded one of them. "Don't be a durn fool."

Chaffee climbed the first

step and turned about, face tremendously sober. "Now listen, boys. I've got first call on that gentleman. It was Woolfridge who killed Dad Satterlee, the finest friend I ever had. It was him that bought my ranch out from under me. He was responsible for havin' Mack put out of commission. And it was the same gent who has sent me through all this miserable course of sprouts in the last few weeks. It's my turn. He still thinks he's top man of the two of us. What should I do—back down and let him keep on thinkin' it? Not by a jugful. Boys, you let me alone. I am going up there and call his bet. One of us is proud. Him or me. I aim to find out. Stay here. Keep everybody away from that second floor until you hear one of us sing out."

There was a grumbling disagreement among them, but Chaffee turned and continued on up, gun drawn. His face rose above the landing and he had one swift survey of the hallway, dark excepting for a patch of light coming out of an open door—the door to Gay Thatcher's room. Then he ducked and lunged to the top; a bullet roared in the cramped space and ripped at a post in the railing. Swinging wide he reached the shelter of the wall leading along the back corridor and the back stairs. For a moment he rested silently, listening. He thought he heard Woolfridge shift and breathe somewhere in a room along the main hall.

"Woolfridge—you had better give up and go to jail."

The man's voice, still even but rising to a slightly higher pitch, floated down the corridor. "You will find me in my room. I am waiting for you."

"You won't have to wait long," muttered Chaffee, and without stepping away from his protected spot, shuffled his boots against the carpet. The answer was quick in coming, gun roar following on gun roar. Both shots crashed through the flimsy boards of the far wall. "That," said Chaffee to himself, "is three cartridges gone. Three to go unless he's got a supply in his room. I'd better cut this short."

He drew his breath and swung around the corner into the main hall. As he moved he fired point-blank at the black end, raking the left wall where Woolfridge's room was. He had to keep the man humble while he ran the distance; he had to keep the man flinching. There was no time for him to duck, and even if there had been time he would have never thought about it. Jim Chaffee's blood was on the race; all the old, berserk anger swelled his veins and overwhelmed his caution. He wanted to crush, to destroy. He wanted, at the moment, to wipe out whatever lay before. And so he raced past the lane of light, battering the blackness with his gun, and hearing an answering roar match his own. One bullet cut a path across the plastered expanse beside him. Another he felt strike the floor at his feet. There was a third—some cool monitor in the recesses of his brain kept counting the shots—that he thought touched him. Then he was at Woolfridge's door, turning on his heels, poisoning, plunging through. Immediately he collided with the man and was locked in a hand-to-hand struggle.

The bitterness and the ferocity of Woolfridge's resistance was something he never dreamed the man capable of. That mediocre body with its softness and fashionable

grooming was a collection of striking, clawing, twisting muscles. Chaffee wrapped one arm around the man's neck and compressed it with every cruel ounce of strength he owned. He heard the actual snapping of vertebrae, but he could not catch Woolfridge's gun, and his own face and shoulders suffered a constant battering from the weapon's constant slashes. The front sight ripped across his cheek; he felt the blood warming chin and throat. It roused him to incredible fury. He released his grip and freed himself for a terrific sweep at Woolfridge with his own gun. It struck bone. He heard the man whimper. Resistance for the moment ended, and in that moment Chaffee secured another clamping hold on Woolfridge, whirled him around, and smashed him against the edge of the door frame. It revived the last of the man's energy, embarked him on a series of violent, jabbing punches. Chaffee made no attempt to block them. He had Woolfridge out in the hall and was slamming him from side to side like a figure of straw.

The light coming through Gay Thatcher's door fell upon them. At the same instant Woolfridge, crying with a shrillness almost impossible to the human throat, brought his knee into Chaffee's groin and jabbed the thumb of his free hand in Chaffee's eye. It scarcely missed its mark but the pain of the nail's slicing impact was worse than anything that had so far happened. The man was spent, reeling in Chaffee's arms, resorting to all the last and most vicious tricks. Chaffee drew back, struck a slanting blow across Woolfridge's head. The overlord of Roaring Horse went down, sprawled face on the floor, half across the threshold of the girl's room. He was finished, for the time being dead to the world.

Chaffee sagged against the wall, struggling for wind, hearing his partners calling from below. He shook his head, beginning to feel the throb of his slashed face. Then the stairway drummed with boots and a handful of Stirrup S men were crowded on the scene.

"By Jo, yuh give us a scare," said the foremost. "Why didn't yuh sing out?"

"Don't feel much like singing at this precise moment," muttered Chaffee.

"Bleedin' like a stuck hawg," commented another, and walked around the prone Woolfridge. "Dead, or ain't yuh lucky thataway?"

"He'll be all right in a few minutes," said Chaffee. He discovered his gun still in his fist. Holstering it, he wiped his face with a handkerchief. But there was a throb to one arm that he couldn't locate until he skinned back his coat. The last Woolfridge bullet had drilled a neat hole in the fabric and broken skin. One of his partners was sharp eyed enough to discover it and he swore.

"Pinked yuh and scratched hell out o' yore face. The very same dude you was so all-fired anxious to save from bein' sprung on a limb. Bebbe yuh'll get over these fancy notions sometime. He musta clawed like a woman."

"Pick him up," said Chaffee. "Down the back stairs and through the alley to jail. Got to get him inside before these homesteaders catch wind of it."

They hoisted the inert Woolfridge between them and lugged him along the hall. Chaffee followed, scouted the alley, and then went ahead to the rear jail door. A few minutes later Woolfridge lay on a jail bunk, locked behind the bars with six punchers on guard. Chaffee sat a moment in a chair and soothed himself with a smoke. Outside, in the main street and down along the various alleys, he heard parties of the homesteaders beating around for fugitives; a shot broke

through the town occasionally, but it appeared as if the mob had spent its fury and that a certain calm was returning to this embattled town.

"Believe I'll stroll out and see the extent of the damages," said Chaffee, heading for the door. "You fellows stick close, now. I've had enough trouble getting that fellow, and I don't desire to lose any more hide on his account."

"Bein' such a big-hearted guy," retorted one of his partners, "yuh shouldn't mind a little item like that."

He cruised along the walk, finding the homesteaders collected in parties and going about with something like a military orderliness. Apparently they had gotten together and adopted a thorough plan of policing the town; both street ends were blocked by sentries; there was a guard at the hotel now, one at the bank, and a few at the stable. But he saw that the danger of mob action had passed by and their anger cooled to a reasonable determination. They had vented their destructive temper. Arriving at the far end of the street he was met by a party and challenged with an abrupt question.

"Where's Woolfridge?"

"In jail," replied Chaffee.

"Well—mebbe that's the best place for him. He'll hang, anyhow. We been snoopin' around. Got five more for yuh to put in the cooler, includin' Locklear. They's three fellas layin' cold in the stable, a couple bein' them imported gunmen. But we ain't through yet. That man Perrine ain't to be found. While we're cleanin' up this one-horse town we aim to get him."

Chaffee turned back. A breast the bank he was stopped a second time. Josiah Crab came out of the door, ducking his bald head. He was, as usual, solemn and seemingly bowed by the weight of his thoughts. His gaunt cheeks lifted to Chaffee and he spoke a sparing phrase.

"Jim, gather all gents for me and stay around while I say my say."

Chaffee raised his gun and sent a shot to the sky. Homesteaders tumbled out of the buildings and through the shadows. They collected in front of the banker, eying him with a close and not altogether friendly interest. They knew nothing about him, nor had he played a part so far in their tangled affairs. Yet he was a banker and they had seen Woolfridge often talk with him. Therefore he was under the cloud of suspicion. Josiah Crab must have felt that suspicion, but if he did he gave no sign of it. He stood on the steps, watching them group nearer—a clumsy figure conveying the impression of sluggish moving blood. Nobody knew what lay behind the deeply sunken eyes; whether that turning glance concealed craftiness or whether it covered nothing more than the short and colorless thought of one who passed his life without imagination. When they became quiet and he said that which he wanted to say, they still didn't know. Nor did they ever know. But this is what he said:

(TO BE CONTINUED)

AUTO-PHOTOGRAPHY.
How gay to the photographer.
In days gone by, you yied,
And dripped with icy sweat the while
That city worthy cried:

"Chin higher now—eyes to the front
Hold that a minute, please!
Then all at once your being
quaked—
A cataclysmic sneeze!

Old stuff, and soon out moded, now
There is a new invention:
Self-consciousness to vanish quite
Is its proclaimed intention.

You walk into a cabinet
And sit down in a chair;
Then view yourself, this way and
that,
In mirror hanging there.

If you're a maid, you'll note which
nose
Best shows your pout or dimple;
Then press a button 'neath your
hand—
Your picture—just as simple!
—Sam Page.

desired. Iowa can afford to be at the bottom of the list in number of marriages if those that are effected are permanent and happy

Ancient Temple Idols Turned Into Swords

Peking — (UP) — Ancient Chinese idols are being turned into swords for use in modern warfare, according to a report from Kai-feng, Honan.

The idols were discovered in an old temple, made of brass and iron. Local military leaders decided the metal should be used for swords

Good Effects Expected.
From the Cedar Rapids Gazette.
The new license law places no obstacles in the way of rationally-planned marriages. It does place obstacles in the way of those that are conceived on the spur of the moment. From the sociological viewpoint, if not from the mercenary angle, that effect is to be

are mortgage free; and even in poor old mortgage-ridden Iowa, where land speculation rode the whirlwind without directing the storm, 44 per cent of the farms have no mortgages to worry their owners.

The figures in percentages are 64 per cent of all farms, and 78 per cent of total farm value that are totally unencumbered.

There can be a lot of borrowing on the old farm yet. In bleeding Kansas 59 per cent of the farms

or look at the bonds issued by almost any industry!

The sheriff will have a long wait before he gets around to all the barn doors, because most of the owners so far have not even put on the plasters. Nearly two thirds of the total number of farms, and nearly four fifths of the total value of farms, are wholly free from mortgage indebtedness.

A hard-up farm owner always has recourse to mortgage his land, but the foreclosure man has to nail his sign before the owner can be put out of business. The possession of a mortgaged homestead has long since ceased to be a disgrace east almost any city home owner

FRIENDS SCHOOL PROUD OF LINDY

Plans for "Air Calls" in Far East Watched With Interest

BY HARRY W. FRANTZ,
United Press Correspondent.

Washington — (UP) — When Col. Charles A. Lindbergh and Anne Morrow Lindbergh pay their friendly "air calls" in far eastern countries, it is certain that no group in the world will follow their adventures with greater interest than students of the Friends' School at Washington.

Lindbergh attended this school, in seventh and eighth grades, during 1913-14 and 1914-15, and the students and alumni naturally have been eagerly interested in his aeronautical exploits. After his successful trans-Atlantic flight special exercises were held to commemorate the event.

But the Friends' School also has extraordinary ties of sympathy with the countries of the far east, because of the large number of Japanese, Chinese and Americans now resident in the Orient, who attended it. The modest brick schoolhouse on I street, in fact, seems peculiarly identified with the development of good will between the United States and far eastern countries.

Famous Alumni

Most famous of the school alumni is the Princess Chichibu, who graduated in 1929, a few months prior to her marriage. She was the daughter of Ambassador Matsudaira and during her school years made records for scholarship, athletic proficiency, and personal charm which have become a "tradition" at the school. Her sister, Masa, also attended the school and was exceedingly popular.

Children of other distinguished diplomats from eastern countries have attended the institution.

Julia, daughter of former Chinese Minister Alfred Sze was there six years, and her daughter, Betty, a year before the minister was transferred to London.

The boys of former Ambassador Shidehara of Japan attended the school. Last year Nasaru Debuchi, son of the present ambassador of Japan, graduated there, and since has entered Princeton university. The ambassador's daughter, Taka, is now at the school.

Many in Far East

Among famous American graduates of the school, now well known in the far east, is Nelson Johnson, United States minister to China, formerly chief of the far eastern division at the state department.

Mrs. Cabot Coville, wife of an American diplomat in Japan, is another alumnus of Friends' school. When a student she was Lillian Grosvenor. She is the daughter of Gilbert Grosvenor, president of the National Geographic society.

These are only a few of the former students of Friends' school who are widely acquainted in the Orient. The list includes numerous Chinese students sent by the government, and many Japanese of official and diplomatic connections.

The superintendent of Friends' school is Dr. Thomas N. Sidwell, also its founder. The curriculum is supplemented by an encouragement to moral purposes, and particularly the cultivation of friendship and good will among the various peoples of the earth. Since Dr. Sidwell has spent a life-time inculcating the thought of international good will in his young charges, the school naturally has taken special interest and pride in the former attendance of Col. Charles A. Lindbergh, now known world-wide as the "Air-Ambassador of good will."

The Birth of Our Solar System.

From Journal of Commerce.
A British scientist, Prof. Harold Jeffreys, has a new theory of the creation of our solar system, including the earth and the other planets that revolve about the sun. It is, needless to say, a natural and not a supernatural birth that has given our system its creation.

As Jeffreys has it, billions of years ago a star, chancing to pass close to the sun, caused huge tides of gaseous matter to rise from the sun and whirl off into space. This matter developed into "knots," which gathered other particles in space, and in time came to be the planets and their satellites—Neptune, Uranus, Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Mercury, the Earth and Venus—all the result of a chance star!

That flying matter exists in space is a scientific fact, and a "knot" of matter attracts smaller masses. So, according to this theory, our solar system, like Topsy, "just grew." Let it go at that. But ages passed before the earth cooled, gathered water and an atmosphere, and developed plant and animal life. Man came to be the highest form of animal life. He picked up somewhere reason and spirit, and learned to love and hate. So far no scientist has accounted for him and his characteristics so satisfactorily as the Good Book, the Bible, and we let him go at that.

TWIN'S ONLY QUARREL

London—Thomas and William Hamer have been twins for 75 years and they've lived their lives together, doing everything alike and entering the same business. Their only quarrel arose after they were married. They were both married on the same day, but in different churches. It is known that one was married an hour before the other, but both claim the distinction. That caused their only quarrel.

AIRCRAFT SALES
New York — The aeronautical Chamber of Commerce reports that sales of American military and commercial aircraft and engines during the first three months of 1931 totaled \$9,018,914, an increase of \$39,252 over the first three months of 1930. Although sales increased, production was off 10.4 per cent.

Never Mind How.
"I won \$20 playing cards last night."
"Honestly?"
"Well, I won it."

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Get an ounce and use as directed. Fine particles of sand skin past off until all defects such as pimples, liver spots, tan and freckles disappear. Skin is then soft and velvety. Your face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty of your skin. To remove wrinkles use one ounce powdered Baskille dissolved in one-half pint witch hazel. At drug stores.

Movies

Movies of surgical operations are being used to teach operative procedure to student nurses. The new system gradually habituates the nurse to the atmosphere of the operating room and she is prepared to attend operations without fainting on the first occasion, writes R. Fawn Mitchell in Hygeia Magazine.

AVOID INFECTION HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh

Sometimes Seems So

"The lawyers make some glowing pleas for these prisoners."

"To hear the orations, anyone of them has led a better life than I have," commented the weary court clerk.

Her Handicap

The Golfer—"They're all afraid to play me. What do you think my handicap is?"

The Girl—"Oh, I don't know. It may be your face.—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

Boon to Smallpox Patients

Smallpox patients confined in rooms which admit light only through a special red glass have less scarring than patients confined under ordinary light conditions.

How One Man Lost 22 Pounds

Mr. Herman Runkis of Detroit, writes: "A few lines of thanks from a rheumatism sufferer—My first bottle of Kruschen Salts took all of the aches and swellings out of my joints—with my first bottle I went on a diet and lost 22 pounds and now feel like a new man."

To lose fat safely and quickly take one half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water before breakfast every morning—an 85 cent bottle lasts 4 weeks—Get it at any drug store in America.

If not joyfully satisfied after the first bottle—money back.

Thank Goodness

The mayor had just laid the foundation stone of a new wing for the hospital, and the spectators awaited his speech.

"What can I do, Mary?" whispered the mayor to his wife. "I've laid the stone on top of it."

Worth Pondering Over

If the devil can have first chance at our children it doesn't make a particle of difference to him how high we build our church steeples. —Capper's Weekly.

Guidance Provided

We need only obey. There is guidance for each of us, and by lowly listening we shall hear the right word.—Emerson.

Roman Decadence

The use of poison in the Rome of the emperors was a common method of taking life and wreaking vengeance on an opponent or enemy.

With Sound Defects

Love is a beautiful story, and marriage is the talkie version of it.—Life.

No system exactly fits all the people, for they are of various grades of imperfection.

Actors were the first people who learned to be photographed without making a fuss about it.

One of the joys of life is to have a friend who, you think, is just about ideal.

Why are the righteous so interested in the affairs of others?

Filthy is food touched by flies!

Be safe

Spray

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