

CHAFFEE

ROARING HORSE

BY ERNEST HAYCOX

"Gay—are you all right?"
"Y-yes, but there's a rat in here!"

He wasted no time on the lock. Bracing himself, he crushed the panel with a drive of his shoulder, ripped the catch clear, and caught hold of her extended arms. He saw instantly the mark of a blow on her temple.

"Who did that?"
"My dear man, don't eat me alive. Let's wait until I get out of here."

"Soon settled," said he, and carried her back to her room. "Now, who did that?"

"Can it be so bad?" she wanted to know, and went directly to the mirror. "That is a mark of Mr. Woolfidge's affection, Jim. I suppose I should feel honored that he wished to kidnap me. Where is he now?"

"In jail."
She turned and came over. "My poor man! They have hurt you so much more than they've hurt me. Is it all done?"

"All but the judge and the jury."

She made a queer little gesture with her hand. "Then there is nothing for me to do but pack."

"Pack for what? Where are you going?"

"Back home," said she in a rather small voice.

He shook his head. "Not now. Nor any other time without me. Gay—"

Her fine rounding features were pale. One hand crept to her breast, and she seemed profoundly disturbed. He caught the changing expression and came nearer.

"I can only bring you a bad name," said she quietly. "Only a bad name."

"I ain't interested in that, Gay."

"Oh, you have always been that way! Why don't you ask me about myself? Why won't you let me tell you? Do you think I'd ever come to you with all that's behind me—you not knowing?"

"I know."

"You can't know. How could you?"

"Folks took plenty of pains to tell me during those days in Bannock City."

"Well?"

"They're a bunch of blind fools," he grunted. "Do you figure I believe it? The first time I saw you I knew the kind of a woman you were."

"I ran away," said she, the words rushing out of her, "because home meant only a dead who worked me from daylight to dark and sent me to bed hungry. I ran away because the only man who was ever kind to me in those years helped me to do it. Whatever I am, Jim I have made myself. That man was nothing but kind. Never anything but that from the time he took me in his rig until the time he put me on a train going east. I have never seen him again. Nobody else ever has. And so the story about me was carried on. Jim, I have been decent—"

"Don't need to tell me that, Gay," was his gruff reply. "I don't like to hear you defending yourself. You don't need to seem to me I need to do the explainin'. I'm white and 28. Sound of limb and busted flat. But I think, now that the fighting is over, I can get a job. Always some kind of a job. Some kind of shelter."

"Shelter—Jim I have never known the security of a home of my own. Never. Pillar to post is the way I have lived. I washed dishes to go to school. Always wandering. Wherever you want to take me—if you want me at all—"

"Somebody came up the

stairway and turned at the door. Craib's bald head glistened on them as he ducked.

"Oh, Jim."

"Come in, Craib."

But Craib stopped on the doorkill. "Man that rented your place from Woolfidge came to me to-night. I took it over. You're free to go back, Jim. I'll take care of all the details. It ain't mine yet and it ain't yours. But you go back. We'll straighten it out and we'll stock it up. I want no money from you till everything's back to normal. It's just a personal affair between the both of us and I wanted to come and tell you soon's I could. I would like—"

the heavy face changed a trifle, as much as it ever would—"I would like you to consider me a friend."

"Well," began Jim, and found himself looking at an empty opening. Craib had gone.

"There's shelter, Gay," he drawled.

She smiled, and the color came back to her as he closed in. Presently she looked up, the film of tears in her eyes, but still smiling. "You take care of the outside of that cabin, Jim, and I'll take care of the inside."

"Put on a hat," said Chaffee with already that touch of proprietorship which comes to a married man, "and let's go down for a cup of coffee."

THE END.

A Picture of Russia.

From Chicago Journal of Commerce.
In a letter to the New York Times a man recently returned from Russia, draws a graphic picture of conditions there. "I can attest," he writes, "the departure from that country to be an escape from a hell of misery and suffering."

"The terrific fear in the eyes of the people leaves the bystander shuddering. A long line of women with children waits in the endless breadline or in insubstantial rations—the best of everything is shipped out of the country. Soldiers suppress all outbreaks with force and the mob, cowed by espionage and violence, becomes an aimless, drifting horde. There is nothing in the shops to buy, as all is held by the co-operative stores—and half of all sold goes back into the treasury. The five-year plan may go through, but national endeavor and vitality will be killed. They cannot keep it going; man is individual and must become more and more so."

We are told that men, women and children work four days, with the fifth day off; that the days of the week no longer exist; that on Sunday there is the second day for the rubber factory, the fourth day for the textile factory, etc.; that all must eat and sleep where they work; and that at 16 years of age the child must leave school and become a worker for the state.

What a prospect for the future of the Russian people! The writer describes as a last remembrance of his visit the nightly procession that files past the sarcophagus of Lenin (called the "pathfinder" by Bernard Shaw).

"A touching and pitiful sight, this need of the people for something to worship. We may be glad we live in an individualistic and capitalistic government. The Russian experiment is not a step forward; it is a retrogression of 500 years."

Our first reaction to this letter is that slavery of the African Negro in the United States was a benevolent and beneficent institution compared with the industrial slavery of the Russian people by the present government. Slavery in the cotton fields at least yielded some happiness to the slaves. They had enough to eat, they could sing, and they had some religion. Yet even that institution was an abomination that had to be destroyed because it was an offense against human liberty. But in Russia the industrial slavery of today is greater than any capitalistic wrong that ever existed.

SOUND LURES INSECTS

A device has been invented by Henry N. Sweet, which lures insects to their death by sound. The machine sends out sounds of the same pitch produced by the vibrating wings of various insects, attracting them to the sound producer and death.

WATCH FOR SPIDERS

If your plants seem to be drying up and turning yellow for no apparent reason, examine them carefully for red spiders—minute insects which are really trips, not spiders. A stiff stream of water will dislodge them as quickly as anything, but flower of sulphur is used with a somewhat better effect.

moral courage to assume the corresponding responsibility. A new phase of cowardice not known to exist in this country has been revealed. The schoolmasters and parents ought persistently to warn against it. Bad enough it is to run an innocent person down, it is worse to run away from the responsibility of caring for the victim. Few men are utterly free from all fear. Bravery is overcoming natural timidity with spiritual and moral force. American youth should be taught not only to eschew evil but to repair it.

Peanuts produced in Georgia are of an annual value of \$13,000,000.

THE FORBIDDEN YEARS

by WADSWORTH CAMP

A form that they did know appeared, the caretaker, Ed Siller, who kept himself nearly as aloof as the estate he guarded. Lank and bent he prowled across the front lawn, peering to either side.

"Suppose he sees us, Harvey?"
Harvey's square chin went up.

"What if he does as long as we're on this side of the pond?"

Frequently Barbara had skated on the pond or searched the woods for nuts and berries, but any attempt to approach the house had been frustrated by Ed Siller, who apparently spoke only to scold and threaten in running young trespassers off the Manvel grounds. With irritable motions he counter-marched now and disappeared in the garden. The view was cheer-follower with that somber note rubbed out.

"Ever see them, Harvey?"
"Mr. Manvel once or twice. Tall and thin and sort of near-sighted. I bet he'll see us a lot less than we'll see him."

That was the best Elmford manner, but Harvey had reasons for his cynicism: he had had such abominable luck; worse, Barbara fancied that her own, although in those days she had no conception of the breadth and depth of that. He was three years older, but he had had to grind too hard on his father's moribund farm to graduate from the public school ahead of her. He had looked forward to working the difficult acres according to his own ideas and for his own profit, but Mr. Masters' death had let loose an accumulation of small debts that quite swept the farm away. It was then that Mr. Gardner had taken him in the store, and given him for home an unused room overhead.

A wistful smile curved at Barbara's mouth.

"I hope you're wrong, Harvey."

She wondered in her groping fashion if Mrs. Manvel would be white and gold, and have a nurse for her child like Harvey. She halted herself, remembering. The Manvel boy was grown, in his last year at college. Across the pond the gleam of the house faded. Harvey's eyes, fixed on it, had a brooding envy.

"Young Manvel's sure to turn out a weak sister, Bobbie. How could he help being with not a lick of work; nothing to do but crook his finger. Don't know but I'd rather be where I am."

A chill wind swept ahead of the night. She stirred and straightened.

"I'm cold, Harvey. Let's go home."
He loitered behind her quick, nervous pace along the path toward the road. At the edge of the woods, where they were screened by underbrush, he paused.

"Bobbie!"
"Hurry, Harvey. It's getting dark."

He came up and snatched at her hands.

"Listen a minute—"
Her breath caught in her throat. She tugged to release her hands, gently, in order not to hurt him with her sweat-tinged fingers.

"There's more to it, Harvey, than money too."
"What?"

She didn't tell him that third essential, because she couldn't analyze it for herself.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

development in the last decade; the white population increased 26.1 per cent, while the Negro rose 78.3, so that there are now 208,832 Negroes in that ex-slave state. In New Jersey, too, the influx settles in the towns and cities and enormously increases the problem of urban government.

HISTORY OF DAHLIA

The dahlia was first brought into public notice in 1791, when Cavendish, director of the Botanic Gardens of Madrid, Spain, described a flowering set of dahlia roots received in 1789 from Vicente Cervantes of Mexico.

GERMAN NUDE CULTS GROW

More Than Hundred and Fifty Thousand Members Join Clubs

New York (UP)—Over 150,000 men and women members of some 1,000 "nature culture" clubs have become devotees of the German nudist movement, according to a survey published here recently by Physical Culture.

"Nature culture camps can be found from one end of Germany to the other," says Gebhard Hirschfeld, author of the article. "Their doors are open to all who heed the two rules governing membership: decency and nudity. The federal association for free development of the body, in Berlin, is one of the most important of the organizations furthering the movement. Its purpose is to establish tracts of land where men, women and children may follow their inclinations undisturbed. The membership fee is 50 cents per month. The practice of nudity has been legalized in Germany, in places shielded from public view."

"Regardless of what scandalized derogators may say," the article continues, "the nudist movement itself is pure, although the conservative German general public has looked upon it neither with favor nor tolerance. Those who violate the unwritten laws of the movement meet with summary expulsion from the camps. Its members, with deep and earnest sincerity, endeavor to overcome the shame and fear which naturally possess newcomers and those who wish to try the experiment but lack the courage to take the initial step."

Sticker for Auntie

Auntie had taken little Danny to the park and he was greatly interested in all that he saw, and especially in the animals and the fish in the aquarium. It was on the way home that he demanded:

"What are cats? I heard people talking about them but I didn't see any."

"Oh, yes you did," replied the aunt. "Baby seals and baby bears are called cubs, just as baby cats are called kittens and baby dogs are called puppies."

Danny pondered over this information for some time and then asked: "Auntie, what do they call baby camels?"

Pair Shunned "Good" Advise and Found Oil

Dallas, Tex. (UP)—If Dr. A. D. Lloyd, Fort Worth geologist, and C. M. Joiner, Dallas wildcatter in the oil business, had listened to "good" advice, the East Texas oil fields, first developed almost nine months ago, probably still would be unknown.

Dr. Lloyd and Joiner laugh and called themselves "doodlebugs" because they first drilled in East Texas on their own hunch and over the advice of other geologists familiar with the geological structure.

Their first two tests were failures—but the third one was a success.

In the nine months since Lloyd and Joiner struck oil, around 1,500 wells have been drilled, or contracted for.

An Englishman Comments on Us, Herbert N. Casson, Editor of Efficiency magazine, London.

You are depressed. You think you are crippled. You are afraid of the future. You are full of fears. You have half of the gold in the world and half of the machinery and most of the automobiles and all of the skyscrapers.

You have the greatest home market in the world and the largest corporations that the world has ever seen.

You are ruled more by ideas and less by tradition than any other people in the world. You have usually done what you thought you could do.

How can it be possible that a progressive nation of 120 million people can be wrecked by the speculation of a little handful of fools in Wall street?

The prices that were forced too high had to come down. Today all the prices are too low.

There is now a golden opportunity for every man who has eyes to see it. Dollars are now being sold for 30 cents. Practically every security in the United States is being sold at less than value.

The way to create a fortune is to buy from pessimists. Pay your money and take the risk.

Frick started his career by buying coke ovens in the slump of 1873.

Carnegie made \$300,000,000 buying steel plants in slumps.

Hundreds of fortunes have been made by buying from pessimists. Ye Gods, what a chance there is at this moment!

In five years from now, most American business men will belong to the "I-wish-I-had-club."

Then it will be too late to buy dollars for 30 cents. The opportunity will be gone.

When a horse balks, the balk is in his head and not in his legs. He moves when he thinks he will.

When an American business man is depressed, the slump is in his head. There is nothing serious to prevent him from making money if he thinks he will.

When fear rules the will, nothing can be done, but when a man casts fear out of his mind the world becomes his oyster.

To lose a bit of money is nothing, but to lose hope or lose nerve and ambition—that is what makes men cripples.

This silly depression has gone on long enough. Get rid of it. It is inside of you. Rise and walk.

HINTS FOR BORDERS

In planning a flower border for next year, bear in mind not to plant close to or underneath trees. There are two reasons for this. One is that overhanging branches keep rain from the flowers and the second is that root action takes away moisture from the flowers.

LOW LIVESTOCK VALUE

Crops made up 89.5 per cent of the income from farming on North Carolina farms last year. Livestock furnished only 10.5 per cent. Money received from cotton and tobacco made up nearly 67 per cent of the total income.

TIME FOR FALL GARDEN

Now is not only a critical time for the summer garden, but the month marks the period for starting the fall and winter garden, according to E. B. Morrow, extension horticulturist at North Carolina State College.

Carefully Directed Gaze

"You always keep your eyes on the music," said the leader of the band. "Haven't you learned these tunes by heart yet?"
"Yes," replied the cornetist; "but my wife doesn't allow me to look at the dancing."

She Knew Them

"Aren't there a lot of useless words in the English language?"
"Yes, and my wife knows them all."

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Get an ounce and use as directed. Fine particles of aged skin need of until all defects such as pimples, liver spots, tan and wrinkles 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 Scallin dissolved in one-half pint with base. At drug stores.

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Grow YOUNGER!

If you have let the years master you—steal your appetite, energy, and sleep—you should start now mastering the years! You can be growing younger all the time. Just keep up your "pep" by giving your system the many vital elements contained in Fellows' Syrup. You will eat heartily, sleep long and restfully, go about your work and recreation with enthusiasm.

After the first few doses of this wonderful tonic, you will feel a great improvement. But that is only the beginning. Ask your druggist for the genuine Fellows' Syrup, which doctors have prescribed for many years.

FELLOWS' SYRUP

Took Fish With Bare Hands

A mill employee at Biddeford, Maine, engaged in work just below the mill gates where the water tumbles into the Saco river, was distracted by a commotion at his feet and saw a school of salmon cavorting below him. Plunging into the water, he captured two of the fish with his bare hands. Each measured 32 inches in length.

Read the famous old dull books so that you can find fault with them and startle people.

The crying need of a childless home is a baby.

Fat Girls! Here's A Tip For You

All over the world Kruschen Salts is appealing to girls and women who strive for an attractive, free from fat figure that cannot fall to win admiration.

Here's the recipe that banishes fat and brings into blossom all the natural attractiveness that every woman possesses.

Every morning take one half teaspoon of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water before breakfast.

Be sure and do this every morning for "it's the little daily dose that takes off the fat" and brings "that Kruschen feeling" of energetic health and activity that is reflected in bright eyes, clear skin cheerful vivacity and charming figure.

Get an 85c bottle of Kruschen Salts at any drug store (lasts 4 weeks)—you must be satisfied with results or money back.

Had Some Knowledge

In the admitting room of the Detroit receiving hospital, a nurse was taking the history of a patient who had been shot. His name, age and address had all been given. He said he was married and gave his wife's name. He was asked if his wife knew that he was shot. The patient retorted: "She ought to—she's the one who shot me!"

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

Removes Dandruff—Stops Hair Falling—Imparts Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair—60c and \$1.00 at Druggists. Florence, Colo., Wm. Pathe, N.Y.

FLORESTON SHAMPOO

Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balm. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. 50 cents by mail or at drug stores. Hiscoc Chemical Works, Patheboro, N.Y.

Sioux City Ptg. Co., No. 36-1931.

Hit-And-Run Cowards.

From the Indianapolis News.
A subtraction from the total of fine qualities that go to make up the American character must be made before a net result can be established. There may be other shortcomings—natural crimes included—but who would think from the behavior of Americans generally that there could exist in this land, marked by the bravery and gallantry of its men, such a creature as the "hit-and-run driver"? This species of beast we cannot believe to be indigenous. He is a product of the automobile age, which has placed speed and power at the disposal of some men too feeble in