

CHAFFEE

ROARING HORSE

BY ERNEST HAYCOX

"You let nothing past you." "I have studied it a long time," said Woolfridge. "There is yet one difficult barrier to cross. I have got to buy out Satterlee or the whole thing falls to pieces. His land slices my project in two. The ditch runs across it; and the man would let his fingers be hacked off before he'd see the cattle range split in homesteads. So I have got to take him out of the game."

"From what I saw of him," suggested Bangor, "he looks both prosperous and stubborn."

"Both," agreed Woolfridge. "But all men have a price. Somewhere up the scale I'll find his. Now, we must work quietly and let nothing get out. You don't know how cattle land hates the smell of small farms. They'd block me if they understood. The name of my dummy—they wonder who is behind it—sounds like a big joke to them. They can't understand how this country will ever get water. Moreover, they don't want it."

"Who is in with you on this deal?" questioned Bangor.

"Nobody. When I want a thing done I do it myself. I never let another man see my hand if I can help it. And the rewards I keep alone, having well earned them."

In saying that the core of his nature broke through the neutral wrappings and lay exposed. His round cheeks were flushed and hard; there was a slanting, oriental cast to his eyes that defied Bangor's power of analysis. Bangor saw part of Woolfridge's underlying coldness and a part of the man's acquisitive will, but there was still some latent explosive force beyond sight. It was to him an uncomfortable moment. He broke it quickly.

"We should have an answer to our application in Washington. That's only formality. It will go through. And so will our business with the territorial engineer. You had better get your necessary legal business in order as well."

"I am taking care of that," said Woolfridge. Bangor had the disquieting sensation that the man had taken care of a great many things. He knew Woolfridge very well; he knew his approximate wealth and connections. Yet from time to time Woolfridge surprised him by producing still another weapon out of the case. Stock, a friendly official, some secret control.

"Well," went on Bangor, "when you are ready to break the news let me know. I'll hold off until then. By the way, the governor is preparing to lay a series of distinctly radical reforms before the ensuing legislature. I don't like it. But we'll beat them."

"Give the governor my regards," was Woolfridge's ironical comment. "Two years from now I'll send him back to private life."

"How?" was Bangor's startled question.

Woolfridge shrugged his shoulders and motioned to the bottle. The interview was over. They drank in silence, and Woolfridge prepared to leave. By the door he turned for a last word. "See you in the morning. You are sitting with me. It will be very interesting. Watch a man named Jim Chaffee. It will repay you. He has a terrific reputation for ability in these parts." He seemed to thaw and drop back to his inconspicuous role. "By the way, Gay Thatcher is an extraordinarily charming lady. Where is she from?"

"Don't know," said Bangor. "She's been socially up around the capital this fall. Her past

seems to be entirely her own business, but she walks through the best doors."

"I should think so," murmured Woolfridge, and let himself out.

Bangor waited a spell. Then he pulled off his shoes and stared a long, long interval at the wall. His thoughts seemed to displease him, and in the end he spoke a short piece. "How did he get that stock in the first place, and how did he know we were battling for a place in the sun? Now he talks to me as if I were a secretary. Me! And I'd like to throw him overboard but don't dare. He's playing his own cards, which may not be mine. Where does he think he's going to get the power to defeat the governor? That man is a profound mystery."

William Wells Woolfridge went down the plush carpeted stairway of the Gusher and paused in the lobby beneath a crystal chandelier. The Gusher was not a modern hotel. Its frame dated back to an ancient army post. But recently unknown capit: l had taken over and remodeled the place. It glittered cheerfully of a night, its walls were loaded with murals, and its woodwork ran to fancy scrolls and jigsaw figures. Each room on the lower floor opened grandly into another—lobby, dining hall, ballroom, and gaming parlor; and each room was differently colored and took name from that color. Most appropriately the gaming parlor was called the Gold Room, into which Woolfridge sauntered, seeming pleased at the comfortable crowd gathered there. It should have pleased. It was his hotel, though this was another under-cover possession, and the Gold Room was his idea. It netted him money; it furnished a cosmopolitan air to the town and public sentiment in no wise disapproved. The Gold Room, according to his own rigid directions, was thoroughly genteel, and women sometimes stood at the doorway looking on. There was a bar beyond a partition, but not a drop of liquor entered the precincts of this room; men went to the bar if they were athirst.

The playing had started, but he found Dad Satterlee leaning idle against a wall, talking politics to French Melotte, looking for all the world like a man who had absolutely no interest in the click of chips or the shuffle of cards. Dad was an inveterate poker player, but he went about it cagily. Woolfridge tapped him on the arm and nodded toward the lobby. Satterlee followed, his red, blunt face shining honestly against the light, his hair was the color of iron and his eyes were like disks of steel; but Satterlee liked to laugh, and the echo of it rang strong and free wherever he was.

"Nice crowd," said Dad, scanning the lobby. "That's right," agreed Woolfridge. "About that proposition of mine—"

"Oh, hell, I thought you had somethin' to tell me about the rodeo. Don't pester me with any more offers."

"I will meet any reasonable price you set, Satterlee," insisted Woolfridge. "I'm serious."

"Yuh? Son, if I set a price it wouldn't be nowise reasonable. And that's likewise serious. What would me and my wife do with a lot of money and no place to go? Shucks, you ain't talkin' to a poor man."

"Now you're trying to draw

me into something else," said Woolfridge mildly. "I don't care what you do with the money. Buy a battleship and tour the world. It may sound like nonsense to you, but I need your range worse than you do. I want it bad enough to pay a stiff price. And I have always found a man could buy anything if he wanted it sufficiently. I have found all men will sell at a price. I'm trying to find yours."

"Great shades!" snorted Dad. "You got the dangdest way of dickerin' I ever heard tell about. Same as sayin' I can keep on talkin', but you'll get my land by and by."

"I'm trying to find your price."

"Well, I'll set a price high enough to keep you off," said Dad. Immediately he checked himself and looked into Woolfridge's face with a sharp, shrewd penetration. "No, I won't let you run me into any corral like that, either. Might take me up. You're foxy, but you ain't got good sense tryin' to extend your range in a bad year. Not when you got to pay boom prices. What's in the back of your coco, anyhow?"

"Just what I told you," was Woolfridge's patient answer. "I want to be the kingpin in this piece of country. If a man can afford to nurse his vanity, why not?"

Satterlee bit into his cigar and became mellow. "Now, listen. I was born here. I courted my wife here, and I buried three kids out yonder on a green little knoll. I made money here, and I've sorter put my roots way down deep. Don't talk dicker to me any more, son. I'm finished. All you and me can discuss is horses and buckers to-morrow. Believe I'll sit in a judicious game."

He left Woolfridge, eyes sparkling with the robust anticipation of battle. Woolfridge watched him settle up to a vacant table and crook his fingers at sundry prospects. There was one particular man who seemed on the verge of joining this new game; but Woolfridge caught that man's eye and held it for a fraction of a moment. He turned into the street and walked through the shadows. In a little while somebody drew abreast, obscured. "What was it, Mr. Woolfridge?"

"Before you sit in that game with Satterlee," murmured Woolfridge, "I wanted to tell you to tighten your play all around. Tighten it up, Clyde, understand? Play for Satterlee and let the others win or lose, but play for Satterlee."

A moment's silence. "You told me when you brought me into this country, Mr. Woolfridge, I was not to turn a crooked card."

"So I did and so you have. And you have built up a reputation for being square. Which is exactly what I wanted you to do. Now go back there and do as I say. I have been nursing you along for this particular time. Use all the tricks in your bag, Clyde, which are manifold. That's all."

"How much have I got behind me to do this?"

"You are free to sign I O U's to twenty thousand. I'll privately protect them. I'll protect any obligation—so long as you whittle down Satterlee. Boost the play high. Dad's feeling good. Now go back there and work."

"All right—"

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"All right—"

Behind them was the smashing of glass and one sharp explosion. They turned to see a saloon door erupt in a vast, towering form. Down the street came a mighty wailing cry, weird and full throated and savage; a cry that seemed possible only to some enraged beast. It poured along the thoroughfare, striking a chill into the holiday humor of the crowd. Clyde the gambler swore and made nervous gestures with his slim fingers.

"Great God, what's that?" Woolfridge lifted his thin shoulders. "That is Theodorik Perrine twisting his own tail for to-morrow's battle."

and other toxic materials in the denaturing process. Far from being a vindictive device of prohibition bureaus, this method was adopted by the United States about 50 years ago under the internal revenue laws.

WOMEN KICK ON HIS TALES
Chico, Cal.—(UP)—"Hen" Turner, tender of a bridge at Oroville, must "pipe down" the women of Oroville have demanded. "Hen," it seems, likes a good story and, being slightly deaf, tells them in a loud voice. And the women say, some of his chuckle-makers are spicy, to say the least, so they told the board of supervisors about it.

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CHAPTER III

A Duel of the Arena

The flag was up; the cowboy band had finished the last bar of the national anthem; the crowd in the grandstands settled back; a pistol cracked at the far turn of the track; and a dozen ponies came battering down the main stretch on the opening relay of the rodeo. Excitement roared from one end of the field to the other; the crowd was up again and yelling encouragement to the riders swirling through the dust. Yellow and red flashed in the sun; there was a sudden melee at the opposite turn of the track, and a pony went down, rider swinging through the air. A sigh like the passage of wind swept the onlookers; then the race was over, and the spilled rider sat up and waved his hand at his departing horse. Again a pistol cracked; the show was under way.

The rodeo hands were in the center of the field with the first of the bucking horses, each brute snubbed up to the hand's saddle horn. Blindfolds were on, and men went about the ticklish business of saddling. Jim Chaffee stood at one side of the arena, smoking a cigaret and looking over the fence to some far distant point of the horizon. His long legs were spread slightly apart, his blue neckpiece fluttered slightly to the wind, and his upturned hat let the sun fall fully on his lean, bronzed cheeks. His eyes were half closed, the cigaret drooped from a corner of his thin lips. It was a splendid picture of a man relaxed and indifferent; he seemed entirely forgetful at the moment of the part he was about to play. And in truth he was. Looking northward, gravely wistful of features, he was seeing in his mind the cabin by the creek and the tall surrounding cottonwoods. It didn't seem right that so cheerful and tucked-in a place should be lying tenantless. There ought to be a fire in the stove, and somebody ought to be cutting that broken corral pole. And he was saying: "I never will find another like it. Not in a thousand years."

Gay Thatcher saw him there and stored the picture in her memory. Leaning forward from the foremost box in the stands she drew the attention of William Wells Woolfridge. "Is he riding to-day?"

Woolfridge was one of the three judges; at present he sat on his horse beside the other two, French Melotte and Dad Satterlee, waiting for the rodeo hands to get the buckers ready. He turned at her question. "Who? Chaffee—yes he's riding, Miss Gay. He has some reputation for that sort of thing in this country."

"He looks—picturesque," said Gay, then inwardly protested at her own use of the word. It sounded exactly like what a tourist would say. She wasn't a tourist and she hadn't meant that. "I mean, he looks exactly like a Westerner should look."

Woolfridge smiled. "Perhaps there's a little grandstand gesture in that pose. Most of the boys like to show off before a crowd."

Dad Satterlee had his attention on the field, but he caught that last sentence and turned suddenly. "What you talkin' about, son? Chaffee don't play to the crowd. He ain't built that way. Never was, never will. He wasn't even figurin' on competin' this year. That ranch of his sorter ties him down."

"He no longer has it," corrected Woolfridge, amused. "He lost it. The bank took it over yesterday."

"Oh," said Gay, instantly sorry. Satterlee's bulldog face showed disbelief. "What's that? you're kiddin' us, Woolfridge. He'd come to me for help first. He'd told me right off."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SONS OF NOTED IOWA FARMER CARRY ON WORK

Held Family Wins Fame as Breeders of Shorthorns

BY FRANCIS T. MARTIN

Philip Held, born in Germany, of Oldenburg extraction, made good in America, the land of his adoption. When people in Plymouth county speak of Philip Held and of what he had accomplished, they are of one mind—that he was a forward looking man who had progressive ideas in all matters pertaining to agricultural affairs and of advanced ideas in the production of the better types of livestock.

When Held came to America in 1852, he was young and vigorous and, to his mind, he stood at the threshold of a promising career. For a while he stayed in New York City, but urban life held no attractions for him. Like other men of his time, the pioneer spirit was in his blood, and the ownership and occupancy of land was his great desire.

Came West in 1855

So, in 1855 he came west, as far as Sioux City, and in those days, Sioux City wasn't much to look at. Crossing the "Big Muddy" there, Held had it in mind to keep on going west, but when he reached the vicinity where Jackson, Neb., now is, he remained there for some time.

But he wasn't satisfied there. His restless spirit wanted to make a change, and he came back to Iowa and finally established himself a few miles from Sioux City. That was in 1862.

When the railroads came, the town of Hinton was founded, and it is around this town that the activities of Philip Held grew into being, and assumed proportions of commanding importance in the years that followed. Held homesteaded a tract of land at first, and afterward began to buy land adjoining until he had accumulated 1,200 acres.

Turns to Shorthorns

After a bit the older members of his children reached an age where they were of help to their father, and it was then that attention was paid to the breeding of Shorthorns, and Oldenburg coach horses. The present Mondamin farm was founded in 1879 and in 1887 its first Shorthorns came, and became a herd that for years has been a pillar of strength in the production and distribution of meritorious seedstock.

When Philip Held passed on, his sons, Philip, Ed and Walter, gave the best of their attention to the administration of the affairs of Mondamin farm, and its subsidiaries, and the breeding of good Shorthorns and the feed of cattle and sheep for the markets has been their big business.

The Shorthorn herds are maintained on a basis that never fails to show a profit. No frills nor fancies are tolerated in their management. The Helds are sticklers for good blood in their cattle; they want a substantial background of good breeding, but they don't want things which, to their minds, are detrimental to the best interests of the business.

Care Factor in Success
The herds have the care that is necessary for their health and thrift and for the proper development of the young. They grow out their young cattle in a proper manner and, as a result, no undernourished cattle are found on their farms. Breeders and farmers have bought the surplus of these herds ever since their establishment.

The Helds handle hogs on a big scale, too, and this is one of the profitable ends of their business. There are seven of the Held brothers, and they all have the same objective, that of farming and raising and feeding livestock. G. E. Held has been honored with elective office, and has served his county as state representative for several consecutive terms. Held brothers have made their mark in Iowa's agricultural and livestock development. They know the soil and its possibilities, and the crops produced when fed to quality livestock is the secret of their continued success.

Corn Treated to Kill Any Disease Germs

Tipton, Ia.—Treatment of corn with commercial dust to kill any disease that may have started in the seed was found successful in tests conducted at the R. H. Dornier farm near here. Three different varieties of seed corn were treated with as many varieties of commercial dust before planting.

An average of the three different dusts on an early variety of corn increased the yield 4.7 bushels an acre; on a medium variety 6.3 bushels an acre, and on a late variety, 1.7 bushels. The corn was planted in 10 different plots scattered through a field and the comparison was made with the crop grown in the rest of the field.

TURKEY MONEY

Turkey raising is a big industry in Nevada. Total business of the last three years amounted to more than \$41,500,000.

CORN WITHSTANDS WIND
AMES, Ia.—Studying heavy wind damage, corn breeders have found that some hybrids—crosses of inbred strains—were not even leaning while in adjoining rows of ordinary corn as much as 56 to 60 per cent had been blown down.

One to Star With

Customer: I say, do you sharpen razors?
Barber: Why, of course, sir.
Customer: Well, then, would you mind sharpening the one you are cutting my chin with now?

that sluggish feeling

Put yourself right with nature by chewing Feen-a-mint. Works mildly but effectively in small doses. Modern—safe—scientific. For the family.

Feen-a-mint



FOR CONSTIPATION

The Ideal Vacation Land

Sunshine All Winter Long
Splendid roads—towering mountain ranges—highest type hotels—dry invigorating air—clear starlit nights—California's Foremost Desert Playground
Write Cree & Chaffey
Palm Springs CALIFORNIA

Salesmen. Sell Handy Andy Clinker Tongs, a guaranteed product. Every home a prospect. Household Utilities Co., Wayne, Mich.

Wanted—Men, Women, to distribute samples. Best Household Necessities, Dept. 5, Supreme Products Mfg. Co., Fullerton, Calif.

FOR FIRST AID SINCE 1846 HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh

Cuff Made Useful

In Liverpool, England, policemen are going to write it on the cuff in their search for motor thieves. Each man on the force has been provided with a specially designed white cuff, on which he is to inscribe the license numbers of all cars reported stolen. Whenever he suspects a passing motorist all he has to do is glance at his list. The cuffs have been made so that the number can be erased.



Happy Again

"Nothing seemed to please Betty Jean," says Mrs. James W. Nolen, 113 Center St., Dallas, Texas. "She was feverish and fretful. Her appetite was poor; she seemed bilious. A child specialist recommended California Fig Syrup and it certainly made my little girl happy, well again in a hurry. We have used it over three years for all her upsets."

Mothers by thousands praise this pure vegetable product. Children love it. Doctors recommend it for feverish, headachy, bilious, constipated babies and children; to open the bowels in colds or children's diseases.

Appetite is increased by its use; the breath is sweetened; coated tongue is cleared; digestion and assimilation are assisted; weak stomach and bowels are strengthened.

For your protection the genuine always bears the name California.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP LAXATIVE-TONIC for CHILDREN

Friendship's Blindness

"Our close friends," said Hi Ho, the sage of Chinatown, "have so much opportunity to observe our faults that they generously cease to be interested in them."—Washington Star.

No meals were ever so depressing as those eaten in a poor backwoods hotel by the light of a kerosene lamp swung from the ceiling.

Garfield Tea

Was Your Grandmother's Remedy

For every stomach and intestinal ailment. This good old-fashioned herb home remedy for constipation, stomach ills and other derangements of the system. These days is in even greater favor as a family medicine than in your grandmother's day.

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Not Prohibition Policy.
From Christian Science Monitor.
The non-toxic denaturant for industrial alcohol just announced for use in federal regulation of this commodity is more than a forward step in prohibition enforcement. It is a contribution to public safety. No right-minded prohibitionist can view without concern the suffering which drinkers impose upon themselves and others by unwittingly ingesting toxic material. The purpose of the prohibition laws is to better the state of individuals, not make it worse.
Under present interpretations of the law, the buyer and drinker of

intoxicants has committed no legal offense. Yet he pays the most severe penalty when he drinks toxic liquors placed at his disposal by those against whom the law is directed—the illegal manufacturer, transporter and seller. The new denaturant should protect drinkers from the results of their submission to an enslaving habit—and their complicity in someone else's crime—without inflicting upon them a penalty for this weakness exceeding that meted out to deliberate criminals.
"Fine," says the drinker. "Now it is safe to patronize any kind of a bootlegger." Safe? But it must be recalled that alcohol itself is toxic,

and the new denaturant renders it far from pleasant. This by-product of petroleum refining may not load beverages with what is additionally toxic, but it certainly spoils their taste. Its flavor is described as a compound of the aromas of "chloroform, benzine, overripe eggs, garlic and very strong onions." Moreover, it mingles so inseparably with the alcohol, when used in production, as thus far to defy the most drastic manipulation for its removal.
Much capital has been made by dry law critics of the alleged callous or deliberate poisoning of alcohol by federal bureaus. This charge is based upon the use of wood alcohol

and other toxic materials in the denaturing process. Far from being a vindictive device of prohibition bureaus, this method was adopted by the United States about 50 years ago under the internal revenue laws.