

CHAFFEE

of ROARING HORSE

BY ERNEST HAYCOX

Chaffee drew a long breath of smoke, his eyes narrowing. "Something's goin' to happen around here pretty soon. There's that corporation. A mystery. Why should anybody want to go around buyin' land so doggone devious? Same applies to whoever bought my little piece. Now there's this half dude Woolfridge. Tryin' to buy Satterlee out of the country."

"Shucks, I didn't know that?" interposed Mack Moran in surprise.

"I just discovered it. But that ain't half the kernel in the peanut. Notice the sky limit on the poker game last night? That lily-fingered fellow kept boostin' Satterlee till the cowbells rang. Took considerable money away from the old gent at that. Maybe will take some more to-night. Satterlee's hard to beat, too. In a level game. Mack, that lily-fingered dude is bent in several places."

"Uh?"

"Crooked. I'm goin' to watch a little closer to-night. And here's Theodorik Perrine in town, howlin' like a dyin' wolf. He's come to fight me, as usual. But what's his gang doin' here with him? This town never did tolerate the presence of Sleepy Slade before. He's outlawed. But here he is, big as life. And the sheriff ain't doin' anythin' about it. Any time before this Sleepy and most of the rest of Theodorik's assassins would be in the clink, writin' poetry on the walls. Consider that in your wheat papers." He leaned forward, growling tremendously earnest. "Mack, things are linin' up around here. Unbeknownst to us. And there'll be one roarin' time when the lid's pulled off. I'm feelin' it in my bones. I know it."

"I wouldn't mind a little excitement," said Mack Moran; and his white teeth flashed.

"You'll get it," was Chaffee's grim answer. "Time to ease into the field." He rose and walked around the corrals, casting one sharp glance at a solid buckskin horse crowded against the bars. "I got a lot of respect for you, Mister Fireball."

The stands were filled, the buckers coming out. This afternoon the riders were fewer, for the morning's bucking had eliminated the unskilled. Within the hour the second rides would be over and the choice narrowed down to the three best men. And in the third rides would emerge that individual who had proved himself entitled to first place. Roaring Horse ran its rodeo somewhat differently than other cattle towns. There was no stagecoach marathon, no fancy display of lariat work. One free for all pony race opened the day, and a short bit of steer roping filled in an interval; the rest was bucking.

Dust rolled afresh along the ground and the roar of the crowd beat across to where Jim Chaffee stood. A man was down, the lists narrowed by one. A great yell sailed high up and far out; and the announcer's voice struggled against the washing currents of sound. "Perrine at the left end—up on Vesuvius. Watch out!" Chaffee didn't watch Theodorik Perrine; it was his habit never to watch another man on these afternoon rounds. But he knew from the crowd's reaction that Perrine had done well. Perrine always did well. He moved out to the center, hearing his own name. And as he went through the routine of inspecting cinches and hackamore, and of rubbing his hands dry of the sweat that always cropped out

on his palms the moment before swinging up, he threw a short look toward the grandstand. The girl wasn't in her seat. After that and for some fifteen seconds he forgot her as well as all other things not connected with Mixup. He rode and dropped off, shaking his head to clear away the fog. The announcer kept on with the interminable droning, from rider to rider as the afternoon crept forward and the shadows began to cut patterns along the arena's side. Jim leaned against the fence, nerves slowly tightening. It always happened thus before the final ride; a man fought the worst part of the battle before he touched the stirrups. Hell was due to pop some of these days in Roaring Horse. Things were lining up secretly, somehow throwing a premonitory shadow across the face of the land. And Fireball was a tough horse. There must be no cocksureness, never an instant's relaxing; Fireball never gave a rider a chance once that rider was so much as a hair's breadth off balance. The brute had uncanny perceptions. Jim heard the announcer.

"Jim Chaffee at the right on Fireball. Ladies and gents, watch and pray!"

CHAPTER IV The Storm Breaks

Chaffee turned and walked to the far side of the arena; and, though he glanced toward the grandstand to find the girl, his vision became clouded and the crowd was to him but a vast blur of faces. Something was happening inside of him; all his vital forces were mustering at one point, shutting off unnecessary drains of energy. But he did see Theodorik Perrine crouched by a track post, black face turned toward this scene; and from that he knew the man had made the third ride. This was the last duel, the deciding fight, the end of a long day. Fireball was in front of him, stepping around the anchor horse. The brute's long jaw hauled against the rope and his muscles rippled uneasily across his haunches; when Jim Chaffee's hand touched him he stopped moving on the instant and froze, all four feet spread into the soft earth and ready to make that first terrific lurch and lunge that was a part of his history.

The rodeo hand muttered: "Rig suit yuh, Jim?" and Chaffee nodded. The pickup men were drawn in, watching wary eyed. Chaffee ran a hand under the cinch, studied the stirrups and hackamore. The bright sun slanted across Fireball's magnificent withers. Jim rubbed his hands along his shirt front, swept by a cold current. He stepped softly into the saddle and let his weight come easily down; he took the reins, running his hands along them time after time from a purely nervous reflex, and he kicked his heels lightly against the stirrups until he felt them take a sure and certain seat; nor did he ever know, as he raised his free arm in signal and lifted his chest, how cold and tight an expression he carried on his lean face. But Gay Thatcher, returned to the grandstand railing, saw it and marveled. "All right," muttered Jim. Rope and blindfold were whipped away; the anchor horse vanished. Fireball's ears swooped toward the ground, and Jim Chaffee rose high to the bright sky.

The crowd marked each move of Fireball's frenzied battle, but Jim Chaffee didn't consciously follow the movements of the buckler. With him everything was instinct, every thing was a feeling.

Through the years Jim Chaffee had trained himself for a duel like this, hardening himself to the punishment, disciplining his nerves and senses to work along a set pattern without deliberate bidding. There was little time to think; thinking was too slow. All that he had learned was called in now to be unconsciously applied. His sense of rhythm and balance had to serve him while his mind grew black with the riot of blood; a hundred previous lessons had to prompt his muscles to do the proper thing. Shock after shock ran along his body; his neck was being pounded by great sledges. He tasted his own blood; he felt his vitals strain at their moorings as Fireball sought to tear him apart and leave him on the ground, rolling in agony; and two dim flashes of knowledge found a path into the congested cells of his brain—he was raking the brute as per regulations—it wasn't good for a man to take very much of this kind of punishment. His stomach was afire. There was a point beyond which he couldn't go. No horse had ever hurt him like this one. Then, after what seemed an age, he heard the gun; wind rushed full into his face and his thighs were being crowded by pickup men. Fireball's head was up, the horse was running away. "Somebody shouted, 'Crawl off, Jim! Yuh've had aplenty!' He vaulted over the back of that man's horse and struck the ground with both feet. And he stood quite still until the curtain of black rose from his face and the fine fresh daylight came into his eyes.

His hat was on the ground twenty feet away. He went over and got it. Perrine still crouched by the post, the judges were riding abreast toward the grandstand railing, conferring together; once more all things were distinct, and Jim Chaffee saw Gay Thatcher sitting in her place. She had seen that ride. He grinned and built himself a cigarette. The sun went westering, and it was a wonderful world to be in, to feel the clear air in his lungs and to see the carved beauty of the late shadows creeping around the arena. The crowd had ceased its murmuring; the judges were ranked together by the stands.

"Chaffee — Perrine — McIver—front an' center."

The three contestants marched toward the mounted judges. Dad Satterlee looked somberly at them and let the moments build up a suspense. Finally he ducked his chin toward Jim Chaffee. "It's yours. Perrine second money. McIver third honors."

Chaffee looked beyond the judges and directly at Gay Thatcher. No more than six yards separated them; across this narrow interval these two people, absolute strangers to each other, exchanged glances. Not casual glances, but the deep and intent measuring of worth. The girl had seen him three or four times in the last twenty-four hours, yet at none of those times had he appeared as he was now. The marks of the recent punishment still cramped his face, and his eyes were a profound, inky blue. She had known other men whose eyes changed color like that in stress of anger or trouble.

Chaffee nodded to the judges. "Thanks."

Theodorik Perrine wrenched his overwhelming bulk around so that he half faced the judges and half confronted Chaffee. Wrath blazed from his features and worked his great jowls. "Thanks be damned! This rodeo was framed! The result was signed an' sealed afore Chaffee stepped on a horse! King Solomon couldn't win a ride in Roarin' Horse if Chaffee was buckin' against him! I'm gettin' tired o' this favorite son business! You dudes are blind in one eye and don't see well from the other!"

"I will observe," replied Satterlee with an extraordinary and frigid politeness, "though it ain't incumbent on me to do so, that the decision was unanimous. The charge of favoritism is the squawk of a tinhorn sport. The judges decided to spike it aforehand and gave Chaffee the worst horses to ride."

"Yeah?" roared Perrine. "Well, why didn't yuh give me one o' them horses, so's I could make a showin'? All I get is a bunch o' distempered brood mares!" He raised a fist at Satterlee, dividing the threat of it equally between that rancher and French Melotte. Jim Chaffee, abiding by the range etiquette which told him to mind his own business, observed that Theodorik Perrine entirely disregarded William Wells Woolfridge. And he filed that fact away in his mind. "Yuh have been runnin' this country too long. It stinks!"

"You lie," said Satterlee. "Open yore mouth again in front of me and you'll never ride in another rodeo hereabouts."

Perrine stepped back a pace, his rage condensing to a far more dangerous stage. "Let me tell you somethin', Satterlee. Yore days o' rule are about done. They's a time comin' when yuh won't have no high horse to perch on. And when that time comes I'll settle my grudges, along with a lot of others. Remember it."

"Get off the field."

"You'll eat that remark soon enough," said Theodorik Perrine with a swift snapping of his heavy lips. He threw a hard glance at Jim Chaffee. "Yore days of glory are about done, likewise. I'm sayin' it."

"Any time," drawled Chaffee.

Theodorik strode across the dirt, knocking a field hand out of his path with a swoop of his arm. Chaffee turned toward the gate. Gay Thatcher watched him go, holding her seat while the rest of the crowd milled around her.

He walks straight," she murmured to herself. "No, there isn't an ounce of display or false spirit about him. But he walks as if he was the equal of any man on earth. All unconsciously. And he is. I wonder if he will try to meet me again?"

William Wells Woolfridge dismounted and gave his horse to a puncher; he climbed over the railing and bowed to the girl. "It was a good show, wasn't it?"

"Splendid."

He took her arm and led her through the crowd.

(TO BE CONTINUED) Aggie Dean



C. L. CHRISTENSEN

After serving as executive secretary of the Federal Farm Board since its organization in 1929, Chris Laurits Christensen, above, has resigned to take up duties as dean of the University of Wisconsin's college of agriculture, at Madison.

Q. What form of government has Liechtenstein? R. D.

A. Liechtenstein is an independent principality. From 1866 it was practically a dependency of Austria, but on November 7, 1918, the Diet declared its complete independence. By treaty with Switzerland in 1921 that country administers its post and telegraphs and is included in the Swiss Customs Union. The ruler is Prince Francis I, who succeeded February 11, 1929, on the death of his brother. He is now 77 years of age.

These potential leaders wherever possible.

British colonies and dominions, which formerly looked exclusively to Oxford and Cambridge for higher education, are sending students to the United States to study scientific and business methods. In the last five years, students from Ceylon, Australia and the West Indies have doubled. More than 1,000 Canadian students cross the border to American classrooms each year.

A crocodile lives 100 years—an elephant 150 to 200 years—a tortoise over 100—the eagle and swan also 100 years.

FINGERPRINTS REPLACE CURL

New Sheriff of Snohomish County Formerly Operated Beauty Shop

Seattle—(UP)—It's a long jump from beauty parlor operator to sheriff, and Walter E. Faulkner, sheriff of Snohomish county, needed some practice in the art of trailing thieves, murderers and bootleggers.

He came to Seattle and enrolled in a "sheriff's instruction course," arranged impromptu by Sheriff Claude G. Bannick of King county, to prepare for his new duties.

Faulkner and his wife operate a beauty shop in Everett. Mrs. Faulkner was a beauty parlor operator in New York before their marriage, and establishment of their Everett business was effected after their honeymoon. Business was good for several years, then competition cut in on the profits. Faulkner looked for other opportunities. The sheriff's office interested him, and he filed on the democratic ticket last fall, despite the fact that Snohomish county hadn't had a democratic sheriff in 34 years.

He won the nomination by eight votes, then defeated the republican incumbent by 2,000 votes.

DIVERSIFIED PHILOSOPHY.

The Eskimos pick beauty queen. A cynic now demurs. E'en Ziegfeld couldn't do it there. Where girls dress all in furs.

If money talks, as people claim, Then talkers must have some; From which I easily deduce That I'm entirely dumb.

He's out of work and now he has An awful case of blues, For fear his next boss, too, will wear Those rubber bottomed shoes.

"Ode to a Radio," is verse I recently have read; What's owed that worries most of us, Is on the things instead.

The reason that some older folk Are quieter, no doubt, Is that they find they've now more things They should be still about.

A Scotchman now has gone insane, A matter very shocking; He tried to teach a silk worm to Mend runs in wife's stocking. —Sam Page.

Group Buying by Independents.

A. Gehly Schwartz, of Englewood, N. J., vice-president of the United Independent Stores, New York, and the Retailer Service Bureau, Minneapolis, speaking on "Group Buying—Success or Failure," said that group buying or collective buying was a forward step in the evolution of scientific merchandising. Its nothing more than "growing pains that will soon be relieved" and made the prediction that group buying instead of declining, will greatly increase and that ultimately, through the proper cooperation of the manufacturer and the group buyer, will prove a successful factor for all parties concerned.

"The whole trend in industry and commerce just as in everything else, is toward collective and coordinated effort," Mr. Schwartz said. "The merchant, today, is face to face with economic factors in the conduct of his business which the storekeeper of even ten years ago—not to speak of a generation or so ago—ever dreamed would come. Increased lines of merchandise available and required; chain-store and mail-order competition availability of supply; the old-time traveling salesman, as well as the gradual elimination of the jobber and his emergency stocks in many lines, has forced upon the retailer the adoption of new methods to meet the situation, if he is to stay in business."

"As spokesman for over 3500 independent retail stores located principally in the smaller cities and larger towns of the United States as represented by the United Independent Stores, the question of group buying is a very vital one and it concerns the consumer just as much as the retailer, because whatever economy can be effected by the retailer is usually reflected in the ultimate price to the consumer," Mr. Schwartz added.

Mr. Schwartz said, in part: "After a two year survey, we found that group buying was being successfully used by the large metropolitan stores of the chain systems, and therefore we plan to give these independently owned stores the same advantages that are to be had through group buying. We contend that group buying is fundamentally and economically sound to both the manufacturer and the group buyer, for, it is generally conceded that volume production is bound to result in better merchandise for the same price, or the same merchandise at a lesser price. And this does not necessarily mean driving down the price of the manufacturer, expecting him to sell his merchandise without profit or even at less than cost of production."

FIFTY AIR LINES

Washington—Fifty scheduled interstate passenger air transport lines are now being operated under authority of the Aeronautics branch of the United States department of commerce. Sixty applications have been received for permission to operate additional lines, the department says.

20-FOOT AIR PHOTO

El Paso—One of the largest pictures ever taken is an aerial photo shot along the Rio Grande in the neighborhood of this city. It was mapped for the American section of the international boundary commission and pictures 150 square miles of land along the river. It is 20 feet long.

Squelched.

From Tit-Bits. Heckler: Tell them all you know. It won't take long. Street Corner Orator: I'll tell them all we both know. It won't take any longer!



Children need not steal your health

There should be no health penalty attached to motherhood. There isn't among really healthy women. Expectant mothers who think of the baby's health as well as their own, should take a good vegetable tonic to protect the two lives—Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. All dealers. Every package of it contains a Symptom Blank. Fill it out and mail it to Dr. Pierce's Clinic, Buffalo, N. Y., for FREE medical advice.

"Capping" Oil Well

It is possible to cap an oil well and stop the flow of oil a given period of time without injury to the well's producing capacities. There are approximately 328,200 producing oil wells in the United States.

Muscular Pains Frequently Due to Congestion

When you have Rheumatic or Muscular Pains in the back, chest or limbs try this simple treatment. Congestion (lack of blood flow) is the usual cause of pains in the muscular tissues. Hoff's Liniment, a powerful stimulant brings a quick flow of blood to the painful area, relieving congestion and resulting pain.

Get a bottle of Hoff's Liniment and apply it with brisk rubbing. Then apply a cloth saturated with the liniment to the painful area and in a few minutes you will feel the warming and stimulating effect of this powerful liniment.

If you do not get relief in 30 minutes your druggist will refund the purchase price. Large 8 ounce bottles cost only 60 cents. If your druggist cannot supply you, just send 60 cents to the Goodrich-Gamble Company, Saint Paul, Minnesota, and it will be sent postpaid by return mail.

Faint Heart

"I'd marry Gertrude but for one thing."
"Afraid to pop the question?"
"No, afraid to question pop." —Copper's Weekly.

Garfield Tea

Was Your Grandmother's Remedy

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

I'm Encouraged

"Scribble is a genius, isn't he?"
"I guess so. His wife told me yesterday that he didn't know how to build the furnace fire." —Exchange.

Coughing STOPS

Boschee's Syrup soothes instantly, ends irritation quickly! GUARANTEED. Never be without Boschee's! For young and old.

Boschee's SYRUP

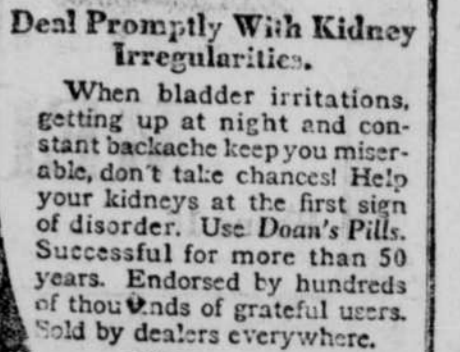
Love's Young Dream

Is there any thrill in the world like the thrill of discovering that a beautiful young woman cares about you the way you care? —Collier's Weekly

The spots on a man's reputation look about ten times larger to others than himself.

Help Your Kidneys

Deal Promptly With Kidney Irregularities. When bladder irritations, getting up at night and constant backache keep you miserable, don't take chances! Help your kidneys at the first sign of disorder. Use Doan's Pills. Successful for more than 50 years. Endorsed by hundreds of thousands of grateful users. Sold by dealers everywhere.



Doan's Pills A DIURETIC FOR THE KIDNEYS

Crowd Didn't See All Of Hunter's Game Bag

Willmar, Minn.—(UP)—Two large deer and a black bear were tied over the fenders and bumper of an automobile parked before the court house here.

Soon a large crowd gathered to admire the size of the animals and see the triumphant hunters. Presently the owner of the car emerged. One of the bystanders spoke to him:

"You had pretty good luck, I see." "Looking at the speaker. The man

shook his head and replied, "No I wouldn't say I did; the body of my brother lies in the back seat of the car."

Foreign Students.

From New York Times. For more than 50 years America has welcomed the foreign student. Today America is veritably a world schoolmaster. The 10,000 students from overseas, representing a diversity of customs, traditions, dress and history, form the greatest migration in student history.

Time has metamorphosed the average foreign student. He is more matured than his predecessor of a

decade or so ago. Foreign educators now believe there is no advantage in sending students here for undergraduate work. The result is that an increasing number of foreign students come to pursue a particular line of research or do graduate work.

Foreign students nowadays are intent on mastering the scientific achievements of America's civilization. Not satisfied with classroom knowledge, they extend their researches to the shops, factories and offices. American business, with an eye toward markets abroad, has found it desirable to co-operate with