

CHAFFEE

ROARING HORSE

BY ERNEST HAYCOX

The sun was down and the shadows swirling across the desert. In the dimming light they faced each other, and Jim Chaffee saw in her the vision of the woman he had always carried in his heart; a wisp of brown hair strayed across her cheeks and she lifted a hand to brush it back—a swift and graceful movement that brought with it a faint fragrance of perfume. Her lips were pursed, and her eyes met his glance squarely as if wishing to speak.

"I'll be riding close to my putfit the next week," said he. "Snow's falling up in the peaks. It will be here soon. And—other things are going to happen."

"Is that the only reason, Jim?"

She used his first name. So naturally did it fall into her soft and slightly wistful question that he hardly noticed it. He drew a deep breath. "No. No—it ain't. A man can make his own luck—but he can't change the universe to do it. Ma'am—"

"My name," said she, just above a whisper, "is Gay."

"I have said it many times to myself, Gay. No other name would fit you. And I will be saying it many more times—after you're gone. A man's got to play the cards as they fall. He can't stack the deck."

She made a small gesture with her hands. "You don't know me, Jim. You are setting me too high. Oh, see me as I am!" And after another interval she added: "Perhaps I know more about affairs in the country than you think. If I asked you to be—a little careful, would you remember?"

He shook his head. "Now you're setting me too high."

"No, I'm not!" said she, the energy of her answer raising her in the saddle. "You are honest, you are—a gentleman. What more should you be?" She took up the reins and moved away. Ten yards off turned, and he saw the blurry white oval of her face. "I'm asking you to be careful. I know many things I wish I could tell you. Perhaps I'll be here more than a week. Good-night, Jim."

"Good-bye—Gay."

"No—good-night."

She pressed her horse and raced toward the house. A glimmer of light sprang out along the desert. Chaffee watched until she had faded into the falling darkness; and then wheeled and raced northward in the direction of the canyon. The premonition of trouble filled his mind.

"Those tracks struck straight for the middle herd. What else but rustling? I ain't got time to get back home and rust out the boys. I'll have to tackle this alone."

His horse was tired, he himself was weary; yet the farther he rode the more urgent and the more alarming was the warning in his mind. A gray mound stood vaguely over on his left hand, and at this mark he shot away toward the bench. The herd was in that vicinity. On he galloped, the horse gallantly stretching out at Chaffee's impatient words. Time passed; he slackened pace and veered along a great circle. Nothing of the herd was visible in the deep darkness. Impelled by the same foreboding, he straightened out for the canyon again. Cattle didn't shift so far of their own accord in the short space of time between mid-afternoon and night. Reasoning along line of the most probable course of travel rustlers would take with so large a bunch of cows, it seemed to him he ought to swing at right angles and head into the undulating

folds of the bench. Yet try as he would, he could not over-reach the impulse to keep his present trail.

He pulled up. Away to his left and somewhat ahead he caught the vast and ominous rumbling of a herd in swift motion. Without further thought he raced off at a tangent. The rumbling grew deeper and swelled above the sound of his own progress. All of a sudden he was on the flank of the herd, seeing the dark mass stretch out in an irregular line. He dug his spurs deep into the sides of his exhausted pony and shot forward among the lead steers. As he did so he felt the pressure of another bunch of stock thundering in from his right, converging with the mass he was now abreast. He was trapped in the van of a wide-flung line of onrushing, brutes, frenzied by mass fear and mass sound. He thought for a moment to make one effort to break their stride. Drawing his gun he fired point-blank into the weaving formation abreast him. A brute fell, but the bellowing and the fury seemed only to rise higher. And far back he heard what he thought to be a man's voice dimly crying a warning. The warning came to him equally soon; somewhere in the immediate foreground was the canyon. He bent low and slipped his quirt, alternately yelling into the pony's ear and flailing the buckskin thongs. With one last magnificent burst of reserve strength the horse pulled away, yard by yard; and Jim Chaffee, crying, "So long, Buck!" saw a fence post shoot up from the ground and bear abreast of him. He kicked the stirrups, flung his feet far ahead, and let go, the force of the impact rolling him head first. He waited, in that flashing fragment of time, to hear the bursting and shrill singing of barb wire as his horse struck. No such sound came. Still rolling, he caught instead a distant screaming; and then the rush of the cattle engulfed that sound. His hands touched the jagged rocks of the rim; he gripped them with the pressure of death and swung himself down into the black maw. His boots touched a flimsy ledge; he got a new grip on an outcrop just below the rim; and, braced to the shock, he hung there as the dust rolled against his face and the very tip of hell seemed to engulf him.

CHAPTER VII
Fang and Perfume
William Wells Woolfridge called his ranch house "Wolf's Head," and there was about it a blending of dual personality of the owner. The house was a veritable mansion standing massive and solitary in the desert, designed by a famous Eastern architect who himself had overseen its erection. Lava rock and squared timbers braced it; lodge pole pines framed it all around. Massive beams supported a vaulted two-story living room, along three sides of which ascended a stairway that ran into wide galleries. After dark, when the remote corners were clouded by shadow, it suggested the spaciousness of some Gothic temple; and the same fathomless mystery. There was a fireplace wide and deep enough for a tier of four-foot logs laboriously hauled from the distant mountains. From place to place were ranged trophies gathered by Woolfridge throughout the world; and as if tinged of this stark coloring he had thrown around wall and corner all sorts of tapestries and fabrics and bits of statuary of which nobody but himself knew the full price.

it were dispossessed, the public domain might be converted into cash to local advantage. Nowhere else has the policy of conservation and of supervising closely the exploitation of national resources, timber, minerals or water power, aroused such persistent resentment.

The real purpose behind the project to transfer the public domain to the states is its more rapid alienation to private owners. With 11 states set up in the land business on their own account, even when surrounded by certain safeguards as a condition of the transfer, there would be grave danger of reckless and improvident practices. The na-

into this living room, half lighted by lamp and fire, Gay Thatcher stepped.

Her immediate reaction was one of utter astonishment. She stopped and flung up her head, eyes immediately falling upon objects here and there; and catching instantly the effect of the whole arrangement. "Why, Mr. Woolfridge! I never dreamed—"

He was in evening clothes, a suave and clubby-cheeked host, groomed to precision. He bowed slightly from the hips, smiling with an urbane pride. And he raised her hand in such a manner that for a moment she thought he was about to salute it in the continental style. But, looking closely at her, he straightened and stepped back a pace. "I told you that perhaps I could offer some small diversion to the monotony of this land. After all, an exile must comfort himself. You have no luggage?"

"Just a few things in my saddlebags. I never imagined such splendor, Mr. Woolfridge, or I would have done you greater honor in clothing. In the open country I always go about ragged. And since this was but an overnight visit I didn't bother to—"

He interrupted her. "My dear, make no excuses. You are lovely, in whatever dress, wherever you are." A wiry Filipino lad darted through the door with the girl's saddlebags. Woolfridge raised his voice. "Ysabel." A Mexican woman came down the stairway and took the bags. "You will want to freshen up," said he. "Ysabel will show you to your room."

When the girl returned fifteen minutes later Woolfridge had changed back to his riding clothes and a table had been placed by the fire, silver all aflash in the light. He came toward her.

"Really," said she, "this embarrasses me. I—"

"That," said Woolfridge, tremendously earnest, "is the last thing in the world I want you to feel. I mean that as I never meant anything else. It was only a foolish fancy of mine. The pomp and circumstance of a lonely exile." He placed her in a chair and went around the table to his own seat. "I was worried about you. I should have disregarded your instructions and sent a man over to guide you here."

"I like to ride alone. I had no trouble at all. I have so little chance to go adventuring as I grow older that I always look forward to the opportunity." She lifted a salad fork and spoke as an apparent afterthought. "But I found company. Chaffee—Jim Chaffee took me to the canyon. And came nearly home with me."

"Interesting," said Woolfridge, engaged with the serving. "Would like to have seen the chap. There is a character for you. Did you say he was traveling back to Stirrup S after you left him?"

"I believe in that direction," replied the girl. She had a moment's glance at his face as it turned away; nothing but serenity dwelt upon it. "You spoke of being an exile, Mr. Woolfridge. You don't really mean that?"

"Yes, very much so. Voluntary exile. What is there for a man to do in the cities? I found myself growing soft, getting old. Going around and around. There is no place in America I cannot go, my dear lady, with credentials that will admit me to the best of homes. I am in a position to do almost anything I want to do. But I relegated all that and came here. Why? Well, because—"

He leaned forward and something of the mildness vanished from his face; she thought she saw a hint of the iron in this man. "Because I'm in the wrong century. I am a good business man. But I would have made a better buccaneer one hundred years ago. I am laying myself open to you. There is that urge in me. Something pulls me off the

beaten track. I built this house on the strength of that. I live here on the strength of that. It is not good for a man to live alone; neither is it good for a man to stifle his impulses and tread the machine."

"And have you found what you seek?"

He turned squarely to her. She saw the will of the man very plainly then. "I am on the very edge of finding it. There—"

"Please, I didn't mean to ask into your affairs. Let us consider that unsaid."

"Why so?" he asked. "I should like you to know. I'm too cautious a business man to show my trumps before the proper time. And yet I am egotist enough to dream of power created by my own hands. I have inherited almost everything. Now I create by myself. Miss Thatcher, the time will come—and it is not far distant—when I can say that I have achieved. When I have built up a little kingdom in my own right."

"Whatever greatness there is in us," said she gravely, "comes out in the struggle we make. And whatever evil there is in us also comes out."

"Very true," agreed Woolfridge. "But few men have the courage of their convictions. I mean the smashing desire to take everything before them and see the end. You may not think it, but I have that desire. As for evil—it is a word too much used. Tell me, what is evil, except a label arbitrarily applied by society to this case and that case as society wills? There is much injustice done in the name of that word."

"I am not a philosopher," said Gay, and smiled.

Immediately he lost his seriousness and became the affable host. They finished the meal and lounged in front of the fire, talking of idle and inconsequential things. Presently he showed her his collection of fabrics. Midway in this a horse pounded up to the front door and a rider struck the ground heavily. Woolfridge paid no attention to the distraction until the Filipino lad came soundlessly in and ducked his head. Woolfridge excused himself and went out. The girl heard the rider's voice come strongly through the door, and almost instantly was hushed and trailed down the yard. She stood with her back to the fire, very thoughtful. Beside Woolfridge in town, she had judged him from surface appearances; and, since she was a wise young lady, she had added something to those appearances and given him credit for being more than he seemed to be. Yet she was not prepared for the hints of character thrown off this evening. She felt somehow on insecure ground. Almost as if she were on unsafe ground.

He came back at the end of ten minutes; and, though he smiled easily and resumed the tour of inspection, there was about him a subtle change. He lost a little of the urbane courtesy; he made no particular attempt to carry on small talk. The girl all of a sudden decided she was weary and said as much.

"It has been a long day. I believe I had better go up."

"I'm sorry. There are a number of things yet to be discussed."

"For instance?" she suggested, standing at the bottom of the stairs.

"My dear girl, you are a complete mystery to me—and to others. Don't you think it fair to let some of us in on what you have done all these years?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Q. What is the business of a church court in reference to social reform? M. K.

A. Ecclesiastical courts meet to determine matters of church polity and also the action of the church in conformity with its declaration of principles in regard to social or spiritual matters such as the stand of the church upon marriage, birth control, prohibition, child-welfare, education, confederation and many other church principles.

tion still has an important stake though it be of uncertain or only prospective value, in its public lands. It should be slow to let go of it or to relax its control of property of which it is trustee for all the people.

Q. Please compare the wood pulp production of Canada and the United States. J. F. U.

A. The total pulp production in Canada has risen from 1,716,000 tons in 1919 to 3,508,000 tons in 1928. In the United States the production in 1919 was 3,517,000 tons, and this production has risen steadily up to 1928 when it amounted to 4,150,000 tons.

Deal, England — (UP) — Hand-capped by an adverse wind, Captain C. E. Wilson, a golfer who lost his right arm in the World war, holed out in one at the fifth hole on Princess links, a distance of 190 yards.

GARDEN PAD
A piece of linoleum, with its outer edge bound in colored adhesive tape, makes an ideal kneeling pad for the garden, and no cost whatever.

PYJAMAS.
In bygone years pyjamas were designed for wear in bed; None dreamed for them another use. Not even the most ill bred. Of outing flannel they were made, With pin stripe neat, of pink; Or strong, white cotton cloth, perhaps. And guaranteed "no shrink."

But now that modest robe de nuit Has crawled from out the hay; We meet it in the living room, And on the broad highway.

Of silk, cerise or mauve or jade, With lines phantasmagoric, It gives a modest man such pain, He needs some paregoric.

All this today. Tomorrow? Ah, The world moves on a pace; The bride will do her Mendelssohn, Pyjamed all in lace. —Sam Page.

Colorful Celebrities.
From New York World.
When Alfalfa Bill Murray had been safely inducted into office as governor of Oklahoma they might well have called it a day. It was one. First of all, Bill had to borrow \$250 to get to the capital from his home in Tishomingo. Once arrived, he was greeted by Millet Hoy Koy Bitty, Indian chief, in painted face and all accouterments—Mrs. Murray is a member of the Chickasaw tribe. Alfalfa Bill needed no amplifiers to carry his inauguration speech and subsequent message to the waiting crowds. Like Dr. Butler of Columbia, the man who was elected by the largest majority in the brief history of the state was very critical of the parous condition of college athletics. He thinks he is going to cut the taxes.

They have picturesque governors in the West and South, and we do not need to go back to "Bloody Brides" Waite of Colorado to begin the list. There was Governor Hogg of Texas, who named his daughter Ima, and Governor Frazier of North Dakota, who named his twin daughters, in honor of the state university, Unie May and Vesper Fay. The Fergusons, Jim and Ma, were recent portents in Texas. There was Governor Vardaman of Mississippi, long-haired and vociferous, and Governor Bilbo, his understudy. There is Gov. Huey P. Long of Louisiana, who became governor on March 4.

Comparing such colorful personalities with more humdrum executives of the big industrial states, one might be tempted to generalize that campaign funds talk in the East while the West and South listen to the big, rangy man with the big voice and sombrero—and then one thinks of Len Small and of Illinois, which is both East and West and has plenty of money in politics, to be cured of rash theories. We can be thankful for the picturesqueness of the Alfalfa Bills without worrying about the cause and course of their political evolution.

CHILDREN GET TREATMENT
Miami, Fla.—(UP)—Six small children, suffering from heart disease, have arrived here from Boston to begin eight months of treatment and observation under Miami's winter sun. The children, sent by Dr. Paul D. White, Boston specialist, under auspices of the New England Heart Association and the American Heart Association, will have regularly prescribed sun-baths daily and graduated exercises in the open air.

Rural Mail Service.
From Indianapolis News.
Rural mail service daily in the United States has progressed to a point where, in the fiscal year that closed June 30, almost 25,000,000 persons lived along established routes. That number is not far from the total farm population of the nation. Only a comparative handful of people living in the more isolated and inaccessible country districts are without this convenience. During the last 12 months 167,493 families were added to previous lists by extensions. Probably no federal undertaking ever has justified itself more quickly, and few have had so rapid a growth.

Carriers are traveling regularly over 45,840 routes, covering 1,316,420 miles, a government report announces. The cost to the national treasury is about \$106,000,000 annually, a small sum when contrasted to the social and economic welfare of the United States by facilitating communication and commerce. The wonder is that the movement to approximate city service in handling rural mail did not come sooner. It was not until 1891 that the idea was officially suggested. John Wanamaker, then postmaster general, proposed to Congress that a test be made of the plan. It was termed "fantastic" in many quarters, and nothing tangible developed at that legislative session. In 1893 an appropriation of \$10,000 for experimental routes was voted reluctantly, to which amount \$20,000 was added in 1894. Mr. Wanamaker declined to use the money, declaring the amount too small to attempt a demonstration of the validity of the policy.

In 1896, \$10,000 more was supplied for the venture. Trials undertaken in West Virginia and Indiana—the route in this state having hope in Bartholomew county as a base—showed the merit of the plan. The system stimulated national unification, and ranks as an important event in our history.

19 Farms Within Old Village of Illinois
Cahokia, Ill.—(UP)—This village, the oldest in the state of Illinois, has a population of 286, according to the recently completed census report. Nineteen farms are located within the village limits.

One-Armed Golfer Makes Difficult "Hole in One"
Deal, England — (UP) — Hand-capped by an adverse wind, Captain C. E. Wilson, a golfer who lost his right arm in the World war, holed out in one at the fifth hole on Princess links, a distance of 190 yards.

GARDEN PAD
A piece of linoleum, with its outer edge bound in colored adhesive tape, makes an ideal kneeling pad for the garden, and no cost whatever.

"SCIENCE rescues the DEAFENED"

by Floyd Gibbons

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WOMEN SHOULD LEARN USES OF MAGNESIA

To women who suffer from nausea, or so-called "morning sickness," this is a blessing. Most nurses know it. It is advised by leading specialists: Over a small quantity of finely cracked ice pour a teaspoonful of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. Sip slowly until you are relieved. It ends sick stomach or inclination to vomit. Its anti-acid properties make Phillips' Milk of Magnesia quick relief in heartburn, sour stomach, gas. Its mild laxative action assures regular bowel movement. Used as a mouth-wash it helps prevent tooth decay during expectancy.

If sleeping late gives you a headache, you make a great virtue of rising early.



Was a Problem

"Mary Jane caused me many anxious moments," says Mrs. G. G. McDowell, 4025 Wentworth Ave., So., Minneapolis, Minn. "She was listless, weak, had no appetite. She suffered a lot from colds until I began giving her California Fig Syrup. It made her strong, able to avoid colds; gave her a good appetite and digestion. She is the picture of health, now."

For over 50 years, California Fig Syrup has been helping bilious, weak, headachy, constipated babies and children. Doctors by thousands recommend this pure vegetable product. Children love its flavor. It acts gently to open the bowels in colds or children's diseases. Bowels become regular with its use and remain that way.

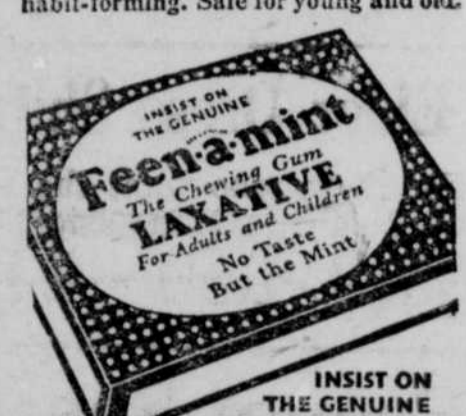
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CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP
LAXATIVE-TONIC for CHILDREN

Fishing is often just an excuse. What the man wants is to sit on the bank and daydream.

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FOR CONSTIPATION

St. Louis City Pkg. Co., No. 11-1931.

Public Lands to States.
From New York Herald.
Once more, in conformity with a previous report, Mr. Hoover's public lands committee recommends that the public domain be transferred to the separate states. These government lands, amounting, roughly, to 178,000,000 acres, lie in 11 western states. Obviously the states would accept the grant of this national property if made without cost to themselves. In fact, the proposal comes from a committee of 18 members of whom the representatives of the 11 states form a majority. Relatively only a small part of the

public lands still owned by the government is suitable for immediate use. Aside from that which has passed into private hands for farming and mining purposes, large areas have been set aside as forest reserves, national parks and as mineral lands subject to special restrictions. Of what remains most is desert or barren land, available only in part for grazing or to be turned to profit possibly through the development of mineral areas. But throughout the West the prevailing opinion has long been that the United States government, which still holds the title, is a grudging and unfriendly proprietor, and it

it were dispossessed, the public domain might be converted into cash to local advantage. Nowhere else has the policy of conservation and of supervising closely the exploitation of national resources, timber, minerals or water power, aroused such persistent resentment.

The real purpose behind the project to transfer the public domain to the states is its more rapid alienation to private owners. With 11 states set up in the land business on their own account, even when surrounded by certain safeguards as a condition of the transfer, there would be grave danger of reckless and improvident practices. The na-