

# CHAFFEE

ROARING HORSE

BY ERNEST HAYCOX

Chaffee pulled himself from the bunk, stiff in every muscle. And as his eyes roamed the barren walls, the sunlight coming through the window was shut off by a crouching figure. Looking up, he found Mark Eagle's round and solemn cheeks just beyond the grating.

"You must've been pretty tired," said Mark. "I been here an hour, waiting."

"Why didn't you give me a shout?"

"When a man sleeps that solid," replied Mark, "he needs it. I'm in no hurry."

"Come around down the stairs and let's hold a little talk session."

The Indian bank cashier shook his head. "I tried that, Luis Locklear ain't letting anybody in."

Chaffee digested the information meditatively. "Pretty careful, ain't he? Too careful. I'll be out sunnin' my heels in three-four hours. Luis Locklear ain't learned a lot about public opinion concernin' self-defense in this county."

"You won't be out," contradicted Mark Eagle. "A coroner's jury named you at eight this mornin'. Doc Fancher couldn't stand against the pressure. Nobody listened to him. Grand jury met at nine and bound you over. You're to be tried in the mornin'."

"Why the big hurry with the first two juries, and then a delay on the trial?" asked Chaffee. "If they're doin' some railroadin' it seems to me they lost a bet by not passin' sentence an' hangin' me in time for supper."

Mark Eagle moved his hands. Only an Indian could convey meaning so clearly with those swift, silent gestures. "Many things can happen between now and mornin', Jim. They got a coroner's verdict for a purpose. It's a nickel's worth of dog meat for the pack. Maybe there won't be no trial in the mornin'. Town's full of gents."

Chaffee shook his head. "Don't believe sentiment in Roarin' Horse runs that way, Mark."

"I do," was the Indian's blunt answer. He looked behind him, lowered his voice. "I know. I have heard. You are too dangerous. You die. I have heard."

Still Jim Chaffe was not convinced. He walked around the cell and came to the window. "Blamed if I read the cards that way, Mark. Shucks, I've lived among these people all my life. They ain't that kind of folks."

The Indian only lifted his shoulders. Presently he switched the subject. "One of those tar boot tracks in Fancher's office is mine, Jim. The broad-toes one is mine."

"Well, I'll—" muttered Chaffee, profoundly astonished. "What do you know about that stuff?"

"The broad-toes one is mine," repeated Mark Eagle with stoic gravity. "I was behind the stable when the shot was fired. I saw you take the tar impressions. You are my friend and I tell you. I did not kill Satterlee, for he was my friend, too. But you poured tar into the tracks of the man who did kill him. Do you know?"

"One set I ain't identified yet," murmured Chaffee, studying the Indian's enigmatic features. He tried to read through and beyond the mask. Nothing was revealed to him. The dusky eyes were shimmered, without depth. He wanted to question Eagle, yet he knew that until the red man voluntarily chose to speak, such a course was futile. "You will find out some-

time," said Eagle. "If you do not I will tell you." Boots scraped along the back area. The Indian looked over his shoulder, murmuring: "I am going to stirrup S and warn your friends."

A lank gentleman dressed like a scarecrow closed in and challenged Eagle with a surly, half-savage authority. "I been watchin' yuh plenty long. And I'm tired of lookin' at yuh. Skin outen here, yuh no-count pi-uts. Git."

Mark Eagle rose and squared himself. "I am an American, the same as you," said he solemnly.

"Don't gimme no sass. American—like fun. Yore a dean worthless Injun. The kind my pap used to scelp for bounty. Git yore greasy mug outen my sight."

Mark Eagle never stirred. Chaffee saw his chest swell and his chin lift proudly. "I am a Umatla, the son of a chief. We were chiefs when your people bowed humbly to a noble master. We have never bowed. I am your equal."

"Why, gol darn yore cussed hide!" shouted the stranger. "My ekal! Dum it, git!" His fist shot out and knocked the Indian from sight. Chaffee gripped the iron bars and tried to see around the corner of the window. The stranger retreated, gun drawn. "Mosey, and don't come back."

Chaffee stared at the stranger. "What makes you so proud? Where'd you come from?"

"Who wants to know?" grunted the stranger, plainly contemptuous. He took a chew of tobacco and kicked a spray of dust through the window. "What business o' yores is it?"

"Like to know where your kind of trash grows," drawled Chaffee, holding his wrath. "Seems to be a lot of it driftin' in. Your old man must sure be proud of you, providin' you ever had an old man."

The last phrase sank in. The stranger's malarial features took a red tint. "I've heard ki-otes howl before, Mister Chaffee. So I won't pay no heed to yore remarks."

"I wouldn't figger shoe polish tasted like much," went on Chaffee. "Never had an appetite for it myself."

"What's that men?"

"You're a boot licker. Whose boots?"

The stranger whirled and tramped away, swearing fluently. "I'll see yore boots from the bottom soon enough! Git that! I'll see 'em swingin' in the breeze. That's what we're here for."

Chaffee roamed the cell restlessly. He sort of let the feline out of the bag. Maybe Mark Eagle's right. That gent with the fever and ague map looks like a hired gun artist. Another mark of somebody's thoughtful plannin'. A whistle and a jerk—a bunch of tough eggs come out of the woods on the lope. Planted there a long time and waitin'."

Noon arrived, and a tray from the restaurant, packed in by yet another stranger. Luis Locklear came along as an extra precaution and stood back while the tray went through the door.

"Who's all these flunkies you got, Luis?" Chaffee wanted to know.

The sheriff's red eyes slanted across Chaffee. "I ain't answerin' questions today. Eat that fodder or I'll take it back. No time to waste on you."

Chaffee put a cheerful face on the situation and tackled the food. "Luis, a kind word is like a lightnin' rod. It averts much trouble. You don't appreciate that right now, but you will when the weight of

the star begins to sag neavy on your vest."

"You ain't scarin' me none whatsoever," "But just remember I warned you against playin' with fire. Small boys and damn' fools should never do it."

"Take his grub away," snapped Locklear. The helper obeyed, grinning at this petty punishment. The sheriff's caviling, ignorant face peered between the bars. "Chaffee, I wish I could use a rawhide on yore frame. It's a re-ort to me them days have passed. I mean it. They's no way to break a man's stubbornness or humble his pride like a whip or a screw. Yore just downright poison to me. Allus have been, and I'd appreciate the satisfaction o' payin' off. And that is ample."

They climbed the stairs and left Chaffee alone. Beyond the barred window the shadows marched farther into the strewn back area and out along the desert. Above him was a ceaseless tramping of feet and a ceaseless murmur of talk. During the morning a guard had been posted beyond Chaffee's view. Now a pair of them, neither of whom Chaffee had ever seen before, stood in front of the window with shotguns. He could tell that the town's traffic grew heavier as the afternoon passed, for he could hear the echo of feet on the sidewalk and the passing of horses. Something of the rising nervous tension was likewise communicated to him in the abruptness of the talk that drifted down, and in the increasing watchfulness of the two guards. Around three or four the whole jail trembled to the furious passage of a cavalcade. One shot broke the air and boots pounded up the courthouse steps, crossing swiftly into Locklear's office. Chaffee heard the talk swell angrily. Three more guards came running toward the cell window, muttering some sort of news. The cavalcade whirled away. Another shot was fired.

Chaffee was in the process of rolling a cigarette. He threw it to the floor. "That's Stirrup S. They wouldn't let Mack come in. Jupiter, have I got to pull this place apart?" Discouragement rode him. For a moment he felt like a rat cornered in a hole. "Maybe I made a mistake comin' into town last night. But I don't think so. I left a mark on that bunch, and they're callin' on my bet. If I'm forcin' an issue I guess that's better than hidin' out." What hurt him was to feel so absolutely helpless.

Mark Eagle made a quick trip toward Stirrup S after leaving Chaffee. Halfway to the ranch he ran into Mack Moran leading twenty riders in the direction of the lava country, loaded down with ammunition. He gave them the news and swept away. Mack swore, setting his spurs; and it was Mack's party Chaffee later heard thundering through Roaring Horse. It was Mack's impatient tread that sounded across the floor of the sheriff's office. Locklear, surrounded by six or seven full-jawed strangers, refused Mack entrance to the cell.

"The patient," he explained with a malicious peasantry, "ain't in no shape to see company."

"Since when," challenged Mack, ready to do battle, "has this country started keepin' folks in solitary?"

"Since I took office!" snapped Luis Locklear. "Somethin' else has happened likewise. Stirrup S ain't welcome around here. Go on get out!"

"Ask me what reminds me of a peanut," said Mack. "I'll answer it myself. You remind me of a peanut. I been hearin' a lot of smart remarks about Stirrup S lately. I'd think you started 'em, except yore brain ain't big enough to start anything. Yuh ain't been on the job but a couple weeks and yore hands are all calloused

from patten' yoreself on the back."

"Get out of here!" yelled Locklear, rising from his chair "I'll throw you in the cooler too!"

"Yeah?" drawled Mack sweetly. "Go bareheaded, Luis. Yore conk is swellin' so fast no hat would fit it. If yore goin' to pull some dirty work on Jim, Stirrup S is goin' to show you a good time."

"Try it—I wish you'd try it!" yelled Locklear. "Go out on the street and see how you stand! Yore day is done hereabouts! Kick up a battle and you'll get singed. Go and try it!"

"Peanut," snorted Mack and stalked away. He led the Stirrup S party slowly down the street to the rodeo field and dismounted in the shade. "Boys, this is sure a jam. That fella means business. Notice all the tough-lookin' pilgrims loafin' by the courthouse! Where'd they come from? I feel creepy. I dunno just what to do, but we got to look alive or we're plumb founded."

He heard his name called. Swinging, he saw Mark Eagle standing behind the fence of the rodeo field, sheltered from curious eyes. The Indian motioned him to come near.

"Mack, it is your play."

"Yeah," agreed the red-headed cow-puncher. "I know blamed well it is. But what's the play?"

The Indian's round face was tremendously solemn. "You get Jim clear of that cell right after dark. They aim to take him out and ride him off a horse."

"Why the low-down bunch of pig stickers! Who aims to do it—how do you know?"

"I know," said Mark Eagle. "It's up to you to figure a way keep your men in a bunch while its daylight. And however you break that jail, do it quick and quiet. They're watching. They'll expect trouble."

"Yeh, but say—"

The Indian shook his head and turned away, losing himself behind the wings of the fence. Mack Moran went back to the group and passed on the warning. They held a long powwow, arriving at no satisfactory solution. One plan after another was brought up and discarded. "Trouble is that jail is built like a doggone castle," gumbled Mack. "Toc much on top of it. Can't get down to it from the front except through a flock of doors. Only direct entrance is by that rear window—and they'll be every son-of-a-gun in the county back there watchin' it."

The oldest puncher of the Stirrup S, one Gil Daugherty reached into his memory and unearthed a long forgotten episode. "I remember a jail in Arizona like that," said he. "Basement cell, one window even with the ground. Shucks its been twenty-seven, no twenty-eight, years ago. Was a fellow in it. We got him out. Same layout about as this heap."

"How?" chorused the assembled Stirrup S crew.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

**Wisconsin Bobs Up Again.**  
From Sac City, Ia., Sun Wisconsin's response to the income tax under a radical government, so well proved the fallacy of an income tax lowering taxes that it should have been a lesson to Iowa during the campaign last summer. If any further proof is needed that the income tax in Wisconsin neither lowered nor replaced and real estate taxes, that proof is evident in the present tax situation in that state.

Governor LaFollette, press dispatches tell us, is ready to take the responsibility for a sharp upward movement of taxes. In spite of the fact that Wisconsin has had an income tax for several years, practically all taxes are to be moved upward this year.

"Replacement" in Wisconsin carries what the billiardists call the English, as the Marshalltown Times-Republican pertinently notes. It replaces present taxes with higher taxes. And yet a significant feature is that the newest Wisconsin plan contemplates an increase in practically every method of taxation except corporation tax. Which item suggests that a sufficient number of Wisconsin industries have moved elsewhere to cause alarm that the increase would drive out others.

Iowa can go ahead with new tax schemes on their learn by a rather expensive experience they will work. Or the legislature might profit by what some of our neighbors have learned along the same line.

of the reds or radical element which set the World war appeared to be gaining a preponderance of power with consequent disorder. The Fascist organization was mostly of young men who were dissatisfied with the findings of the peace conference in which it was held that Italy was discriminated against. The party grew rapidly until among the "black shirts" as they were named there were upwards of 200,000 practically all young men. They formed a political party under a protectorate, but on obtaining power expressed adherence to the monarchy, September 10, 1922. Mussolini became both the head of the party and of the government.

## OF INTEREST TO FARMERS

### LOOK TO MACHINERY

Seeding machinery should be carefully checked, cleaned, and oiled before the planting season to avoid delays which may result in lower yields and in the case of corn an unbound crop. An Iowa farmer thought his corn planter looked all right but after planting commenced found that it was not working accurately. A careful examination showed that due to wear of a number of parts it was more practical to buy a new planter than to spend the amount necessary to repair the old machine. The dealer was out of the model desired and before the planter could be secured from the branch house, wet weather postponed planting more than a week. That particular year it paid to plant early on account of an early frost in the fall and this delay caused a loss due to soft corn which this man can ill afford. If the planter misses two kernels out of every 100 that it should plant there may be a loss in yield of nearly two bushels an acre. The application of dust treatment to oats is increasing the practice of drilling this crop. Fungicidal dusts when applied to wheat retard its flow through the drill but do not appreciably decrease the yield on this account, according to the United States department of agriculture. Dry dusted wheat did not cake or damage the drill unless it stood in dew or rain. Drill bearings need more frequent oiling, however, when dusted seeds are being sown.

### RIGID CORNER POSTS

During a drive a few days ago, I took particular notice that quite a good percentage of farmers are getting away from the diagonal brace between the top of the corner fence post to the second post near the ground, says a field man. These farmers are gradually coming to the much more satisfactory type of horizontal brace, which is located just below the tops of the corner and the fence posts. The diagonal brace is wrong, since the heavy push of this brace to meet the pull of the fence is a very considerable upward thrust on the corner post, tending to lift it out of the ground. This upward thrust, combined with the lifting effect of freezing, is the reason why so many corner posts lift up and allow the fence to slack. The horizontal brace does not have this lifting effect. The pull of the fence should be taken care of by a "dead man" or some other type of buried anchor. A simple and also very effective arrangement is to use heavily creosoted wood or other long-life posts for the end post and second post. Run a heavy pine or creosoted wood brace from near the top of the fence on the end post to a point a little higher on the second post, then run a heavy twisted wire cable from near the top of the second post back to a "dead man" or other buried anchor just beyond the end post. When this cable is tightened enough to pull the corner post back into the ground, the pull of the fence will straighten it up and the combination of brace and anchor will hold the fence tight for the life of the posts and there will be no chance for the posts to heave. Fence anchors are now on the market which are better than "dead men" and cheaper when one considers the labor of putting them in.

### MILK AND CIVILIZATION

In the Old Testament we have the record of a people who have left a spiritual impress deeply ingrained into the whole of modern civilization. And the Old Testament is rife with references to milk as an article of diet. In fact, the history of a pastoral people, dependent for livelihood upon the welfare of flocks and herds. In the story of Abraham, who was to become "a father of many nations," the narrator describes him as being "very rich in cattle, in silver, and in gold." And the entire record of this ancient race, which was wise enough to formulate the earliest health codes, shows that milk and milk products formed the basis of its subsistence. Throughout history the conquerors have always been the peoples with the finest physique. And physique, as modern science proves, is a matter of nutrition. When through a surfeit of luxury and soft-living the mighty Roman Empire fell, its conquerors were strong-limbed, clear-eyed peoples from the north of Europe. There was the physique of conquerable them to become quick-witted rulers over men. If we look at the descendants of these northern barbarians we shall see that they have kept their vigor. We shall find further that the dairy occupies a high position in their economic life. The average life span in Holland and the Scandinavian countries is longer than it is in the United States. In these lands milk consumption is greater than in this country. Science intimates that these facts are related. The English nation has set its stamp indelibly upon civilization in every part of the world. And the English are drinkers of milk. Some of England's colonies outside the Mother Country, notably New Zealand and Australia, the life span in these countries ranks at the top with that of Holland and Scandinavia. New Zealand, in particular, boasts the longest average life span of any country in the world. And the New Zealanders are dependent for their subsistence upon their flocks and herds. In certain remote sections of the earth, life is especially hazardous, yet the peoples of these sections are surprisingly hardy. It has been found that milk forms the mainstay of their diet. Thus the Arabs, who live in a climate where we should consider unendurable, yet who surprised Napoleon's surgeons, general with their physical perfection, subsist entirely upon

milk, supplemented only with moderate amounts of meat, cereals, and dates. The Arabs, be it remembered, treasured the medical lore of Hippocrates, the "father of medicine," when the rest of the world had forgotten its existence. Likewise, the Mongols and the Tartars thrive on milk. The pastoral peasants of the Balkans have long been noted for their sturdiness and their longevity. Again, milk is the principal ingredient of their diet. In every corner of the civilized world milk has made its impress as a health-builder and a civilizing agent. With the acquisition of flocks and herds in prehistoric times man made his first move toward that community life which has finally resulted in the modern metropolis and all it stands for. Conquering races have known the value of milk. Peoples condemned by circumstance to inaccessible and undesirable sections of the earth have made the most of milk, thereby developing physical prowess rather than succumbing to the inclement forces around them. As for the highly developed civilization of the modern world here again milk becomes a potent force. The science of nutrition shows the importance of milk as an article of daily diet. The properties of milk make for physical well-being. And, as always, achievement rests on physical well-being. In the industrialized world of today with its intricate organization and its increasing competition, we need vigor, both of body and mind, if we are to keep the pace set for us. And this vigor may best be attained by building up our bodies through wise attention to nutrition. Science tells us that milk is priceless as an aid in obtaining the highest degree of nutrition. It behooves us to make personal application of this knowledge.

### TEAM WORK

"My chief difficulty with the chick rearing course was to train my husband," writes a lady enrolled in one study course. Extension forces with their schools, courses, and meetings conducted by county agents and college specialists often have their work cut in effectiveness because they do not reach enough members of the family. Experimental data and interpretation of practical results may be reasoned out to meet the needs of the wife and her flock of chickens. She may be convinced that extra money spent for clean, healthy, tested baby chicks is a saving and an economy. Can she put the story up to her husband, who did not attend the meeting, as effectively as it was put up to her? Too many times the answer is, "No," and the baby chicks are purchased as they were last year. There are times that a husband has attended a better sires meeting and has gone home convinced that this time he can afford to purchase a purebred sire from a dam of known production. In trying to explain to his wife the necessity for spending this extra \$200, he may fail to give her the background for her understanding that he received at the meeting. Some county agents and college specialists are this bit of farm relief legislation. This bit of farm relief legislation is tabled for another year. More effective results may be expected from farm meetings where the husband and wife both attend to learn each other's problems.

### POULTRY MANAGEMENT

When the profits from the poultry on the farm begin to lag behind, the first thought is always that the market is entirely to blame. A little saner though usually follows and the question pops up, "Is there anything the matter with the ration?" Time may be profitably spent in looking further even than these two possible reasons. Poor management of the flock may have just as much or more to do with lowering the poultry profits. Management covers a multitude of things when it refers to poultry and only an attempt to mention a few of those that may lead you to inquire further into your own specific problem. Sanitation naturally is of first consideration. The precautions that should be mentioned include the control of lice and mites, proper cleaning and disinfecting of the house at least once a year, regular removal of droppings, providing a clean ground in immediate proximity to the poultry house by yearly plowing, supplying feeds in sanitary equipment, furnishing clean and fresh water from an elevated drinking fountain, immediate removal of all suspicious birds from the healthy flock, and killing and burning diseased birds without spilling the contaminated blood about the premises. The proper yarding of the poultry flock will soon become an important consideration in the poultry flock management. The young chicks must be brooded on clean ground where there have been no chickens for two years, or on wire if they are to be kept free from disease. The range system of handling pullets is the most satisfactory way to bring these birds through the summer. The range house and the system of water-trails are two things to be considered if the pullets are to be put out on range. Old stock and young stock should never be varded together. This is considered a point of good management in handling all classes of livestock. Poultry management also includes those practices that have to do with feeding. Regularity is of primary importance. Good egg production can only be expected where mash and oyster shell are always before the layers, where alfalfa and skim milk are available, and where a 12-hour working day is provided by lighting during the winter months. Vigor, vitality and health result from proper feeding and proper management of carefully selected birds.

### MEASURING LAND

Land is measured by acres, an acre being equal to 160 square rods, 1,480 square yards, or 43,560 square feet. Thus an acre may be 320 rods (one mile) long and one-half rod (3 inches wide), 160 rods (one-half mile) long and one rod (6 inches wide), 80 rods (one-quarter mile) long and 2 rods (33 feet) wide, or 40 rods (one-eighth mile) long and 4 rods (66 feet) wide. An acre square is about 208 feet 6.5 inches on each side. Stepping off or pacing land is only an approximate method of measuring, but it is surprising how closely some men can walk with practice. Where the land is 30 rods long, a width of 11 paces by a man six feet tall will not be far from acre. In laying off lands for tractor farming, however, one should use a tape measure or have the feet marked off on his layout stakes.

### PRESERVE THE BUILDINGS

The high cost of labor and materials necessary in the replacement of farm buildings makes it desirable to preserve a building as long as possible. The most economical method of keeping buildings in good condition is to paint them at regular intervals.

### Pisonholing the Machine.

From New York Times.  
With a fine disregard for scientific progress and taxpayers' pocketbooks, the Los Angeles board of water and power commissioners has put 225 men to work digging a ditch with picks and shovels. The trench will carry a water main across a corner of San Francisco valley. It is precisely the sort of project which would be child's play for a machine, but the Los Angeles officials are willing to sacrifice time and money for the benefit of the unemployed.  
Labor-saving machinery is generally regarded as one of the causes of unemployment, although there

are economists who hold that most of those displaced are able to find other work. However, in a period when unemployment is above normal, there is no doubt that a reversion to hand labor, where possible, would provide work for many. Private enterprise can hardly be expected to be sympathetic, but public money would be better spent in making such jobs than in providing for charity.  
It is a bit surprising that the machine age has come off so easily in the current melancholia. Now would seem the time for Thoreau to lead us to the woods and six days of rest with one of work. The machine,

however, is a beneficent monster, and it will take more than a depriving to break its hold on a comfortable people.

Q. When did Fascism come into existence?—B. A.  
A. What is known as Fascism in Italy originated in Milan, March, 1919, when Benito Mussolini and about 150 of his friends organized a movement of nationalism and syndicalism taking for the symbol the fasces, a bundle of rods containing an axe, carried by the leaders before the magistrates of ancient Rome as a symbol of authority. The movement was anti-socialist and its aim was the defeat