

# CHAFFEE

ROARING HORSE  
BY ERNEST HAYCOX

Chaffee turned so that he fully faced the man. Thus they stood, each with his back to the wall, the length of the room between them, the flickering lamp on the table marking a dead line. Across its smoking funnel he viewed Perrine. This was the show-down, the culmination of their years of bitter antagonism, the climax of their hostility. It was in the cards that they should meet and match guns; the prophecy of it had been abroad in the country many seasons. Month by month their paths had approached nearer; now those paths joined and the single trail was too narrow for both to walk along.

"Reckon it had to come," drawled Chaffee. "You said once you'd go clear across America to get me. I said I wouldn't go near that distance. Fact, I could let you alone. It's a big world and plenty of room for all. But you ain't built to let me alone. Top of the pile or nothing for you, Theodorik. I'm not backin' down. Just statin' a fact. But it's a poor play for you. You'd ought to be miles away from Roarin' Horse by now. Don't you know your time is past? Well—I'll wait for you to draw."

"Not for me," said Perrine, growing angry. "I don't have to take odds. Not from any man livin'. Which applies to you, Chaffee." The lamp funnel sent up a spiral of smoke, the glass was clouding with soot. Perrine stared at it, and his body trembled with a mirthless laughter. "Let the lamp decide. It's almost out of oil. When the flame leaves the wick—we draw."

"Fair enough. You're a hand to do things fancy, Theodorik." "You bet. I make a splash when I jump. That damn Woolfridge! Yella dawg! With all his fancy airs he wanted to jump the bucket and leave me to play the fiddle."

"He's in jail now," said Chaffee.

"Yeah? He ought to be in hell. He wanted to run. So did his men. So did mine. I ain't runnin'—not till I'm through with you. Here I stand on my hind legs, too big a man to be budged afore my time. It takes more'n a pack o' homesteaders to pull me down. I'm Theodorik Perrine!"

"And proud of it," murmured Chaffee. There was a draught of air coming into this small room. It crossed the lamp chimney and sucked at the light. That light might last five minutes; it might snuff out within the drawing of a breath. Chance—the sporting of the gods. It had always been this way with Theodorik Perrine and himself. The giant seemed to understand what Chaffee was thinking about, for his grin broadened and his teeth shimmered against the black background of his face. He enjoyed this, or appeared to. As for Chaffee, his nerves were caught by a strange chill and his finger tips felt remote. He was a good and competent hand with the gun, but Perrine's reputation had been a thing of legend and mystery. And Perrine always had fostered the reputation, never revealing his skill in public.

"You bet I'm proud," said Perrine. It sounded as if he spoke against time. "I cover a lot of ground. I cast a big shadow. I can do everything better'n you, which we will prove in another minute. About them hawsses—that was yore luck. It's allus been yore luck to draw meaner brutes than me. I can ride anythin' that wears hair, but I nev' could show on the leather-covered easy chairs they

gimme. I don't like you—never did and never will. I'll be runnin' yore name into the ground a long time after yore dead. You been in my way too long. Yuh've hogged the middle o' the stage when it was my place by rights and—the light's out!"

The room was a cramped cell of blackness, the stink of kerosene filling Jim Chaffee's nostrils. He heard Perrine's mighty hand slap against a gun butt, and he found himself weaving on his feet, crouched forward like a wrestler; everything was atremble with sound, everything shook under the blasting reports that filled the place. Purple lights flashed and trailed into nothing; there was the spat of bullets behind him. He thought he had fired twice and the belief somehow disheartened him; he felt numb. Then Perrine's breathing came short and quick; rose to a titanic effort and sank to laggard spurts. Perrine was falling; and in falling carried everything around him, like the down-sweep of a tree. The table "Perrine's in there," said he, capsized; the lamp smashed and jangled on the floor. Then Perrine was speaking for the last time.

"Never believe yuh—is a better man. Luck. Allus luck." So he died with this faith in himself, going down the corridor of eternity.

Callahan's was of a sudden full of men. Chaffee opened the office door and faced the light. Homesteaders ranged around the walls; Stirrup S men piled through. But when they saw him and observed the bleak gravity of his eyes they stopped.

"I beat him to the draw." That was all he said. He forced a way through the crowd and hurried down the street. During the last half hour there had been a thought and a desire in his head; he had been fighting against interruption. There was nothing now that could stay him, nothing to stop him from going to Gay and telling her what clamored for expression. Behind, he heard a vast upheaval in Callahan's. The saloon was being torn apart, a target for the long suppressed animosity of the Stirrup S men against the headquarters of every disturbing element in Roaring Horse. Another time and he might have turned back to check that, but now only one purpose swayed him; thus he shouldered through the guards and turned into the Gusher. The clerk, discreetly absent during the turmoil, was again in the lobby.

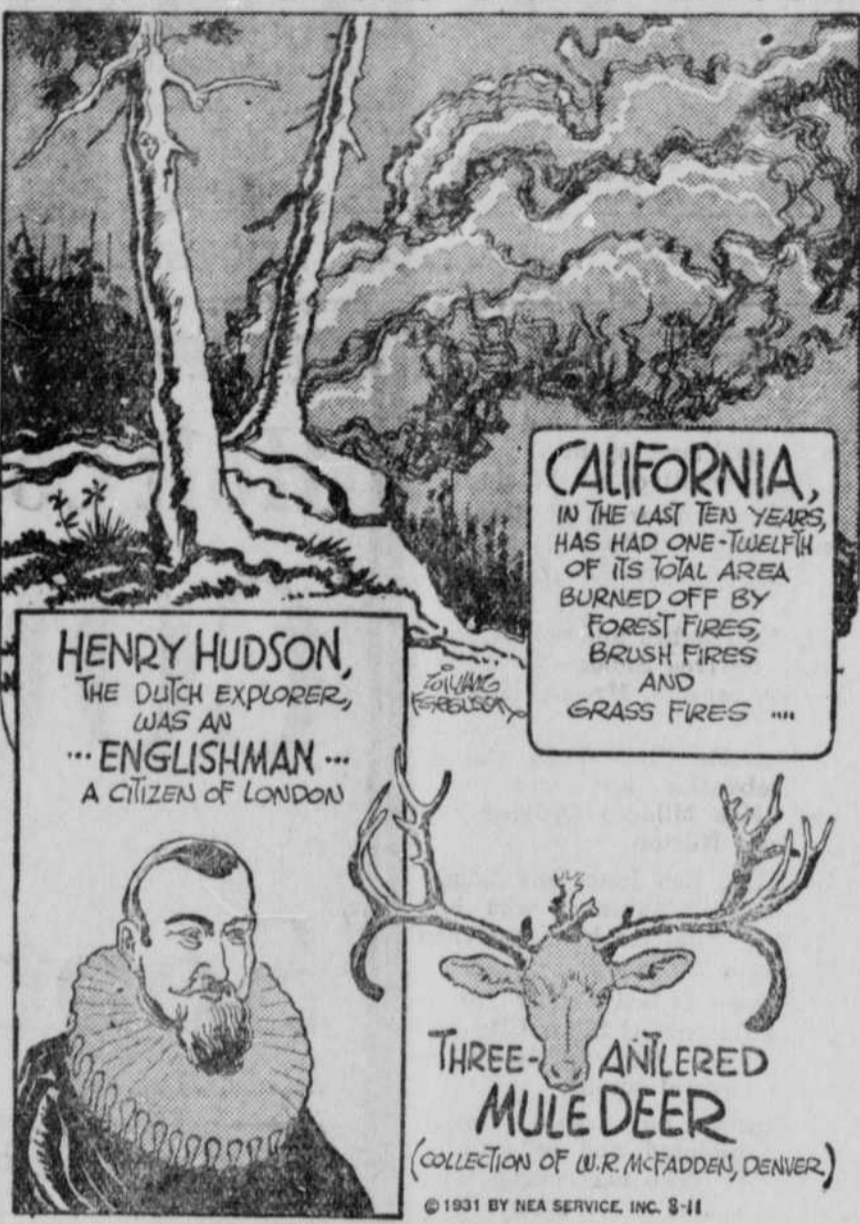
"Have you seen Miss Thatcher recently?" asked Chaffee.

"Not since right after she left the dining room," replied the clerk. "She stayed down here a minute and then went upstairs."

For the first time that evening Chaffee considered the possible significance of her room's open door. The thought sent him up the steps three at a time. The door was still open, the room still empty. He entered, looking about, trying to see if there had been marks of disturbance. But as he peered into the clothes closet he heard a faint murmur of a woman's voice somewhere in the hall. He hurried out, the sound leading him back to the landing, pulling him to the bottom of the rear stairs and across the kitchen to the storeroom. He put his hand to the door, finding it locked; and that isolated fact in all the night's turbulence aroused a hot anger.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## THIS CURIOUS WORLD



HENRY HUDSON, THE DUTCH EXPLORER, WAS AN ENGLISHMAN... A CITIZEN OF LONDON

CALIFORNIA, IN THE LAST TEN YEARS, HAS HAD ONE-TWELFTH OF ITS TOTAL AREA BURNED OFF BY FOREST FIRES, BRUSH FIRES AND GRASS FIRES

THREE-ANTLERED MULE DEER (COLLECTION OF U. R. McFADDEN, DENVER)

### DAILY HEALTH SERVICE Diagnosing Heart Disease

MURMUR NOT ALWAYS SIGN OF SERIOUS TROUBLE—DOCTORS NOW LAY MUCH STRESS ON RHYTHM AND FORCE OF HEART BEAT

BY DR. MORRIS FISHBEN, Editor, Journal of the American Medical Association, and of Hygieia, the Health Magazine.

In making a diagnosis of heart disease the modern physician depends, as did the physicians of the past, first of all upon the history of the patient. He asks innumerable questions as to the conduct of life, sensation of oppression or pain, shortness of breath, fatigue, and the other symptoms that have been mentioned. Then he carefully maps out the size and position of the physical examination called percussion and auscultation. He locates the position of the heart beat and the position of each of the borders of the heart. Then he uses the X-ray to confirm his observations made by physical studies.

Much importance has been attached in the past to the hearing of murmurs of one type or another. Though these are still considered significant, it now is realized that murmurs may be present without serious disturbances of the heart. On the other hand,

a murmur may be of the greatest significance when all the other observations confirm the interpretation that they may be based on the murmur. The modern physician is likely to attach much importance to the rhythm of the heart beat, to its force, and to the things that can be seen in the electrocardiograph tracing.

The treatment of the beginning of weakness of the heart after 50 years of age involves special emphasis on all of the good rules of hygiene. It is, of course, understood that any infections anywhere about the body will be found and removed. If there is the slightest indication of some beginning break-down of the heart, the patient is put immediately at absolute rest. And that means he must be flat on his back in bed for at least four weeks during which time he does not even get up to attend to his ordinary physical necessities, but is given help by members of the family or by a nurse. Tobacco is usually forbidden, but in case a patient has too much nervous irritability, it is permitted only with the greatest of moderation.

### Sez Hugh:



SOMETIMES IT'S FINE TO MISS YOUR CALLING—IF YOU HAVE ONE COMING AND DON'T GET IT!

**Need of Better Insurance Laws.** From the Spencer News-Herald. Insurance is a great institution. When the fire swept the business district of Spencer on that fateful Saturday of June 27, 1931, the first question that arose in every person's mind was: What about the insurance? Did he have enough to cover his loss? And later: Did he get it?

These questions which now have found their answers in the progress that has been made to restore the city were questions that were as natural as they were spontaneous. Did he have insurance and did he have enough?

In this connection it seems to the News-Herald that the laws of Iowa as regards insurance should be strengthened somewhat. Iowa already has some very good insurance laws, but there are states in which the laws are better. For one thing we think the responsibility for the amount written should be borne by the insurance company and not by the person insured.

It is common practice now when an insurance agent solicits a policy to ask the customer how much insurance he wants. As a rule the amount set is the amount fixed by the man getting the insurance. If he gets too little he suffers loss in case of fire. If he gets too much he

**The Ome of Miracles.** From the Amaga World-Herald. Do you ever stop to think of what has happened during the last half century? The perfected telephone, the electric railway, the incandescent lamp, the interior combustion engine, the typesetting machine, photoengraving, airplanes, prohibition, the harnessing of electricity. Only a few years ago it was declared that man would never learn to fly. It seems only yesterday that the idea of conveying sound across limitless miles by other waves was hooted at. Old-time printers easily remember when they asserted that

he is over-insured and the company cuts him down. In our opinion acceptance by the company for any amount should be the amount they have to pay in case of loss.

It is easy enough to have an appraisal made on a building and it is easy enough to have an annual appraisal made thereafter, and this appraisal should stand if the building should be destroyed. There should be no quibbling, no demand for blue prints or measurements or proof of loss except the fact of loss itself which would be evident to the adjuster the minute he saw the ground. All would be of record before the loss.

On mercantile stocks the inventory will show the value, and monthly reports thereafter will keep the inventory up to date. This procedure is advocated and pretty generally adopted at present, but it ought to be required by law.

In other words, there ought never be any question about the insurance a man carries on his property. If he buys a policy and pays a premium on it he ought to have the full amount of his policy in case of total loss.

**THAT BLACK ACCENT.** Black is the accent, we are told. In pottery today, For bowl or vase for shelf or wall, To hold the bright bouquet.

One such a bowl: its curving sides, Of softest, ebon suede, Are wreathed with sprawling poppies curved, And dusky leaves o'erlaid.

In this naturations glow and burn, Or flaming salvia spires, All mis'd o'er with baby's breath, To quench the flaming fires.

Soon now will Chinese lanterns flame, And bitter-sweet will spray From tree top high, or lowly bush, Along a sheltered way.

Go gather some for your black bowl, Ere frost elves pay their call, And you in fitting case will hold, The jewels of the fall. —Sam Page.

Covering a ground area of 576 by 360 feet, a windowless factory will be erected in a Massachusetts city, elaborate lighting and ventilating systems being provided.

When somebody invented a machine that could think it would be possible to invent a machine that would set type. Who would have thought, a half century ago, that men would ever circle the globe in less than 10 days, fly the Atlantic or converse across the oceans? Why, even up to a comparatively few months ago, who would have thought that the "best minds" of this republic would permit wheat to sell at less than 30 cents a bushel with the all-powerful tariff on that cereal 40 cents a bushel? Surely the age of miracles, isn't it? And still going strong.

## THE FORBIDDEN YEARS

by WADSWORTH CAMP

All of Barbara's other trustworthy memories until she was twenty years old swirled around a bewildering different home, a small frame house in a remote and backward village of central New Jersey.

Even as late as that she had no idea how she had got to Elmford. Her life before the destructive sound like a clapping of hands survived so faintly in her brain that she gave it at first the immateriality of a troubling dream, accepting the village as the only reality she had ever experienced. Save for the moments of grief and confusion in New York she couldn't remember a night when she hadn't slept in her cramped room overlooking the straight white pines of the Quaker cemetery and the ancient Georgian meeting house beyond. Except for her mother as a white-and-gold vision, she couldn't recall any other feminine guardian than her Aunt Barbara Gardner, who was tall, bony, and addicted to plain, rusty clothing. Aside from the most evanescent recollection of her father, she couldn't remember any male relative other than Aunt Barbara's rotund, twinkling, self-indulgent husband, Walter Gardner, proprietor of the Elmford general store.

"Where is Harley? Why doesn't Mummy come? Was Daddy hurt?"

Naturally at first the child asked gaping questions. Uncle Walter's replies never varied.

"What you don't know, Bobbie," he would say with a prodigious, troubled wink, "can't do you any manner of harm."

But Mrs. Gardner always responded to such curiosity with one of three disciplines: standing Barbara in the corner with her face to the wall for fifteen minutes, sending her to bed supperless, or else striking her sharply over the knuckles with a pair of scissors, a ruler, any hard object that chanced to be convenient; and during these moments the harassed woman's hidden emotion peered through her tensity.

"That'll teach you not to worry about what's none of your business."

But it was Barbara's business; hers more than any other's, yet she was punished into never mentioning it to the only people who, as far as she knew, could possibly inform her. So she made it more and more her business to trace the elements of the draught of tragedy which her growing logic slowly distilled from the sound like a clapping of hands, and its sequel.

Had the snap of a pistol proclaimed her father's death? If so, whose hand had pressed the trigger? Conceivably his own? What had become of her mother? During the long night watches of her mysteriously transformed life she resolved with a type of desperation to make that business of hers the paramount factor of her life until she could drag the answer to every such question from behind the staring screen of silence incomprehensibly raised by her uncle and aunt.

Yet Barbara was twenty before circumstances, by putting her back against the wall, forced her definitely into action. All the years before appeared to her then to have been a peaceful but remorseless preparation for this period of drama, risk, and unwanted passion.

Its commencement she could trace to a mid-September night when Uncle Walter brought in stirring news. His first occupation on returning

home each evening was to recite all the facts and rumors that had fluttered across his counters during the day, and his ruddy face beamed or brooded according to the nature of his narrative. On that occasion he was alight.

"The Manvels are opening their house at last, for the whole autumn."

It galvanized Barbara, for the huge, unoccupied place at the edge of the village was the one object in all Elmford that seemed compatible with her blurred memories of a nurse, maids, liveried men, and such gay decorations as white and blue herons winging against a saffron background. Mrs. Gardner, however, was distrustful.

"The Manvels would never bury themselves here that long."

Uncle Walter during these evening passages had a habit of grinning at Barbara, then with a slow wink of building his grimace into an expression grotesque and sinister.

"You don't know much. Their boy's in his senior year at Princeton. That's their reason, to be near him."

And on the following Sunday evening Harvey Masters, her uncle's clerk, drifted in, urging her to exploration.

"Let's see what's really going on down at the Manvel place."

Barbara had known and liked Harvey since her earliest school days, but recently she had grown wary, even a little afraid, of sharing solitude with him. Her curiosity, nevertheless, made her nod doubtfully.

From the road one couldn't see the Manvel house because of the distance and the heavy shrubbery. From the pond in the hollow along which Barbara and Harvey strolled, however, it loomed across a terraced field and formal garden, white-pillared, dignified, yet, until tonight, a little sad in its desertion which no amount of impersonal care could conceal. Now as they swung into the woods on the path above the pond the hook-back shutters and open windows smiled a glad authentication.

In Elmford the Manvels had taken on the quality of their place, a blend of richness and mystery. Although she had never really seen them, Barbara knew as much about their history as anyone in the village, which wasn't a great deal.

A Manvel had been among the early settlers two centuries before, and was reputed to have constructed the heart of the present mansion. During the Revolutionary War the family had moved to Philadelphia, and, according to scandal which still survived, had grown rich in the traffic of army supplies; but they had come back for the summers, improving and enlarging the Elmford estate generation after generation until seasonable habits switched them to livelier and more fashionable spots. The present Jacob Manvel had married a New York woman, and lived chiefly in the city and on Long Island. His timetable had grown crowded for Elmford except for a day or two occasionally to inspect buildings, garden, and forest, and to satisfy his rather humble pride in what had come down to him as a trust from so many affectionate hands.

From the woods Barbara and Harvey saw strange figures moving about the house.

"Servants already!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

**EDUCATION AFTER 64 YEARS** Columbia, Mo.,—(UP)—Walter L. Church, 65, of Long Beach, Calif., obtained an A. B. degree from the University of Missouri just 64 years ago, and now he is coming back to get some more education. Church has several degrees from three universities and will specialize in sociology and educational work this time. University officials have reserved word he will be here to enter school this fall.

**CRUISER GIVES 1,800 WORK** Philadelphia—(UP)—When the keel of the new treaty cruiser Minne-

apolis was laid down at the League Island navy yard here recently, it meant that 1,800 additional workmen would be employed by the navy department. It will take two and a half years to build the boat, according to officials of the navy yard.

**PAVING RECORD CLAIMED** Council Bluffs, Ia.,—(UP)—C. Y. Sernstrom, highway engineer, claims a national record for his paving crew which laid 2,300 feet of concrete highway in 14 hours. It is the longest paving stretch ever accomplished in a day by a single crew. Sernstrom claims

**MAINE RESIDENTS AGED** Augusta, Me.,—(UP)—The number of Maine residents above the age of 75 is approximately twice that, proportionately, of the nation as a whole. Figures made public by Dr. William Leland Holt of the State Health Department show that nearly three per cent of Maine residents have passed the three-quarter century mark, while 30 per cent of the population is above 45.

**LEOPARD AND PUMA FRIENDLY** Milwaukee, Wis.,—(UP)—A leopard and a puma are living together in perfect harmony in a cage at the Washington Park Zoo here. Dr.

Edmund Heller, director of the zoo, says that almost any animals will live peacefully with each other if introduced young enough. He also has three different species of bears and two gray wolves in one cage.

**On the Loose.** From Nebelspalter, Zurich. "Don't you think it a good idea? We are buying our mayor a chain." "I suppose it is all right, but we let ours go about loose."

A four-year-old cow owned by J. H. Hooks produced 1,411 pounds of milk in a month to lead all cows in Georgia.