



NEW!

The latest showing on Fifth Avenue meets a simultaneous showing in La Grande

WESTENHAVER & GILBERT

204 Depot St. Style Leaders

WINDS OF CHANCE

Rex Beach

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(Continued from Page One.)

on the little ball and watch me close. Don't let me deceive you. Now then, which bit hides the grain?"

Noting a half-dozen pairs of eyes upon him, the Norseman became conscious that he was a center of interest. He gripped half-heartedly and, after a brief hesitation, thrust forth a clumsy paw, lifted a shell, and exposed the object of general curiosity.

"You guessed it!" There was commendation, there was pleased surprise, in Mr. Broad's tone. "You can't fool a foreigner, can you boys? My! My! Ain't it lucky for me that I've played for fun? But you got to give me another chance, Lars; I'll fool you yet. I make the little pill once more, I make the magic pass, and you follow me attentively, knowing in your heart of hearts that I'm a slick un. Now then, shoot, kid; you can't miss me!"

The onlookers stirred with interest, with eager fingers the artless Norwegian tumbled in his pocket. At the last moment, however, he thought better of his impulse, grunted once, then turned his back to the table and walked away.

"Missed him!" murmured the dealer, with no display of feeling; then to the group around him he announced, shamelessly: "You got to lead those birds; they fly fast!"

One of Mr. Broad's boosters, who had twice won for the Norseman's benefit, carelessly returned his winnings. "Sure!" he agreed. "They got a head like a turtle, then Swedes."

Mr. Broad carefully smoothed out the two bills and reverently laid them to rest in his bank-roll. "Yes, and they got bony mouths. You got to set your hook or it won't hold."

"Slow pickin'," yawned an honest miner with a pack upon his back. Attracted by the group at the table, he had dropped out of the procession in the street and had paused long enough to win a bet or two. Now he straightened himself and stretched his arms. "These Michael Strogoffs is here for the best stuff, Lucky. I'm thinking of joining the big rush. They say this Klondike is some rich."

Inasmuch as there were no strangers in sight at the moment the proprietor of the deadfall gave up barking; he daintily folded and tucked in half a cigarette paper, out of which he fashioned a thin smoke for himself. It was that well-earned moment of repose that welcomed recess from the day's toil. Mr. Broad inhaled deeply, then he turned his eyes upon the former speaker.

"You've been thinking again, have you?" He frowned darkly. With a note of warning in his

voice he declared: "You ain't strong enough for such heavy work, kid. That's why I've got you packing hay."

The object of this sarcasm hitched his shoulders and the movement showed that his burden was indeed no more than a cunning counterfeiter, a bundle of hay rolled inside a tarpaulin.

"Oh, I got a head and I've been doing some heavy thinking with it," the kid retorted. "This here lawson is going to be a good town. I'm getting ready up to join the parade."

"Are you now?" the shell-man mocked. "I s'pose you got it all framed with the Canucks to let you through? I s'pose the chief of police knows you and likes you, eh? You and him is cousins or something?"

"Coppers is all alike; there's always a way to square 'em—"

"Lay off that 'squaring' stuff," cautioned the renegade crook, disguised by a suit of mackinaws and a week's growth of beard into the likeness of a stamper. "A thousand bucks and a ton of grub, that's what the sign says, and that's what it means. They wouldn't let you over the line with nine hundred and ninety-nine fifty."

"Light!" agreed a third caper. "It's a closed season on brown suits. You can't monkey with the Mounted Police. When they get over an edict it lays there till it rains. They'll make you show your 'openers' at the Boundary. If I had 'em I wouldn't bother to go inside. What's a guy want with more than a thousand dollars and a ton of grub anyhow?"

"All the same, I'm about set to hit the trail," stubbornly maintained the man with the alfalfa pack. "I ain't broke. When you boys got to Dawson, just ask for Kid Bridges' address, and I'll open mine. These woollys can have their mines; me for a hootch-mill on Main street."

Lucky addressed his bevy of boosters. "Have I nursed a serpent in my breast, or has the kid net a banker's son? Gimme room, boys. I'm going to shuffle the shells for him and let him double his money. Keep your eye on the card rack, Mr. Bridges. Three times in a row—" There was a general laugh as Broad began to shift the walnut shells, but Kid Bridges retorted, contemptuously:

"That's the trouble with all you wineasers. You get a dollar ahead and you fall for another man's game. I never knew a faro-dealer that wouldn't shoot crabs. No, I haven't met no banker's son and I ain't likely to in this place. These pilgrims have sewed their money in their underclothes, and they keep with their eyes open. Seems like they'd get billed but they don't. These ain't Rubes, Lucky; they're city folks. They've seen three-ringed, circuses and three-shell games, and all that farmer stuff. They've been 'kyped,' and it's an old story to 'em."

"You're dead right," Broad acknowledged. "That's why it's good. You know the best town in America for the shells? Little old New York. If the cops would let me set up at the corner of Broad and Wall, I'd own the Stock Exchange in a week. Madison and State is nother good stand; so's Market and Kenney, or Pioneer Square, down by the totem pole, New York. Chicago, 'Frisco, Seattle, they're all sick towns. For every city guy that's been stung by a bee there's a hundred that still thinks honey comes from a fruit. This rush is just starting, and the bigger it grows the better we'll do. Say, kid, if you mush over to English with the lot of Timothy on your pine, the police will put you on the wood pile for the winter."

While Mr. Lucky Broad and his business associates were thus busied in discussing the latest decree of the Northwest Mounted Police, other townsmen of theirs were similarly engaged. Details of the proclamation—the most arbitrary of any, he thought—had just arrived from the International Boundary, and had caused a halt, an eddy, in the stream of grub-seekers which flowed inland toward the Chilkoot Pass. A human tide was setting northward from the States, a tide which swelled and quickened daily as the news of George Carmack's discovery spread across the world, out at Hoop & Wilson's log store, where the notice above mentioned had been posted, the stream flowed. A crowd of newcomers from the bayages and strainers in the roadstead had assembled there, and now gave voice to hoarse indignation and bitter resentment. Late arrivals from Skagway, farther down to coast, brought word of similar scenes at that point and a similar feeling of dismay; they reported a similar increase in the general excitement, too.

Peter, Phillips emerged from the trading-post and, drawn by the force of gravitation, joined the largest and the most excited group of Argonauts. He was still somewhat dazed by his perusal of that Police edict; the blow to his hopes was still too stunning, his disappointment was still too keen, to permit of clear thought.

"A ton of provisions and a thousand dollars!" he repeated, blankly. Why, that was absurd, out of all possible reason! It would be the way to fully half this rushing army, it would turn men back at the very threshold of the golden North. Nevertheless, there stood the notice, in black and white, a clear and unequivocal warning from the Canadian authorities, evidently designed to forestall famine on the foodless Yukon. From the loud arguments round about him Phillips gathered that opinion on the justice of the measure was about evenly divided; those frigate men who had come well provided

fortunate fellows who were well-provided were equally noisy in their denunciation of it. The latter could see in this precautionary ruling nothing except the exercise of a tyrannical power aimed at their ruin, and in consequence they voiced threats, and promises of violence to which Phillips put down as mere resentful mouthings of no actual significance. As for himself, he had never possessed anything like a thousand dollars at one time; therefore the problem of acquiring such a prodigious sum in the immediate future presented appalling difficulties. He had come north to get rich, only to find that it was necessary to be rich in order to get north. A fine situation, truly! A ton of provisions would cost at least five hundred dollars, and the expense of transporting it across summer swamps and tundras, then up and over than mysterious and forbidding Chilkoot of which he had heard so much, would bring the total capital required up to impossible proportions. The prospect was indeed dismaying. Phillips had been ignorer less than an hour, but already he had gained some faint idea of the country that lay ahead of him; already he had noted the almost absolute lack of transportation; already he had learned the price of packers, and as a result he found himself at an impasse.

One thousand dollars and two hundred pounds! It was enough to dash high hopes. And yet, strangely enough, Phillips was not discouraged. He was rather satisfied at his own reticence after the first shock; his reasonless optimism vaguely amazed him, until, in contemplating the matter, he discovered that his thoughts were running somewhat after this fashion:

"They told me I couldn't make it; they said something was sure to happen. Well, it has. I'm up against it—hard. Best fellows would quit and go home, but I shan't. I'm going to win out, somehow, for this is the real thing. This is life, Adventure. It will be wonderful to look back and say: 'I did it. Nothing stopped me. I landed at Dyea with one hundred and thirty-five dollars, but look at me now!'"

Thoughts such as these were in his mind, and their resolute nature must have been reflected in his face, for a voice aroused him from his meditations.

"It don't seem to fase you much, partner. I s'pose you came heeled?" Phillips looked up into a sulen angry face.

"I nearly kills me," he smiled. "I'm the worst-heeled man in the crowd."

"Well, it's a darned outrage. A ton of grub! Way, have you seen the trail? Take a look; it's a man-killer, and the rate is forty cents a pound to Landerman. I'll go to fifty now—maybe a dollar—and there aren't enough packers to handle half the stuff."

"Things are worse at Skagway," another man volunteered. "I come up yesterday, and they're losing a hundred head of horses a day—boggling 'em down and breaking their legs. You can walk on dead carcasses from the 'occupancy to the Summit."

A third stranger, evidently one of the well-provided few, laughed curiously. "If you boys can't stand the strain you'd better stay where you are," said he. "Gritz's sky-sign in Dawson, and mighty short. I knew what I was up against, so I came prepared. Better go home and try it next summer."

The first speaker, he of the sulen visage, turned his back, muttering, resentfully: "Another wise guy! They make me sick! I've a notion to go through any-how."

"Don't try that," cautioned the man from Skagway. "If you got

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Hints for the Housewife

AND NOW—PLUM JAM! Plums are so plentiful now they just cannot be eaten before they spoil. And so this delicate, luscious fruit must be preserved before the end of the month, if it is to be enjoyed beyond the season. The greenings and the danson past the Police they'd follow you to hell but what they'd bring you back. They ain't like our police." (To Be Continued)

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are America's favorite, but any kind of plum can be preserved as follows:

Wash and stone (the danson is not a free-stone and must be cooked or preserved with the pits). Measure, place in an enameled ware preserving kettle, add a cup of granulated sugar for each cup of fruit and allow to stand an hour or two to draw juice. The enameled ware kettle will not become affected during this process because its surface is impervious to the action of fruit acids.

Then cook over a moderate flame for half an hour, stirring constantly with a long handled enameled ware spoon to prevent burning. By this time the fruit will be reduced to pulp. Pour into jars and seal while hot.

A delicious nutty flavor can be imparted if desired, by opening a few pits and cooking in the jam during the last ten minutes.

If danson plums are used, it is desirable to press the pulp through an enameled ware colander to remove the pits, and then return to the fire and heat thoroughly before placing in jars.

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The winter scenes are realistic and the camera work is excellent. "Clare Winslow, Pat O'Malley and Robert Frazer head the cast. "The White Desert" is scheduled to be shown today and tomorrow.

Sherry's

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