



Published by Arrangement with First National Pictures, Inc., and Frank Lloyd Productions, Inc.

THE STORY THIS FAIR

A ton of provisions and a thousand dollars! The prospect of Pierce Phillips ever getting across Chilkoat Pass to the gold of the Yukon was indeed dismaying. Most fellows will quit and go home, or thought. And yet Phillips is not discouraged. He is rather surprised at his own record after the first shock.

At Dyea, in Alaska, Phillips joins the first wave of gold seekers, having that day landed from the first boat coming north. He becomes interested in the flourishing "shell game" which "Lucky" Broad and Kid Bridges are operating on the street.

Still meditating his plight, Pierce Phillips edged out of the crowd and walked slowly down the street. It was not a street at all, except by courtesy, for it was no more than an open waterway faced by a few log buildings and in the center line of new white tents were going up everywhere and all of them bore painful evidence of their newness. So did the clothes of their owners for that matter—men's garments still bore their price-tags. The beach was crowded with piles of merchandise over which there were much wrangling, barges plying regularly back and forth from the anchored ships added hourly to the confusion. As outfits were dumped upon the sand their owners assembled them and bore them away to their temporary camp sites. In this occupation every man faced his own responsibilities single-handed. There were neither drays, nor carts nor vehicles of any sort.

As Phillips looked on at the disorder along the water's edge, he stared up the fir-stemmed Dyea valley, whither a steaky stream of traffic flowed, he began to feel a fretful eagerness to join in it, to be up and going. "Way yonder through those hills towered the Chilkoat, and beyond that was the mighty river rushing toward Dawson, City, toward life and adventure, for that was what the gold-fields signified to Phillips. Yes, life! Adventure! He has set out to seek them, to taste the flavor of the world, and there it lay—his world, at least—just out of reach. A fierce impatience, a hot resentment at the senseless restriction which claimed him in his tracks, ran through the boy. What right had any one to stop him here at the very door, when just inside great things were happening? That that white and purple barrier which he would not regard as a wall, a new land lay, a radiant land of promise, of mystery, and of fascination: Pierce vowed that he would not wait. Fortune would reward the first arrivals; how, then, could he permit these other men to precede him? The world was a good place—it would not let a person starve.

He noted a group of people gathered about some center of attraction where issued a high-pitched intonation. "Oh, look at the cute little post Klondike croquet, the packer's pastime. Who'll risk a dollar to win a dollar? It's a healthy sport. It's good for young and old—a check'll eat understand it. Three Eskimo igloos and an educated pill!"

"A shell-game!" Pierce Phillips faltered in his tracks and stared incredulously, then he smiled. "A shell-game, running wide open on the main street of the town?" This was the frontier, the very edge of things. With an odd sense of uneasiness he felt the world turn back ten years. He had seen shell-games at circuses and fair grounds when he was much younger, but he supposed they had long since been abandoned in favor of more ingenious and less creditable methods of robbery.

The operator maintained an incessant monologue. At the moment of Pierce's arrival he was directing it at an ex-eyed individual, evidently selected to be the next victim. The fellow was stupid, nevertheless he exercised some caution at first. He won a few dollars, then he lost a few, but almost the gambling fever mounted in him and greed finally overcame his hesitation. With an eager gesture he chose a shell and Phillips felt a glow of satisfaction at the realization that the man had once more guessed right. Drawing forth a wallet, the fellow laid it one the table.

"I'll bet the imp," he cried.

The dealer hesitated. "How much you got in that lighter valise?"

"Two hundred dollars."

"Two hundred burles on one push!" The proprietor of the game was incredulous. "Boys, he aims to leave me cleaner than a snow-bird!" Scarcely had he said these words when he turned it over, but instead of exposing the stakes, piled, he managed, by an almost imperceptible forward movement, to roll it out from under his hiding-place and to conceal it between his third and fourth fingers. The stranger was surprised, dumfounded at sight of the empty shell. He looked upon the dealer while his wallet was loaded of its contents.

"Every now and then I win a little one," the gambler announced as he politely returned the bill-case to his owner. He fired another shell, and by some slight-of-hand managed to replace the pellet upon the table, then gravely tipped a five-dollar gold piece to one of his helpers.

Phillips's eyes were quick from where he stood he had detected the maneuver and he left his bet with

indignation. He felt impelled to tell the victim how he had been robbed, but then he thought of the impulse and assured himself that this was none of his affair. For perhaps ten minutes he looked on while the shell-gaming proceeded.

After a time there came a lull and the dealer raised his voice to entice new patrons. Meanwhile, he paused to roll a cigarette the size of a wheat straw. While thus engaged, there appeared the hoarse din of a steamer's whistle in the offing and he turned his head. Profiting by this instant of inattention a hand reached across the table and lifted one of the walnut shells. There was nothing under it.

"Five bucks on this one!" A rolled bill was placed beside one of the two remaining shells, the empty one.

"This far Phillips had followed the lead unerringly, the money was amazed at the new bettor's mistake.

The dealer turned back to his layout and winked at the bystanders, saying, "Brother, I'll bet you ten more that you've made a bad bet." His other was accepted. Simultaneously Phillips was seized with an intense desire to beat the dealer at his own game, impulsively he laid a protecting palm over the shell beneath which he knew the little sphere to lie.

"I'll pick this one," he heard himself say.

"Better let me deal you a new hand," the gambler suggested.

"Nothing of the sort," a man at Phillips' shoulder spoke in. "Hang on to that shell, kid, you're right, and I'm going down for the size of his bankroll." The speaker was evidently a miser, for he carried a bulky pack upon his shoulders. He placed a heavy palm over the back of Phillips' hand, then extracted from the depths of his overalls a fat roll of paper money.

"The size of this wager, together with the determination of owner, appeared briefly to nonplus the dealer. He voiced a protest, but the miser forcibly overbore it.

"Say, I eat up this shell stuff!" he declared. "It's my meat, and I've trimmed every tinhorn that ever came to my town. There's these hundred dollars, you cover it, and you cover this boy's bet too." The fellow winked reassuringly at Phillips. "You heard him say the sky was his limit, didn't you? Well, let's see how high the sky is in these parts!"

There was a movement in the crowd, whereupon the speaker cried warningly: "Boosters, stand back! Don't try to give us the elbow, or I'll close up this game!" To Pierce he murmured, confidentially: "We've got him right. Don't let anybody edge you out." He put more weight upon Phillips' hand and forced the young man closer to the table.

Pierce had no intention of surrendering his place, and now the sudden action of trumping over these crooks excited him. He continued to cover the walnut shell while with his free hand he drew his own money from his pocket. He saw that the owner of the game was suffering extreme discomfort at this checkmate, and he enjoyed the situation.

"I watched you trim that furrer a few minutes ago," Phillips' companion chided him. "No, I'm going to make you put up or shut up. There's my three hundred. I can use it when it grows to six."

"How much are you betting?" the dealer inquired of Phillips. Pierce had intended merely to risk a dollar or two, but now there came to him a thrilling thought. That notice at Healy & Wilson's three hundred dollars and a few thousand dollars and a few hundred dollars, the sign had read. Well, why not bet and bet heavy? He asked himself. Here was a chance to double his scanty capital at the expense of a rogue. To beat a barefaced cheater at his own game surely could not be considered cheating; in this instance it was mere restitution.

He had no time to analyze the right or the wrong of his reasoning—at best the question would bear debate. Granting that it wasn't exactly honest, what did such nice considerations weigh when balanced against the stern necessities of this hour? A stranger's endeavor to shove him away from the table and this splendid bet! Action! He'd make them play fair. With a sweep of his

free arm, Phillips sent the fellow staggering back and then placed his entire roll of bills on the table in front of the dealer.

"There's mine," he said, shortly. "One hundred and thirty-five dollars. I don't have to count it, for I know it by heart."

"Business appears to be picking up," murmured the proprietor of the game.

Phillips' neighbor continued to hold the boy's hand in a viselike grip. Now he leaned forward, saying: "Look here! Are you going to cover our coin or am I to amoke you up?"

"The groans of the gambler in sweet music in their ears!" The dealer shrugged reluctantly and counted out four hundred and thirty-five dollars, which he separated into two piles.

A certain shame at his action swept over Phillips when he felt his companion's grasp relax and heard him say, "Turn her over, kid."

"This was diamond cut diamond, of course; nevertheless, it was a new down check and—"

Pierce Phillips started, he examined the interior of the walnut shell in bewilderment, for he had lifted it only to find it quite empty.

"Every now and then I win a little one," the dealer intoned, gravely pocketing his winnings. "It only goes to show you that the hand—"

"Damnation!" exploded the man at Phillips' side. "Trimmed for three hundred, or I'm a goat!"

As Pierce walked away some one fell into step with him; it was the sullen, black-browed individual he had seen at the trading-post.

"So they took you for a hundred and thirty-five, eh? You must be rolling in coin," the man observed. "Even yet Pierce was more than a little dazed. "Do you know," said he, "I was sure I had the right shell."

"Why, of course you had the right one." The stranger laughed shortly. "They laid it up for you on purpose, the kid bridges worked a shift when he held your hand. You can't beat 'em."

Pierce halted. "Was he—was that fellow with the pack a booster?"

"Certainly. They're all boosters. The kid carries enough hay on his back to feed a team. It's his bed. I've been here a week and I know 'em."

The speaker started in surprise at Phillips, who had broken into a hearty laugh. "Look here! A little hundred and thirty-five must be chicken feed to you. If you're not any more a fass away, toss it in my direction."

"That's what makes it so funny. You see, I haven't any more. That was my last dollar. Well, it serves me right. Now I can start from scratch and win on my own speed."

The dark-browed man studied Phillips curiously. "You're certainly game," he announced. "I s'pose now you'll be wanting to sell some of your outfit. That's why I've been hanging around that game. I've picked up quite a bit of stuff that way, but I'm still short a few things and I'll buy—"

"I haven't a pound of grub. I came up second-class."

"Tuh! Then you'll go back second-class."

"Oh no, I won't! I'm going on to Dawson." There was a momentary silence. "You say you've been here a week? Put me up for the night—until I get a job. Will you?"

slowly, they flowed up its almost perpendicular wall. Now they were lost to sight; again they reappeared clambering over glacier scars or falling up steep, rocky ridges, finally they emerged away up under the arch of the sky.

Looking down from the roof of the pass itself, the scene was doubly impressive, for the wooded valley lay outstretched clear to the sea, and out of it came that long, wavering line of mist. They did, indeed, appear to be ants, these men, as they dragged themselves across the meadow and up the ascent; they resembled nothing more than a file of those industrious insects creeping across the bottom and up the sides of a bath tub, and the likeness was borne out by the fact that all carried burdens.

(To be Continued.)

WASHINGTON (AP).—While there are several trophies in America offered for outstanding events in aircraft performance, officials of the National Aeronautic association here know of only one cash prize now open to competition. This is the \$25,000 prize offered by Raymond Orin of

New York, and open to aviators crossing the Atlantic between Paris or the shores of France and New York on a non-stop flight, in either direction.

The money is now on deposit in an American bank and has been available since 1917. Recently two groups of aviators, one in France and one in the United States, have started plans to capture it. Mr. Orin personally extended the time for the prize award until June 1, 1925.

Should a non-stop trans-Atlantic flight begin in New York, officials of the National Aeronautic association would have charge of the official inspection. The Aero club of France would handle the inspection at Paris.

Carl P. Gehory, official timer of the National Aeronautic association, explains that in non-stop flights, such as the Orin prize, the gasoline tank remains in the air.

of the aircraft are sealed to prevent refueling. Officials are also able to keep tabs on the movements of a non-stop aircraft through use of a seal barograph. This instrument, which looks like a small box, contains a recording pen which works in harmony with the pressure of the barometer and registers on a revolving cylinder the height at which a plane flies and the time

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Advertisement for KC Baking Powder. Features a circular logo with 'KC Baking Powder' in the center. Text around the logo: 'Same Price 25 cents for over 35 years Millions of pounds used by the government Why pay war prices?'. Below the logo: 'USE Blue Mountain Butter And BLUE MOUNTAIN ICE CREAM'. At the bottom: 'Home-made Products—Honest Quality Always BLUE MOUNTAIN CREAMERY R. F. TYLER, Prop. Telephone Main 60 1109 Washington Ave.'

Advertisement for Blue Mountain Creamery. Text: 'USE Blue Mountain Butter And BLUE MOUNTAIN ICE CREAM Home-made Products—Honest Quality Always BLUE MOUNTAIN CREAMERY R. F. TYLER, Prop. Telephone Main 60 1109 Washington Ave.'

Advertisement for Albers Carnation Mush. Text: 'for tomorrow's breakfast break Albers Carnation Mush All the health value of whole wheat in tempting, flaky form. And only five minutes from package to table! Buy at the well-lighted stores A MERCHANT whose windows and store are well lighted can sell more goods—and sell them faster That means he can give you better values. This tip may save you money. And it may make money for the merchant who will ask you to examine his lighting with the proper store standard. No charge made for the test. H. & S. Electric "BETTER LIGHTING BETTER BUSINESS"'

Large advertisement for SKAGGS Cash Stores. Header: 'SKAGGS Cash Stores Money saving UNITED STORES stores'. Section: 'Miscellaneous'. List: '10 Bars Crystal White Soap...47c, 6 Bars Palm Olive Soap...49c, 10 Bars Creme Oil Soap...69c, 5 Lbs. Cut Macaroni...49c, 5-Lb. Can Calumet Baking Powder...\$1.19, 2 1/2-Lb. Can Calumet Baking Powder...69c, 1-Lb. Can...29c, 12-Oz. Can Royal B. Powder...43c, 2 1/2-Lb. Can Royal B. Powd...\$1.34, 5-Lb. Can Royal B. Powder...\$2.59, 2 1/2-Lb. Can Schilling Baking Powder...\$1.19, 1-Lb. Can Schilling Baking Powder...49c, 1 Carton, 6 boxes, Matches...25c, Federal Milk, Per Case 48" tall cans...\$4.59, 10 Cans Campbell's Soup...99c, 12 Cans Van Camp's Tomato Soup...99c, No. 5 Box Perfection Soda Crackers...54c, 2 Cans, Broken Sliced Pineapple...55c, 2 Cans, No. 2 1/2, Libby Sliced Pineapple...65c, 10-Lb. Can Extracted Honey \$1.49, 5-lb. Can Extracted Honey...75c'. Section: 'Flours and Cereals'. List: 'RAMONIA FLOUR, PER SACK...\$2.29, RAMONIA FLOUR, PER BBL...\$9.09, OREGON BEAUTY FLOUR, PER SACK...\$2.19, OREGON BEAUTY FLOUR, PER BBL...\$8.69, NONE TO EQUAL FLOUR, PER SACK...\$2.09, NONE TO EQUAL FLOUR, PER BBL...\$8.29, FINE OR COARSE GRAHAM FLOUR, PER SACK...49c, MOTHER'S OATS, PER PKG...35c, POST TOASTIES OR CORN FLAKES, PER PKG...10c, 2 PKGS. SHREDDED WHEAT...25c, CARNATION PREMIUM OATS, PER PKG...39c, CARNATION PREMIUM WHEAT FLAKES, PER PKG...39c'. Section: 'Money Saving SKAGGS Cash Stores'. List: '2 lb. Roll Creamery Butter \$1.05, 1 lb. Roll Creamery Butter 53c, Cane Sugar, per cwt. \$6.84, 50 lbs. Cane Sugar \$3.54, 25 lbs. Cane Sugar \$1.84, 12 1/2 lbs. Cane Sugar \$1.00, 4 cans Delicia Sandwich Spread 49c'. Footer: 'UNITED STORES Oregon Washington Idaho Wyoming Utah Nevada California'.

Advertisement for LA GRANDE CONCRETE PIPE CO. Header: 'Water Irrigation "Permanent" Sewer PIPE Culvert Products SEPTIC TANKS BUILDING BLOCKS SAND GRAVEL'. Text: 'CONCRETE CONCRETE CONCRETE CONCRETE'. Footer: 'LA GRANDE CONCRETE PIPE CO. Island City, Oregon. PHONE MAIN 120'.