

HANDS OF CHANCE

by Rex Beach

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

THE STORY THIS FAR

Pierce Phillips lands from the first boat north at Dyea, Alaska, to seek his fortune in the newly discovered gold fields of the Yukon. He learns that the Canadian government requires everyone entering the country to possess a ton of provisions and a thousand dollars. This seems little short of disarming to him, but he decides to stay it out and take a chance on his two hundred dollars carrying him through.

To increase his fortune he is inveigled into a "slot game" which "Stinky" Hunt and Kit Hedges are operating. He loses his entire savings in a desperate attempt to secure the necessary funds to carry him into the country where fortunes are made "most overnight." His "grab stake" gone, Phillips meets up with another prospector who offers to betray him.

CHAPTER II. (Continued)

The approach from the sea was easy, if twelve miles of boulder and root and stump and submerged forest and many canyons called easy under the best of circumstances; but easy it was compared with what lay beyond and above it. Nevertheless, many Argonauts had never penetrated even thus far, and of those who had, a considerable proportion had turned back at the giant pit three miles above. One look at the towering barrier had been enough for them. This Chilkoot was more than a mountain, more than an obstacle of nature; it was a Presence, a tremendous and a terrifying Personality which overshadowed the minds of men and could neither be ignored at the time nor forgotten later. No wonder, then, that Sheep Camp, which was a part of the Chilkoot, represented a sort of gold test; no wonder that those who had passed their outfits thus far were of the breed the Northland loves—the stout of heart and of body.

Provisions were cached at frequent intervals all the way up from the sea, but in the open meadow beneath the thousand-foot wall an immense supply depot had sprung up. This pocket in the hills had become an open-air commissary stocked with every sort of provender and gear. There were crates of sacks and bundles, of boxes and bales, of lumber and hardware and perishable stuffs, and all day long men came and went in relays. One relay staggered up and out of the canon and dropped its packs, another picked up the bundles and abandoned skyward. Found by pound, ton by ton, this vast equipment of supplies went forward, but slowly, oh so slowly! And at such effort! It was indeed fit work for ants, for it arrived nowhere and it never ended. Antlike, these burden-bearers possessed but one idea—to fetch and to carry; they traveled back and forth along the trail until they were fit into a bituminous bog, until every rock, every tree, every landmark along it became intimately familiar and their eyes grew sick from seeing them.

The character of their labor and its monotony, even in this short time, had changed the men's characters—they had become pack-animals and they departed themselves as such. All labor-saving devices all mechanical aids, all short cuts to comfort and to accomplishment, had been left behind; here was the wilderness, primitive, hostile, merciless. Every foot they moved, every ounce they carried, was at the cost of muscular exertion. It was only natural that they should take on the color of their surroundings.

Money lost its value a mile above Sheep Camp and became a thing of weight, a thing to carry. The standard of value was the pound, and men thought in hundredweights or in tons. Yet there was no relief, no respite, for fatigue, that was what the Chilkoot stood for. Denying the entire atmosphere of the place so that even the bulleets could feel it, was a feverish haste, an apprehensive demand for speed, more speed, to keep ahead of the pressing thousands coming on behind.

Three Phillips beasted the last rise to the summit, slipped his pack and fell, landing himself ten feet beneath upon the ground. His senses felt as if they were burning, the blood surged through his veins until he roared, his body streamed with sweat, and his legs were as heavy as if loaded from solid iron. He was pumped out, winded, nevertheless, he felt his strength return with magic swiftness for he possessed the marvelous recuperative power of youth, and, like some fabled warrior, new strength flowed into him from the earth. Round about him other men were sprawled; some lay like corpses, others were propped against their packs, a few stared and gaped like the sorely wounded after a charge. Those who had lain longest rose, took up their burdens and went groaning over the skyline and out of sight. Every moment new flocks, surges of men, streams of white with exhaustion, rose out of the depths—all very fitful sleep with lines of physical suffering. No lucked knew their owners here-

ed forward to find resting places; in their eyes burned a sudden passion, in their mouths were foul curses at this Devil's Stairway. There were striplings and graybeards in the crowd, strong men and weak men, but here at the Summit all were alike in one particular—they lacked breath for anything except gaths.

Here, too, as in the valley beneath, was another great depot of provision piles. Near where Phillips had thrown himself down there was one man whose bearing was in marked contrast to that of the others. He sat astride a bulging canvas bag in a leather harness, and in spite of the fact that the mark of a tump-line showed beneath his cap he betrayed no signs of fatigue. He was not at all exhausted and from the interest he displayed it seemed that he had chosen this spot as a vantage point from which to study the upcoming file rather than as a place in which to rest. This he did with a quick, appreciative eye and with a genial smile. In face, in dress, in manner, he was different. For one thing, he was of foreign birth, and yet he appeared to be more a piece of the country than any man Pierce had seen. His clothes were of a pattern common among the native pickers, but he wore them with a free, unconcerned grace all his own. From the peak of his Canadian tongue there descended a tassel which bobbed in his mouth, his boots were of Indian make, and they were soft and light and waterproof; a wash of several colors was knotted about his wrist. But it was not alone his dress which challenged the eye—there was something in this fellow's easy, open bearing which arrested attention. His dark skin had been deepened by windburn, his well-set, well-shaped head bore a countenance both eager and intelligent, a countenance that fairly glowed with confidence and good humor.

Oddly enough, he sang as he sat upon his pack. High up on this hillside amid blasphemous complaints, he hummed a gay little song:

"Chante, rossignol, chante!"
 "Toi qui a le coeur gai"
 "Tu as en coeur a rire"
 "Ma j'ai-tu plaisir,"
 ran his chanson.

Phillips had seen the fellow several times and the circumstances of their first encounter had been

amplified to impress themselves upon his mind. Pierce had been resting here, at this very spot, when the Canuck had come up into sight, bearing a hundred-pound pack without apparent effort. Two flour-sacks upon a man's back was a rare sight on the roof of the Chilkoot. There were not many who could master that slope with more than one, but this fellow had borne his burden without apparent effort; and what was even more remarkable, what had caused Pierce Phillips to open his eyes in genuine astonishment, was the fact that the man climbed with a pipe in his teeth and smoked it with relish. On that occasion the Frenchman had not stopped at the crest to breathe, but had merely paused long enough to admire the scene outspread beneath him; then he had swung onward. Of all the sights young Phillips had beheld in this new and the vision of that huge, unburied Canadian, smoking, had impressed him deepest. It had awakened his keen envy, too, for Pierce was beginning to glory in his own strength. A few days later they had rested near each other on the Long Lake portage. That is Phillips had rested; the Canadian, it seemed, had a habit of pausing when and where the fancy struck him. His reason for stopping had been the antics of a peculiarly fearless and impertinent "camp robber." With a crust of bread he had tolled the bird almost within his reach and was accepting its scolding with intense amusement. Having both teased and made friends with the creature, he finally gave it the crust and resumed his journey.

From what Phillips had seen of this French Canadian it was plain that he, too, was an "old-timer," one of that jovian band of supermen who had dared the dark interior and robbed the bars of Forty Mile in the hard days before the El Dorado discovery. Since this was their first opportunity of exchanging speech, Phillips ventured to address the man.

"I thought I had a lead this morning, but I'd hate to swap packs with you," he said.

The Frenchman flashed him a smile which exposed a row of teeth snow-white against his tan. "Ho! You're stronger as me. I see you plenty tams biffore."

This was indeed agreeable praise, and Pierce showed his

pleasure. "Oh no!" he modestly protested. "I'm just getting broken in."

"Look out you don't broke your back," warned the other. "His Chilkoot she's bad business. She's kept a lot of dese sof' fellows. Dez get meek in de back. You hear 'bout it?"

"Spinal meningitis. It's partly from exposure."

"Dat's him! Don't never carry too much; don't be in such hurry."

Phillips laughed at this caution. "Why, we have to hurry," said he. "New people are coming all the

Behind the Bars!



Behind the bars! Harrison Noel, 26, held for the murder of little Mary Dohy, and the taxi-driver, Raymond Pierce, here is looking out from the locked door of the Montclair, N. J., jail.

"Spinal meningitis. It's partly from exposure."

"Dat's him! Don't never carry too much; don't be in such hurry."

Phillips laughed at this caution. "Why, we have to hurry," said he. "New people are coming all the

NOT THE SAME AS OTHERS



Have you seen the beautiful **PABCOLIN RUGS**

They lighten housework because they are so easy-to-clean. PABCOLIN has 25% more wearing surface—is an improvement on print linoleum—yet costs less. Ideal for bedrooms, kitchens, living rooms, sun porches and bathrooms.

For Sale By **Carr Furniture Company**

PABCO PRODUCTS

time and they'll beat us in if we don't look out."
 (To be continued.)

Only Seven Types of Jokes.
 Says Film Comedy Director HOLLYWOOD, Cal. (AP)—There are just seven varieties of jokes, says Robert G. Vignola, motion picture director.

They are the fall joke, blow joke, cheat joke, military joke, surprise joke, dumb joke, and the expressive joy joke.

Of these, the most successful in motion pictures from the standpoint of audiences are the fall and blow jokes, which include comic misfortune and aggression. Film comedians specialize usually in one or more of the types of jokes, each of which, regardless of variation, may be placed in one of the seven types.

Famous Russian Comedian.
 On Stage Half Century, Dies Leningrad, (AP)—For more than 50 years V. N. Davidov, who recently died, was the leading comedian of Russia. Most of his professional life was passed as a member of the Alexandrinsky theater company in this city, but he had visited every city in Russia which was large enough to warrant the visit of an important dramatic company. He was the idol of Bolsheviks as well as their predecessors. He had also traveled extensively in other European countries and was the intimate friend

of many English actors. The Soviet government conferred the title of "People's Artist of the Republic" upon him.

When a man starts to make a fool out of himself he completes the job by claiming someone else did it.

Every man thinks he could think of something different for breakfast, but his wife knows he couldn't.

IN THE PATH OF PROGRESS

To study any particular human mechanism properly and diagnose its ills is beyond the power of any one man.

Rapid scientific advancement demands specialists and complete modern equipment.

At the **HOT LAKE SANATORIUM** a competent staff of physicians and a well-equipped laboratory give each individual the best possible service.

The Hot Lake Sanatorium
 Dr. W. T. Phy,
 Owner and Director.

UNITED STATES NATIONAL BANK

One of the strongest financial institutions in Eastern Oregon. Total resources over \$1,800,000.00

If you are going to need a **HEATING STOVE**, come in and buy it now and pay for it later. Pay by the month.

F. L. LILLY Hardware
 Phone M-85

Just As Easy To Say Aberdeen

WHEN YOU ARE ORDERING COAL, THEN YOU ARE SURE OF THE BEST.

Sawyer-Holmes Merc. Co.
 Phone Main 17

COMING GATES TIRES AND TUBES
 The Super-Tread Tire.
 Car for hire, with or without driver.
Gibbons Service Station
 USE VULTEX PRODUCTS
 And you'll always be satisfied. Complete chassis lubrication.
 Telephone 575-J Jefferson and Elm

CAKES

MAPLE NUT	COCOANUT
CORBURG	PINEAPPLE
ANGEL FOOD	HONEY DEW
DEVIL'S FOOD	CHOCOLATE ROLLS
JELLY ROLLS	SUNSHINE

Gwilliams' Electric Bakery
 Makers of High-Grade Pastries
 "HOME OF THE GOLDEN CRUST"

Travel by Motor Stage
 Safety Swiftly Comfortably

Come to Our Stage Depot at 1114 Jefferson Ave. All Stages Leave from There Daily.

LEAVES LA GRANDE FOR
 Joseph—9 A.M. - 4 P.M. - 4:00 P.M.; Sunday, 9 A.M. - 4:00 P.M.
 Baker—7 A.M. - 10:30 A.M. - 1:30 P.M. - 4 P.M.
 Sunday—10 A.M. - 4 P.M.
 Pendleton—Daily—11 A.M. - 4:00 P.M.
 Depot Phone Main 799

Remington
 REMINGTON GUNS, AMMUNITION AND CUTLERY

Means the best that good material and workmanship can produce. Insist on the red ball trademark.

Oregon Hardware & Imp. Co.

Why are Business and Professional Men Investing In La Grande Bldg. & Loan?

- They consider it an ideal place for their savings because it returns a guarantee of 7% compounded semi-annually.
- Their investment is secured by first mortgages on real estate of a value more than twice the amount of the loans—a requirement of the state law.
- They know La Grande and Grande Ronde Valley real estate and know that their savings are perfectly protected and, at the same time, are helping build up their home community.
- They know the La Grande Building & Loan association is sponsored and backed by ten of the leading business and professional men in the city whose money is also invested in its stock.
- They know of no other way in which they can have a safe investment and, with monthly payments of only \$5 or \$7, accumulate \$1,000 in so short a time. If you haven't made a La Grande Building & Loan investment, call us today and find out more about it.

La Grande Building & Loan Association
 FLOYD McKENNON, Sales Mgr.
 La Grande National Bank Building