

THOUSANDS of CHANCES by Rex Beach

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CHAPTER XXII

Pierce Phillips possessed the average young American's capacity for good or evil. Had he fallen among healthy surroundings upon his arrival at Dawson, in all probability he would have experienced a healthy growth. But, blown by the winds of chance, he took root where he dropped—in the low grounds. There he possessed the youthful power of quick and vigorous adaptation, he assumed a color to match his environment. Of necessity this adaptation was gradual; nevertheless, it was real; without knowing it, he suffered a steady deterioration of moral fiber and a progressive change in ideals.

His new life was easy; hours at the flit-to were short and the pay was high. Inasmuch as the place was a playground where care was forgotten, there was a wholly artificial atmosphere of gaiety and imprudence about it. When patrons won at the gambling games, they promptly squandered their winnings at the bar and in the theater; when they lost, they cheerfully ignored their ill-fortunes. Even the gamblers themselves shared this recklessness; this profligacy; they made much money, nevertheless, they were usually broke. Most of them drank quite as freely as did the customers.

This was not a temperance country. Although alcohol was not considered a food, it was none the less regarded as a prime essential of comfort and well-being. It was inevitable, therefore, that Pierce Phillips, a youth in his growing years, should adopt a good deal of the same habits, as well as the same spirit and outlook, as the people with whom he came in daily contact.

Also, he erroneously considered himself a success. It is supposed to have a vague reputation that the simplest stranger will shudder at sight of it and turn of his own accord to more attractive virtues. If that were only true! More often than not it is the former that wears a smile and manipulates in agreeable forms, while the latter repels. This is true of the complex life of the city, where a man has landmarks and guide-posts or conduct to go by, and it is equally true of the less complicated life of the frontier where he must blaze his own trail. Along with the strength and vigor and independence derived from the great outdoors, there comes also a freedom of individual conduct, an impatience at likeable restraints, that frequently offsets any benefits that accrue from such an environment.

So it was in Pierce's case. He realized, subconsciously, that he was changing, but changed; on the whole, he was glad of it. It filled him with contemptuous amusement, for instance, to look back upon his old particular ideas. They seemed now very narrow, very immature, very impractical, and he was gratified at his broadened vision. The most significant alteration, however, entirely escaped his notice. That alteration was one of outlook rather than of outlook. It had been had more to regard the general crowd—the miners, herdsmen, town-people—as outsiders, and himself as an insider—one of the wise, clever, case-loving

THE TESTIMONY OF OTHERS
IN my new book which may be had FREE upon request, on PILES and other Rectal and Colon disorders, I have reproduced nearly 100 letters from among those received from my thousands of patients. These tell you frankly of their years of suffering of their trying home remedies and even operations, and, finally, of their complete cure by my NON-SURGICAL method. These are from men and women of every station, every age, every race, every color. You will learn by reading this book why I can give a WRITTEN GUARANTEE to cure your PILES or relieve your suffering.

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class which subsisted without toll and for whom a free code of morals existed. These outsiders were stupid, hard-working; they were somewhat inferior. He and his kind were of a higher, more advanced order of intelligence; moreover, they were bound together by the ties of a common purpose and understanding and therefore enjoyed privileges denied their less efficient brethren.

If facts were able to reason, doubtless they would justify their existence and prove their superiority to the common herd by some such intonations.

Pierce's complacency received its first jolt when he discovered that he had lost caste in the eyes of the better sort of people—people such as he had been accustomed to associate with at home. This discovery came as the result of a chance meeting with a stranger, and, but for it, he probably would have remained unaware of the truth, for the newly made friends had treated him with consideration and nothing had occurred to disturb his complacency. He had acquired a speaking acquaintance with many of the best citizens, including the Mounted Police and even the higher Dominion officials, all of whom came to the flit-to. These men professed a genuine liking for him, and, inasmuch as his time was pretty full and there was plenty of amusement close at hand, he had never stopped to think that the role of Dawson life which he was playing was the under side—that a real social community was forming, with real homes on the back streets, where already women of the better sort were living.

After numerous half-hearted attempts, he arose one day about noon; then, having eaten a tasteless breakfast and strengthened his languid determination by a stiff glass of "hootch," he stroiled out of town, taking the first random trail that offered itself. It was a wood trail, leading nowhere in particular, a fact which presently suited his resentful mood. His mind moved sluggishly, he was short of breath, the cold was thick. Before long he decided that walking was a profligate and stultifying occupation, a pastime for idiots and solitaire-players; nevertheless, he continued in the hope of deriving some benefit, however indirect or remote.

It was a still afternoon. A very bright sun beyond the mountain crests far to the southward showed where the low winter sun was sweeping past on its flat arc. The sky to the north was empty, for some time, and now the first suggestion of a breeze was felt, even the bare birch branches carried evenly balanced inch-deep layers of snow. Underfoot, the earth was smothered in a feathery shroud as light as clean as the snow, and now the first suggestion of a breeze was felt, even the bare birch branches carried evenly balanced inch-deep layers of snow. Underfoot, the earth was smothered in a feathery shroud as light as clean as the snow, and now the first suggestion of a breeze was felt, even the bare birch branches carried evenly balanced inch-deep layers of snow.

"There was when merely to be out in the forest on such a day would have pleased him, but some entirely, there came now an irritation at this physical discomfort it entailed. He soon began to perspire freely, too freely; nevertheless, there was no glow in his body; he could think of any-chaire and warm stoves. He wondered what ailed him. Nothing could be more absurd than this, he told himself. Health was a valuable thing, no doubt, and he agreed that no price was too high to pay for it; no price, perhaps, except dull, uninteresting exercises of this sort. He was upon the point of turning back when the trail suddenly broke out into a natural clearing and he saw something which challenged his attention.

To the left of the path rose a steep bank, and beyond that the bare, sloping mountainside. In the shelter of the bank the snow had drifted deep, but, oddly enough, its glazed surface was churned up, as if from an explosion or some desperate conflict that had been lately waged. It had been tossed up and

thrown down. What caused him to stare was the fact that no foot-prints were discernible—nothing except queer, wavering, parallel streaks that led downward from the snowy summit to the level ground below. They resembled the tracks of some oddly fashioned animal.

Pierce halted, and with bent head was studying the phenomenon, when close above him he heard the rush of a swiftly approaching body; he looked up just in time to behold an apparition utterly unexpected, utterly astounding. swooping directly down upon him with incredible velocity was what seemed at first glance to be a bird-woman, a Valkyrie out of the pages of Norse mythology. Wiggins she was, yet she came like the wind, and at the very instant Pierce raised his eyes she took the air almost over his head—quite as if he had started her into an upward flight. Upon her feet was a pair of long Norwegian skis, and upon these she had scudded down the mountainside, where the bank dropped away like lead and, now like a meteor she soared into space. This amazing creature was clad in a blue and white tunic, a short skirt, a sweater jacket and knitted cap. As she hung outlined against the wintry sky, Pierce caught a soap-suds gleam on a fair, flushed youth's face set in a ludicrous expression of open-mouthed dismay at sight of him. He heard, too, a high-pitched cry, half of warning, half of fright; the next instant there was a mighty upheaval of snow, an explosion of jetted white, as the human projectile landed, then a blur of blue and white stripes as it went rolling down the declivity.

"Good Lord!" Pierce cried, almost; then he gazed after the apparition. Only for the evidence of that undigested tumbler, he would have doubted the reality of this flying Venus and considered her some creature of his imagination. There she lay, however, a thing of flesh and blood, tanned, brown, helpful; apprehensively he pictured himself, suggesting back to town with her in his arms.

He halted, speechless, when the girl sat up, shook the snow out of her hair, gingerly felt one elbow, then the other, and finally burst into a peal of ringing laughter. The face she lifted to his, now that it wore a normal expression, was wholly charming; it was, in fact, about the prettiest, the cleanest, the healthiest and the most contented he had ever looked upon.

"Glory be!" he stammered. "I thought you were—completely spoiled."

"I'm badly twisted," the girl managed to gasp, "but I guess I'm all here. Oh! What a bump!"

"You scared me. I never dreamed I didn't lose a thing until—well, I looked up and there you were. The sky was full of you. Gee! I thought I'd lost my mind. Are you quite sure you're all right?"

"Oh, I'll be blue and blue again, but I'm used to that. That's the funniest one I've had, the very funniest. Why don't you laugh?"

"I'm too rattled, I suppose. I'm not accustomed to flying girls, never had them rain down on me out of the heavens."

"The girls' faces grew sober, you're entirely to blame," she cried, angrily. "I was getting it beautifully until you showed up. You peeped right out of the ground. What are you doing in the Queen's Park, anyhow? You've no business at the royal sports."

"I didn't mean to trespass."

"I think I'll call the guards."

"Call the court physician and make sure—"

"Pshaw! I'm not hurt." Ignoring his extended hand, she scrambled to her feet and brushed herself again. Evidently the queenly suitor was short-lived, for she was heading again, and in a tone that was hoarsely intimate she explained:

"I'd made three dandy jumps, and was going higher each time, but the light of you upset me. Think of being upset by a perfectly strange man. Shows lack of social

training, doesn't it? It's a wonder I didn't break a knee."

Pierce gazed apprehensively at the built overhead. "Hain't we better move out of the way?" he muttered. "If the royal family comes dropping in, you'd better get out like a couple of hamsters. I don't want to test the divine right of the king, or his foot, either."

"There isn't any king—nor any royal family. I'm just the Queen of Pretland."

"You're see-jumping alone? Is that what you mean?"

The girl nodded.

"Isn't that a dangerous way to amuse yourself? I thought these were—tricky."

"Hain't you ever ridden them?" the girl inquired, quickly.

"Never."

"You don't know what fun is, hain't you?" The speaker stooped and attached her feet from the straps.

"Just have a go at it." Pierce protested, but she insisted in a businesslike way. "They're longer—too long for me. They'd just suit you."

"Really, I don't care to—"

"Oh yes, you do. You must."

"You'd be sorry. Leave me alone. When my feet glared off and leave me sticking up in the snow to stare you—"

"I can think of a lot of things I want to do, but I don't seem to find time for them at the last."

"You needn't jump right away. Determination was in the girl's tone; there was a dancing light of mischief in her eyes. "You can practice a bit. Remember, you landed at me."

"Nothing of the sort. I was amazed, not amused. I thought I'd finished a very magnificent plummet with blue-and-white stripes, and I was afraid I was going to fly away before I got a good look at it. Now, then—"

He slowly finished buckling the numbers to his feet and looked up interrogatively. "What are your Majesty's orders?"

"Walk around. Slide down the hill."

"What on?"

The girl smothered a laugh and waved him away. She looked on while he set off with more or less caution. When he managed to maintain an upright position despite the antics of his skis, her face expressed genuine disappointment.

"It's not so hard as I thought it would be," he soon announced, triumphantly. "A little awkward at first, but—"

"You never know what you can do until you try."

"You've been skidding before."

"She accused him, reproachfully.

"Never."

"Open your pluck. It's up wonderfully. Try a jump."

Her mocking invitation spurred him to make the effort, so he removed the skis and waded a short distance up the hill. When he had secured his feet in position for a second time he called down:

"I'm counting on your trust to Providence. Look out."

"The same to you," she cried. "You're wonderful, but—men can do anything, can't they?"

There was nothing graceful, nothing of the free abandon of the present day, in Pierce's attitude; he crouched apologetically, with his muscles set to maintain an equilibrium, and this much he succeeded in doing—until he reached the jumping-off place. At that point, however, gravity, which he had successfully defied, wrenched at his body, and he suddenly reached forth and made him the vindictive toy. He pawed, he fought, he appeared to be climbing an invisible rope. With a mighty flop he landed flat on his back, uttering a loud and dismayed grunt as his breath left him. When he had dug himself out he found that the girl, too, was breathless. She was rocking in silent ecstasy, she hugged herself gleefully, and there were tears in her eyes.

"I'm—so—sorry!" she exclaimed in a thin, small voice. "Did you—trip over something?"

The young man grinned. "Not at all. I was afraid of a sprained ankle, so I hit on my head. We meet on common ground, as it were."

(To be Continued.)

BROADCAST FIRST HAND OF BRIDGE: FIVE OF OCTOBER 27

(CINCINNATI (AP))—The first hand of bridge will be put on the air by station WSAI here at 9 p. m. October 27, supervised by experts in the game. Plays and bids will be explained by that station's staff of able to sit through the entire game.

Following is the schedule and time for broadcasting:

WMAI, every Tuesday, 9-9:20 p. m. (Central time), starting October 27.

WVAP, WEM, WPT, WGR, WWJ, WOC, WACO, alternate Tuesdays, 10-10:30 p. m. (Eastern time), starting October 27.

WBL, KRM, WPS, WMC, WMOB, alternate Tuesdays, 9-9:20 p. m. (Central time), starting November 3.

KPIA, every Friday, 8:20-9 p. m. (Pacific time), starting October 27.

KGW, every Tuesday, 8:20-8:45 p. m. (Pacific time), starting October 27.

KHJ, every Tuesday, 8:20-9 p. m. (Pacific time), starting October 27.

WGYY, every Saturday, 9-9:30 (Eastern time), starting October 31.

FILM ACTORS SPEAK PARTS BY RADIO AS PICTURE IS RUN OFF

LOS ANGELES (AP)—Audiences in a group of theaters may soon watch a long film story and hear the actors speak appropriate lines as the result of a radio experiment demonstrated in 14 houses here and in nearby cities.

Actors in the experiment gathered at the reception room of a local radio broadcasting station. In an adjoining room separated from them by a glass partition was a projecting machine with a copy of the film shown at the theaters. The machine shot its rays through the glass partition onto a screen tacked on the wall of the room in which the players stood. The actors as they spoke their lines over a radio microphone could see the play unfolded before their eyes.

Train Crash Brings Death to Three

Three persons in the engine cab were crushed to death when this locomotive, drawing a fast Wheeling-Pittsburg train, left the rails just outside Wheeling, West Virginia, and overturned. Five coaches piled up in the wreckage, injuring more than a score. In the background is the Ohio river.



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marks last eventful year, Paul Schmitt, died at the age of 75. During 24 years has held office there only three exceptions, as the death penalty has been virtually abolished.



A SMALL HEATER With Much Heat.

The Westinghouse "Easy Glow" electric heater will take the chill out of these frosty moon nights. Just attach to your lamp socket—the current consumption is small and the initial cost is very low.

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Quickest Hot Cereal

You're just about 2 minutes away from breakfast when you reach for a package of New Style H-O Quick Cooking Oats.

The new cereal with the wonderful "baked in" flavor. Toasted oat flakes that cook into granular oatmeal. Smooth—firm in texture—never sticky or pasty.

And healthful! A wealth of energy-building carbohydrates, tissue-building proteins and vitalizing minerals are in every dish.

That "all-night cooked" flavor in only two minutes

H-O QUICK COOKING OATS

COOK 2 to 3 minutes only

See how H-O Company

FOR MORE THAN 50 YEARS MAKERS OF QUALITY PRODUCTS

H-O HORNBY'S OATS RECEIVED CLEAN PASTURE INSPECTED FROM SWEDEN TO BE BLUE RIBBONED FAVORABLE FLAVOR

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25 Ounces

for over 35 YEARS

Snodgrass & Zimmerman

Exclusive Undertakers

Our Invalid Car is used but for one purpose of conveying the sick and injured anywhere they want to go.

Main 82 Night or Day

"UP TOP"

Upon the hill-top your vision grows. For miles and miles you see the work of man and nature. Down in the valley your view is limited by the hills, by your neighbor's home—by the store across the way.

This newspaper—properly used—will guide you to the hill-top. Read it and your vision is enlarged. You get a bird's-eye view of world events. You glimpse all the doings of the day.

Fail to use it, and your view is limited to the things around home. You remain in ignorance, not only of events here and abroad, but of much that concerns you even more vitally—news of the very things that have to do with your personal, everyday life.

Someone might be selling a new, better and more economical food; or a utensil that would add immeasurably to your comfort and well-being; or some better material for shoes or clothing—but you would never know, because of your restricted view.

You may read every line of the news, but if you overlook the advertising, you are still living in the valley. You remain uninformed about many things you ought to know in order to live a happy, useful, profitable life in this age-of progress.

Read the advertisements—and know everything that goes on in the market-place.

Advertisements bring the wares of the world to your doorstep for your inspection.

The Last Game Ends for "Big Six"

The casket containing the body of Christy Mathewson, former Big League baseball pitcher and manager, is shown above being carried to his grave in his home town, Lewistown, Pa.