

THE FIRST ANNUAL "SALEM WEEK" OCTOBER 29TH TO NOVEMBER 4TH

THE COURTING OF LUCKY CHANCE

By IZOLA FORRESTER



hoffers and plants and kids. They like to be the whole show and boss a place like this. They'd boss us something fierce if one ever did get a foothold here, Chance.

"Wouldn't it do us good?" protested Chance. "You and me, Bill, we're get-

ting too set in our ways. We're getting like a couple of half-petrified polliwogs down

under the creek bed. We're getting so plumb set that we don't care what the long, low, sun-baked earth

is going to do to-morrow, and I'm going to stop off at old man Nawn's place and say 'howdy.'

It was a challenge to further argument, but Bill took it not up. He knew the spring was against him, as well as the memory of Madeline's

tanned, dimpled face, with its quick smile and big, soft, dark eyes. So the next morning at daybreak Chance

rode south, with his head held high to greet the dawn-light over his shoulder, and his hat brim turned low with a jaunty twist, as befitting a

wooling cavalier. Every spring, for six years back, he had taken the same route. It had constituted his spring run after the long, low, sun-baked earth

went back up in the foothills where the prairie breaks against their base like long, rolling waves.

Through the winter he and his partner would live quietly in the little rough shack that hugged the shelter of the shelving butte behind it. When a big storm was in the air, they would

ride out with the dogs and drive the heads down into the gullies. It was the only exciting thing the ever happened from November to April.

But when it was over, the winter wait, then the top of spring ran fast

in Chance's veins and he took the southern trail for relaxation. He was whistling softly as he rode this time. It was getting on toward sunset before he checked Siwash and

rested to take his bearings. They were on the crest of a creek bed. It was one of those meandering, dried-up affairs, with tangled masses of

mud-caked grasses down in the bottoms and a few scrawny young cottonwoods here and there along the

slopes. The bleached, weather-beaten skull of a steer lay half buried in the sun-baked earth midway down the

slope; but it was not a mere skull that caused Siwash to drop his long neck and whinny restlessly. "Not meaning to argue with you, Si," said Chance, "but I don't see a

blame thing suspicious on this horizon." The horse nosed at the long, dry

grass tops; and suddenly Chance looked down, not at the creek bed, but at the deep, tangled mass of weeds where the land dipped to the

slopes, and he swung off the pony's back with a sharp exclamation. It was the body of a man.

"Si, you're the most sagacious and perspicacious animal on four legs in the State of South Dakota." He turned the body over and looked

at the face. The eyes opened widely and stared back at him, dully at first, then with a slow, gathering consciousness in their listless, flinted depths.

"Hallo, Chance," whispered the parched, blackened lips. "Hallo, Lucky Chance. Give me a drink." Chance drew the bottle from his hip

pocket and put it to the dry lips. The man drank thirstily. Chance laid him back on the dusty, yellow grass

and sat on his heels, his square chin tilted inquiringly forward. "Where's Leroux?" he asked. "Heard you and he had swung into

partnership since he got thrown out of the reservation, Pete. Heard he and you were making quite a bit of

money out of land speculation. Indian mortgages ain't much value when Uncle Sammy closes pen and ink, are they, Pete?"

The half-breed closed his eyes obstinately, his lips shut in a curious half smile of bitterness. Chance

watched him closely. Pete Frozen Nose he was called—outcast from the own people, and from the whites also, because of crooked deals carried on

in Indian mortgages. Not by his own will, however. Chance knew he had been merely the outward symbol of the

business intricacies of Leroux, one-time Indian agent, and now a

proletarian station to station among the hill camps and prairie ranches, getting money wherever it grew easy.

For over three years the two had carried on their trade in their own way. By virtue of his standing with

the reservation Indians, the name of Leroux had been enough to lead confidence to any deal the half-breed

proposed, until, under the best laid plan under paper bearing the Leroux

stamp. And from out the far east of red-taped officialdom had swung the thunderbolt. After years of bickering and

dallying, the reservation was to be opened up that fall. The Indians had

moved northward to good, arable, guaranteed land, homeseekers had

crowded in down at Dallas, and, as a side issue, totally unimportant, two

light-fingered gentlemen partners had found themselves and their projects

snatched. "It's too bad, Pete, I sure is," said Chance thoughtfully. "Who gave you

this one?" Hatred showed in Pete's eyes. "Leroux," he muttered. "He not

want me to tell Madeline Nawn." "Tell what?" demanded Chance. The half-breed

shivered, and his head dropped lower on his chest. The sun was half an hour above the line of the

earth and sky. Before that time the soul of Pete Frozen Nose would

have slipped out past the sky limits. Chance pulled him up on his arm and

gave him another drink. He didn't want the soul to slip out before he

had all the news. "Did he try to kill you, Pete?" he

asked, jerking the half-breed's head against his own shoulder and knee.

Siwash whinnied anxiously, lifting his nose to the wind. "He shoot at the girl and the

land," began the half-breed slowly. "She draw big land last fall—big Indian

land down at Dallas." "I know," interrupted Chance impatiently. "At the land drawing. Go

on, you!" "Me an' Leroux hold Indian mortgage on that land. Last week Leroux

finds ore there, some silver, some gold. Then he go down an' get old man Nawn, and they play cards, and

Leroux gets back the land." "But it's the girl's land," broke in Chance. "Sure." Pete's lips formed the

words stiffly. "Girl rode down with old man Nawn to buy stuff. Come in

where Leroux's making the old man give up, and stir up big row. Then they chase Leroux an' me out of town, and Leroux says wait for the two out

here." Chance bent over the form that suddenly grew heavier as he held it. "Which way, Pete, which way?" he

cried, shaking the half-breed almost savagely to force him to speak again. And Pete lifted one hand slightly,

with a queer, unsteady motion south-east, but he made no answer. Power of

speech had left him. Chance waited a while, staring

blankly out at the wide, darkening land with half-shut eyes. When the

last sunset glow broke hazily through the still, yellow haze in long, widening

lines of dull red, he mounted Siwash and rode southeast, leaving a

defunct half-breed in the dry, mud-caked grasses of the creek bed.

Miles to the southwest lay what had been the reservation land, covered

now with the mushroom growth of tents and shacks of the fall homeseekers. Miles north and east

stretched the prairie, a great dry sea of tawny, heat-scorched grass; and every time Siwash lifted his nose and

sniffed the air, it meant a fresh whiff of fire on the wind.

Chance lifted his hat and rode fast, as fast as he dared with Siwash's

dread of a stray badger hole. He knew enough of old man Nawn's weakness and Leroux's far-sighted guile to

guess the missing part in the half-breed's narrative. Leroux held an Indian

mortgage on the land drawn by Madeline Nawn. While it didn't

amount to the paper it was written on in the eyes of the law, still he had

made old Nawn believe the claim was a just one.

Steadily the scrawny, long-limbed pony pushed ahead, his nose pointing

aggressively toward the point his rider aimed at. Just ahead lay old

man Nawn's house, a meager dot somewhere out under the waste of the

darkening blue sky on the solitary prairie. To Chance that night it was like a sheep shelter and he

herder, hurrying to save it from wolves. "Home," he muttered. "As if any

spot on the face of God's earth could be a home just because it was ground

needs us now, Si; she sure needs us

bad." There was no moon in the sky. A

strange, nebulous glow seemed to overhang the prairie since the night

had come on. It was hard to take in a deep, full breath. And suddenly

Siwash came to a dead stop, head up, ears pricked forward, listening.

From somewhere out of the darkness ahead there came the troubled

whinny of a horse. Chance, peering keenly ahead, could

see nothing; but the noise came again. The land was not level. It lay in

long, deep rolls; and Siwash made straight for the nearest dip of land.

Behind it, at first sight, reposed a peaceful and unsuspecting camp. A

couple of ponies were picketed in the shelter of the slope. A buckboard,

with boxes of provisions protruding from its buffalo robes, stood by. Under

it reposed old man Nawn, sound asleep. But, standing, facing each

other, were Jim Leroux and Madeline. The sound of their voices came

clearly on the silence of the night. "It don't make no difference what

you say," Madeline was saying, her head back like a fighting little wild-

cat. "I know, all about you, Jim Leroux. You can't talk your way round

me the way you do with daddy. The land belongs to me. I drew it. Daddy

never even knew I was putting in a bid for it. It was my idea and

mother's. You can't have it. We've lived ever since I can remember in that

old shack, and first it wasn't even a shack. It was just a dugout. And

daddy ain't got a mite of ambition. He'd just as soon we all died there. But

we ain't a-going to. We're going to have that land of mine—do you

hear me?—and we're going to have a real house on it, a cottage—house

and before she was aware of his intent he had deliberately shot the two

ponies dead. At Madeline's scream old man

Nawn glared heavily out from under the buckboard; but, before Leroux

could shoot again, there came a noise that checked his move, the

steady, hard thud of horse's hoofs; and, even louder still, a low, queer

roar and the soft, quick wind that comes before a prairie fire.

"It's got us!" yelled old Nawn. As he raised both hands helplessly sky-

ward, Leroux rose. His own horse stood safe, and he hesitated, looking

at Madeline. And even as he lingered, there whizzed out over a

head the circling line of Chance's Haines' rifle, thrown neatly and with

precision, until it threw him flat on the earth, roped as surely and safely

as any steer. "It wasn't that I meant for him to die

outright," Chance was fond of explaining. "But there wasn't no time for

fine calculations. Here was two dead horses. Here was a prairie fire

sweeping down on us like kingdom come, at short range. Here was old

Pa Nawn, and over there was my own little girl. How was I to stop and

take notice of Jim Leroux against such odds? All I had time to do was

to put him out of business. And I sure did. Then pop took his horse, and

I swung the little girl up close to me, and we were off. That's all, ain't it, Madeline, honey dear?"

Madeline said nothing. As "missus" of the ranch, besides a real

house in the making, she fed the brown puppies and let Chance do the

talking. "It sure must have dawned on Jim

pretty sudden that he'd landed in the right place when the fire caught

him," said Bill as he sorted out flower seed envelopes on the wash

WHEN the call came to move south, Chance laid it to the

prairie fires. "Nowadays, the minute I see that

yellow in the air, and the grass crackles up crisp and ready under

Siwash's tootales, why, I don't stop to do any plowing or back-firing. Si-

wash and me get the call of the south quick, and we take the trail toward

Frankton." "Going to stop off at old man

Nawn's place, as per usual?" inquired Bill mildly. "Sure," said Chance.

"Going to bring a missus back with yer?" Still the tone was gentle. "Chance

laughed and rubbed his fingers up through his thick, curly hair

dubiously. "She wouldn't like it 'way out here,

would she, Bill? Even you and me and it lonely. I guess a woman would

die." "Nops." One of the brown puppets

rolled nonchalantly over into the pan of milk, and Bill fished him out care-

fully and rolled him on the ground as tender, motherly fashion, to cry him off. "Women don't mind being

homesome if they've got the man they love best and a few chickens to look

after for and some dogs and cats and

NEW HOUSTON HOTEL Sixth and Everett streets, Port-

land, Ore., 4 blocks from Union Station. Under new manage-

Opportunities of Oregon

By R. G. Dykstra, Principal Salem Heights Public School, Perrydale, Oregon

Half a century ago, Horace Greely, with the authority of a prophet issued the command, "Go, west young man, go west."

Today no other part of the world is attracting so much attention as the portion of the United States known as the great west. Professor Schaller

stated in a recent lecture that the natural resources of the western coast as compared with that of the eastern

were about three to one. Whether this is true or not, we know that many of our resources surpass those of eastern

States, which support millions of people, while we have only a few thousand. No other division of any coun-

try has made such rapid progress as the west. Only a few years ago and it was a waste of sage brush and forest

with, through which rivers and falls raged with no sound, save the beating upon the basalt rocks and walls of

weathered marble. Today the wonderful achievement in all lines of effort

in the states bordering on the Pacific and the important role which the commerce of a great ocean now plays, reveals a few of the many resources of

the west. What has been accomplished in the last few years furnishes for an epic, a romance of human

endeavor. The west has grown to occupy a position of equality with the east, and today it is a great storehouse for many of the countries of the world. It is here that the finest wool is

New York's Leading Merchant Stands Strongly By Wilson's Policies

By Wilson's Policies

New York, Oct. 28.—Jesse Isidor Straus of R. H. Macy & Co., one of

New York's leading merchants, and a son of the late Oscar Straus, business

man and philanthropist, is another of the many big men in affairs of the

United States to announce his alignment with the Wilson forces. Mr.

Straus, treasurer of the Wilson Business Men's National League, has entered

the campaign actively, declaring that Mr. Wilson's record, his experience, and

the unwisdom of a change at this time, should determine every doubting voter to support his candidacy.

In stating his reasons for supporting the president, Mr. Straus says: "I am

satisfied that Mr. Hughes' failure to answer the question as to how he would have acted if compelled

to decide the questions which have faced President Wilson, is due to the fact

that deep in his heart, he feels he would have done exactly as the president did. Furthermore, I am satisfied Mr.

THE GAME

Yes, Dick, you bet we recollect that

good old game of tag. An' 'chasin' fame is quite a game

beneath our Uncle's flag. Say, do you

pipe Charlie Hughes ridin' around in Pullman trains,

Ashin' you and me and women folks to vote him in the game?

You pipe Charlie ain't mentionin' when he had his fingers crossed.

Way back in New York state where he vetted and bowled.

The two-cent railroad fare, the women teachers' equal pay,

An' five-cent fare to Coney so pore folks' kids might play.

Big business howls for Charlie, but he's headed for a frost;

The independent voters of the U. S. A. has got their fingers crossed.

Our chum, Woodrow sure told it straight sayin', "One term's a lot."

He'll be 'IT' again as sure as fate, the voters won't let him stop.

By gum, pipe what he's done, pro- testin' workin' kids, stoppin' bank runs,

GAINS WITH LAMBS LARGE

Every dollar's worth of feed put

into lambs has brought us two dollars in return, or a profit of over \$500 a

car," says the report of feeding experiments at the Eastern Oregon Branch

station at Union. The report explains, however, that conditions were excep-

tional, and equally good results are not expected another year. The lambs were

bought near the end of a period of depression when many Oregon feeders had

quit, leaving but little competition. Market conditions were also ideal. But

it was shown in the experiments that gains were larger and costs less than

are generally supposed.

Don't Suffer Longer

and allow yourself to become grouchy, upset, nervous and depressed. These conditions usually indicate a dis-

ordered digestive system, which, if neglected, may be hard to remedy. Remove the disturbing element and put

your digestive organs in good working order by taking

BEECHAM'S PILLS

How Is Your Stomach?

Is your digestion weak? Is your appetite poor? Any distress after eating?

THEN, BY ALL MEANS, TRY

HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters

Special Directions of Value to Women are with Every Box Sold by druggists throughout the world. In boxes, 10c, 25c.

DEO FOR Chilblains

Dennis Eucalyptus Ointment

AT ALL DRUG STORES

TUBES 25c JARS 50c

Give Quick Relief

Special Directions of Value to Women are with Every Box Sold by druggists throughout the world. In boxes, 10c, 25c.