

The Main Chance

BY
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THIS is an honest, straightforward picture of the life of to-day in a wide awake western town. It gives the reader a pleasant impression

of a type of people and a phase of life well worth a closer acquaintance.

It is a crisp, forceful delineation of the career of William Parker, a prosperous banker and promoter, whose beautiful daughter, Evelyn, is the heroine of the story. John Saxton, an enterprising Bostonian, is sent west to close up some ranch and other investments for a Massachusetts trust company. This brings him in contact with varied types of humanity all of whom play an interesting part in a plot involving the manipulation of a traction line, the kidnaping of the banker's child and other events which go to make up an intensely graphic narrative.

THE MAIN CHANCE is a romance of youth, of love, and of success honestly won. It is buoyant, yet full of pathos, wholesome humor, convincing realism, admirable diction and bright sayings. Added to this is a rare, common sense touch that shows the practical side of real western life.

CHAPTER I

"Well, sir, they say I'm crooked!" William Porter, president of the Clarkson National Bank, tipped back his swivel chair and watched the effect of his declaration on the young man who sat talking to him.

"That's said of every successful man nowadays, isn't it?" asked John Saxton. "They say I'm crooked," repeated Porter, with a narrowing of the eyes, "but they don't say it very loud, and I guess they don't say it of them who want to have to prove it. I'm afraid those Boston friends of yours have given me up as a bad lot, and they've sent you out here to get their money, and I don't blame them. Well, sir; that money's got to come out in time, but it's going to take time and money to get it."

"I believe they sent me because I had plenty of time," said Saxton, smiling. "Well, we want to you you win out," returned Porter. "And now what can I do to start you off? I warn you solemnly against the hotels in this town; but we've got a fairly decent club up here, and you'd better stay there till you get acquainted. Just look over the papers till I get rid of these letters and I'll be free."

Porter turned to his desk. There was an air of great alertness in his small, lean figure as he pushed buttons to summon various members of the clerical force and rapidly dictated terse telegrams and letters to a stenographer. Saxton was impressed by the banker's perfect confidence and ease.

John Saxton had been sent to Clarkson by the Neponset Trust Company of Boston to represent the interests of a group of clients who had made rash investments in several of the Trans-Missouri States. Foreclosure had, in many instances, resulted in the transfer to themselves of much town and ranch property which was, in the conditions existing in the early '90s, an exceedingly slow asset. It was necessary that some one on the ground should care for these interests. The Clarkson National Bank had been exercising a general supervision, but, as one of the investors told his fellow sufferers in Boston, they should have an agent whom they could call home and abuse, and here was Saxton, a conscientious and steady fellow, who had some knowledge of the country, and who, moreover, needed something to do. Saxton's acquaintance with the West had been gained by a bitter experience of ranching in Wyoming. A blizzard had destroyed his cattle, and the subsequent depression in land values in the neighborhood of his ranch had left him encumbered with a property for which there was no market. His friends had been correct in the assumption that he needed employment, and he was, moreover, glad of the chance to get away from home, where the impression was making headway that he had failed at something in the vague, non-interest-paying West.

"Now," said Porter, presently, scrutinizing a telegram carefully before signing it. "I'll take you up to the office we've been keeping for your people, and show you what it looks like."

The room proved to be a small one at the top of the building. On the ground-glass door was inscribed "The Interstate Irrigation Company." The room con-

tained a safe, a flat-top desk and a few chairs. Several maps hung on the wall, engineers' charts of ranch lands and irrigation ditches.

"It ain't pretty," said Porter, critically, "but if you don't like it you can move when you get ready. The bank is your landlord, and we don't charge you much for it. You've doubtless got your inventory of stuff with you, and here in the safe you'll find the accounts of these companies, copies of public records relating to them, and so on. You're going up against a pretty tough proposition, young man. You'll hear a hard luck story wherever you go out here just now; people who own your friends' money will be mighty sorry they can't pay. Many of the ranch lands your people own will be worth something after a while. That Colorado irrigation scheme ought to pan out in time, and I believe it will; but you've got to nurse all these things. Make your principals let you alone. Those fellows get in a hurry at the wrong time—that's my experience with Eastern investors. Tell them to go to Europe—get rid of them for a while, and make them give you a chance to work for them. They're not the only pebbles. I'll send the combination of the safe up by the boy, and you can get a bird's-eye view of the situation before lunch. Mr. Wheaton, our cashier, is away to-day, but he's familiar with these matters and will be glad to help you when he gets home. When you get stuck call on us. And drop down about 12:30 and go up to the club for lunch. Take it easy; you can't do it all in one day."

"I hope I shan't be a nuisance to you," said the younger man. "I'm going to fight it out on the best lines I know how—if it takes several summers."

"Well, it'll take them all right," said Porter, sententiously.

Left to himself Saxton examined his new quarters, found a feather duster hanging in a corner and brushed the dirt from the scanty furniture. This done he sat down by the open window, through which the breeze came cool out of the great valley; and here he could see, far over the roofs and spires of the town, the bluffs that marked the broad bed of the tawny Missouri. He was not as buoyant as his last words to the banker implied. Here he was, reflected, a man of good education, as such things go, who had lost his patrimony in a single venture. He had been sent, partly out of compassion, he felt, to take charge of investments that were admitted to be almost hopelessly bad. The salary promised would provide for him comfortably, and that was about all; anything further would depend upon himself, the secretary of the Neponset Trust Company had told him; it would, he felt, depend much more particularly on the making over by benign powers of the considerable part of the earth's surface in which his principals' money lay hidden. As his eyes wandered to one of the office walls, the black train of a great transcontinental railroad caught and held his attention. On one of its northern prongs lay the region of his first defeat.

"Three years of life are up there," he meditated, "and all my good dollars scattered along the right of way." Many things came back to him vividly—how the wind used to howl around the little ranch house, and how he rode through the snow among his dying cattle in the great storm that had been his undoing. With his eyes still resting on the map, he returned to his early school days and to his four years at Harvard. There was a burden of heartache in these recollections. None of the professions had appealed to him, and he had not heeded his father's wish that he enter the law. The elder Saxton, who was himself a lawyer of moderate success, died before John's graduation; he had lost his mother in his youth, and his only remaining relative was a sister who married before he left college.

A review of these brief and discouraging annals did not hearten him; but he fell back upon the better mood with which he had begun the morning; he had a new chance, and he proposed to make the best of it. He put aside his coat and hat, and opened his desk. The banker had sent up the combination of the safe and Saxton began inspecting its contents and putting his office in order.

The books and papers began to interest him, and he was soon classifying the properties that had fallen to his care. He was so deeply occupied that he did not mark the flight of time and was surprised when a boy came with a message from Porter that he was ready to go to luncheon.

"You mustn't overdo the thing, young man," said the banker, amiably, as he closed his desk. "Don't you adopt our Western method of working all the hours there are. I do it now because my neighbors and customers would talk about me if I didn't, and say that I had lost my grip in my old age."

The Clarkson Club stood at the edge of the commercial district, and its brick walls rose hot and staring in the July sun as Porter and Saxton approached.

"Here we are," said Porter, leading the way into the little hall. "We'll arrange about your business relations later. There's a very had lunch ready upstairs, and we'll go against that first."

There were only a few men in the dining-room, seated at a round table. Porter exchanged salutations with them as he passed on to a small table at the end of the room. Those who were of his own age called Porter, "Billy," and he included them all in the careless nod of old acquaintance.

They went from the table for an inspection of the club, and arranged with the clerk in the office for a room on the third floor. They stopped in the lounge, where the men from the round table were now talking or looking at newspapers. Porter introduced Saxton to all of them. Several of the men who shook hands with Saxton were railroad officials, but nearly every line of business was represented.

"If you're going with me," said Porter, "you'd better get a move on you." The whole group went out together, Porter leaving Saxton to the others, with that confidence in human friendliness which is peculiar to the social intercourse of men. They made him feel their honest wish to consider him one of themselves, making a point of saying to him, as they dropped out one by one, that they hoped to see him often. Porter led the way back down Varney street, carrying his hat in his hand. He said at the bank door: "Now you make them give you what you want at the club. I've got a house up here on Varney street—come up for dinner to-morrow night and we'll

see if we can't raise a breeze for you. It's hotter than Suez here, and you'd better take my advice about starting in slow."

He went into the bank and Saxton took the elevator for his own office.

CHAPTER II

Saxton was not over-sensitive, but the stiffness and hardness of the club house were not without their disagreeable impression on him as he sat at dinner toward the close of his first day in Clarkson. Two of the men to whom Porter had introduced him at noon proved to be fellow lodgers, and they exchanged greetings with him from the table where they sat together. They unobscuredly read their evening papers as they ate, and left before he finished. He was watching the fading colors of a brilliant sunset when a young man appeared at the door, and after a brief inspection of Saxton's back walked over to him.

"Aren't you Mr. Saxton? I thought you must be he. My name is Raridan. Don't let me break in on your meditations," he added, taking the chair which the waiter drew out for him. "I met Mr. Porter a while ago, and he adjured me to be good to you. I don't know whether this is obeying orders"—he broke off in a laugh—"that depends on the point of view."

"You are guilty of a very Christian act," Saxton said. "I was just wondering whether, after the sun had gone down behind that ridge over there, the world would still be going round."

"The world never stops entirely here," returned Raridan, "but the motion sometimes gets very slow. Mr. Porter tells me that you're to be one of us. Let me congratulate us—and you!"

Warrick Raridan was, socially speaking, the most available man in the Clarkson Blue Book. He was a graduate in law who did not practice, for he had, unfortunately, been left alone in the world at 26, with an income that seemed wholly adequate for his immediate or future needs. He maintained an office, which was fairly well equipped with the literature of his profession, but this was merely to take away the reproach of his busier fellow citizens. Raridan's office was the rendezvous for a variety of committees to which he was appointed by such unrelated bodies as the Clarkson Dramatic Club and the Diocesan Board of Missions of the Episcopal Church. He appeared every Sunday at the cathedral, which was the fashionable church in Clarkson, where he passed the plate for the alms and oblations of the well-dressed congregation.

He was capable of quixotism of the most whimsical sort. He had, for a year, taken his meals at a cheap boarding-house in order that he might maintain two Indian boys in school. He was not at all aggrieved when, at the end of the first year, they ran away and resumed tribal relations with their brethren. He chafed himself about it to his friends.

It was not enough to say that Warrick Raridan could lead a German or tie an Ascot tie better than any other man on the Missouri River; for he was also the best informed man in that same strenuous valley concerning the traditions of the English stage, and was a fairly good actor himself, as amateurs go. He had a slight literary gift, which he cultivated for his own amusement, and he occasionally wrote screeds for the local papers, or mailed pleasant jingles to his intimate friends.

"I'll wager that if you stay here a year you'll never leave," said Raridan, as they went downstairs together. "I've been about a good deal, and know that we who live here miss a lot of comfort and amusement which go as a matter of course in older towns. But there's a roominess and expansiveness about things out here that I like, and I believe most men who strike it early enough like it, and are loathsome for it if they go away."

"I think I understand how you feel about it," said Saxton. "There were times in Wyoming when Western life seemed pretty arid, but when I went back to Boston I was homesick for Cheyenne."

(To be continued.)

MODERN UNDERTAKING.

Methods That Have Greatly Simplified the Caring for the Dead.

Modern methods of undertaking now call for the highest possible skill in embalming and arranging every detail of burial.

From the old methods of placing a body on ice, with its attendant insanitary conditions, the undertaker has reached a high point of perfection in embalming. The New York Sun says, but not content with the advanced methods experiments are now under way which will, it is contended, make it unnecessary even to make any incision in a body when the embalming process is being performed.

One of the most advanced undertakers in this country says that within the next five years it will be possible to embalm by placing the body in an airtight chamber and by subjecting it to a pressure of the gases of certain embalming materials to perform the work which is now done by injecting fluids into the veins.

Several firms in New York and other large cities have done much to relieve families of the very troublesome work which follows death in small houses, boarding houses or hotels by fitting up chapels where bodies are taken until ready for burial. Embalming is done in the establishment, burial clothes are furnished and watchers if required.

These firms also have clerks to perform services, lawyers to attend to wills or insurance papers.

Frying Eggs.

The most disagreeable part of frying eggs is the sputtering and flying of the hot fat. This may be avoided by sifting a little flour in the pan before adding the eggs. This you will find to work like a charm and especially well where there is a large family to supply.

The State of New Jersey has imported five stallions from Great Britain to enable its farmers to produce a higher type of horse.

LOST "JOHN ORTH" IS NOW FOUND IN OHIO

Chicago Paper Claims to Have Unearthed Missing Archduke of Austria.

HAD WORKED AS A MACHINIST.

Drifted All Over the World—Lost His Wife and Children in Pelee Eruption.

The Chicago Journal the other day devoted its entire front page to the elaboration of an unequivocal statement that it has discovered "the lost John Orth," otherwise Archduke Johann Salvator, of Austria, prince of the house of Hapsburg, who disappeared nineteen years ago after marrying Ludmilla Stibel, an opera singer. Briefly sketched, the Journal story is:

John Orth was discovered at Painesville, Ohio, working as a machinist at \$15 a week. Previously he had followed this occupation at Grand Rapids, Mich., and Cleveland, Ohio. His reasons for making his identity known at this time, the Journal states, are his advancing age and his desire that he be buried in Austria.

Johann Salvator, as the alleged archduke has always been known since he left the court at Vienna, was married in London, and he and his wife afterwards sailed to South America in the Santa Margarita, a schooner that he had chartered. It has always been believed that the archduke lost his life when the schooner sank off the coast of Chile.

According to the story of the Painesville machinist, he and his beautiful wife were not aboard the ship, as was generally thought to have been the case. They went ashore at Cusavana, a small port on the Rio de La Plata. It was planned that they meet the ship at Valparaiso, but the craft sank en route.

The romantic couple drifted all over the world, finally taking up a plantation on the island of Martinique. When the first rumblings of Mt. Pelee gave warning of the catastrophe that followed soon afterward, Johann Salvator made a hurried visit to the city to arrange to get his family away. But the warning had come too late. His wife and their two children were killed.

Salvator, according to the Journal story, was rescued by a French gun boat and came to the United States.

A New Thorax Operation.

At the German Hospital in New York Dr. Willy Meyer performed for the first time in this country an operation upon a human being in which the cavity of the thorax was opened while the lungs were kept inflated from an air chamber at a pressure greater than the atmosphere. This new appliance is known as the positive air pressure apparatus modeled after that of Prof. Sauerbruch. It consists of two chambers with a door connecting and another door connecting the smaller chamber with the outer air. The chambers are lined with rubber and are connected by pipes and valves with an electric air compressor. The operating table is so arranged that the patient lies with his head within the main chamber, a rubber neckpiece fitting tightly so as to prevent the escape of the compressed air. A glass front to the chamber enables the surgeon to see within where two anesthetists administer the ether, the smaller chamber, also under air pressure, being for their convenience. The operation in question was upon a little boy for emphysema. After the cavity had been opened it was found that one lung was compressed. The matter was quickly removed and the lung expanded at once so as to be used in respiration. The patient is doing well.

IN A HOT SHELL

The Minnesota Senate has passed a bill appropriating \$14,000 to fight forest fires.

Practically all of those who won allotments at the Tripp County, S. D., land drawing, have filed on their claims.

A bill introduced by W. D. Washburn, Jr., in the Minnesota Legislature authorizes school boards in cities of the first class to employ physicians to examine and advise pupils and to pay them from the school funds.

Lida King, dean of the Brown University Woman's College, speaking before the Conference for Education in the South, advanced the opinion that men make the best teachers and that it is a distinct gain for young women to study under male instructors. But she admitted that such students should get the woman's viewpoint upon certain subjects. She argued that men avoid the over-stressing of details which is so common a failing among women teachers. Robert C. Ogden was again elected president of the conference.

The attitude of President Lewis of the United Mine Workers toward the anthracite situation is thought to be reflected in the editorial published by the organ of the union. It says that "if ever there was a body of capitalists who deserved a good licking it is the anthracite coal operators, and that if ever there was a body of men who had just cause for strike it is the anthracite miners." It says the operators have violated the agreement in every shape and form except to price for coal, and that their objection to recognizing the union is because it will compel them to keep their agreement

TRY "SKINNY" MADDEN.

Chicago "Czar of Labor" Is Charged With Extortion.

Martin B. (Skinny) Madden, president of the Associated Building Trades Unions of Chicago and generally referred to as the "local Czar of Labor," was placed on trial the other day before Judge McSurly, charged with the extortion of \$1,000 from Joseph Klicka for "settling" a strike. M. J. Boyle, business agent of the Electrical Workers' Union, and F. A. Pouchot, chairman of the business agents of the general organization, also are defendants in the case.

Indictments of Madden and his associates followed years of innuendo among contractors concerning the calling and settling of strikes. Complaint was not made officially, however, until a few months ago, when the contractors who are building the new Chicago & Northwestern railway station, told State's Attorney Wayman that an attempt had been made to extort money from them on pain of a strike being called on the work. The investigation which ensued was followed by the indictment on which trial was begun.

Madden's career as a labor leader has been uniformly successful. He rides in his own automobile and for years his word has been law among the majority of trades unionists of Chicago.

Pygmies Found in China. Dr. William E. Geil, the noted explorer, who arrived at New York from an extended journey into the Northern mountains of China and returned to his home in Doylestown, Pa., tells of having mapped 200 miles of the great wall of China never before explored and says he confirmed the tradition of a race of hairy pygmies in those regions. Since 1901 Dr. Geil has been traveling to study the various primitive races now accessible, penetrating the pygmy forests of Central Africa as well as the remote section of China. His party of twenty-five men with pack mules started, in May, 1908, along the eastern section of the great wall, and by September got to the northern end of the wall at Kian Ku Yian, north of the Nan Shan mountains, a distance of 1,200 miles. This took the explorers into Tibet. The legend interpreted from inscriptions on the wall is to the effect that the pygmies came from a group of people who rebelled from the horrors of being buried alive for mistakes on the work of construction, that being the penalty imposed. The descendants were located by Geil far in the interior and he left a man to study them. He says they live like animals.

A Planet Beyond Neptune.

When word came from the observatory at South Kensington, England, last week that Prof. Pickering of Harvard had discovered a new major planet moving in an orbit beyond that of Neptune it was popularly understood that the discovery was based upon photographic evidence. Such a discovery, however, was promptly denied by Pickering. No eye and no telescope has yet seen the new planet, but it is not denied that its existence has been proved by Prof. Pickering. He has calculated its orbit so as to be able to indicate its position this year, and its influence upon the orbit of Neptune, which is very slight. This shows that the new planet is relatively small. It was the slight wabbling of Neptune that led to the discovery of the new body. This fact had been the subject of study among astronomers for years. The discovery of Neptune was made in this same manner, in 1846. Nevertheless some of the authorities are skeptical about the value of Prof. Pickering's discovery.

Better Wages, the Solution.

Dr. Edward T. Devine, secretary of the Charity Organization Society at New York, in an address before that body declared that "misery springing from disease, which is essentially economic, will continue among us until workmen will be able to have a reasonable amount of light and air in their homes, until they are able to restrict the household to its natural members, to withhold children from gainful occupations until they are able to take a reasonable amount of recreation and enjoy their holidays. It will continue until men are able to work without overwork, and to consult a dentist or a physician or specialist when necessary and to have an income necessary to provide for all these things, as every workman in America should have and may have."

DOINGS OF THE LEGISLATURES

The Wisconsin Legislature will probably adjourn about June 1.

The Illinois Legislature has been debating a bill limiting the employment of women in factories to eight hours a day. Manufacturers are opposing the bill.

Gov. Warner sent to the Michigan Legislature a special message urging its members to sink their differences of opinion on the subject and pass some measure in the interest of the protection, development and preservation of Michigan forests.

The Wisconsin Senate passed the Sanborn uniform divorce bill, which provides that the State shall be represented by an attorney in all divorce proceedings. It also passed the Mambrecht bill prohibiting the segregation of the sexes in the class rooms at the State university.

Business men of all the large cities in Missouri have been before the Senate committee on constitutional amendments opposing a measure for State-wide prohibition.

A school book trust bill providing that the price of any text book shall be no higher in Illinois than the same volume in any other part of the United States, has been introduced at Springfield, the general understanding being that the measure is the one which the House organization will support

LIFE TERM TO BOYLE; WIFE GETS 25 YEARS

Woman Also Is Fined \$5,000 and Costs in the "Billy" Whittia Kidnaping Case.

BOTH PRISONERS COLLAPSE.

Husband and Spouse Are Carried Most of Way Back to Cells—She Weeps Violently in Jail.

In Mercer, Pa., Judge Williams on Monday sentenced James H. Boyle, convicted of kidnaping "Billy" Whittia, to imprisonment for life in the western penitentiary at Pittsburg. Mrs. Boyle, indicted as Mary Doe, was sentenced to twenty-five years in the penitentiary and to pay a fine of \$5,000 and costs of the prosecution. Boyle did not cause the scene in court which he had threatened and did not utter a word before being sentenced. His counsel, however, pleaded for leniency for both Boyle and his wife. The lawyer said that until a recent period the extreme penalty for kidnaping in this State was ten years and in view of the fact that the boy had been treated with every consideration and that all care had been taken not to inflict unnecessary mental anguish upon the parents he felt leniency might be asked with propriety. After Attorney Miller of counsel for the Boyles had completed his plea for leniency in behalf of his clients Judge Williams told Boyle to stand up and asked him if he had anything to say as to why sentence should not be pronounced upon him. Boyle merely said, "I have not," and shook his head. Judge Williams then addressed the prisoner and told him of the seriousness of the crime of which he had been convicted. Both Boyle and his wife collapsed on hearing their sentences pronounced. Mrs. Boyle wept violently when returned to her cell.

TWENTY DROWN IN OHIO RIVER.

Gasoline Launch, Heavily Loaded with Steelworkers, Sinks.

Twenty persons were drowned when a gasoline launch sank in the middle of the Ohio River near Schoenewald, four miles below Pittsburg, Tuesday night. Of the thirty occupants of the boat only ten escaped. All the men were employees of the Pressed Steel Car Company at the McKees Rocks plant. The men had been working overtime until 8 o'clock and left the works to cross the river in the launch fifteen minutes later. The boat is said to have been intended for not more than twenty persons, and it was understood it was dangerous to attempt to carry as many as twenty-five in it. But all the men wanted to get across the river on the first trip of the boat and thirty of them crowded in. There was no explosion, no leak was sprung, but the boat simply sank beneath the weight it had been bearing and went to the bottom. As it sank, it caused a suction which took many of the men down with it. Others attempted to swim ashore, but were chilled by the cold water and became exhausted before reaching the shore.

REPORT SHIP LOST WITH 21.

Shores, Six Days Overdue, Believed Sunk in Lake Superior.

Advices received at Duluth are to the effect that the steamer Shores, six days' overdue at Duluth, went down off White Fish Point in Lake Superior with all on board. The crew and passengers numbered twenty-one.

News of the destruction of the Shores was brought to Duluth by the crew of the steamer Northland, who say that as the latter was passing that point on the way up they discovered wreckage strewn all over the lake, and, in their opinion, it belonged to the Shores. The fact that she was a week overdue at Duluth and no word of her has been received adds color to the theory.

The Adella Shores belonged to the S. O. Neff Transportation Company of Milwaukee, and is said to have been up bound from Michigan with a pad of salt. The ship was of 1,250 tons burden and under command of Captain S. Holmes. The engineer was R. S. Nott. The names of the crew and passengers are not obtainable.

TWO KILLED IN PANAMA RIOT.

Police of Republic Clash with Americans of Canal Zone.

In a conflict between Panama police and employes of the canal zone near the dividing line C. M. Abbott, an American electrician in the power-house at Christobal, and a colored man, also an American, were killed. The police crossed the zone at Christobal in an effort to arrest an escaped prisoner. They were mobbed and pelted by West Indians and finally were arrested by the zone police for disturbance. At night a number of Panama police armed with rifles proceeded toward the zone in an attempt, it is alleged, to find those who had maltreated their comrades earlier in the day. They came into collision with the canal workers and many revolver and rifle shots were fired. The riot became so threatening that all places of business were quickly closed, but eventually the invaders were driven off.