

The Main Chance

BY
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THE BURNS-MERRILL COMPANY

CHAPTER XXIII.—(Continued.)

John Saxton sat in the office of the Traction Company on a hot night in July. Fenton had just left him. The transfer to the Margrave syndicate had been effected and John would no more sign himself "John Saxton, Receiver." His work in Clarkson was at an end. The Neponset Trust Company had called him to Boston for a conference, which meant, he knew, a termination of his service with them. He had lately sold the Foxdexter ranch, and so little property remained on the Neponset's books that it could be cared for from the home office. He had not opened the afternoon mail. He picked up a letter from the top of the pile, dated from San Francisco, and read:

"San Francisco.

"My Dear Sir:

"I hesitate about writing you, but there are some things which I should like you to understand before I go away. I had fully expected to remain with you and Bishop DeLafeld and to return to Clarkson that last morning at Foxdexter's. I cannot defend myself for having run away; it must have seemed a strange thing to you that I did so. I had fully intended acting on the bishop's advice, which I knew then, and know now, was good. But when the west-bound train came, my courage left me; I could not go back and face the people I had known, after what had happened. I told you the truth there in the ranch house that night; every word of it was true. Maybe I did not make it clear enough how weak I am. Things came too easy for me, I guess; at any rate I was never worthy of the good fortune that befell me. It seemed to me that for two years everything I did was a mistake. I suppose if I had been a real criminal, and not merely a coward, I should not have entangled myself as I did and brought calamity upon other people.

When I reached here I found employment with a shipping house. I have told my story to one of the firm, who has been kind to me. He seems to understand my case, and is giving me a good chance to begin over again. I suppose the worst possible things have been said about me, and I do not care, except that I hope the people in Clarkson will not think I am guilty of any wrongdoing at the bank. I read in the newspapers that I had stolen the bank's money, and I hope that was corrected. The books must have proved what I say. I understand now that what I did was worse than stealing, but I should like you and Mr. Porter to know that I not only did not take other people's money, but that in my foolish relations with Margrave I did not receive a cent for the shares of stock which he took from me—neither for my own nor for those of Miss Porter. I don't blame Margrave; if I had not been a coward he could not have played with me as he did.

"The company is sending me to one of its South American houses. I go by steamer to-morrow, and you will not hear from me again. I should like you to know that I have neither seen nor heard anything of my brother since that night. With best wishes for your own happiness and prosperity, yours sincerely,

"JAMES WHEATON."

On his way home to the club Saxton stopped at Bishop DeLafeld's rooms, and found the bishop, as usual, preparing for flight. Time did not change Bishop DeLafeld. He was one of those men who reach 60, and never, apparently, pass it. He and Saxton were fast friends now. The bishop missed Warry out of his life; Warry was always so accessible and so cheering. John was not so accessible and he had not Warry's lightning, but the Bishop of Clarkson liked John Saxton. The bishop sat with his inevitable hand-baggage by his side and read Wheaton's letter through.

"How ignorant we are!" he said, folding it. "I sometimes think that we poor try to minister to the needs of the poor in spirit do not even know the rudiments of our trade. We are pretty helpless with men like Wheaton. They are apparently strong; they yield to no temptations, so far as any man knows; they are exemplary characters. I suppose that they are living little tragedies all the time. The moral coward is more to be pitied than the open criminal. You know where to find the criminal; but the moral coward is an unknown quantity. Life is a strange business, John, and the older I get the less I think I know of it." He sighed and handed back the letter.

"But he's doing better than we might have expected him to," said Saxton. "A man's entitled to happiness if he can find it. He undoubtedly chose the easier part in running away. I can't imagine him coming back here to face the community after all that had happened."

"I don't know that I can either. Preaching is easier than practicing, and I'm not sure that I gave him the best advice at the ranch house that morning."

"Well, it was the only thing to do," Saxton answered. "I suppose neither you nor I was sure he told the truth; it was a situation that was calculated to make one skeptical. It isn't clear from his letter that the whole thing has impressed him in any great way. He's anxious to have us thing well of him—a kind of retrospective vanity."

"But his punishment is great. It's not for us to pass on its adequacy. I must be going, John," and Saxton gathered up the battered cases and went out to the car with him.

Bishop DeLafeld always brought Warry back vividly to John, and as they walked on the corner he remembered his last meeting with the bishop, in Warry's

rooms at The Bachelors'. And that was very long ago!

CHAPTER XXIV.

Uncertainty and doubt filled John Saxton's mind and heart, and he saw no light ahead. He had seen Evelyn several times before she had left home, on occasions when he went to the house with Fenton for conferences with her father. He had intended saying good-by to her, but the Porters went hurriedly at last and he was not sorry; it was easier that way. But Mrs. Whipple, who was exercising a motherly supervision over John, had exacted a promise from him to come to Orchard Lane during the time that she and the general were to be with the Porters in their new cottage. When he went East, Saxton settled down at his club in Boston, and pretended that it was good to be at home again; but he went about with homesickness gnawing his heart. He had reason to be happy and satisfied with himself. He had practically concluded the difficult work which he had been sent to Clarkson to do; he had realized more money from their assets than the officers of the trust company had expected; and they held out to him the promise of employment in their Boston office as a reward. So he walked the familiar streets planning his future anew. He had succeeded in something at last, and he would stay in Boston, having, he told himself, earned the right to live there. The assistant secretaryship of the trust company, which had been mentioned to him, would be a position of dignity and promise. He had never hoped to do so well. Moreover, it would be pleasant to be near his sister, who lived at Worcester. There were only the two of them, and they ought to live near together.

It is, however, an unpleasant habit of the fates never to suffer us to debate simple propositions long; they must throw in new elements to puzzle us. While he was deliberating on Orchard Lane a new perplexity confronted him. One of Margrave's "people" came from New York as the representative of the syndicate that had purchased the Clarkson Traction Company, and sought an interview. John had met this gentleman at the time the sale was closed; he was a person of consequence in the financial world, who came quickly to the point of his errand. He offered John the position of general manager of the company.

The next day John thought he saw it all more clearly. He went out and walked aimlessly through the hot streets. He realized presently that he had gone into a railway office and asked for a suburban time table. He carried this back to the club, and studied the list of Orchard Lane trains. He found that he could run put almost any hour of the day. He slept and woke refreshed, with the time table still grasped in his hand. He had been very foolish, he concluded; it would be a simple matter to go out to Orchard Lane to call on the Porters and Whipples. The next afternoon he went up to Orchard Lane.

It suited his mood that he should find no one at home at Red Gables but Mr. Porter, who played golf all the morning and slept and experimented at landscape gardening all the afternoon. He welcomed John with unwonted cordiality.

There were some details connected with the transfer of the Traction Company to Margrave's syndicate which Porter had not fully understood, or which Fenton had purposely kept from him; and he pressed John for new light on these matters. John answered or parried as he thought wisest.

John left his greetings for the rest of the household. There was a train at 6 o'clock; it was now 5 and he loitered along, stopping often to look out upon the sea. A group of people was gathered about a tea table on the sloping lawn in front of one of the houses. The colors of the women's dresses were bright against the dark green. It was a gay company; their laughter floated out to him mockingly. He wondered whether Evelyn was there, as he passed on, beating the rocky path with his stick.

Evelyn was not there; but her destination was that particular lawn and its tea table. Turning a bend in the path he came upon her. He had had no thought of seeing her; yet she was coming down the path toward him, her picture hat framed in the dome of a blue parasol. He had renounced her for all time, and he should meet her guardedly; but the blood was singing in his temples and throbbing in his finger tips at the sight of her.

"This is too bad!" she exclaimed, as they met. "I hope you can come back to the house."

She walked straight up to him and gave him her hand in her quick, frank way.

"I'm sorry, but I must be in to town on this next train," he answered. He turned in the path and walked along beside her.

"This happened to be one of our scattering days, for all except father."

"We had a nice talk, he and I. Your place is charming. Don't let me detain you. I'm sure you were going to join these lotus eaters."

"I don't believe they need me," she answered, evasively. "They seem pretty busy. But if you're hungry—or thirsty, I can get something for you there." They passed the gate, walking slowly along. He knew that he ought to urge her to stop, and that he must hurry on to catch his train; but it was too sweet to be near her; this was the last time and it was his own!

They passed finally and John held open a little gate in a stone wall. He was grave and something of his seriousness communicated itself to her. Clearly, he thought, this was the parting of the ways. "Won't you come in? There are plenty of trains and we'd like you to dine with us."

A great wave of loneliness and yearning swept over her. Her invitation seemed to create new and limitless distances that stretched between them. He spoke incidentally of the offer he had received from the Clarkson Traction Company. "I have refused the offer," he said, quietly. He had not intended to tell her; but it was doubtless just as well; and it would alter nothing. "My work in Clarkson is finished," he went on. "Warry's affairs will make it necessary for me to go back from time to time, but it will not be home again."

"I can't go back—it's too much. I can't do it," he said, wearily.

"I now how it must be—this last year and Warry! It was all so terrible—for all of us." She was looking away.

John looked at her. It was natural that she should include herself with him in a common grief for the man who had been his friend and whom she had loved. She had always been kind to him; her kindness stung him now, for he knew that it was because of Warry; and a resolve woke in him suddenly. He would not suffer her kindness under a false pretense; he could at least be honest with her.

"I can't go back because he is not there; and because—because you are not there! You don't know—you should never know, but I was disloyal to Warry from the first. I let him talk to me from day to day of you; I let him tell me that he loved you; I never let him know—I never meant any one to know—I ceased speaking; she was very still and did not look at him. "It was base of me," he went on. "I would gladly have died for him if he had lived; but now that he is dead I can betray him. I hate myself worse than you can hate me. I know how I must wound and shock you now."

"Oh, no!" she moaned.

But he went on; he would spare himself nothing.

"It is hideous—it was cowardly of me to come here." His hands were clenched and his face twitched with pain. "Oh, if he had lived!"

She rose now and looked at him with an infinite pity.

"If he had lived," she said, very softly, looking away through the sun-dappled aisles of the orchard, "if he had lived—it would have been the same, John."

But he did not understand. His name as she spoke it rang in his ears. She walked away through the orchard path, which suddenly became to him a path of gold that stretched into paradise; and he sprang after her with a great fear in his heart lest some barrier might descend and shut her out forever.

"Evelyn! Evelyn!"

It was not a voice that called her; it was a spirit, long held in thrall, that had shaken free and become a name.

(The end.)

SAM SOTHERN NOT SAM AT ALL

His Alliterative Name a Sample of His Father's Jocularly.

Probably there is not one in twenty of the fellow members of his profession, either here or in England, who knows that the name of Sam Sothern, the actor, is not Sam at all, the New York World says.

Mr. Sothern came back to New York on Friday in response to a hurry call to act with Sir Charles Wyndham in "The Mollusc." He has been absent from this country more than fifteen years, although he made his first theatrical appearance in this country with the late John T. Raymond, a friend of his father, E. A. Sothern, in "The Private Secretary." During the early days of the starring career of his brother, E. H. Sothern, Sam, who is not Sam, acted in his support at the old Lyceum.

If Sam Sothern had registered in New York as George Evelyn Augustus T. Sothern possibly his own brother might not have recognized him.

George Evelyn Augustus T. was named to please his mother. His father, who was a comedian on the stage as well as on it, didn't like the long handle. He wanted a name that was short and expressive. He was appearing in "Brother Sam" in London at the time, and, for convenience, tacked the name of the play on the newly born infant. Brother Sam has kept it ever since.

Another thing that Sam Sothern received from his father—this by inheritance—was the tattered yellow manuscript of "Our American Cousin." It didn't seem like a large inheritance at the time, for the elder Sothern had played the piece to a standstill both in this country and in England. So Sam cast the prompt book into a trunk, where it slumbered twenty years until E. H. Sothern, two years ago, decided to revive the play under the name of "Lord Dundreary."

All these years a small fortune had been lurking in the crumpled bunch of papers. As it was Sam's property E. H. Sothern had to pay a fat royalty on it, and as "Lord Dundreary" has been one of E. H. Sothern's biggest successes in recent years a steady stream of American dollars has flowed into Sam's English pockets.

Caused a Branch.

Askitt—Why are you so down on Walker? You used to be the best of friends.

Egbert—Yes, I know; but last fall he took my part, and I haven't spoken to him since.

Askitt—That sounds queer.

Egbert—Not necessarily. You see, he's an actor, too—and I wanted the part for myself.

Her Experience.

Mrs. Brown—Do you believe that marriage is a lottery?

Mrs. Green—No, I consider it more of a faith cure.

Mrs. Brown—Why, how's that?

Mrs. Green—Well, I had implicit faith in my husband when we were first married—and now I haven't.

Deeply Interested.

Said She—Oh, I'm just awfully interested in baseball. I have a cousin who belongs to a college bunch.

Said He—Indeed! And what position does he play?

Said She—Well, I forget just now whether he's a knocker or a stopper.

The Explanation.

Edyth—Why did Clara insist on having a quiet wedding?

Mayme—Oh, I suppose she thought it would make talk.

It is estimated that there are 8,000,000 telephones now in use in the world.



Blight of Potatoes.

Early blight is a potato disease which causes more or less damage to the crop every year. The trouble is most marked in unusually dry seasons and is caused by a fungus which grows and spreads rapidly. The spores of this fungus when seen through a microscope have the appearance of clubs. They enter the vines and the first thing one notices is that the leaves are turning yellow. The disease is likely to come during the first or second week in July. It may be easily prevented by spraying with Bordeaux mixture before the disease gets a hold on the crop. After it has a start it is of no use to spray, because the spores are already inside the vines.

In order to kill the potato beetle at the same time, one-fourth of a pound of Paris green may be added to



the barrel of Bordeaux mixture. The spraying can be done quite cheaply. The cost of four sprayings is estimated at \$1.85 per acre. This includes the cost of labor also. In Vermont a trial was conducted by one hundred farmers to test the value of this spray. The period covered five years, and the result was the increase of 70 per cent in yield. The high value of Bordeaux mixture as a preventive of early blight has been proved many times, and should not be overlooked by anyone who expects to raise a good crop of potatoes.

Oats as a Poultry Food.

Oats make an excellent food for the poultry, providing they are of the right kind. The long, slim oat, with plenty of husk or hull is poor feed for anything, but the plump, meaty oat is a good feed for all stock, including poultry.

Hulled oats for young chickens after they are three or four weeks old will help them to make bone and muscle faster than any other one feed, and this is the most desirable element at this period of growth.

For grown or feeding fowls we have at most seasons of the year fed one feed of oats daily with most satisfactory results. We have fed some oats after boiling them for fall and winter feeding, but they were of poor quality, and the boiling was to soften the hulls rather than because the boiling added any other value to the oats feed itself. Boiling is not necessary with good oats except by way of variety in feeding. The best way is to feed them in the litter, scattered well and deeply so the fowls will have to do considerable scratching.—Agricultural Epitomist, in the country.

Weeding One Unprofitable Cow.

Dairy farms are continually advancing in value, which should be regarded as the part of the profits. Grain farming is hard on the land. Many hard run grain farms have been brought back to a good state of fertility by changing to cows.

With the case in test it will be possible to weed out the poor cheese cows on the same principle that we have used the Babcock butter test to weed out the poor butter cows. Instead of keeping cows for cheese which average 70 pounds of casein per 100 pounds of fat, we may breed cows that will produce milk containing close to 10 pounds of casein for 100 pounds of fat. We need to specialize in cheese just as intelligently and carefully as in butter production.

To Tan a Hide.

Take the hide green and salt well. Let it stand for thirty-six hours; then take hair off with lime in the usual way. After taking off hair let hide soak for seven or eight days in clear running water; then scrape and clean off. For a hide of ordinary size dissolve three pounds of alum and five of salt in enough warm (not hot) water to cover it. Put in hide and leave five days, stirring every day. At the end of that time take out and put in vessel with enough clear water to cover; then add five pounds of clean bruised red oak bark. Let this stand till desired color is got; then take out, wash in clear water and hang up. When half dry begin working and work till dry. Small hides in proportion.—Southern Cultivator.

Horses Increasing in Value.

A table has been compiled from the statistics of the Census Bureau and the Department of Agriculture, which shows that the rise in the market value of horses has been out of all proportion in the last fifteen years to the increase in their number in the United States. From 1893 to 1908 the horse population so to speak, increased 3,785,000, or 23 per cent. In the same period the gain in the number of human inhabitants was 21,979,000, or 33 per cent. But the increase in the value of the horses in this country was no less than \$875,300,000, or 88 per cent.

These facts will astonish many persons who have supposed that the growth of the automobile interest has been very adverse to the horse breeders and to the market demand for horses. On the contrary, the prices obtained for good horses, especially for heavy draft animals of blood and stamina, have risen far beyond the hopes of horse dealers a few years ago. Horses are worth about 50 per cent more in proportion to their number than they were in 1893.

To Cure Kicking Cows.

To cure a kicking cow is often a difficult and tedious task, and unless some method of restraining them from kicking is adopted more loss than profit may result through spilled milk. The person milking also runs considerable risk of injury in some form or other.

When the cause of kicking can be assigned to vice or an acquired bad habit, the following little arrangement will be found useful, and, at the same time, simple, harmless, effective, inexpensive and easily applied. A strap about one inch wide should be buckled around each hind leg a little above the hock sufficiently tight to compress the hamstring.

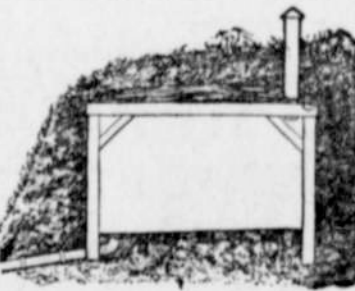
The animal cannot kick, and if flies are troublesome and cause her to switch her tail, the best plan is to either strap it to her leg or secure it to one of the straps with a piece of cord. Use the straps every time the animal is milked, and after three weeks or so omit, to ascertain whether a cure has been effected or not.—Irish Farming World.

Moles Destroy Crop Enemies.

A distinguished naturalist carefully examined the stomachs of fifteen moles caught in different localities, but failed to discover therein the slightest vestige of plants or roots. On the contrary, they were filled with the remains of earth worms. Not satisfied by this fact, he shut off several moles in a box containing sods of earth, on which fresh grass was growing, and a small cage of grubs and earth worms. In nine days two moles devoured 349 white worms, 193 earth worms, 25 caterpillars and a mouse (skin and bones) which had been alive in the box. He next gave them nothing but vegetables. In twenty-four hours two moles died from starvation. Another naturalist calculates that two moles destroyed 20,000 white worms or grubs in a single year. If this is correct, it is a strong argument in favor of multiplying rather than destroying the moles.

Apple Storage House.

This apple storage house is built in a hillside. The roof is covered with brush and earth. A ventilator is ar-



HOUSE BUILT IN HILLSIDE.

ranged in the top and a tile drain at the lower side to carry off water and admit cool air.

Foul Brood in Bees.

The most enemies of the bee are the foul brood and black brood. One or the other of these diseases are in some parts of the State, and black brood have been very bad in New York State. These diseases of bees have been carefully studied by the department in Washington, and we have some pretty definite information on the matter. The treatment for both is that of removing all the combs and starting the bees fresh without any contaminated honey in a new hive, and the use of the old combs for wax.

Feeding Whole Grain.

Bulletin No. 242 of the Michigan Experiment Station, offers some exact data upon the subject of feeding whole grain to cows, heifers and calves. When whole grain was fed to cows, 22 per cent was unmasticated; when fed to heifers, 10 per cent; when fed to calves, 8 per cent. Chemical analysis showed no change in composition of the unmasticated parts, so it is a safe assumption that the animal derives no benefit from grain that passes through the digestive tract unaltered.

SORRY PRACTICAL JOKES.

Credited Supposed to Be Humorous Inspired by Evil Natures.

That was a poor sort of joke played by a New Yorker who inserted in a paper an advertisement advising that thirty able-bodied men could find employment at a certain address, the Indianapolis Star says. The able-bodied men and some whose attempts to appear able-bodied were pathetic, flocked in numbers to the place. There they were informed by the proprietor of the shop that their services were not needed; that, in fact, he had inserted no advertisement. Evidently some person burdened with a peculiar sense of humor had been responsible for sending these men on their forlorn quest with the idea uppermost in his small mind that he was playing a good joke on the supposed employer. The joke, if it was a joke, worked completely. The shop owner was vexed and chagrined, and the footsore men turned sadly away.

The humor of the thing will be seen at once when it is understood that some of these men tramped wearily many blocks, only to meet rebuff, while others, not able to walk, spent for car fare the few pennies they had managed to pinch together for such an emergency. It meant wasted hopes for men already, some of them, near the shoals of despair. It meant a loss of faith in mankind.

It is unpleasant to think that such jokes exist, but it is none the less true that they are to be found here and there, an incubus on society. These are the persons who rock the boat, who point the loaded gun "in fun," who pin crapes on the doors of the living, who anonymously insert false marriage notices, and they are all of them blood brothers to those who wag the tongue of slander. Most of such offenders give thoughtlessness as their excuse, but the real truth is that persons who do so offend are wanting in the milk of human kindness—they are of evil nature.

Legal Information

The liability as an insurer of a common carrier undertaking to transport live stock is held in *Sumnerlin versus Seaboard Air Line R. Co.* (Fla.), 47 So. 557, 19 L. R. A. (N. S.), 131, not to extend to any damage resulting from the nature, disposition or viciousness of the animal.

An assignee of a bill of lading as collateral security for a draft upon the consignee of property represented by it, which he discounts, is held in *Mason versus Nelson* (N. C.), 62 S. E. 625, 18 L. R. A. (N. S.), 1221, not to be liable for breach of warranty by the consignor in the sale of the property.

The derailment and overturning of a freight car in a train is held, in *Henson versus Lehigh Valley R. Co.*, 194 N. Y., 265, 87 N. E. 85, 19 L. R. A. (N. S.), 790, not to be such evidence of negligence toward its brakeman as to cast upon it the burden of exonerating itself from the charge of negligence to absolve itself from liability for injury to him thereby.

One who, without paying fare, voluntarily attempts to ride in the cab of a locomotive at the invitation of those in charge of the train, is held, in *Clark versus Colorado & N. W. R. Co.* (C. C. A.), 165 Fed. 408, 19 L. R. A. (N. S.), 588, to assume the known hazards incident to such exposed position, and he is held not to be entitled to hold the railroad company liable for injury caused by the collision of the cab with a car negligently left on a side track so as not to clear the main track, where the negligence was not wanton, and no injury occurred to anyone else on the train.

One who, in constructing a railroad in a public street, rightfully leaves a loaded push car standing unfastened and unattended upon a track, is held, in *Cahill versus E. B. & A. L. Stone & Co.*, 153 Cal. 571, 96 Pac. 84, 19 L. R. A. (N. S.), 1094, to be liable for injury thereby caused to a child not guilty of contributory negligence, who has been permitted to play upon it, where the car is on a grade down which, if it starts, it cannot be readily stopped, and the injury is caused by the child's being caught and crushed while attempting to stop the car after it has been set in motion down the grade.

The doctor's made me cut out pills and every kind of berries; He tells me that I'll quickly die if I indulge in cherries; I've had to give up cake and meat and all preserves and sauces; A doc can be, It seems to me, The worst of all one's bosses.

I've had to put my pipe away and cease to smoke Havanas; I may eat, if I like it, hay; but I must spurn bananas; I must avoid all starchy foods, all stuff containing acid; I have to strive To keep alive On nothing and be placid.

Yet I would not complain nor kick nor even vent things gravely, I'd deem it lucky to be sick, and bear my troubles bravely, 'If I were saving anything while suffering privations;

But all I make They blithely take For furnishing my rations. —Chicago Record-Herald.

The best butter isn't strong—unless it's a goat.