

# Half A Chance

BY FREDERICK S. ISHAM.

Author of "The Strollers," "Under the Rose," "The Lady of the Mount," Etc.

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"It's no use, guv'ner," came back the reply. "This 'oss 'as been out longer than 'is."

"Then turn the first dark corner and slow up a bit, for only a second. Afterward go on your very best as long as you can."

Another sovereign changed hands, and shortly afterward the vehicle dashed into a side street. It appeared as likely a place as any for his purpose. John Steele, hardly waiting for the man to draw rein, leaped out as far as he might. He landed without mishap, heard a whip snap furiously and darted back into a doorway. He had just reached it when the other cab drew near. For an instant he felt certain that he had been seen, but the pursuers' eyes were bent eagerly ahead.

"This'll mean a fiver for you, my man," he heard one of them shout to the driver. "We've got him, by— A harsh, jubilant cry cut the air; then they were gone.

John Steele did not wait. Replacing the weapon in his pocket, he started quickly around the corner. His cabman could not lead them far; they would soon return.

Which way should he move? His face burned with fever; he did not heed it. A long, broad thoroughfare as he walked on had suddenly unfolded itself to his gaze. One side of this highway shone resplendent with the flaring lights of numerous stands and stalls displaying vegetables and miscellaneous articles.

About to turn back from this animated scene, John Steele hesitated. The road ran straight and sure toward the destination he wished to reach, while on either hand lay a network of devious ways.

He decided, crossed the street. Lights gleamed in his face. He pushed his way through the people unmoled and strode on, followed only by the noise of passing vehicles and carts.

On, on John Steele moved; on, on Time passed. It would be a hard battle, but once in that part of the city he was striving to reach he might find those willing to offer him shelter—low-born, miserable wretches he had helped. In their midst was the one man in the world who could throw a true light on the events of the past, enable him to—

Behind him some one followed, some one who drew ever nearer, with soft, skulking steps which now he heard—

"Mr. Steele!" Even as he wheeled his name was called out.

Before the sudden fierce passion gleaming on John Steele's face, the bright flame of his look, the person who had accosted him shrank back. His pinched and pale face showed surprise, fear. Almost incoherently he began to stammer.

Steele looked about. They two, as far as he could see, were alone.

"I ask your pardon." The fellow found his voice. "I'll not be troubling you further, Mr. Steele."

"You were about to beg—of me?" John Steele smiled.

Dandy Joe began to shuffle off in a spiritless way when—

"You are hungry?" said John Steele. "A little, sir."

"A modest answer in view of the actual truth, I suspect," observed the other. But, although his words were brusque, he felt in his pocket. A sovereign—it was all he had left about him. When he had departed post-haste for Strathorn House he had neglected to furnish himself with funds for an indefinite period. A contingency he should have foreseen had arisen. For the present he could not appear at the bank to draw against the balance he always maintained there. John Steele figured that last sovereign, started to turn, when he caught the look in the other's eyes. Did it recall to him his own plight but a short twenty-four hours before?

"Very well!" he said, and was about to give the coin to the man and walk away when another thought held him.

This fellow had been a link in a certain chain of events. The temptation grew to linger with him, the single, tangible, though paltry and useless figure in the drama he could lay hands on. John Steele looked around. In a byway he saw the lighted window of a cheap oyster buffet. Motioning to the man, he wheeled abruptly and started for it.

A few minutes later found them seated in the shabby back room. A number of faded sporting pictures adorned the wall. One—how John Steele started!—showed the Frisco Pet in a favorite attitude.

Steele spoke now. His dark eyes shone strangely. A sardonic expression lurked there. The proprietor could bring his companion a steak if he had one. Large or small? Large, with an enigmatical smile.

The proprietor hustled out. A voice, hoarse, that of a man, was heard:

"The blasted fog is coming down fast."

The smaller man drew back. A shiver seemed to run over him. "They are a long while about the steak," he murmured.

"Your testimony helped to send him over the water, I believe?" said Steele, pointing out the picture of the Frisco Pet to Dandy Joe.

"How do you— I ain't on the stand now, Mr. Steele!" A spark of defiance momentarily came into Dandy Joe's eyes.

"No, no!" John Steele leaned back. "The harm's been done so far as you are concerned. You as a factor have disappeared from the case."

"Glad to hear you say so, Mr. Steele. I mean," the other's voice was uncertain, cautious, "that's a matter long since dead and done with. But as for my testimony helping to send him over the water?"

"Or under?" sotto voce.

Joe swallowed. "It was true, every word of it."

"Good!" John Steele spoke almost listlessly. "Always stick by any one who sticks to you, whether a friend or a pal or a patron."

"A patron!" From the other's lips fell an oath.

"But even if there had been something not quite—strictly in accord—which there wasn't—quickly—a man couldn't gamsay what had been said," Dandy Joe began.

"He could," indifferently.

"But that would be—"

"Confessing to perjury? Yes."

"Hold on, Mr. Steele!" The man's eyes began to shine with alarm. "I'm not on the—"

"I know. And it wouldn't do any good if you were."

"You mean"—in spite of himself the fellow's tones wavered—"because he's under the water?"

"No; I had in mind that even if he hadn't been drowned, your—"

"Wot! Hadn't?"

"That," said John Steele, "doesn't matter. The principal subject of any consequence relating to you is the steak, which is now coming." As he spoke he rose, leaving Dandy Joe alone at the table.

For a time he did not speak, sitting before a cheerless fire that feebly attempted to assert itself.

Once when the proprietor stepped in he asked, without looking around, for a certain number of grains of quinine with a glass of water—they probably kept it at the bar. Yes; the man always had it on hand and brought it in.

By this time Dandy Joe had pushed back his chair. His dull eyes gleamed with satisfaction, also perhaps a little calculation. He was thinking. A certain matter in which self interest played no small part had come to mind. Joe regarded him covertly.

"Asking your pardon for referring to it—but you've helped so many a poor chap—there's an old pal of mine what is down on his luck, and he was asking me for a good lawyer who could give him a straight talk."

"I am not at present"—Steele experienced a sense of grim humor—"looking for new clients."

"Well, I thought I'd be mentioning the matter, sir. You see, he's been out of old England for a long time and was going away again, when wot should he suddenly hear but that his old woman that was died and left a few hundred pounds or so—enough to start a nice little pub for him and me to run—only it's in the hands of a trustee, who is waiting for him to appear and claim it."

"You say he has been out of England?" John Steele stopped. "How long?"

"A good many years. There was one or two little matters ag'in him when he left home, so he wanted to see a lawyer and find out, in any case, how he could get his money without—"

"The law getting hold of him. What is his name?"

"Tom Rogers."

"The blood surged to Steele's temples. "You can give me this Tom Rogers' address." He could barely control his voice in his agitation.

"I, sir—you see, I can't quite do that, for Tom's laying low, you understand. But if you would let him call around quiet-like on you?"

"On me?" Steele spoke slowly. "I hardly think the case will prove sufficiently attractive." The proprietor stepped in. Steele took the change that was laid on the table, leaving a half crown, which he indicated that Dandy Joe could appropriate.

"Better not think of going now, sir," the proprietor said to John Steele. "Never saw anything like it the way the fog has thickened."

Dandy Joe stepped toward the door. "I'm going to have a try."

John Steele waited a moment, then with a perfunctory nod walked quietly to the front door. He looked in the direction his late companion had turned. His figure was just discernible. In a moment it would have been swallowed by the fog, when quickly John Steele walked after him.

(To Be Continued.)

### Betrayed By His Poetry.

COLUMBUS, O., June 30.—Because he could not refrain from writing poetry, William J. McDonald is in jail here for larceny.

Arrested for stealing a ring a year ago, he induced Judge B. M. B. Barnhart to defend him and also to sign a bond for his release pending trial; then he ran away.

But Judge Barnhart had become acquainted with his poetical style, and when he saw a poem on Anacronon he identified it as McDonald's. Now McDonald is serving 30 days, and he will also have to serve out a fine of \$25.

Ad-answering trips are money-earning trips.

Haskins for Health.

## EARLY MORNING COURT PROVES MONEY SAVER

Prisoners Are Judged Early and This Saves Feeding Prisoners the Morning Meal—During June \$213 in Fines Were Collected.

During June \$213 in fines were collected in the police court in actual cash, besides amounts remitted on promise of good behavior and balances due. During the past five months over \$850 in fines have been collected. The amount collected is practically without extra cost to the city. The mayor's habit of holding early morning court enables him to grind out the night's gathering before it is necessary for the city to feed the prisoners, which is quite an item when there are ten or twelve in jail.

The way of the hobo is a rocky one in Medford just now. No more can the weary one repose in peace in empty boxcars without fear of interruption. Every other night the police make a roundup of the wayfarers and invite them to depart from the city limits and insist upon the mandate being obeyed. Wednesday night ten of the wanderers were gathered up and herded to the city limits with the injunction to return no more.

Only one prisoner appeared before Mayor Canon Thursday morning, the accusation being that of plain drunk. The culprit gave his name as John Doe and in consideration of the extenuating circumstances the mayor let it go at that and fined John \$5, which he paid.

### Socialists Want Debate.

KLAMATH FALLS, Or., June 30.—Chairman C. T. Oliver of the Republican county central committee is in receipt of a challenge from Edward Adams Cantrell to debate him on the political issues of the day.

Mr. Cantrell is one of the most prominent speakers here to take part in the Oregon-California Socialist encampment, which opens next Sunday. He offers Chairman Oliver \$100 to meet him on the platform to put any man he chooses against him in a debate.

Mr. Oliver has, however, turned the challenge over to the Republican state central committee to act upon it as he sees fit. If held, the debate will take place in the big tent used here for the Socialist encampment and during the time the encampment is in session.

### SCHOOL DISTRICT BOND ELECTION NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that a school meeting of School District No. 49 of Jackson County, Oregon, to be held at the high school building, in said district, on the 15th day of July, A. D. 1910, there will be submitted to the legal voters of said district the question of contracting a bonded debt of fifty thousand (\$50,000.00) dollars, thirty thousand (\$30,000.00) dollars thereof to be used for the purpose of erecting and equipping an east side school building, and twenty thousand (\$20,000.000) dollars thereof for the purpose of repairing and constructing an annex to the Washington school and installing a new heating plant therein, the vote to be by ballot, upon which shall be the words, "Bonds—Yes," and the words, "Bonds—No." Polls to be open at 1 o'clock p. m. and remain open until 4 o'clock p. m.

By order of the Board of Directors of School District No. 49 of Jackson County, Oregon.

Dated this 25th day of June, A. D. 1910.

ORIS CRAWFORD, Clerk.

## WRIGHT'S INVESTMENTS

Modern home of 7 rooms, finish and fixtures all A No. 1, well kept lawn, on paved street; a fine home for less than you can build; reasonable terms.

Modern 5-room bungalow, in good locality, close to Oakland, under construction, will finish to suit the buyer; ask for price, if interested; it's right.

Neat 5-room cottage, cement walk, nice yard of flowers, well located; a cozy home for \$1800; terms.

Have you seen those ROSE PARK? Guess not, or you'd own 'em now. Prices and terms right.

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We will serve Christmas Dinner at "The Hotel Medford," to be constructed at once at the north-west corner of Main and Ivy streets.

## - - For Sale - -

428 ACRES—Rogue River bottom land, suitable for fruit and general farming purposes.

300 ACRES—Alfalfa land, covered with irrigation ditch and perpetual water right. Has coal outcropping. At a bargain on long time, easy payments.

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(LINES IN OREGON)

TO	RATES
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Council Bluffs	\$60.00
Omaha	\$60.00
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St. Joseph	\$60.00
St. Paul	\$60.00
St. Paul via Council Bluffs	\$63.90
Minneapolis direct	\$60.00
Minneapolis, via Council Bluffs	\$63.90
Duluth, direct	\$66.90
Duluth, via Council Bluffs	\$67.50
St. Louis	\$67.50

Tickets will be on sale May 2d and 9th; June 2d, 17th and 24th; July 5th and 22d; August 3d; September 8th.

The above rates apply from Portland only. From points south of Portland, add ONE WAY local rate to Portland, to make through rate via Portland. One way through California, add \$15.00 to above rates. Except that fares to St. Paul and Minneapolis one way via California will be \$2175 higher, and fare to Duluth \$24.75 higher than fares via direct routes.

Ten days provided for the going trip. Stop-overs within limits in either direction. Final return limit three months from date of sale, but not later than October 31st.

Inquire of any S. P. Agent for complete information. or

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## A BARGAIN

Good lot, two blocks from paving, just off West Seventh street, on Columbus avenue, \$325 if aken soon. Terms. Address C. D., care of Mail Tribune office.

\$12,500—Thirty-two acres, two miles from Talent, Anderson creek bottom land; five-room box house, good barn and other outbuildings; there are on this place 12 acres in Newtown and Spitzenberg apples, 6 and 7 years old, which have a fair crop this year; between the apples are peach fillers, which are heavily loaded. In addition there are three acres of pears 2 years old and three acres planted to pears last winter; also four acres of alfalfa and about five acres of fine timber; there are two good wells and a complete pumping plant for irrigation; \$6500 will handle this place and the balance can be paid at the rate of \$1000 a year.

\$15,000—Seventy-five acres, same neighborhood; good new five-room house, large barn and other outbuildings; spring water piped to the buildings. There are on this place 11 acres of 3-year-old Newtowns and Spitzenbergs with peach fillers, about an acre of bearing family orchard, 10 acres of alfalfa, about an acre of bearing grapes—about 45 acres all told under cultivation, balance in timber which could be cheaply cleared. At \$200 an acre this place is a snap. It would take half cash to handle, balance easy.

\$300 an acre—Fines fruit and garden land in the valley, half way between Phoenix and Talent; level, black free soil; divided into 10-acre tracts; one-fourth cash, balance in four annual payments with 6 per cent interest.

\$12,000—Sixteen and a half acres, midway between Jacksonville and Central Point, facing the hill road; finest building site in the valley. There are eight acres of pears in bearing, trees from 5 to 8 years old, and about an acre and a half of grapes in bearing, balance in timber, which is all good fruit land. Half cash will handle.

\$20,000—Less than \$425 an acre for 47½ acres, one mile from Central Point, all good land, good buildings, about 40 acres planted to standard varieties of apples and pears from 1 to 4 years of age, balance in alfalfa. This place will subdivide nicely. It is easily worth \$100 an acre more than is asked.

## W. T. YORK & CO.

If you are interested in Medford property, talk with our city man, Mr W. V. Moore.

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