

THE REAL MAN

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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WHAT HAPPENED

J. Montague Smith, cashier of the Lawrenceville Bank & Trust Co., young society leader, popular bachelor engaged to marry Verda Richlander, heiress, and destined to be one of the town's leading citizens, became innocently involved in a dishonest bank loan. Watrous Dunham, president of the bank, tried to shift the blame to Smith, who refused to be the scapegoat. When Dunham drew a pistol to threaten him, Smith struck the president a blow over the heart and left him for dead.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

Good judges on the working floor of the Lawrenceville Athletic club had said of the well-muscled young bank cashier that he did not know his own strength. It was the sight of the pistol that maddened him and put the driving force behind the smashing blow that landed upon the big man's chest. The lifted pistol dropped from Mr. Watrous Dunham's grasp and he willed, settling back into his chair, and then slipping to the floor.

In a flash Smith knew what he had done. Once, one evening when he had been induced to put on the gloves with the Athletic club's trainer, he had contrived to plant a body blow which had sent the wiry little Irishman to the mat, gasping and fighting for the breath of life. "If ever ye'll be givin' a man that heart-punch wid th' bare fist, Mister Montague, 'tis you fr th' fast train widout stoppin' to buy any ticket—it'll be murder in the first degree," the trainer had said, when he had breath to compass the saying.

With the unheeded warning resurgent and clamoring in his ears, Smith knelt horror-stricken beside the fallen man. On the president's heavy face and in the staring eyes there was a foolish smile, as of one mildly astonished. Smith loosened the collar around the thick neck and laid his ear upon the spot where the blow had fallen. The big man's heart had stopped like a smashed clock.

Smith got upon his feet, turned off the electric light, and from mere force of habit, closed and snap-locked the president's desk. The watchman had not yet returned. Smith saw the empty chair beside the vault door as he passed it on his way to the street. The cashier's only thought was to go at once to police headquarters and give himself up. Then he remembered how carefully the trap had been set, and how impossible it would be for him to make any reasonable defense.

With one glance over his shoulder at the darkened front windows of the bank, Smith began to run, not toward the police station, but in the opposite direction—toward the railroad station.

For J. Montague Smith, slipping from shadow to shadow down the scantily lighted cross street and listening momentarily for the footfalls of pursuit, a new hour had struck. It was all prodigiously incredible. The crowding sensations were terrifying, but they were also precious, in their way. Long-forgotten bits of brutality and tyranny on Watrous Dunham's part came up to be remembered and, in this retrospective aftermath, to be triumphantly crossed off as items in an account finally settled. On the Smith side the bank cashier's forebears had been plodding farmers, but old John Montague had been the village blacksmith and a soldier—a shrewd smiter in both trades. Blood

will tell. Parental implantings may have much to say to the fruit of the womb, but stamism has more. Smith's jaw came up with a snap. He was no longer an indistinguishable unit in the ranks of the respectable and the well-behaved; he was a man fleeing for his life. What was done was done, and the next thing to do was to avert the consequences.

At the railroad station a few early comers for the west-bound passenger train due at ten o'clock were already gathering, and at the bidding of a certain new and militant craftiness Smith avoided the lighted waiting rooms as if they held the pestilence. A string of box cars had been pushed up from the freight-unloading platforms recently, and in the shadow of the cars he worked his way westward to the yard

where a night switching crew was making up a train.

Keeping to the shadows, he walked back along the line of cars on the make-up track, alertly seeking his opportunity. Half-way down the length of the train he found what he was looking for: a box car with its sidelock latched but not locked. With a bit of stick to lengthen his reach, he unfasted the latched door, and at the switching crew's addition of another car to the "make-up" he took advantage of the noise made by the jangling crash and slid the door. Then he ascertained by groping into the dark interior that the car was empty. With a foot on the truss-rod he climbed in, and at the next coupling crash closed the door.

CHAPTER III.

The High Hills.

The Nevada through freight was two hours late issuing from the western portal of Timanyoni canon. Through the early mountain-climbing hours of the night and the later flight across the Red desert, the dusty, travel-grimed young fellow in the empty box car midway of the train had slept soundly, with the hard car floor for a bed and his folded coat for a pillow. But the sudden cessation of the crash and roar of the shut-in mountain passage awoke him and he got up to open the door and look out.

It was still no later than a layman's breakfast time, and the May morning was perfect. Over the top of the eastern range the sun was looking, level-ranged, into a parked valley bounded on all sides by high spurs and distant snow peaks. In its nearer reaches the valley was dotted with round hills, some of them bare, others dark with mountain pine and fir.

From the outer loopings of the curves, the young tramp at the car door had momentary glimpses of the Timanyoni, a mountain torrent in its canon, and the swiftest of upland rivers even here where it had the valley in which to expand. A Copalrod division town of Brewster lay at the end of the night's run, in a river valley beyond the eastern Timanyonis, and that the situation of the irrigation project which was advertising for laborers in the Denver newspapers was a few miles up the river from Brewster.

As the train swept along on its way down the grades the valley became more open and the prospect broadened. At one of the promontory roundings the box-car passenger had a glimpse of a shack-built construction camp on the river's margin some distance ahead. A concrete dam was rising in sections out of the river, and dominating the dam and the shacks two steel towers, with a carrying cable stretched between them, formed the piers of the aerial spool conveyor for the placing of the material in the forms.

The train made no stop at the construction siding, but a mile farther along the brakes began to grind and the speed was slackened. Sliding the car door another foot or two, the young tramp with the week-old stubble beard on his face leaned out to look ahead. His opportunity was at hand. A black semaphore was turned against the freight and the train was slowing in obedience to the signal. Waiting until the brakes shrank again, the tramp put his shoulder to the sliding door, sat for a moment in the wider opening, and then swung off.

His alighting was upon one of the promontory embankments. To the westward, where the curving railroad track was lost in the farther windings of the river, lay the little intermountain city of Brewster, a few of its higher buildings showing clear-cut in the distance. Paralleling the railroad, on a lower level and nearer the river, a dusty wagon road pointed in one direction toward the town, and in the other toward the construction camp.

The young man who had crossed four states and the better part of a fifth as a fugitive and vagrant turned his back upon the distant town as a place to be avoided. Scrambling down the railroad embankment, he made his way to the wagon road, crossed it, and kept on until he came to the fringe of aspens on the river's edge, where he broke all the trampish traditions by stripping off the travel-worn clothes and plunging in to take a soapless bath. The water, being melted snow from the range, was icy cold and it stabbled like knives. Nevertheless, it was wet, and some part of the travel dust, at least, was soluble in it. He came out glowing, but a thorn from his well-groomed past came up and pricked him when he had to put the soiled clothes on again.

There was no present help for that, however; and five minutes later he had regained the road and was on his way to the ditch camp. As he walked he read for the fiftieth time something on the page of a recent St. Louis paper. It was under flaring headlines:

ATTEMPTED MURDER OF BANK PRESIDENT.

Society-Leader Cashier Embezzles \$100,000 and Makes Murderous Assault on President.

Lawrenceville, May 15.—J. Montague Smith, cashier of the Lawrenceville Bank and Trust company, and a leader in the Lawrenceville younger set, is today a fugitive from justice with a price on his head. At a late hour last night the watchman of the bank found President Dunham lying unconscious in front of his desk. Help was summoned, and Mr. Dunham, who was supposed to be suffering from some sudden attack of illness, was taken to his hotel. Later, it transpired that the president had been the victim of a murderous assault. Discovering upon his return to the city yesterday evening that the cashier had been using the bank's funds in an attempt to cover a stock speculation of his own, Dunham sent for Smith and charged him with the crime. Smith made an unprovoked and desperate assault upon his superior officer, beating him into insensibility and leaving him for dead. Since it is known that he did not board any of the night trains east or west, Smith is supposed to be in hiding somewhere in the vicinity of the city. A warrant is out, and a reward of \$1,000 for his arrest and detention has been offered by the bank. It is not thought possible that he can escape. It was currently reported not long since that Smith was engaged to a prominent young society woman of Lawrenceville, but this has proved to be untrue.

He folded the newspaper and put it in his pocket. The thing was done, and it could not be undone. Having put himself on the wrong side of the law, there was nothing for it now but a complete disappearance; exile, a change of identity, and an absolute severance with his past.

When he had gone a little distance he found that the wagon road crossed the right of way twice before the construction camp came into view. The last of the crossings was at the temporary material yard for which the side track had been installed, and from this point on, the wagon road held to the river bank. The ditch people were doubtless getting all their material over the railroad so there would be little hauling by wagon. But there were automobile tracks in the dust, and shortly after he had passed the material yard the tramp heard a car coming up behind him. It was a six-cylinder roadster, and its motor was missing badly.

Its single occupant was a big, bearded man, wearing his gray tweeds as one to whom clothes were merely a convenience. He was chewing a black cigar, and the unoccupied side of his mouth was busy at the passing moment heaping obligations upon the limping motor. A hundred yards farther along the motor gave a spasmodic gasp and stopped. When the young tramp came up, the big man had climbed out and had the hood open. What he was saying to the stalled motor was picturesque enough to make the young man stop and grin appreciatively.

"Gone bad on you?" he inquired.

"Col. Dexter Baldwin, the Timanyoni's largest landowner, and a breeder of fine horses who tolerated motorcars only because they could be driven hard and were insensate and fit subjects for abusive language, took his head out of the hood.

"The third time this morning," he snapped. "I'd rather drive a team of wind-broken mustangs, any day in the year."

"I used to drive a car a while back," said the tramp. "Let me look her over."

The colonel stood aside, wiping his hands on a piece of waste, while the young man sought for the trouble. It was found presently in a loosened magneto wire; found and cleverly corrected. The tramp went around in front and spun the motor, and when it had been throttled down, Colonel Baldwin had his hand in his pocket.

"That's something like," he said. "The garage man said it was carbon. You take hold as if you knew how. What's your fee?"

The tramp shook his head and smiled good-naturedly.

"Nothing; for a bit of neighborly help like that."

The colonel put his coat on, and in the act took a better measure of the stalwart young fellow who looked like a hobo and talked and behaved like a gentleman.

"You are hiking out to the dam?" he asked brusquely.

"I am headed that way, yes," was the equally crisp rejoinder.

"Hunting a job?"

"Just that."

"What sort of a job?"

"Anything that may happen to be in sight."

"That means a pick and shovel or a wheelbarrow on a construction job. But there isn't much office work."

The tramp looked up quickly.

"What makes you think I'm hunting for an office job?" he queried.

"Your hands," said the colonel shortly.

The young man looked at his hands

thoughtfully. They were dirty again from the tinkering with the motor, but the inspection went deeper than the grime.

"I'm not afraid of the pick and shovel, or the wheelbarrow, and on some accounts I guess they'd be good for me. But on the other hand, perhaps it is a pity to spoil a middling good office man to make an indifferent day-laborer—to say nothing of knocking some honest fellow out of the only job he knows how to do."

Colonel Baldwin swung in behind the steering wheel of the roadster and held a fresh match to the black cigar. Though he was from Missouri, he had lived long enough in the high hills to know better than to judge any man altogether by outside appearances.

"Climb in," he said, indicating the vacant seat at his side. "I'm the president of the ditch company. Perhaps Williams may be able to use you; but your chances for office work would be ten to one in the town."

"I don't care to live in the town," said the man out of work, mounting to the proffered seat; and past that the big roadster leaped away up the road and the roar of the rejuvenated motor made further speech impossible.

CHAPTER IV.

Wanted—A Financier.

It was a full fortnight or more after this motor-tinkering incident on the hill road to the dam, when Williams, chief engineer of the ditch project, met President Baldwin in the Brewster offices of the ditch company and spent a



"Used to Drive a Car."

busy hour with the colonel going over the contractors' estimates for the month in prospect. In an interval of the business talk, Baldwin remembered the good-looking young tramp who had wanted a job.

"Oh, yes; I knew there was something else that I wanted to ask you," he said. "How about the young fellow that I unloaded on you a couple of weeks ago? Did he make good?"

"Who—Smith?"

"Yes; if that's his name."

The engineer's left eyelid had a quizzical droop when he said dryly: "It's the name he goes by in camp; 'John Smith.' I haven't asked him his other name."

The ranchman-president matched the drooping eyelid of unbelief with a sober smile. "I thought he looked as if he might be out here for his health—like a good many other fellows who have no particular use for a doctor. How is he making it?"

The engineer, a hard-bitted man with the prognathous lower jaw characterizing the tribe of those who accomplish things, thrust his hands into his pockets and walked to the window to look down into the Brewster street. When he turned to face Baldwin again, it was to say: "That young fellow is a wonder, colonel. I put him into the quarry at first, as you suggested, and in three days he had revolutionized things to the tune of a 20 per cent saving in production costs. Then I gave him a hack at the concrete-mixers, and he's making good again in the cost reduction. That seems to be his specialty."

The president nodded and was sufficiently interested to follow up what had been merely a casual inquiry.

"What are you calling him now?—a betterment engineer? You know your first guess was that he was somebody's bookkeeper out of a job."

Williams wagged his head.

"He's a three-cornered puzzle to me, yet. He isn't an engineer, but when you drag a bunch of cost money up the trail, he goes after it like a dog after a rabbit. I'm not anxious to lose him, but I really believe you could make better use of him here in the town office than I can on the job."

Baldwin was shaking his head dubiously.

The young ex-tramp soon finds that his services are very much in demand, despite the fact that he is suspected of trying to hide his past.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Had Her Reasons.

They were discussing church affairs when Mary came home from school, and Aunt Maria remarked "little pitchers have big ears," and the conversation stopped. A few days after the minister came to tea and gave some of his attention to Mary.

"Do you like to go to church?" he asked.

"No," answered Mary, very firmly but politely.

"And why not, my little dear?"

"Oh," said Mary, with a smile, "little pitchers have big ears," very much to the surprise of her mother and Aunt Maria, who colored consciously, and the minister changed the conversation.

ARMY DRAFT BILL IS LAW

Senate, By a Vote of 65 to 8 Adopts Conference Report.

AGE REMAINS 21 TO 30

Anti-Conscriptionists Made a Hot Fight To Have the Bill Sent Back To Conference—To Be Called In September.

Washington.—The Senate passed the Conscription Bill providing an army of approximately 1,600,000 men, by a vote of 65 to 8. The measure was sent at once to the White House for the President's signature. The War Department will set into motion immediately the machinery for national registration of all men between 21 and 30 years of age, inclusive, for the selective draft.

The Senate's action closed a parliamentary struggle of more than a month and disposed of one of the biggest war problems yet laid before Congress. The measure was sent to conference three times. For a while during the last day's debate it seemed in imminent danger of being recommitted again for modification. When the conference agreement on the bill was submitted to the Senate for ratification shortly after the upper House convened, it ran against unexpected opposition, based on the omission from the bill of the Senate provision limiting conscription to the period of the war with Germany.

Charges of improper motives on the part of the conferees and insinuations of a deep-laid scheme by the War Department to use the bill to fasten permanent universal military service upon the country flew thick and fast. The controversy was finally smoothed out by an unanimous consent agreement to incorporate the omitted provision in the Army and Navy war budget now pending before the Senate.

As finally approved, the bill provides for raising by selective conscription a war army in increments of 500,000 men from 21 to 30 years of age. It also authorizes without directing the President to raise volunteer forces which Colonel Roosevelt desires to take to France and greatly increases the pay of all enlisted men.

Machinery to register and draft the first 500,000 men already has been set up by the War Department. The President will, by proclamation, designate the day for registration of the 10,000,000 or more men of the prescribed age. Registration books will be in the hands of State and local authorities, who are to co-operate in the work, and Brigadier General Crowder, the provost marshal general, expects to have the complete lists in Washington within five days after registering begins. Then will come the task of selecting the first half million, exempting the physically unfit, those with dependents and men who are needed on the farms and in industries. The process of selection probably will be completed long before the men are wanted. Secretary Baker said that because of lack of supplies the new army would not be called to the colors for training before September.

Whether Colonel Roosevelt shall be permitted to raise an expedition now rests with President Wilson. His views have not been disclosed, but it is believed he probably will postpone decision while the draft system is being put into operation.

REFUSES TO STATE WAR AIMS.

Hollweg Says Would Not Serve Country's Interests.

Berlin.—The Socialist leader, George Ledebour, declared in the Reichstag Tuesday that it was impossible for Germany to win the war of subjugation and expressed the conviction that a revolution must happen in Germany as it had happened in Russia.

"We shall propose a constitutional committee," he said, "to take preparatory steps in the direction of introducing a republic in Germany."

Hollweg Withholds Terms.

In one of the most vigorous and plain-spoken speeches he has yet made before the Reichstag since the outbreak of the war the Imperial German Chancellor bluntly refused to enter into a discussion of Germany's peace aims as demanded in interpellations by the Conservatives and Socialists. Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg asserted that these called for the Government's specific peace program, announcement of which would at this time not only be premature, but which it would be difficult to formulate, and also of no practical service to the nation in the present situation.

100,000 ENLISTED MEN IN NAVY.

Man From Jackson, Miss., Completes Total.

Washington.—When Richard Farris Canon enlisted in the navy Wednesday at Jackson, Miss., the enlisted strength of the navy touched the 100,000 mark for the first time. The authorized strength of the navy was 100,657, including all auxiliary forces, but the bill just passed by both House and Senate puts it up to 150,000.

AMERICAN SHIP SUNK.

Steamer Hilonian Torpedoed and Four Members Of Crew Lost.

New York.—The American steamship Hilonian has been torpedoed and sunk off Genoa, Italy, with a loss of four members of the crew, according to a cablegram received here by the owners, the Universal Transportation Company. The cablegram to the owners gave no details of the torpedoing.

World War in Brief

After days of most intensive fighting, in which the position several times changed hands and men fell in hundreds in attacks and counter-attacks, the British forces have at last driven the Germans out of the village of Bullecourt and once more are threatening the southern end of the Droocourt-Queant line, which Field Marshal von Hindenburg constructed to defend Cambrai from the eastward advance of Field Marshal Haig's army.

Thousands of fresh German troops recently have been thrown into the fray around Bullecourt, but their efforts, according to official communications, have gone for naught in endeavoring to drive out the British from the entire village.

Although several times the line has been bent by the preponderance of weight of the German formations, at no time have the British been forced to evacuate, holding here and there fringes of the outskirts and keeping back the Teutons until their elements were reformed with sufficient strength to make effective counter-attacks and regain their lost territory.

Likewise to the east of Arras, around the village of Rouex, the battle has been waged with a viciousness scarcely ever before seen, and here also the British have been successful against the Germans.

Although the forces of the German Crown Prince have renewed with extreme violence their attacks against the French northeast of Soissons, in the sectors of the Moulin-de-Lafaux and Braye-en-Laonnois—three of them against each position—they were again repulsed by the French artillery and infantry, suffering enormous casualties. To the east the French troops, near Craonne, delivered a successful attack, capturing German trench elements.

The Berlin War Office reports that for the first 16 days of May the Germans made prisoners of 5,000 British and French soldiers on the French front, 2,300 of them British and 2,700 French.

From Tolmino to the sea the Italians are keeping up their strong offensive against the Austrians or warding off violent counter-attacks against positions they have captured in their new push. All counter-attacks thus far have failed, says the Rome War Office, and the Italians have been able to capture positions on various sectors throughout the fighting zone.

An unofficial dispatch reports the taking by the Italians of the fashionable watering resort of Duino, at the head of the Gulf of Trieste and only 12 miles from the city of Trieste, Austria's most important port on the Adriatic Sea. In the six days of fighting since the Italian offensive began, 4,021 Austrians have been made prisoners by the Italians.

In Macedonia also the forces of the Teutonic Allies are meeting with reverses at the hands of the Entente troops.

Reports from Russia indicate the virtual settlement of the differences that have existed between the government and the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates. Another heartening symptom in the publication is that 11 of the army commanders, including Generals Brussloff and Gurko, who had resigned, have decided to remain at their posts.

\$100,000,000 TO RUSSIA.

Intimation Given With Loan That More Will Be Forthcoming.

Washington.—The United States loaned Russia \$100,000,000.

The money is to be spent as needed, without stipulation or understanding of any sort further than that Russia stands back of the obligation, will make it good and will disperse the money in this country under the supervision of a representative of the Treasury Department or a commission to be named by the American Government.

The latter stipulation was made in a spirit of co-operation, without intending to embarrass the Russian Government or curtail its participating powers, but with the end in view that Russia would secure the maximum result for the money she is to spend. To aid in this the Treasury Department will place at her disposal the services of expert buyers familiar with American markets and with American values.

TO GET SUPPLIES ABROAD.

All Available American Tonnage To Serve France, Italy and Russia.

Washington.—All available American transatlantic tonnage for time being will be used to transport supplies to Russia, France and Italy under an arrangement about to be made by the American government with the Allies. Great Britain has assured the United States that she can carry enough supplies in her own ships to meet the need of the United Kingdom, and perhaps spare some vessels to supplement American tonnage in supplying the other countries.