

THE REAL MAN

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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AFTER SAVING THE LIFE OF DAINTY CORONA BALDWIN, SMITH TAKES IT UPON HIMSELF TO SAVE THE COMPANY'S PROPERTY AT THE RISK OF HIS LIFE

Synopsis.—J. Montague Smith, cashier of the Lawrenceville Bank and Trust company, bachelor society leader, engaged to marry Verda Richlander, heiress, is wrongfully accused of dishonesty by Watrous Dunham, his employer, and urged to be the scapegoat for his guilty accuser. Smith strikes Dunham, leaves him for dead and flees the state. He turns up as a tramp sometime later at an irrigation dam construction camp in the Rockies and as John Smith gets a rough job. He soon attracts the attention of his boss by his evidence of superior intelligence; and because the company is in financial straits, is asked to join the office staff and become a sort of financial adviser. About this time Smith saves the life of Miss Corona Baldwin, daughter of Col. Dexter Baldwin, president of the company.

CHAPTER VI—Continued.

"I was born here in Timanyoni, and you haven't been here three weeks; do you think I'd be afraid to go anywhere that you'll go?"

"We'll see about that," he chuckled, matching the laugh; and with that he let the clutch take hold, sent the car rolling gently up to the level of the railroad embankment and across the rails of the main track, and pulled it around until it was headed fairly for the upper switch. Then he put the motor in the reverse and began to back the car on the siding, steering so that the wheels on one side hugged the inside of one rail.

"What in the world are you trying to do?" questioned the young woman who had said she was not afraid.

"Wait," he temporized; "just wait a minute and get ready to hang on like grim death. We're going across on that trestle."

He fully expected her to shriek and grab for the steering wheel. That, he told himself, was what the normal young woman would do. But Miss Corona disappointed him.

"You'll put us both into the river, and smash Colonel-daddy's car, but I guess the Baldwin family can stand it if you can," she remarked quite calmly.

Smith kept on backing until the car had passed the switch from which the spur branched off to cross to the material yard on the opposite side of the river. A skillful bit of juggling put the roadster over on the ties of the spur-track. Then he turned to his fellow risk.

"Sit low and hang on with both hands," he directed. "Now!" and he opened the throttle.

The trestle was not much above two hundred feet long, and, happily, the cross-ties were closely spaced. Steered to a hair, the big car went bumping across, and in his innermost recesses Smith was saying to his immediate ancestor, the well-behaved bank clerk: "You swab! You never saw the day when you could do a thing like this . . . you thought you had me tied up in a bunch of ribbon, didn't you?"

If Miss Baldwin were frightened, she did not show it. Smith jerked the roadster out of the entanglement of the railroad track and said: "You may sit up now and tell me which way to go. I don't know anything about the roads over here."

She pointed out the way across the hills, and a four-mile dash followed. Up hill and down the big roadster raced, devouring the interspaces, and at the topping of the last of the ridges, in a small, low-lying swale which was well hidden from any point of view in the vicinity of the distant dam, they came upon the interlopers. There were three men and two horses and a covered wagon, as Martin's telephone message had catalogued them. The horses were still in the traces, and just beyond the wagon a legal mining claim had been marked out by freshly driven stakes. At one end two of the men were digging perfunctorily, while the third was tacking the legal notice on a bit of board nailed to one of the stakes.

Smith sent the gray car rocketing down into the swale, brought it to a stand with a thrust of the brakes, and jumped out. Once more the primitive Stone Age man in him, which had slept so long and so quietly under the Lawrenceville conventionalities, was joyously pitching the barriers aside.

"It's moving day for you fellows," he announced cheerfully, picking the biggest of the three as the proper subject for the order giving. "You're on the Timanyoni Ditch company's land, and you know it. Pile into the wagon and fade away!"

The big man's answer was a laugh, pointed, doubtless, by the fact that the order giver was palpably unarmed. Smith's right arm shot out, and when the blow landed there were only two left to close in on him. In such sudden hostilities the advantages are all with the beginner. Having superior reach and a good bit more skill than either of the two tacklers, Smith held his own until he could get in a few more of the smashing right-handers, but in planting them he took punishment enough to make him Berserk-mad and so practically invincible. There was a fierce mingling of arms,

legs and bodies, sufficiently terrifying, one would suppose, to a young woman sitting calmly in an automobile a hundred yards away.

The struggle was short in just proportion to its vigor, and at the end of it two of the trespassers were knocked out, and Smith was dragging the third over to the wagon, into which he presently heaved the man as if he had been a sack of meal. Miss Baldwin, sitting in the car, saw her ally dive into the covered wagon and come out with a pair of rifles. Pausing only long enough to smash the guns, one after the other, over the wagon wheel, he started back after the two other men. They were not waiting to be carried to the wagon; they were up and running in a wide semicircle to reach their hope of retreat unslain, if that might be. It was all very brutal and barbarous, no doubt, but the colonel's daughter was Western born and bred, and she clapped her hands and laughed in sheer enthusiasm when she saw Smith make a show of chasing the circling runners.

He did not return to her until after he had pulled up the freshly driven stakes and thrown them away, and by that time the wagon, with the horses lashed to a keen gallop, was disappearing over the crest of the northern ridge.

"That's one way to get rid of them, isn't it?" said the emancipated bank man, jocosely, upon taking his place in the car to cramp it for the turn. "Was that something like the notion you had in mind?"

"Mercy, no!" she rejoined. And then: "Are you sure you are not hurt?"

"Not worth mentioning," he evaded. "Those duffers couldn't hurt anybody, so long as they couldn't get to their guns."

"But you have saved the company at your own expense. They will be sure to have you arrested."

"We won't cross that bridge until we come to it," he returned. "If we were back in the country from which I have lately escaped, it would be proper for me to ask your permission to drive you safely home. Since we are not, I shall assume the permission and do it anyway."

"Oh, is that necessary?" she asked, meaning, as he took it, nothing more than comradely deprecation at putting him to the trouble of it.

"Not absolutely necessary, perhaps, but decently prudent. You might drop me opposite the dam, but you'd have to pass those fellows somewhere on the way, and they might try to make it unpleasant for you."

She made no further comment, and he sent the car spinning along over the hills to the westward. A mile

CHAPTER VII.

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"You've loaded us up with a tolerably heavy obligation, Smith—Corry's mother and me," was the way the colonel summed up. "If you hadn't been on deck and strictly on the job at that railroad crossing yesterday morning—"

"Don't mention it, colonel," Smith broke in. "I did nothing more than any man would have done for any woman. You know it, and I know it. Let's leave it that way and forget it."

The tall Missourian's laugh was entirely approbative.

"I like that," he said. "It's a good, man-fashioned way of looking at it. You know how I feel about it—how any father would feel; and that's enough."

"Plenty," was the brief rejoinder.

"But there's another chapter to it that neither of us can cross out; you'll have to come out to the ranch and let Corry's mother have a hack at you," Baldwin went on. "I couldn't figure you out of that if I should try. And now about those claim jumpers: I suppose you didn't know any of them by name?"

"No."

"Corry says you gave them the time of their lives. By George, I wish I'd been there to see!" and the colonel slapped his leg and laughed. "Did they look like the real thing—sure-enough prospectors?"

"I can't talk and drive a speed wagon at the same time," he told her, twisting the gray car into the road she had indicated, and he made the assertion good by covering the four remaining miles in the same preoccupied fashion.

There was a reason, of a sort, for his silence; two of them, to be exact. For one, he was troubled by that haunting sense of familiarity which was still trying to tell him that this was not his first meeting with Colonel Baldwin's daughter; and the other, much bigger and more depressing, was the realization that in breaking with his past, he had broken also with the world of women, at least to the extent of ever asking one of them to marry him.

He pushed the thought aside, coming back to the other one—the puzzle of familiarity—when Miss Baldwin pointed to a transplanted Missouri farm mansion, with a columned portico, standing in a grove of cottonwoods on the left-hand side of the road, telling him it was Hillcrest.

There was a massive stone portal fronting the road, and when he got down to open the gates the young woman took the wheel and drove through; whereupon he decided that it was time for him to break away, and said so.

"But how will you get back to the camp?" she asked.

"I have my two legs yet, and the walking isn't bad."

"No; but you might meet those two men again."

"That is the least of my troubles."

Miss Corona Baldwin, like the Missouri colonel, her father, came upon moments now and then when she had the ultimate courage of her impulses.

"I should have said you hadn't a trouble in the world," she asserted, meeting his gaze level-eyed.

The polite paraphrases of the confined period were slipping to the end of his tongue, but he set his teeth upon them and said, instead: "That's all you know about it. What if I should tell you that you've been driving this morning with an escaped convict?"

"I shouldn't believe it," she said calmly.

"Well, you haven't—not quite," he returned, adding the qualifying phrase in sheer honesty.

She had untied her veil and was asking him hospitably if he wouldn't come in and meet her mother. Something in the way she said it, some little twist of the lips or look of the eyes, touched the spring of complete recognition, and the familiarity puzzle vanished instantly.

"You forget that I am a workman," he smiled. "My gang in the quarry will think I've found a bottle somewhere." And then: "Did you ever lose a glove, Miss Baldwin—a white kid with a little hole in one finger?"

"Dozens of them," she admitted; "and most of them had holes, I'm afraid. But what has that to do with your coming in and meeting mamma and letting her thank you for saving my life?"

"Nothing at all, of course," he hastened to say; and with that he bade her good-by rather abruptly, and turned his back upon the transplanted Missouri mansion, muttering to himself as he closed the portal gates behind him: "Baldwin, of course! What an ass I was not to remember the name! And now I've got the other half of it, too; it's 'Corona.'"

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short of the trestle river crossing they overtook and passed the wagon. Because he had the colonel's daughter with him, Smith put on a burst of speed and so gave the claim jumpers no chance to provoke another battle.

In the maze of crossroads opposite the little city on the south bank of the river, Smith was out of his reckoning, and was obliged to ask his companion to direct him.

"I thought you weren't ever going to say anything any more," she sighed, in mock despair. "Take this road to the right."

"They looked like a bunch of hired assassins," said Smith, with a grin. "It's some more of the interference, isn't it?"

The colonel's square jaw settled into the fighting angle.

"How much do you know about this business mix-up of ours, Smith?" he asked.

"All that Williams could tell me in a little heart-to-heart talk we had the other day."

"You agreed with him that there was a tolerably big nigger in the woodpile, didn't you?"

"I had already gathered that much from the camp gossip."

"Well, it's so. We're just about as helpless as a bunch of cattle in a sink-hole," was the ranchman president's confirmation of the camp guesses.

"What in the name of the great horn spoon can we do—more than we have done?"

"There are a number of things that might be done," said Smith, falling back reflectively upon the presumably

dead and buried bank-cashier part of him. "And if you can manage to stay in the game and play it out, there is big money in it for all of you; enough to make it well worth while for you to put up the fight of your lives."

"Big money?—you mean in saving our investment?"

"Oh, no; not at all; in clinching the other fellows," Smith put in genially.

Colonel Dexter Baldwin lifted his soft hat and ran his fingers through his grizzled hair.

"Say, Smith; you mustn't forget that I'm from Missouri," he said half quizzically.

"But I shouldn't think you'd need to be 'shown' in this particular instance," was the smiling rejoinder. "The chance to sell you people water from your own dam isn't the only thing or the main thing in this case. They are obliged to have this dam site, or, at least, one as high up the river as this, in order to get the water over to their newly alienated grant in the western half of the park."

"You've got it straight," said the colonel.

"Very good. Then they're simply obliged to have your dam, or—Don't you see the alternative now, colonel?"

"Heavens to Betsy!" exclaimed the breeder of fine horses, bringing his fist down upon Williams' desk with a crash that made the ink bottles dance. And then: "What a lot of fence-posts we are—the whole kit and billy'n' of us! If they get the dam, they sell water to us; if they don't get it, we sell it to them!"

"That's it, exactly," Smith put in quietly. "And I should say that your stake in the game is worth the stiffest fight you can make to save it. Don't you agree with me?"

"Great Jehu! I should say so!" ejaculated the amateur trust fighter. Then he broke down the barriers masterfully. "That settles it, Smith. You can't wiggle out of it now, no way or shape. You've got to come over into Macedonia and help us. Williams tells me you refused him, but you can't refuse me."

Do you believe that Smith would be wise in taking an important position with the ditch company—especially if he really hopes to escape prison as a result of the Lawrenceville affair? Wouldn't he be wiser if he disappeared from the new job?

Resistance of the Wind.

Tests on a model of the naval collier Neptune made in the wind tunnel of the Washington navy yard by Naval Constructor William McEntee show that if this vessel were steaming against a 30-mile wind at 14 knots an hour it would require about 770 horsepower to overcome the resistance of the wind. This is about 20 per cent of the power necessary to propel her through the water.

Reports From Governors Throughout Country Indicate That Enrollment Is in Excess Of 10,000,000. Quiet Reported Everywhere.

Washington.—More than 10,000,000 young Americans enrolled themselves Tuesday for war service.

Registration day, with but a few weeks of preparation, saw the first military census ever taken in the United States completed without a single untoward event of consequence.

The manhood of the nation obeyed the President's call and volunteered en masse, setting at naught all the schemes and plotting of German sympathizers and the few cranks who have agitated against registration. It remains but to select the men who are to go to the front.

From virtually every state reassuring messages came to Brigadier-General Crowder, Provost Marshal-General, Federal supervising officer of the great enterprise.

In some precincts the late comers forced officials to keep the polls open until long after the 9 P. M. closing hour set in the regulations. General Crowder authorized them to keep open as long as men wished to enroll themselves. The result will be further to delay the transmission of returns, however.

The early reports, showing a full turnout all over the country, indicated that the estimates of the Census Bureau as to the number of men within the specified age limits would be verified by the count. Wherever partial figures were authoritative the estimates checked closely.

A typical message received was that from Idaho: "Registration will be 100 per cent." It said: "Spontaneous and without murmur or incident."

The situation was so clear and the response so ready throughout the country that Governors of 46 of the 48 states had sent similar assurances long before registration had closed, and the other two were close on their heels.

A feature of the registration was the refusal of hundreds of thousands of men to make any reply to the question, "Do you claim exemption?" Even men who reported that they had dependent families; men with obvious physical disabilities and those whose occupations are certain to keep them at home declined to make such a claim. Apparently they have entered fully into the very spirit of the law. They are content to leave the question of exemption to the exemption boards. They have no claims to make, but are ready to do their share, whatever it may be.

Many Yet To Register.

There remain several supplementary steps to be taken. Tuesday's registration included only continental United States. Alaska and Hawaii will record their fighting men on dates to be set later, and the roll of Americans now abroad, who are besieging consulates all around the world for registration cards, will add to the great list. The State Department was called upon for additional cards by the thousand.

Few eleventh-hour rulings were found necessary. The system devised by General Crowder of invoking the political machinery of the nation in the task worked with a smoothness that spoke of perfect co-operation by state, county and municipal officials.

Free Yet To Enlist.

General Crowder made it clear, however, that registration acted as a bar against no man who wished to enlist in the army, navy or marine corps. Any man who enrolled himself Tuesday, but whose patriotic impulse bids him step into the ranks now and not await selection day, will pass from the registration lists automatically. A man may take his choice as to the part of the great national army in which he will serve—regulars, National Guard or selective army.

Many cards mailed by men absent from their home precincts failed to show the present address of the individual.

Four Arrests Reported.

Only four arrests were officially reported to the Department of Justice—at Hamilton, Ohio; Hartford, Conn.; Richmond, Va., and at a small place near St. Louis.

Quieter Than Election.

Official reports showed that the registration passed without even such exciting disturbances as mark a general political election. Reports were slow in coming into the Department of Justice, which was gratifying to officials because it indicated lack of trouble, in view of the strict instructions sent everywhere to report trouble instantly to Washington.

Cards Ran Out.

There was some delay in Gary, Ind., and in some Chicago districts because the registration had to be stopped to permit the printing of more cards, registration exceeding all expectations.

In Texas, where the Government's investigation of the anticonscription



They Looked Like a Bunch of Hired Assassins.

activities of the Co-operative Buying Association recently led to the indictment of nine men, growing out of threats of armed resistance to conscriptions, the registration was carried out without a hitch.

Cleveland and Detroit reported to the War Department that registration was not completed at 9 o'clock and the Governors of Ohio and Michigan were authorized to order the polls in each city to stay open until all were registered.

In Cleveland a shortage of registration cards developed during the day, and until more could be printed registers were instructed to take the names and addresses of applicants and to canvass them at their homes.

No Hint Of Slacking.

Registration day developments were summarized by the committee on public information in the following statement: "Nearly 10,000,000 Americans of military age registered for service in the army against Germany. The registration was accomplished in a fashion measuring up to the highest standards of Americanism. The young men came to the registration places enthusiastic; there was no hint of a slacking spirit anywhere, except in a few cases where misguided persons had been prevailed upon to attempt to avoid their national obligation. The Government officials, who had professed the highest confidence in the patriotism of the young men of the nation, were deeply gratified at the result; it transcended their highest expectations."

Conspiracies Fail.

From every state reports were received showing that the sporadic conspiracies to thwart the first step toward the mobilization of as large an army as the country may need to bring the war to a victorious conclusion had failed utterly. The Department of Justice had a tremendous machinery ready to cope with these conspiracies, but it proved to be unnecessary. Late this afternoon the department had not received a report of a single arrest, and the only arrest officially reported to any governmental body occurred in Virginia, where one man who denounced the Government and the flag was promptly taken into custody. This report came to the office of the provost marshal, General Crowder.

INDIANS RESIST LAW.

Navajoes Drive Registration Officials From Reservation.

Flagstaff, Ariz.—Navajo Indians drove an Indian agent and other Federal officers off the Government Reservation 100 miles northeast of here, when the latter went to register the Indians under the War Army Selective Draft bill, according to advices reaching here. The Federal officers feared the Indians would go on the warpath if further attempts were made to register them, it was reported.

UTES TAKE TO HILLS.

Ignacia, Col.—Ute Indians on their reservation near here refused to register under the Selective Draft act and spent most of the day dancing war and "bear" dances in native costume.

MOUNTAINEERS REGISTER.

No Trouble in the Tennessee and Virginia Districts.

Bristol, Tenn.—Twelve hundred and nineteen registered in Bristol Tuesday. A considerable percentage of the men claimed exemption from liability to military service for various reasons. Reports from over Upper Tennessee and Southwest Virginia indicate that there was no opposition whatever to the registration. In the mountain sections, where it was thought that there might be hostilities to the registration, it is reported that all men between the ages registered. Two hundred members of a local fraternal order marched in a body to the polls and registered amidst the cheers of a huge crowd.

CONVICTS TERRORIZE JOLIET.

Fire Buildings and Attempt To Escape Prison.

Joliet, Ill.—After one prisoner had been killed, eight severely injured and several others hurt during three riotous outbreaks at the state prison by a thousand convicts, a rainstorm drove the last 200 of the mutineers to the cellhouse, although they had stubbornly refused to move before the bayonets of national guardsmen who quelled the outbreak. Fires set within the prison buildings destroyed the prison yard buildings, entailing a total loss of \$200,000. Several other buildings were damaged by the flames.

THE MONITOR WEEHAWKEN WAS BUILT IN JERSEY CITY IN 1862, AND IN JANUARY, 1863, WAS ATTACHED TO THE SOUTH ATLANTIC SQUADRON; SHE WAS SUNK DURING THE ATTACK ON FORT WAGNER, IN SEPTEMBER, 1863.

OVER TEN MILLION RESPOND TO PRESIDENT WILSON'S CALL

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The monitor Weehawken was built in Jersey City in 1862, and in January, 1863, was attached to the South Atlantic squadron; she was sunk during the attack on Fort Wagner, in September, 1863.