

THE REAL MAN

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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THE TAUNTS OF A HIGH-SPIRITED YOUNG WOMAN CAUSE SMITH TO MAKE AN IMPORTANT DECISION—THE PLOT AGAINST COL. BALDWIN IS AT WORK

Synopsis.—J. Montague Smith, cashier of the Lawrenceville Bank and Trust company, and bachelor society leader engaged to marry Verda Richlander, heiress, is wrongfully accused of dishonesty by Watrous Dunham, his employer, and urged by his guilty accuser to disappear. Smith strikes Dunham, leaves him for dead, flees the state and weeks later turns up as a hobo at an irrigation dam construction camp in the Rocky mountains, where he gets a job as John Smith. His evidence of superior intelligence soon attracts attention from the boss, and after a short time he is asked to join the official staff of the ditch company, which is in financial straits. Smith demurs because he doesn't want his past investigated, but Colonel Baldwin, president of the company, urgently seeks the ex-hobo's aid. Smith saves Miss Corona Baldwin's life and drives some claim jumpers off company's land.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

If Smith hesitated, it was only partly on his own account. He was thinking again of the young woman with the honest eyes when he said: "Do you know why I turned Williams down when he spoke to me the other day?"

Colonel Dexter Baldwin had his faults, like other men, but they were not those of indirection.

"I reckon I do know, son," he said, with large tolerance. "You're a 'tame duck' of some sort. But that's our lookout. Bartley is ready to swear that you are not a crooked crotch, whatever else it is that you're dodging for. Besides, there's yesterday—"

"We agreed to forget the yesterday incidents," the lame duck reminded him quickly. And then: "I ought to say 'No,' Colonel Baldwin; say it straight out, and stick to it. If I don't say it—if I ask for a little time—it is because I want to weigh up a few things—the things I can't talk about to you or to Williams. If, in the end, I should be fool enough to say 'Yes,' it is only fair to you to say that, right in the middle of the scrap, I may fall to pieces on you."

Baldwin was too shrewd to try to push his advantage when there was, or seemed to be, a chance that the desired end was as good as half attained. And it was a purely manful prompting that made him get up and thrust out his hand to the young fellow who was trying to be as frank as he dared to be.

"Put it there, John," he said heartily. "Nobody in the Timanyoni is going to pry into you an inch farther than you care to let 'em; and if you get into trouble by helping us, you can count on at least one backer who will stand by you until the cows come home. Now, then, hunt up your coat, and we'll drive over to Hillcrest for a bite to eat. I had my orders from the missus before I left town, and I know better than to go home without you. Never mind the commissary khaki. It won't be the first time that the working clothes have figured at the Hillcrest table—not by a long shot."

And because he did not know how to frame a refusal that would refuse, Smith got his coat and went.

Given his choice between the two, Smith would cheerfully have faced another hand-to-hand battle with the claim jumpers in preference to even so mild a dip into the former things as the dinner at Hillcrest foreshadowed. The reluctance was not forced; it was real. The primitive man in him did not wish to be entertained. On the fast auto drive down to Brewster, across the bridge, and out to the Baldwin ranch, Smith's humor was frankly sardonic. He cherished a small hope that Mrs. Baldwin might be shocked at the soft shirt and the khaki. It would serve her right for taking a man from his job.

At the stone-pillared portal he got out to open the gates. Down the road a horse was coming at a smart gallop, the rider, Corona Baldwin, booted and spurred and riding a man's saddle.

Smith let the gray car go on its way up the drive without him.

"So you weakened, did you? I'm disappointed in you," was Miss Baldwin's greeting. "You've made me lose my bet with colonel-daddy. I said you wouldn't come."

"I had no business to come," he answered morosely. "But your father wouldn't let me off."

"Of course he wouldn't; daddy never lets anybody off, unless they owe him money. Where are your evening clothes?"

Smith let the lever of moroseness slip back to the grinning notch. "They are about two thousand miles away, and probably in some second-hand shop by this time. What makes you think I ever wore a dress suit?" He had closed the gates and was walking beside her horse up the driveway.

"Oh, I just guessed it," she returned lightly, "and if you'll hold your breath, I'll guess again."

"Don't," he laughed.

At the steps a negro stableboy was waiting to take Miss Baldwin's horse. Smith knew how to help a woman down from a side-saddle; but the two-stirruped rig stumped him. The young

woman laughed as she swung out of her saddle to stand beside him.

"The women don't ride that way in your part of the country?" she queried.

"Not yet."

"I'm sorry for them," she scoffed. And then: "Come on in and meet mamma; you look as if you were dreading it, and, colonel-daddy says, it's always best to have the dreaded things over with."

Smith did not find his meeting with the daughter's mother much of a trial. She was neither shocked at his clothes nor disposed to be hysterically grateful over the railroad-crossing incident. A large, calm-eyed, sensible matron, some ten or a dozen years younger than the colonel, Smith put her, and with an air of refinement which was reflected in every interior detail of her house.

The dinner was strictly a family meal, with the great mahogany table shortened to make it convenient for four. There were cut glass and silver and snowy napery. Out of the past a thousand tentacles were reaching up to drag Smith back into the net of the conventional. When the table-talk became general, he found himself joining in, and always upon the lighter side.

He found himself drawn more and more to the calm-eyed, well-bred matron who had given a pliant Corona to an otherwise commonplace world.

Mrs. Baldwin saw nothing of the rude fighter of battles her daughter had drawn for her, and wondered a little. She knew Corona's leanings, and was not without an amused impression that Corona would not find this later Smithsonian phase altogether to her liking.

Smith got what he had earned, good measure, pressed down, shaken together and running over, a few minutes after Mrs. Baldwin had left him to finish his cigar under the pillared portico with Corona to keep him company.



"You Have Committed the Unpardonable Sin."

pany. He never knew just what started it, unless it was his careful placing of a chair for the young woman and his deferential—and perfectly natural—pause, standing, until she was seated.

"Do, for pity's sake, sit down!" she broke out, half petulantly. And when he had obeyed: "Well, you've spoiled it all, good and hard."

Smith was unable to imagine where in he had offended.

"Really?" he said. "What have I done?"

"It isn't what you've done; it's what you are," she retorted. "You have committed the unpardonable sin by turning out to be just one of the ninety-nine, after all. If you knew women the least little bit in the world, you would know that we are always looking for the hundredth man."

Under his smile, Smith was beginning to understand what this astonishingly frank young woman meant. She had seen his relapse, and was calmly deriding him for it.

"You may pile it on as thickly as you please," he said, the good-natured smile twisting itself into the construction-camp grin. Then, with malice aforethought: "Is it one of the requirements that your centennial man should behave himself like a boor at a dinner table, and talk shop and eat with his knife?"

"You know that isn't what I meant. Manners don't make the man. It's what you talked about—the trumpy little social things that you found your keenest pleasure in talking about. I don't know what has ever taken you out to a construction camp. I don't believe you ever did a day's hard work in your life before you came to the Timanyoni."

It was growing dark by this time, and the stars were coming out. Someone had turned the lights on in the room the windows of which opened upon the portico, and the young woman's chair was so placed that he could still see her face. She was smiling rather more amicably when she said: "You mustn't take it too hard. It isn't you, personally, you know; it's the type. I've met it before. I didn't meet any other kind during my three years in the boarding school; nice, pleasant young gentlemen, as immaculately dressed as their pocketbooks would allow, up in all the latest little courtesies and tea-table shop talk. They were all men, I suppose, but I'm afraid a good many of them had never found it out—will never find it out. I've been calling it environment; I don't like to admit that the race is going downhill."

By this time the sardonic humor was once more in full possession, and he was enjoying her keenly.

"Go on," he said. "This is my night off."

"I've said enough; too much, perhaps. But when you were walking with mamma, you reminded me so forcibly of a man whom I met just for a part of one evening about a year ago in a small town in the middle West. He was one of them. He drove over from some neighboring town in his natty little automobile, and gave me fully an hour of his valuable time. He made me perfectly furious!"

"Poor you!" laughed Smith; but he was thankful that the camp suburb and his four weeks' beard were safeguarding his identity. "But why the fury in his case in particular?"

"Just because, I suppose. I remember he told me he was a bank cashier and that he danced. He was quite hopeless, of course. Without being what you would call conceded, you could see that the crust was so thick that nothing short of an earthquake would ever break it."

"But the earthquakes do come, once in a blue moon," he said, still smiling at her. "Let's get it straight. You are not trying to tell me that you object to decent clothes and good manners per se, are you?"

The colonel was coming out, and he had stopped in the doorway to light a long-stemmed pipe. The young woman got up and fluffed her hair with the ends of her fingers—a little gesture which Smith remembered, recalling it from the night of the far-away lawn party.

"Daddy wants you, and I'll have to vanish," she said; "but I'll answer your question before I go. Types are always hopeless; it's only the hundredth man who isn't. It's a great pity you couldn't go on whipping claim jumpers all the rest of your life. Mr. Smith. Don't you think so? Good night. We'll meet again at breakfast. Daddy isn't going to let you get away short of a night's lodging, I know."

Two cigars for Smith and four pipes for the colonel further along, the tall Missourian rose out of the split-bottomed chair which he had drawn up to face the guest's and rapped the ashes from the bowl of the corn cob into the palm of his hand.

"I think you've got it all now, Smith, every last crook and turn of it, and I reckon you're tired enough to run away to bed."

Smith took a turn up and down the stone-flagged floor of the portico with his hands behind him. Truly, the case of Timanyoni ditch was desperate; even more desperate than he had supposed. Figuring as the level-headed bank cashier of the former days, he told himself soberly that no man in his senses would touch it with a ten-foot pole. Then the laughing gibes of the hundredth woman—gibes which had cut far deeper than she had imagined—came back to send the blood surging through his veins. It would be worth something to be able to work the miracle the colonel had spoken of; and afterward . . .

Colonel Dexter Baldwin was still tapping his palm absently with the pipe when Smith came back and said abruptly:

"I have decided, colonel. I'll start in with you tomorrow morning, and we'll pull this mired scheme of yours out of the mud, or I'll break a leg trying to. But you mustn't forget what I told you out at the camp. Right in the middle of things I may go rotten on you and drop out."

CHAPTER VIII.

The Sick Project.

Brewster had grown into city-chatter size and importance with the opening of the gold mines in the Gloria district, and the transformation of the surrounding park grasslands into culti-

vated ranches. A summer hotel on the shore of Lake Topaz—reached only by stage from Brewster—had added its influence; and since the hotel brought people with well-lined pocketbooks, there was a field for the enthusiastic real-estate promoters whose offices filled all the odd corners in the Hoppha House block.

In one of those offices, on the morning following Smith's first dinner at Hillcrest, a rather caustic colloquy was in progress between the man whose name appeared in gilt lettering on the front windows and one of his unofficial assistants. Crawford Stanton, he of the window name, was a man of many personalities. To summer visitors with money to invest, he was the genial promoter, and if there were suggestions of iron hardness in the sharp jaw and in the smoothly shaven face and flinty eyes, there was also a pleasant reminder of Eastern business methods and alertness in the promoter's manner. But Lanterby, tilting uneasily in the "confidential" chair at the desk-end, knew another and more biting side of Mr. Stanton, as a hired man will.

"Good heaven! do you sit there and tell me that the three of them let that hobo of Williams' push them off the map? And do you say all this happened the day before yesterday; how does it come that you are just now reporting it?"

The hard-faced henchman in the tilting chair made such explanations as he could.

"Boogerfield and his two partners 've been hidin' out somewhere; I allow they was plumb ashamed to come in and tell how they'd let one man run 'em off."

"What do you know about this fellow Smith? Who is he, and where did he come from?"

Lanterby told all that was known of Smith, and had no difficulty in compressing it into a single sentence. Stanton leaned back in his chair and the lids of the flinty eyes narrowed thoughtfully.

"There's a lot more to it than that," he said inclusively at the end of the reflective pause. Then he added a curt order: "Make it your job to find out."

Lanterby moved uneasily in his insecure seat, but before he could speak, his employer went on again, changing the topic abruptly, but still keeping within the faultfinding boundaries.

"What sort of a screw has gone loose in your deal with the railroad men? Williams got two cars of cement and one of steel the day before yesterday three hours after the stuff came in from the East."

Again Lanterby tried to explain.

"Dougherty, the yardmaster, took the bank roll I slipped him, all right enough, and promised to help out. But he's scared of Maxwell."

"Maxwell is a thick-headed ass!" exploded the faultfinder. "His entire railroad outfit, from President Brewster down, is lined up on the other side of the fight. But go on with your dickerin'. Jerk Dougherty into line. Now go out and find Shaw. I want him, and I want him right now."

The hard-faced man who looked as if he might be a broken-down gambler, unloined his leg-hold upon the tilted chair and went out; and a few minutes later another of Stanton's pay-roll men drifted in. He was a young fellow with sleepy eyes and cigarette stains on his fingers, and he would have passed for a railroad clerk out of a job, which was what he really was.

"Well?" snapped Stanton when the incomer had taken the chair lately vacated by Lanterby.

"I shadowed the colonel, as you told me to," said the young man. "He went up to Red Butte to see if he couldn't rope in some of the old-timers on his ditch project. He was trying to sell some treasury stock. His one-horse company is about out of money. Mickie, a clerk in Kinzie's bank, tells me that the ditch company's balance is drawn down to a few thousand dollars, with no more coming in."

"Did the colonel succeed in making a raise in Red Butte?"

"Nary," said the spy nonchalantly. "Drake, the banker up there, was his one best bet; but I got a man I know to give Drake a pointer, and he curled up like a hedgehog when you poked it with a sharp stick."

"That's better. The colonel came back yesterday, didn't he?"

"Yesterday afternoon. His wife and daughter met him, and told him something or other that made him drive up to the dam."

The plot which Eastern capitalists have made to steal the irrigation ditch from the original owners is unfolded in the next installment. John Smith acts with decision.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Beginning Early.
"Father, aren't little girls silly?"
"Do you think so, son? Mother and I were thinking you might like to have a little sister."

"Thanks, father; but don't trouble on my account, because I've got all I can do to keep away from those girls at school. I don't mind their giving me presents, but I do hate to have them tag after me going home from school."

An Explanation.
Charlotte had been taught to say the grace before each meal. One day she was invited to a little friend's for dinner. When the father and mother of Charlotte were sent for dinner, Brad-dock, a three-year-old brother, bowed his head and said: "Amen, God, Charlotte's gone."

SALARY INCREASE BILL VETOED

Gov. Brumbaugh Kills Measure to Raise Legislators \$270,000 a Year.

HITS QUALITY OF SERVICE

Says Members Should Be Willing to Perform Legislative Service at a Sacrifice to Themselves—Some Other Vetoes.

—Harrisburg.

There is satire in Governor Brumbaugh's veto of the bill to increase the salaries of legislators from \$1,500 to \$2,500 a year. He refers to "the quality of the service," and thinks an additional cost of \$270,000 a year could hardly improve it. He says:

"We are in the midst of a great war. Many sacrifices will be made. Many men will willingly give up time and money for the national good, and it is an inopportune time to approve increased compensation to these Representatives."

The Governor says in the course of his veto that like bills have been disapproved by his predecessors, and that members do not seek legislative places for the salary, and there is no lack of willing citizens for place. He adds that the common people have "expressed decided protest against this increasing cost of legislative service."

The Governor says that members should be willing to perform legislative service at a sacrifice to themselves, adding: "The proper way to determine this compensation of members would be to submit the question in the candidacy of those willing to serve. The people would then, in choosing one favoring an increased salary, give guidance of moment."

Some Other Vetoes.

Other bills vetoed were:

House bill authorizing railroads to construct branches, which the Governor says is "vague and uncertain," and that he doubts the necessity.

House bill for an additional Judge in Lehigh county, the Governor remarking that the present Judge says an additional Judge is not needed.

House bill giving salaries of State clerks in offices of county treasurers of Philadelphia and Allegheny, which, the Governor says, increases the number of clerks from 14 to 22, for which he says he sees no good reason. In any event, he says, the officers have authority to name the clerks without further law.

House bill validating claim of counties for bounties for scalps of animals which have been refused payment by the Auditor General. The Governor says a scandalous abuse of the bounty law brought about refusal to pay claims, and that County Commissioners have a remedy at law against the people guilty of fraud.

Approves New Game Code.

The Milldon House bill, establishing a game code for Pennsylvania, was announced as approved by the Governor. It is the most complete measure of the kind ever adopted by the Pennsylvania Legislature, and in addition to providing regulations and procedure prohibiting Sunday hunting, establishes seasons as follows: Pheasant, quail, woodcock, red, grey, black and fox squirrels, from October 20 to November 30; wild turkey, November 15 to 30; wild rabbit and hare, November 1 to December 15; raccoon, September 1 to December 31; bear, October 15 to December 15; male deer with antlers, December 1 to 15; plover, August 1 to November 30; rail, coot, reedbird, sandpiper, tattler, curlew, snipe, blackbirds and shore birds, except woodcock, September 1 to November 30; wild waterfowl, September 15 to January 31 following.

Approval has been given by the Governor to the Beyer bill providing that any appointive officer or employee of the State civil service or any of its branches, or employees by any county, municipality, township or school district who shall enlist or be drafted shall not be deemed to have left or resigned from the place, and may not be removed therefrom during his war service. The work shall be done by a substitute. Half of the salary, not exceeding \$2,000, shall be paid to dependents.

The Governor also announced approval of the bill reappropriating \$165,000 of unexpended National Guard appropriations to the improvement of the permanent camp ground at Mount Gretna.

Favors Fine Salary Boost.

In announcing his approval of the House bill to fix the salaries of Common Pleas Court clerks of Philadelphia at \$4,000 a year, the Governor says:

Announces Approval of Bills.

Governor Brumbaugh announced approval of the following bills:

Empowering banks and trust companies to accept drafts and issue letters of credit.

Defining how the word "drug" shall be defined in State pharmaceutical laws, reference being made to a standard publication of the profession.

Authorizing boroughs, with assent of electors duly obtained at an election, to use money borrowed for purposes which have proved impracticable or impossible for other lawful municipal purposes.

PENNSYLVANIA BRIEFS

Employees of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation subscribed \$4,455,000 to the Liberty Loan in five days.

Ringtown's new knitting mill has begun operations with 50 girls.

Thomas Ford and his son Mark appeared before the recruiting officer of Company M, at Bethlehem and were enlisted into the service.

A canning demonstration was opened at Boiling Springs Park in connection with a big Grange picnic.

Alleging a defective sheriff's advertisement, steps are under way in Cumberland county Court to set aside the sale of the \$60,000 properties of Grant Richwine, Mechanicsburg.

Railway Mail Clerk J. B. Horning, of Elizabethtown, from a flock of 35 Barred Rock hens received 2519 eggs in five months.

The Bucks County Fish, Game and Forestry Association has announced the December 10, 1917, prices of its annual fishing contest as follows: Small-mouth black bass—First, \$10 split bamboo reel; second, \$5 Julius Vom Hofe reel; third, 100 yards of silk line valued at \$3; fourth, \$2 landing net. Pickerel or pike—First, \$5 bait-casting reel; second, \$2 landing net. Trout—First, \$5 split bamboo trout rod.

Mining of ochre has been started on the farm of Mr. Long, near Hancock.

Wayne "war gardeners" will compete for prizes to be awarded on the Fourth of July to the gardens in the best condition.

The House bill imposing the cost of maintenance of criminal insane on the county, which passed the Senate finally was reconsidered and placed on the postponed calendar.

A giant gas gusher, flowing approximately 8,000,000 cubic feet of gas a day, was struck in Porter township, Jefferson county. The well in the new field is owned by the Mahoning Gas and Oil company.

Maurie Hellman of Marietta, purchased 20 head of cattle last fall that averaged 1145 pounds in weight, the steers belonged to E. L. Nisley, of Florin. Mr. Hellman fed them over the winter and when they were sold to Mr. Gingrich, of Lawn, Lebanon county, they averaged 1671 pounds in weight.

Remarking that he would like to live to see the war ended, Luman Vanderpool, 60, and in poor health, stepped onto the Lehigh tracks at Standing Stone and was instantly killed by an unobserved freight.

Altoona bakers have boosted bread prices.

The Lebanon County Chapter of the Red Cross has been organized with President Judge C. V. Henry as chairman.

Not one county reporting shows wheat to be within five per cent. of the average condition at this period of the year for the last decade.

The Pottstown School Board could not procure any bids for this year's coal supply.

Home-raised peas at 25 cents a quarter peck have appeared in Pottstown markets.

The garden attracting the most attention at Stowe is that of Polly Kulp, an octogenarian, who is very busy with it.

Morris Miller, of Codarville, Chester county, cut his first crop of Alfalfa, the grain being three and one half feet in length, and he expects to harvest four crops, all to be larger than the first.

The Fox Chase and Huntingdon Valley Turnpike Company at its annual meeting adopted a resolution that the entire 11 and one quarter miles of roadway in the section immediately north of Philadelphia should be offered to the State Highway Department for \$20,000.

Radner Fire Company, of Wayne, finding a balance of \$400 in the Trustees' Fund, has voted to invest it in the Liberty Loan, through the Wayne Troop of Boy Scouts.

Boy Scouts who are cultivating war gardens on Anthwyn Farms, are the victims of the theft of a bushel of seed potatoes, and William D. Smelley, chairman of the borough Public Safety Committee, has appealed to residents for assistance in discovering the thieves.

Miss Margaret Garnett, colored, has taken Hollidaysburg High School first honors.

Berks county farmers have devoted a great acreage to beans.

Hereford township, Berks, has purchased a \$1,400 stone crusher.

Friends, closing their meeting at Millville, Columbia county, condemned war, but voted to aid in the present crisis as farmers and urged the suspension of liquor raising and tobacco growing.

County Agriculturist Charles S. Adams was unable to secure tenants for 30 vacant farms in Berks county, and some of the fields are to be cultivated.

Berks County Red Cross Chapter and the American Bible Society presented 300 Bibles to the members of Companies A and I, National Guards, of Reading.

After being refused a drink of coffee at the home of Daniel Wonseller, near Pennsburg, a tramp was seen fleeing from a burning chicken stable, the fire showing evidence of incendiarism.

Under the name of the Blue Mountain Electric Company, a merger of the Blue Mountain Electric, Mt. Aetha and Marion, of Berks county; Union Electric, of Lebanon county, was effected, with headquarters at Bethel.