

The Real Man

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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JOHN SMITH, THE NEW FINANCIAL SECRETARY OF TIMANYONI DITCH COMPANY, MAKES A PLAN TO PUT THE CONCERN ON ITS FEET, BUT ENEMIES ARE HARD AT WORK TO THWART HIM.

Synopsis.—J. Montague Smith, cashier of Lawrenceville Bank and Trust company, society bachelor engaged to marry Verda Richlander, heiress, knocks his employer, Watrous Dunham, senseless, leaves him for dead and flees the state when Dunham accuses Smith of dishonesty and wants him to take the blame for embezzlement actually committed by Dunham. Several weeks later, Smith appears as a tramp at a town in the Rocky mountains and gets a laboring job in an irrigation ditch construction camp. His intelligence draws the attention of Williams, the superintendent, who thinks he can use the tramp, John Smith, in a more important place. The ditch company is in hard lines financially because eastern financial interests are working to undermine the local crowd headed by Colonel Baldwin and take over valuable property. Smith finally accepts appointment as financial secretary of Baldwin's company. He has already struck up a pleasant acquaintance with Corona Baldwin, the colonel's winsome daughter.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

"You followed?" queried Stanton.
"Yes, and when I got there the colonel was shut up in Williams' office with a fellow named Smith. When I got a place to listen in they were getting ready to quit, and the colonel was saying: 'That settles it, Smith; you've got to come over into—I didn't catch the name of the place—and help us.'"

Again the gentleman with the sharp jaw took time for narrow-eyed reflection.

"You'll have to switch over from the colonel to this fellow Smith for the present, Shaw," he decided, at length. "You look him up and do it quick."

The young man glanced up with a faint warming of avarice in his sleepy eyes. "It'll most likely run into money—for expenses," he suggested.

"For graft, you mean," snapped Stanton. Then he had it out with this second subordinate in crisp English. "I'm onto you with both feet, Shaw; every crook and turn of you. More than that, I know why you were fired out of Maxwell's office; you've got sticky fingers. That's all right with me up to a certain point, but beyond that point you get off. Understand?"

Shaw made no answer in direct terms, but if his employer had been watching the heavy-lidded eyes, he might have seen in them the shadow of a thing much more dangerous than plain dishonesty: a passing shadow of the fear that makes for treachery when the sharp need for self-protection arises.

"I'll try to find out about the hobo," he said, with fair enough lip-loyalty, and after he had rolled a fresh cigarette he went away to begin the minding operations which might promise to unearth Smith's record.

It was ten o'clock when Shaw left the real-estate office in the Hophra House block. Half an hour earlier Smith had come to town with the colonel in the roadster, and the two had shut themselves up in the colonel's private room in the Timanyoni Ditch company's town office in the Barker building, which was two squares down the street from the Hophra house. Summoned promptly, Martin, the bookkeeper, had brought in his statements and balance sheets,



"Try to Find Out About the Hobo."

and the new officer, who was as yet without a title, had struck out his plan of campaign.

"Amortization, is the word, colonel," was Smith's prompt verdict after he had gone over Martin's summaries. "The best way to get at it now is to wipe the slate clean and begin over again."

The ranchman president was chuckling soberly.

"Once more you'll have to show me, John," he said. "We folks out here in the hills are not up in the Wall street crinkles."

"You don't know the word? It means to scrap the old machinery to make room for the new," Smith ex-

plained. "In modern business it is the process of extinguishing a corporation; closing it up and burying it in another and bigger one, usually. That is what we must do with Timanyoni Ditch."

"I'm getting you, a little at a time," said the colonel, taking his first lesson in high finance as a duck takes to the water. Then he added: "It won't take much of a lick to kill off the old company, in the shape it's got into now. How will you work it?"

Smith had the plan at his fingers' ends. With the daring of all the perils had come a fresh access of fighting fitness that made him feel as if he could cope with anything.

"We must close up the company's affairs and then reorganize promptly and, with just as little noise as may be, form another company—which we will call Timanyoni High Line—and let it take over the old outfit, stock, liabilities and assets entire. You say your present capital stock is one hundred thousand dollars. This new company that I am speaking of will be capitalized at, say, an even half million. To the present holders of Timanyoni Ditch we'll give the new stock for the old, share for share, with a bonus of twenty-five shares of the new stock for every twenty-five shares of the old surrendered and exchanged. This will be practically giving the present shareholders two for one. Will that satisfy them?"

This time Colonel Dexter Baldwin's smile was grim.

"You're just juggling now, John, and you know it. Out here on the woolly edge of things a dollar is just a plain iron dollar, and you can't make it two merely by calling it so."

"Never you mind about that," cut in the new financier. "At two to one for the amortization of the old company we shall still have something like three hundred thousand dollars treasury stock upon which to realize for the new capital needed, and that will be amply sufficient to complete the dam and the ditches and to provide a fighting fund. Now then, tell me this: how near can we come to placing that treasury stock right here in Timanyoni Park? It's up to us to keep this thing in the family, so to speak; and the moment we go into other markets we are getting over into the enemy's country. I'm not saying that the money couldn't be raised in New York; but if we should go there, the trust would have an underhold on us, right from the start."

"I see," said the colonel, who was indeed seeing many things that his simple-hearted philosophy had never dreamed of; and then he answered the direct question. "There is plenty of money right here in the Timanyonis." Smith nodded. He was getting his second wind now, and the race promised to be a keen joy.

"But they would have to be shown, you think?" he suggested. "All right; we'll proceed to show them. Now we can come down to present necessities. We've got to keep the work going—and speed it up to the limit: we ought to double Williams' force at once—put on a night shift to work by electric light."

The colonel blinked twice and swallowed hard.

"Say, John," he said, leaning across the table-desk; "you're sure got your nerve with you. Do you know our present bank balance is under five thousand dollars, and a good part of that is owing to the cement people?"

"Never mind; don't get nervous," was the reassuring rejoinder. "We are going to make it bigger in a few minutes, I hope. Who is your banker here?"

"Dave Kinzie of the Brewster City National."

"Tell me a little something about Mr. Kinzie before we go down to see him; just brief him for me as a man, I mean."

The colonel was shaking his head slowly.

"He's what you might call a twenty-ton optimist, Dave is; solid, a little slow and sure, but the biggest boomer in the West, if you can get him start-

ed—believes in the resources of the country and all that. But you can't borrow money from him without security, if that's what you're aiming to do."

"Can't we?" smiled the young man who knew banks and bankers. "Let's go and see. You may introduce me to Kinzie as your acting financial secretary, if you like. Now one more question: What is Kinzie's attitude toward Timanyoni Ditch?"

"At first he was all kinds of friendly; he is a stockholder in a small way. But after a while he began to cool down a little, and now—well, I don't know; I hate to think of Dave, but I'm afraid he's leaning the other way, toward these Eastern fellows. He tried to cover Stanton's tracks in the stock-buying from Gardner and Bolting."

"That is natural, too," said Smith, whose point of view was always unobscured in any battle of business. "The big company would be a better customer for the bank than your little one could ever hope to be. I guess that's all for the present. If you're ready, we'll go down and face the music."

"By Janders!" said the colonel with an open smile; "I believe you'd just as soon tackle a banker as to eat your dinner; and I'd about as soon take a horsewhipping. Come on; I'll steer you up against Dave, but I'm telling you right now that the steering is about all you can count on from me."

It was while they were crossing the street together that Mr. Crawford Stanton had his third morning caller, a thickset, barrel-bodied man with little piglike eyes, closely cropped hair, a bristling mustache, and a wooden leg of the homemade sort. The men of the camps called the cripple "Peg-leg" or "Blue Pete" indifferently, though not to his face. For though the fat face was always relaxed in a good-natured smile, the crippled snookkeeper was of those who kill with the knife.

Stanton looked up from his desk when the pad-and-click of the cripple's step came in from the street.

"Hello, Simms," he said, in curt greeting. "Want to see me? Sit down."

Simms threw the brim of his soft hat up with a backhanded stroke and shook his head. "It ain't worth while; and I gotta get back to camp. I blew in to tell y'u there's a fella out there that needs th' sandbag."

"Who is it?"

"Fella name' Smith. He's showin' 'em how to cut too many corners—pace-settin'; he calls it. First thing they know, they'll get the concrete up to where the high water won't bust it out."

Stanton's laugh was impatient. "Don't make any mistake of that sort, Simms," he said. "We don't want the dam destroyed; we'd work just as hard as they would to prevent that. All we want is to have other people think it's likely to go out—think it hard enough to keep them from putting up any more money. Let that go. Is there any more fresh talk—among the men?" Stanton prided himself a little upon the underground wire-pulling which had resulted in putting Simms on the ground as the keeper of the construction-camp canteen. It was a fairly original way of keeping a listening ear open for the camp gossip.

"Little," said the cripple briefly. "This here blink-blank fella Smith's been tellin' Williams that I ort to be run off 'r reservation; says th' booze puts the brake on for speed."

"So it does," agreed Stanton musingly. "But I guess you can stay a while longer. I have a notion that Smith's been sent here—by some outfit that means to buck us. If he hasn't any backing—"

The interruption was the hurried coming of the young man with sleepy eyes and the cigarette stains on his fingers, and for once in a way he was stirred out of his customary attitude of cynical indifference.

"Smith and Colonel Baldwin are over yonder in Kinzie's private office," he reported hastily. "Before they shut the door I heard Baldwin introducing Smith as the new acting financial secretary of the Timanyoni Ditch company!"

CHAPTER IX.

When Greek Meets Greek.
Smith allowed himself ten brief seconds for a swift eye-measuring of the square-shouldered, stockily built man with a gray face and stubby mustache sitting in the chair of authority at the Brewster City National before he chose his line of attack.

"We are not going to cut very deeply into your time this morning, Mr. Kinzie," he began when the eye-appraisal had given him his cue. "You know the history of Timanyoni Ditch up to the present, and—well, to cut out the details, there is to be a complete reorganization of the company on a new basis, and we are here to offer to take your personal allotment of the stock off your hands at par for cash. Colonel Baldwin has stipulated that his friends in the original deal must be protected, and—"

"Here, here—hold on," interrupted the bank president; "you're hitting it up a little bit too fast for me, Mr. Smith. Who are you, and whereabouts do you hold forth when you are at home?"

Smith laughed easily. "If we were trying to borrow money of you, we might have to go into preliminaries and particulars, Mr. Kinzie. We are not alone in the fight for the water rights on the other side of the river, as you know, and until we are safely fortified we shall have to be prudently cautious. What we want to know now is this: Will you let us protect you by taking your Timanyoni Ditch stock at par?"

Kinzie met the issue fairly. "I don't know you yet, Mr. Smith; but I do know Colonel Baldwin, here, and I guess I'll take a chance on things as they stand. I'll keep my stock."

The new secretary's smile was rather patronizing than grateful.

"As you please, Mr. Kinzie, of course," he said smoothly. "But I'm going to tell you frankly that you'll keep it at your own risk. I am not sure what plan will be adopted, but I assume it will be amortization and a retirement of the stock of the original company. The voting control of the old stock we already have, as you know."

The banker pursed his lips until the stubby gray mustache stood out stiffly. Then he cut straight to the heart of the matter.

"You mean that there will be a majority pool of the old stock, and that the pool will ignore those stockholders who don't come in?"

"Something like that," said Smith pleasantly. And then: "We're going to be generously liberal, Mr. Kinzie; we are giving Colonel Baldwin's friends a fair chance to come in out of the wet. Of course, if they refuse to come in—if they prefer to stay out—"

Kinzie was smiling sourly.

"You'll have to take care of your own banker, won't you, Mr. Smith?" he asked. "Why don't you loosen up and tell a little more? What have you fellows got up your sleeve, anyway?"

At this, the new financial manager slacked off on the hawser of secrecy a little—just a little.

"Mr. Kinzie, we've got the biggest thing, and the surest, that ever came to Timanyoni Park; not in futures, mind you, but in facts already as good as accomplished. If it were necessary—as it isn't—I could go to New York to-



"We Are Not Going to Cut Very Deeply."

day and put a million dollars behind our reorganization plan in twenty-four hours. You'd say so yourself if I were at liberty to explain. But again we're dodging and wasting your time and ours. Think the matter over—about your stock—and let me know before noon. It's rather cruel to hurry you so, but time is precious with us young men, and sit right down there, young man, and put a little of this precious time of yours against mine," said Kinzie, pointing authoritatively at the chair which Smith had just vacated.

"You mustn't go off at half-cock, that way. You'll need a bank here to do business with, won't you?"

Smith did not sit down. Instead, he smiled genially and fired his final shot.

"No, Mr. Kinzie; we shouldn't need a local bank—not as a matter of absolute necessity. In fact, on some accounts I don't know but that it would be better for us not to have one."

"Sit down," insisted the bank president; and this time he would take no denial. Then he turned abruptly upon Baldwin, who had been playing his part of the silent listener perfectly.

"Baldwin, we are old friends, and I'd trust you to the limit—on any proposition that doesn't ask for more than the straight-from-the-shoulder honesty. How much is this young friend of ours talking through his hat?"

"Not any, whatever, Dave. He's got the goods," Baldwin was wise enough to limit himself carefully as to quantity in his reply.

Again the banker made a comical bristle brush of his cropped mustache.

"I want your business, Dexter; I've got to have it. But I'm going to be plain with you. You two are asking me to believe that you've gone outside and dug up a new bunch of backers. That may be all right, but Timanyoni Ditch has struck a pretty big bone that maybe your new backers know about—and maybe they don't. You've had a lot of bad luck, so far; getting your land titles cleared, and all that; and you're going to have more. I've—"

It was Smith's turn again and he cut in smartly.

The next installment describes a sharp clash between Stanton and Smith. The fight ceases to be merely a battle of wits and becomes deadly and desperate and bloody.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Roots Must Have Room.

The yield of cotton is dependent upon the number of flowers we are able to induce the plant to form, and root space is necessary to flowering. The cotton plant's normal rooting may occupy two square yards of earth, which is several times more than given it in practice, and the yield may often be reduced by this fact as the roots must interlap.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE ITEMS

Hazleton.—A second case of Southern negro smallpox has developed.

Mechanicsburg.—The National Bank has declared a \$1,000 dividend, recommending that it go to the Red Cross.

Hazleton.—The name of the Leviston post office, two miles south of here, has been changed to Junedale, to avoid confusion with Lewistown.

West Berwick.—A remarkable school attendance record is that of Miss Alice Parr, a student, who has not missed a session in twelve years.

Selinsgrove.—The community folk bade an impressive farewell to the 47 men of the Susquehanna University unit for the American Ambulance Corps, when they entrained for Allentown for training.

Norristown.—A committee of 25 leading citizens has been appointed to select a site for a new Y. M. C. A. building.

Reading.—After a thorough investigation it was found that there has not been a single slacker on registration day.

Reading.—Four little girls served as pall bearers at the funeral of Adam Strunk, 10 years old, who was killed by a Pennsylvania express train.

Norristown.—William Hampton, 70, fell dead at his workbench as wool sorter at the Norristown woolen mills.

Norristown.—Company F, is one of the few companies in the State up to full war strength.

Pottstown.—A site 60 by 71 feet has been purchased in this city as quarters for the Young Men's Hebrew Association, and as an institute for the education of Jewish children in that town and immediate vicinity.

Harrisburg.—The outlook for a bumper potato crop is so encouraging throughout Berks county that farmers and dealers predict that potatoes can be purchased cheaply in the fall.

Harrisburg.—Officers at the State registration bureau estimated that 90 per cent. of the men who served on the registration work for the selective draft would give their services free.

Harrisburg.—The State Forester wants tree planters to put out more nut trees, so that small game can thrive.

Harrisburg.—State Senator Charles W. Sones bid \$60,000 for the entire city bond issue to provide funds for Williamsport street improvement.

Hazleton.—The two hundred employees of the Roessel silk mill, most of them girls, have received a wage increase of 10 per cent.

Harrisburg.—Because so many of its engineering corps enlisted in the army the Lehigh Valley Coad Company has employed women to copy maps.

Hazleton.—Hazleton banks won't conduct Christmas savings clubs this year, but will instead form clubs for the sale of Liberty Loan Bonds of the next issue.

Renovo.—The Coroner's jury on the accident near here, where four persons were fatally hurt, when an automobile went over an embankment, declared it would have been prevented had the road been safeguarded.

Harrisburg.—Two farms in Old Zionsville have been leased by iron ore prospectors, and 25 miners are drilling on the Kleppinger place.

Skipack.—The school directors of Skipack township, which has nine schools, have raised the teachers' salaries from \$50 to \$60 for primary grades, and from \$60 to \$65 for grammar schools.

Harrisburg.—After killing more than 400 young chickens and several old turkeys on the farms of Dr. J. R. Wagner, John Roth, Calvin Marberger and John Becker, within a fortnight, the thief (a female gray fox with young ones) was caught in a trap and killed by Marberger.

Reading.—Adam Strunk, 10 years old, Reading while playing with two companions on the Pennsylvania Railroad bridge over the Schuylkill, was struck by a train and hurled about 35 feet, off the bridge, suffering a broken neck and fractured skull, from which he died.

Williamsport.—Four persons were killed, two instantly, near Shintown, when a motor car driven by Theodore Nicholas, of Renovo, went over a forty-foot embankment and landed on the railroad track below. In addition to the driver the dead are: His mother, Mrs. Rachel Nicholas, and his uncle, Melvin Nicholas, both of Renovo, and his aunt, Mrs. Ross Chestnut, of Chicago, who was on a visit to relatives.

Beaver Meadow.—The Lehigh Valley Coal Company has posted signs on the baseball grounds, forbidding Sunday games.

Hazleton.—Alderman H. W. Heidenreich is a candidate for Mayor of Hazleton. He was defeated four years ago by 33 votes by James A. Harvey.

Carlisle.—The resignation of George M. Briner, for 10 years principal of the Carlisle High School, is announced.

Harrisburg.—Gardening experts at Pennsylvania State College will give a special six-weeks' course in vegetable growing, in connection with the regular summer school.

Myerstown.—For 34 years treasurer of the Women's Missionary Society of the United Brethren Church, Mrs. Isaac B. Haak was presented with a silver service.

Reading.—Rev. W. F. Teal preached the baccalaureate sermon for the graduating class of Schuylkill Seminary.

DRAFT PLANS SOON TO BE ANNOUNCED

Machinery for Enrolling Big Army Complete By July 1.

EXEMPTION REGULATIONS

Brigadier-General Crowder Foresees No More Complication Than Was Experienced With Registration.

9,649,938 MEN ENROLL FOR COUNTRY'S SERVICE.

Washington.—War registration returns, virtually completed by reports from Wyoming and Kentucky, show 9,649,938 men between the ages of twenty-one and thirty years, inclusive, have been enrolled for the country's service.

In addition to the regularly tabulated total, 6,001 Indians were enrolled by State officials, or on reservations by Interior Department agents.

Counting the 600,000 or more men in the Federal service and not required to register, the provost-marshal-general's office said the Census Bureau estimate of 10,275,604 eligibles was approximately correct, and that few slackers are to be sought.

Washington.—Machinery for enrolling an army of 625,000 men by selective draft will be completed in every detail by July 1, two months before the tentative date considered for calling the first of the troops to the colors. Regulations for the exemption process will be made public shortly.

Officials have not disclosed the plan to be followed, but the machinery for the exemption boards, both local and review, can be put into operation on July 1, it is stated.

Brigadier-General Crowder, who worked out the plans for both registration and selection, foresees no more complication with the selection and exemption machinery than was experienced with registration. Secretary Baker and his advisers repeatedly have given assurances that the selection system will be so fair that there would be no ground for fears that any man will be favored by reason of political or other relations. In order that neighborhood knowledge of a man's work and his dependents might aid in the task of sending to the front men who can be spared at home, the country undoubtedly will be highly subdivided, and the exemption districts be small.

TWO SUFFRAGISTS ARRESTED.

Police Take Misses Burns and Morey At Washington.

Washington.—Police put an end to all suffrage picketing of the White House.

Following two days' riots, Major Pullman, Superintendent of Police, issued strict orders against permitting the militants to flaunt their banners or to stand before the White House.

Shortly after issuance of the orders three patrolmen and two policemen, after trying peacefully to dissuade Miss Lucy Burns, militant leader and Miss Catherine Morey, of Boston, from unfurling a big yellow banner before the White House gates, arrested them and took them to headquarters.

TESTS SUBMARINE CHASER.

Satisfactory Results From Trial Of First Patrol Boat.

Washington.—Preliminary reports from the New York Navy Yard on trials of the first of the 110-foot submarine chasers show satisfactory results in every respect. The hull was completed in a few weeks' time and the boat already has weathered her first test without developing any defects. An unusually severe series of tests will be given the little craft and her performance will govern largely the design of the hundreds of similar boats to be built.

TO INQUIRE INTO COAL COST.

Senate Committee Will Also Take Up Various Metals.

Washington.—Inquiry into production, prices and transportation of coal, steel, copper and other basic materials over which Government supervision may be proposed during the war was decided upon by the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee. Coal will be the first subject taken up this week.

DENIES UNREST IN SPAIN.

Army Complaints Not Political, Declares Ambassador.

Washington.—The Spanish Ambassador, Juan Riano, issued the following statement in regard to published reports of unrest in Spain:

"The news reports circulated in the United States regarding the interior situation of Spain are absolutely incorrect. Perfect tranquility prevails, both material and moral."