

# The Real Man

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CHAPTER IX—Continued.

"That is precisely what I was driving at. Our banker can't run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. You'll excuse me if I say that you haven't been altogether fair with Timanyoni Ditch, or with Colonel Baldwin, Mr. Kinzie. A friendly banker doesn't help sell out his customer. You know that, as well as I do. Still, you did it."

Kinzie threw up his hands and tried to defend himself. "It was a straight business transaction, Mr. Smith. As long as we're in the banking business, we buy and sell for anybody who comes along."

"No, we don't, Mr. Kinzie; we protect our customers first. In the present instance you thought your customer was a dead one, anyway, so it wouldn't make much difference if you should throw another shovel of dirt or so onto the coffin. Wasn't that the way of it?"

The president was fairly pushed to the ropes, and he showed it. "Answer me one question, both of you," he snapped. "Are you big enough to fight for your own against Stanton's crowd?"

"You'll see; and the sight is going to cost you something," said Smith, and the blandest oil could have been no smoother than his tone.

"Is that right, Dexter?"

"That's the way it looks to me, Dave," said the ranchman capitalist, who, whatever might be his limitations in the field of high finance, was not lacking the nerve to fight unquestioning in any partner's quarrel.

The president of the Brewster City National turned back to Smith.

"What do you want, Mr. Smith?" he asked, not too cordially.

"Nothing that you'd give us, I guess; a little business loyalty, for one thing."

"And a checking balance for immediate necessities for another?" suggested the banker.

With all his trained astuteness—trained in Kinzie's own school, at that—Smith could not be sure that the gray-faced old Westerner was not setting a final trap for him, after all. But he took the risk, saying, with a decent show of indifference: "Of course it would be more convenient here than in Denver or Chicago. But there is no hurry about that part of it."

The president took a slip of paper from a pigeonhole and wrote rapidly upon it. Once more his optimism was locking horns with prudent caution. It was the optimism, however, that was driving the pen. Baldwin's word was worth something, and it might be disastrous to let these two get away without anchoring them solidly to the Brewster City National.

"Sign this, you two," he said. "I don't know even the name of your new outfit yet, but I'll take a chance on one piece of two-name paper, anyhow."

Smith took up the slip and glanced at it. It was an accommodation note for twenty thousand dollars. With the money fairly in his hands, he paused to drive the nail of independence squarely before he would begin.

"We don't want this at all, Mr. Kinzie, unless the bank's goodwill comes with it," he said with becoming gravity.

"I'll stand by you," was the brusque rejoinder. "But it's only fair to you both to say that you've got the biggest kind of a combination to buck you—a national utilities corporation with the strongest sort of political backing."

"I doubt if you can tell us anything that we don't already know," said Smith coolly, as he put his name on the note; and when Baldwin had signed: "Let this go to the credit of Timanyoni Ditch, if you please, Mr. Kinzie, and we'll transfer it later. It's quite possible that we sha'n't need it, but we are willing to help out a little on your discount profits, anyway. Further along, when things shape themselves up a bit more definitely, you shall know all there is to know, and we'll give you just as good a chance to make money as you'll give us."

When they were safely out of the bank and half a square away from it, Dexter Baldwin pushed his hat back and mopped his forehead. "They say a man can't sweat at this altitude," he remarked. "I'm here to tell you, Smith, that I've lost ten pounds in the last ten minutes. Where in the name of jumping Jehoshaphat did you get your nerve, boy? You made him believe we'd got outside backing from somewhere."

"I didn't say anything like that, did I?"

"No; but you opened the door and he walked in."

"That's all right; I'm not responsible for Mr. Kinzie's imagination. We were obliged to have a little advertising capital; we couldn't turn a wheel without it. Put me in touch

## JOHN SMITH BLUFFS A CRAFTY BANKER AND GETS HOLD OF SUFFICIENT WORKING CAPITAL TO GO AHEAD WITH THE GREAT IRRIGATION DAM PROJECT

**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. He goes to interview a crafty banker while the financial enemies plan ruin for Baldwin's company.

with a good business lawyer, and I'll start the legal machinery. Then you can get into your car and go around and interview your crowd, man by man. I want to know exactly where we stand with the old stockholders before we make any move in public. Can you do that?"

Baldwin lifted his hat and shoved his fingers through his hair. "I reckon I can; there are only sixty or seventy of 'em. And Bob Stillings is your lawyer. Come around the corner and I'll introduce you."

### CHAPTER X.

#### The Rocket and the Stick.

For a full fortnight after the preliminary visit to the Brewster City National bank Smith was easily the busiest man in Timanyoni county. Establishing himself in the Hophra House, and discarding the working khaki only because he was shrewd enough to dress the new part becomingly, he flung himself into what Colonel Baldwin called the "miracle-working" campaign with a zest that knew no flagging moment.

Within the fourteen-day period new town offices were occupied on the second floor of the Brewster City National building; Stillings, most efficient of corporation counsels, had secured the new charter; and the stock-books of Timanyoni High Line had been opened, with the Brewster City National named as the company's depository and official fiduciary agent.

At the dam the building activities had been generously doubled. An electric light plant had been installed, and Williams was working day and night shifts both in the quarries and on the forms. Past this, the new financial manager, himself broadening rapidly as his field broadened, was branching out in other directions. After a brief conference with a few of his principal stockholders he had instructed Stillings to include the words "Power and Light" in the cataloging of the new company's possible and probable charter activities, and by the end of the fortnight the foundations of a powerhouse were going in below the dam, and negotiations were already on foot with the Brewster city council looking toward the sale of electric current to the city for lighting and other purposes.

Smith had made the planting of his financial anchor securely to windward his first care. Furnished with a selected list by Colonel Baldwin, he had made a thorough canvas of possible investors, and by the time the new stock was printed and ready for delivery through Kinzie's bank, an ironclad pool of the majority of the original Timanyoni Ditch stock had been organized, and Smith had sold to Maxwell, Starbuck, and other local capitalists a sufficient amount of the new treasury stock to give him a fighting chance; this, with a promise of more if it should be needed.

Not to Maxwell or to any of the new investors had Smith revealed the full dimensions of the prize for which Timanyoni High Line was entering the race. Colonel Baldwin and one William Starbuck, Maxwell's brother-in-law, by courtesy, and his partner in the Little Alice mine, alone knew the wheel within the wheel; how the great eastern utility corporation represented by Stanton had spent a million or more in the acquisition of the Escalante grant, which would be practically worthless as agricultural land without the water which could be obtained only by means of the Timanyoni dam and canal system.

With all these strenuous stirrings in the business field, it may say itself that Smith found little time for social indulgences during the crowded fortnight. Day after day the colonel begged him to take a night off at the ranch, and it was even more difficult to refuse the proffered hospitality at the weekend. But Smith did refuse it.

It was not until after Miss Corona—driving to town with her father, as she frequently did—had thrice visited the new offices that Smith began to congratulate himself, rather bitterly, to be sure, upon his wisdom in staying away from Hillcrest. For one thing, he was learning that Corona Baldwin was able to make him see rose-colored.

When she was not with him, he was a man in daily peril of meeting the sheriff. But when she was present, calm sanity had a way of losing its grip.

Miss Corona's fourth visit to the handsome suite of offices over the Brewster City National chanced to fall upon a Saturday. Her father, president of the new company, as he had been of the old, had a private office of his own, but Miss Corona soon drifted out to the railed-off end of the larger room, where the financial secretary had his desk.

"Colonel-daddy tells me that you are coming out to Hillcrest for the weekend," was the way in which she interrupted the financial secretary's brow-knittings over a new material contract. "I have just wagered him a nice fat little round iron dollar of my allowance that you won't. How about it?"

Smith looked up with his best-natured grin. "You win," he said shortly.

"Thank you," she laughed. "In a minute or so I'll go back to the president's office and collect." Then: "One dinner, lodging and breakfast of us was about all you could stand, wasn't it? I thought maybe it would be that way."

"What made you think so?"

She had seated herself in the chair reserved for inquiring investors. There was a little interval of glove-smoothing silence, and then, like a flash out of a clear sky, she smiled across the desk end at him and said:

"Will you forgive me if I ask you a perfectly ridiculous question?"

"Certainly. Other people ask them every day."

"Is—is your name really and truly John Smith?"

"Why should you doubt it?"

It was just here that Smith was given to see another one of Miss Corona's many moods—or tenses—and it was a new one to him. She was visibly embarrassed.

"I—I don't want to tell you," she stammered.

"All right; you needn't."

"If you're going to take it that easy, I will tell you," she retorted. "Mr. Williams thought your name was an alias; and I'm not sure that he doesn't still think so."

"The Smiths never have to have aliases. It's like John Doe or Richard Roe, you know."

"Have you any middle name?"

"I haven't a middle initial. It is 'M.' He was looking her fairly in the eyes as he said it, and the light in her new eyes was excellent. Thanks to her horseback riding, Miss Corona's small oval face had a touch of healthy outdoor tan; but under the tan there came, for just a flitting instant, a flush of deep color, and at the back of the gray eyes there was something that Smith had never seen there before.

"It's—it's just an initial," she queried.

"Yes; it's just an initial, and I don't use it ordinarily. I'm not ashamed of the plain 'John.'"

"I don't know why you should be," she commented, half absently, he thought. And then: "How many 'John M. Smiths' do you suppose there are in the United States?"

"Oh, I don't know; a million or so, I guess."

"I should think you would be rather glad of that," she told him. But when he tried to make her say why he should be glad, she talked pointedly of other things and presently went back to her father's office.

There were fine little beadings of perspiration standing on the fugitive's forehead when she left him.

After the other members of the office force had taken their departure, he still sat at his desk striving to bring himself back with some degree of clear-headedness to the pressing demands of his job. Just as he was about to give it up and go across to the Hophra House for his dinner, William Starbuck drifted in to open the ralling gate and to come and plant himself in the chair of privilege at Smith's desk end.

"Well, son; you've got the animals stirred up good and plenty, at last," he said, when he had found the "makings" and was deftly rolling a cigarette—his one overlapping habit reaching back to his range-riding youth. "Dick Maxwell got a wire today from his kiddie's grandpa—and my own respected daddy-in-law—Mr. Hiram Fairbairn; you know him—the lumber king."

"I'm listening," said Smith.

"Dick's wire was an order; instructions from headquarters to keep hands off of your new company and to work strictly in cahoots—harmony" was the word he used—with Crawford Stanton. How does that fit you?"

The financial secretary's smile was the self-congratulatory face-wrinkling of the quarry foreman who has seen his tackle hitch hold to land the big stone safely at the top of the pit.

"What is Maxwell going to do about it?" he asked.

"Dick is all wool and a yard wide; and what he signs his name to is what he is going to stand by. You won't lose him, but the wire shows us just about where we're aiming to put our leg into the gopher hole and break it, doesn't it?"

"I'm not borrowing any trouble. Mr. Fairbairn and his colleagues are just

a few minutes too late. Starbuck. We've got our footing—inside of the corral."

The ex-cowpuncher, who was now well up on the middle rounds of fortune's ladder, shook his head doubtfully.

"Don't you make any brash breaks, John. Mr. Hiram Fairbairn and his crowd can swing twenty millions to your one little old dollar and a half, and they're not going to leave any of the pebbles unturned when it comes to saving their investment in the Escalante. That's all; I just thought I'd drop in and tell you."

Smith went to his rooms in the hotel a few minutes later to change for dinner. He found the linen drawer in his dressing-case overflowing. Opening another, he began to arrange the overflow methodically. The empty drawer was lined with a newspaper, and a single headline on the upturned page sprang at him like a thing living and venomous. He bent lower and read the underrunning paragraph with a dull rage mounting to his eyes and serving for the moment to make the gray of the printed lines turn red.

Lawrenceville, May 19.—The grand jury has found a true bill against Montague Smith, the absconding cashier of the Lawrenceville Bank and Trust, charged with embezzling the bank's funds. The crime would have been merely a breach of trust and not actionable but for the fact that Smith, by owning stock in the bankrupt Westfall industries lately taken over by the Richlander company, had so made himself amenable to the law. Smith disappeared on the night of the 14th and is still at large. He is also wanted on another criminal count. It will be remembered that he brutally assaulted President Dunham on the night of his disappearance. The reward of \$1,000 for his apprehension and arrest has been increased to \$2,000 by the bank directors.

### CHAPTER XI.

#### The Narrow World.

At the fresh newspaper reminder that his sudden bound upward from the laboring ranks to the executive headship of the irrigation project had merely made him a more conspicuous target for the man-hunters, Smith scented himself of sleep and redoubled his efforts to put the new company on a sound and permanent footing. In the nature of things he felt that his own shift must necessarily be short. The more or less dramatic coup in Timanyoni High Line had advertised him thoroughly. He was rapidly coming to be the best-known man in Brew-



"How About It?"

ster, and he cherished no illusions about lost identities, or the ability to lose them, in the land where time and space have been wired and railroaded pretty well out of existence.

It was needless that he should work while the day was his in which to work; and he did work. There was still much to be done. Williams was still having a threat of labor troubles at the dam, and Stillings had unearthed another possible flaw in the land titles dating back to the promotion of a certain railroad which had never gotten far beyond the paper stage and the acquiring of some of its rights of way.

Smith flung himself masterfully at the new difficulties as they arose, and earned his meed of praise from the men for whom he overcame them. But under the surface current of the hurrying business life a bitter undertow was beginning to set in. He took his first decided backward step on the night when he went into a hardware store and bought a pistol.

The free, fair-fighting spirit which had sent him barehanded against the three claim-jumpers was gone and in its place there was a fell determination, undefined as yet, but keying itself to the barbaric pitch.

Try as hard as he may, Smith finds that he cannot keep sentiment out of his life. His fear of discovery and arrest increases. Important developments come in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Sea Gives Up Estates.** Early strollers on the beaches as far north as Belmar recently recovered from the surf enough food to stock a country grocery, says a Sea Girl, N. Y., dispatch to the New York Times.

The floatsman included canned goods of many sorts, but mostly tomatoes and asparagus; one man carried home three tubs of good butter and many clothesbaskets full of lemons, all of which were fresh and hard. Submarine activity was scouted as a cause for the pickings, but one guess as to their origin was that some vessel, a warship or possibly a big yacht, returning from a long cruise had passed up the coast and their crew had emptied the larder overboard so as to be certain of absolutely fresh provisions when next they put to sea.

## SENT 1075 BILLS TO GOVERNOR

### Legislature Just Before Adjournment Rushed Through a Flood of Measures.

### VETOES KILL THREE BILLS

There Are Now in the Hands of the Governor 696 Bills—Some Vetoes and Some Measures That Have Been Approved.

Harrisburg.—The Legislature which adjourned sent to Governor Brumbaugh 1075 bills, a number which were recalled by resolutions of the two Houses. There are now in the hands of the Governor 696 bills. Exclusive of the recalled bills the action of the Governor has been as follows: Approvals of general bills, 226; approvals of appropriations, 42; vetoes, 81.

Governor Brumbaugh announced vetoes of two bills providing for increases of salaries, and also of the bill providing for a change in levying of taxes in townships for highway lighting. The vetoes were the first of a series expected to be made by the Governor.

In vetoing the House bill providing for increase of salaries of clerks in the office of the Recorder of Deeds of Philadelphia the Governor says: "Such salary matters ought to be determined by the local authorities who know the facts and whose knowledge of the facts is remote and whose knowledge of the facts is scant. The counties have the obligation to pay; why not the right to determine salaries? The State is not liable for the increased cost of this service; why should it decree the increase?"

The Governor also vetoed the bill to increase salaries of county officials in Luzerne and Lackawanna counties and says that it is not manifest why these officials should be singled out for the increase. He says the bill as drawn is not equitable, and that people have protested against the measure. "There is no evidence that better service would ensue," adds the Governor.

In his veto of the township light tax bill the Governor says to change the plan now existing would be an infringement upon rights, and that in his opinion the present law is all right. A change would work an injustice. He closes with this remark: "Any law that discourages where it should encourage laudable establishment of owned homes is not good law."

The Governor announced his approval of the Powell "war garden" bill, which makes it a misdemeanor, punishable by not over a year in prison, or \$100 fine, for anyone to steal, remove or destroy any seed or plant sown or planted in gardens.

The Governor approved eight other House bills, including the following: Forbidding power-driven vehicles from going over bridges at the rate of more than six miles an hour. Requiring filing of certificates with Secretary of the Commonwealth by all persons engaged in business under assumed or fictitious names.

Giving poor districts right to take land for buildings or farming purposes, and providing means of paying damages therefor.

Validating satisfaction of mortgages in certain cases.

Providing for construction of public improvements in Philadelphia on the unit principle.

Providing for changes in State highway routes in Montour county.

Amending public improvements and eminent domain lien act of June 11, 1915, by excepting proceedings to ascertain damages and benefits for municipal street or sewer improvements.

Regulating election of first-class township commissioners, and providing a method whereby Courts may number election districts.

### State Treasury Strong.

The receipts in the general fund of the State Treasury during the month of June were greater than the total balance in all State funds on June 30, 1916, according to reports of the past month just closed. The financial condition of the State has not been better for several years for the total balance of all funds now is \$7,360,795, while a year ago the total balance was \$2,204,922. At that time the general fund, or the working capital of the Commonwealth, was \$1,095,380. The general fund balance last August got below the \$1,000,000 mark.

While the receipts during the past month were heavy, amounting to \$2,658,234 in the general fund alone, the payments also were large and \$2,552,796 was paid out of this fund. The total receipts for the month were \$2,837,053 and the payments were \$150,000 in excess of this amount, being \$2,985,494.

### For Elastic Contracts.

Governor Brumbaugh approved the Stern bill, which permits Philadelphia to award contracts by the unit system. The measure, which was drafted by City Solicitor Connelly, is an amendment to the Bullit Charter act, under which he city was required to appropriate the total sum involved in the construction of a public improvement before the contract could be let.

The Stern bill permits contracts to be awarded for a portion of the proposed improvement.

## PENNSYLVANIA BRIEFS

Paul W. Houck, of Shenandoah, took the oath of office as Secretary of Internal Affairs, to serve out the unexpired term of his father, the late Henry Houck. Seventy friends from Schuylkill county accompanied Mr. Houck. The oath was administered at Harrisburg by Frederick A. Godcharles, deputy secretary of the Commonwealth. No changes will be made for the present in the department.

The adjutant General's Department, Harrisburg, announced that it had received a report that the Sixteenth Infantry, Colonel George C. Rickards, Oil City, had reached war strength of 56 officers and 2902 men, the second regiment of the Guard to reach this strength, the first having been the Third Artillery, Colonel Asher Miner, Wilkes-Barre.

Warning that demands of military hospitals and convalescent camps for eggs will be so tremendous in the next year or so as to cause a shortage in the supply that ordinarily goes into domestic food business is given in the bulletin of the State Department of Agriculture. It is urged that people should not kill off their hens.

Park View, near Hazleton, is organizing a fire company, after \$10,000 loss. From burns caused by a fire-cracker, Francis Leary, aged 7, died at Lancaster.

Close to 8700 pneumatic-tired automobiles have been granted State licenses on the half-year basis by the State Highway Department.

Bathing after a hearty supper, Harry Himmelberger, aged 19, Lebanon, was fatally stricken with paralysis of the heart, in Swantara Creek, Valley Glen park.

J. W. Mitterling sold a carload of cows in Collegeville, and they brought \$89 to \$140 each.

Of 54 Norristown young men who joined the Second Field Artillery, Philadelphia, but 15 were accepted.

The managers of the Bradford County Agricultural Society have decided to abolish horse racing at the Towanda fair this year. Half of the net proceeds of the fair will be turned over to the Red Cross Society.

Allegheny Mountain coal operators who have been retailing at Hollidaysburg at \$2.50 a ton advanced their price to \$3 a ton to meet the supposed minimum rate fixed by the United States Government, to the indignation of thousands of consumers.

After years of idleness, the plate mill of Potts Brothers, Pottstown, went under a new ownership. The Nagle Steel Company, which also operates mills at Glasgow, Seyfert and Rahway, N. J., has purchased the entire Potts mill property and reconstructed it.

West Hazleton has instituted a blue law regime by Sunday closing. Not receiving a bid, Altoona School Board will haul its coal from the mines.

War-time conditions have cut the attendance at Pennsylvania State College summer session for teachers to 645, against 1104 last year.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Women's division of War Relief, Altoona, has forwarded 200 soldiers' kits to the Ninth Regiment of Engineers.

Because so many parents have been imploring him to spare their sons, B. W. Wilde has notified Governor Brumbaugh he doesn't want to serve on the Hazleton Draft Exemption Board.

The Menonite Home at Frederick is caring for 13 aged people.

The Pennsylvania railroad east of Pittsburgh has dropped the use of white lights in signals.

Jesse Williamson, Jr., of Philadelphia, a social leader, was sentenced to serve between eight and 24 years' imprisonment for embezzlement.

A class of 127 was graduated from the Lancaster High Schools, the largest in the history of the city.

Two hundred companies for home defense will be organized by the State organization of the Patriotic Order Sons of America.

The eight paroled prisoners who are tilling the soil at the Montgomery County Home are delighted with the change and the steward says they are doing good work.

Berks county farmers of the potato belt, when visited by speculators last week, who offered them \$2 a bushel for their potatoes in the autumn, refused to enter into any game of speculation.

Hawley Quier, John G. Rothmel and Charles S. Richardson, prominent Reading young men, have arrived in France as members of the Princeton Unit. Quier is driver of an army automobile.

Allen women in bloomers are doing farm work near Bristol.

There is an organized movement for the consolidation of a part of Lower Chichester township and the Borough of Marcus Hook, which includes Trainer and Linwood Heights.

The new moor truck company for the National Guard, organized at Lancaster, was inspected by Major R. S. Williams, United States army. Young Mrs. Irvin Martin held the horses of a mower her husband was driving near Chambersburg to let him catch three runaway colts. The colts approached the horses in the field, and the latter broke and ran, throwing Mrs. Martin in front of the mower's cutter bar, which ran over her and severed her right foot mangleing the ankle and foot badly. All over Franklin county women are working in the hay fields.