

# THE REAL MAN

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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## SMITH FINDS A LOVE AFFAIR BREWING AND IT MAKES HIM UNCOMFORTABLE—HE IS WARNED TO PROTECT HIMSELF FROM VIOLENCE

**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. As plans for financing the new company materialize, Smith makes good at his new job, but his past history bobs up to trouble him.

### CHAPTER XI—Continued.

It had been a day of maddening distractions. A rumor had been sent afoot—by Stanton, as Smith made no doubt—hinting that the new dam would be unsafe when it should be completed; that its breaking, with the reservoir behind it, would carry death and destruction to the lowlands and even to the city. Timid stockholders, seeing colossal damage suits in the bare possibility, had taken the alarm, and Smith had spent the greater part of the day in trying to calm their fears. For this cause, and some others, he was on the ragged edge when Baldwin dropped in on his way home from the dam and protested.

"Look here, John; you're overdoing this thing without end! You break it off short, right now, and go home with me and get your dinner and a good night's rest. Get your coat and hat and come along, or I'll rope you down and hog-tie you."

For once in a way, Smith found that there was no fight left in him, and he yielded, telling himself that another acceptance of the Baldwin hospitality,



"You Broken-Down Samsen."

more or less, could make no difference. But no sooner was the colonel's gray roadster headed for the bridge across the Timanyoni than the exhilarating reaction set in. In a twinkling the business cares, and the deeper worries as well, fled away, and in their place heart-hunger was loosed.

After dinner, a meal at which he ate little and was well content to satisfy the hunger of his soul by the road of the eye, Smith went out to the portico to smoke. The most gorgeous of mountain sunsets was painting itself upon the sky over the western Timanyoni, but he had no eyes for natural grandeur, and no ears for any sound save one—the footstep he was listening for. It came at length, and he tried to look as tired as he had been when the colonel made him close his desk and leave the office; tried and apparently succeeded.

"You poor, broken-down Samsen, carrying all the brazen gates of the money-Philistines on your shoulders! You had to come to us at last, didn't you? Let me be your Dillah and fix that chair so that it will be really comfortable." She said it only half mockingly, and he forgave the sarcasm when she arranged some of the hammock pillows in the easiest of the porch chairs and made him bury himself luxuriously in them.

Still holding the idea, brought over from that afternoon of the name questioning, that she had in some way discovered his true identity, Smith was watching narrowly for danger-signals when she thanked her and said:

"You say it just as it is. I had to come. But you could never be anybody's Dillah, could you? She was a betrayer, if you recollect."

He made the suggestion purposely, but it was wholly ignored, and there was no guile in the slate-gray eyes.

"You mean that you didn't want to come?"

"No; not that. I have wanted to come every time your father has asked me. But there are reasons—good reasons—why I shouldn't be here."

If she knew any of the reasons she made no sign. She was sitting in the

hammock and touching one slipped too to the flagstones for the swinging push. From Smith's point of view she had for a background the gorgeous sunset, but he could not see the more distant glories.

"We owe you much, and we are going to owe you more," she said. "You mustn't think that we don't appreciate you at your full value. Colonel-daddy thinks you are the most wonderful somebody that ever lived, and so do a lot of others."

"And you?" he couldn't resist saying. "I'm just plain ashamed—for the way I treated you when you were here before. I've been eating humble-pie ever since."

Smith breathed freer. Nobody but a most consummate actress could have simulated her frank sincerity. He had jumped too quickly to the small sun-in-addition conclusion. She did not know the story of the absconding bank cashier.

"I don't know why you should feel that way," he said, eager, now, to run where he had before been afraid to walk.

"I do. And I believe you wanted to shame me. I believe you gave up your place at the dam and took hold with daddy more to show me what an inconsequent little idiot I was than for any other reason. Didn't you, really?"

He laughed in quiet ecstasy at this newest and most adorable of the moods.

"Honest confession is good for the soul; I did," he boasted. "Now beat that for frankness, if you can."

"I can't," she admitted, laughing back at him. "But now you've accomplished your purpose, I hope you are not going to give up. That would be a little hard on colonel-daddy."

"Oh, no; I'm not going to give up—until I have to."

"Does that mean more than it says?"

"Yes, I'm afraid it does." She was silent for the length of time that it took the flaming crimson in the western sky to fade to salmon. The colonel had mounted the steps and was coming toward them. The young woman slipped from the hammock and stood up.

"Don't go," said Smith, feeling as if he were losing an opportunity and leaving much unsaid that ought to be said. But the answer was a quiet "good night" and she was gone.

Smith went back to town with the colonel the next morning physically rested, to be sure, but in a frame of mind bordering again upon the sardonic. One thing stood out clearly: he was most unmistakably in love with Corona Baldwin.

Hence there was another high resolve not to go to Hillcrest again until he could go as a free man; a resolve which, it is perhaps needless to say, was broken thereafter as often as the colonel asked him to go. Why, in the last resort, Smith should have finally chosen a confidant in the person of William Starbuck, the reformed cowpuncher, he scarcely knew. But it was to Starbuck that he appealed for advice when the sentimental situation had grown fairly desperate.

"I've told you enough so that you can understand the vise-grip of it, Billy," he said to Starbuck one night when he had dragged the mine owner up to the bathroom suite in the Eopra House, and had told him just a little, enough to merely hint at his condition.

"You see how it stacks up. I'm in a fair way to come out of this the biggest scoundrel alive—the piker who takes advantage of the innocence of a good girl. I'm not the man she thinks I am. I am standing over a volcano pit every minute of the day. If it blows up, I'm gone, obliterated, wiped out."

"Is it aiming to blow up?" asked Starbuck sagely.

"I don't know any more about that than you do. It is the kind that usually does blow up sooner or later. I've prepared for it as well as I can. What Colonel Baldwin and the rest of you needed was a financial manager, and Timanyoni High Line has its fighting chance—which was more than Timanyoni Ditch had when I took hold. If I should drop out now, you and Maxwell and the colonel and Kinzie could go on

and make the fight; but that doesn't help out in this other matter."

Starbuck smoked in silence for a long minute or two before he said: "Is there another woman in it, John?"

"Yes; but not in the way you mean."

"Corry's a mighty fine little girl, John," said Starbuck slowly. "Any one of a dozen fellows I could name would give all their old shoes to swap chances with you."

"That isn't exactly the kind of advice I'm needing," was the sober rejoinder.

"No; but it was the kind you were wanting, when you tolled me off up here," laughed the ex-cowpuncher. "I know the symptoms. Had 'em myself for about two years so bad that I could wake up in the middle of the night and taste 'em. Go in and win. Maybe the great big stumbling-block you're worrying about wouldn't mean anything at all to an open-minded young woman like Corona; most likely it wouldn't."

"If she could know the whole truth—and believe it," said Smith musingly.

"You tell her the truth, and she'll take care of the believing part of it, all right. You needn't lose any sleep about that."

Smith drew a long breath and removed his pipe to say: "I haven't the nerve, Billy, and that's the plain fact. I have already told her a little of it. She knows that I—"

Starbuck broke in with a laugh. "Yes; it's a shouting pity about your nerve! You've been putting up such a blooming scary fight in this irrigation business that we all know you haven't any nerve. If I had your job in that, I'd be going around here totting two guns and wondering if I couldn't make room in the holster for another."

Smith shook his head.

"I was safe enough so long as Stanton thought I was the resident manager and promoter for a new bunch of big money in the background. But he has had me shadowed and tracked until now I guess he is pretty well convinced that I actually had the audacity to play a lone hand; and a bluffing hand, at that. That makes a difference, of course. Two days after I had climbed into the saddle here, he sent a couple of his strikers after me. I don't know just what their orders were, but they seemed to want to fight—and they got it. It was in Blue Pete's doggerly, up at the camp."

"Guns?" queried Starbuck.

"They; not mine, because I didn't have any. I managed to get the shooting-irons away from them before we had mixed very far."

"You're just about the biggest, long-eared, stiff-backed, stubborn wild ass of the wallows that was ever let loose in a half-reformed gun country!" grumbled the ex-cowman. "You're fixing to get yourself all killed up, Smith. Haven't you sense enough to see that these rustlers will rub you out in two twitches of a dead lamb's tail if you're made up your minds that you are the High Line main guy and the only one?"

"Of course," said the wild ass easily. "If they could lay me up for a month or two—"

"Lay up, nothing!" retorted Starbuck. "Lay you down, about six feet underground, is what I mean!"

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the one whose fears ran in a far different channel from any that could be dug by mere corporation violence. "This is America, in the twentieth century. We don't kill our business competitors nowadays."

"Don't we?" snorted Starbuck. "That will be all right, too. We'll suppose, just for the sake of argument, that my respected and respectable daddy-in-law, or whatever other silk-hatted old money-bags happens to be paying Crawford Stanton's salary and commission, wouldn't send out an order to have you killed off. Maybe Stanton, himself, wouldn't stand for it if you'd put it all that barefaced. But daddy-in-law, and Stanton, and all the others, hire blacklegs and sharpers and gunmen and thugs. And every once in a while somebody takes a wink for a nod—and bang! goes a gun."

"Well, what's the answer?" said Pete Simms.

"Tote an arsenal, yourself, and be ready to shoot first and ask questions afterward. That's the only way you can live peaceably with such men as Jake Boogerfield and Lanterby and Simms."

Smith got out of his chair and took a turn up and down the length of the room. When he came back to stand before Starbuck, he said: "I did that, Billy. I've been carrying a gun for a week and more; not for these ditch prizes, but for somebody else. The other night, when I was out at Hillcrest, Corona happened to see it. I'm not going to tell you what she said, but when I came back to town the next morning, I chucked the gun into a desk drawer. And I hope I'm going to be man enough not to wear it again."

Starbuck dropped the subject abruptly and looked at his watch.

"You liked to have done it, pulling me off up here," he remarked. "I'm due to be at the train to meet Mrs. Billy, and I've got just about three minutes. So long."

Smith changed his street clothes leisurely after Starbuck had gone, and when he went downstairs stopped at the desk to toss his room key to the clerk.

The hotel register was lying open on the counter, and from force of habit he ran his eye down the list of late arrivals. At the end of the list, in sprawling characters upon which the ink was yet fresh, he read his sentence, and for the first time in his life knew the meaning of panic fear. The newest entry was:

"Josiah Richlander and daughter, Chicago."

Smith was not misled by the placename. There was only one "Josiah Richlander" in the world for him, and he knew that the Lawrenceville magnate, in registering from Chicago, was only following the example of those who, for good reasons or no reason, use the name of their latest stopping place for a registry address.

### CHAPTER XII.

#### A Reprieve.

Smith's blood ran cold and there was a momentary attack of shocked consternation, comparable to nothing that any past experience had to offer. But there was no time to waste in curious speculations as to the why and wherefores. Present safety was the prime consideration. With Josiah Richlander and his daughter in Brewster, and guests under the same roof with him, discovery, identification, disgrace were knocking at the door. He could harbor no doubt as to what Josiah Richlander would do if discovery came. For so long a time as should be consumed in telegraphing between Brewster and Lawrenceville, Smith might venture to call himself a free man. But that was the limit.

One minute later he had hailed a passing autocab at the hotel entrance, and the four miles between the city and Colonel Baldwin's ranch had been tossed to the rear before he remembered that he had expressly declined a dinner invitation for that same evening at Hillcrest, pleading business to Mrs. Baldwin in person when she had called at the office with her daughter.

Happily, the small social offense went unremarked, or at least unrebuked. Smith found his welcome at the ranch that of a man who has the privilege of dropping in unannounced. The colonel was jocosely hospitable, as he always was; Mrs. Baldwin was graciously lenient—was good enough, indeed, to thank the eleventh-hour guest for reconsidering at the last moment; and Corona—

Notwithstanding all that had come to pass; notwithstanding, also, that his footing in the Baldwin household had come to be that of a family friend. Smith could never be quite sure of the bewitchingly winsome young woman who called her father "colonel-daddy." Her pose, if it were a pose, was the attitude of the entirely unspoiled child of nature and the wide horizons. When he was with her she made him think of all the words expressive of transparency and absolute and utter unconcealment. Yet there were moments when he fancied he could get passing glimpses of a subtler personality at the



"I'm Not the Man She Thinks I Am. I Am Standing Over a Volcano—"

back of the wide-open, frankly questioning eyes; a wise little soul lying in wait behind his defenses; prudent, all-knowing, deceived neither by its own prepossessions or prejudices, nor by those of the masqueraders of other souls.

Smith has three devils to plague him just now: His past in Lawrenceville; his growing fondness for Corona; and the enemies of the company for whose success he is working night and day. Important developments come in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### Should Be Satisfied.

"Jenkins claimed that I insulted him." "Did you give any satisfaction?" "I guess so. He pounded me until he was tired."

## Sweeping Lines In New Clothes

New York.—Lucile firmly believes that the time has come in American fashion for women to wear long, flowing lines of dignity and abandon the half bodices, lack of sleeves and short, transparent skirts which have ruled us for three years.

She is definitely committed to this idea and is designing all her autumn clothes in Paris and London to meet the purpose.

The reason that her statement has such force is that no one denies that she revolutionized ballroom dressing as the Vernon Castles revolutionized its dancing and Irving Berlin revolutionized its music.

The Castle-Berlin-Lucile combination has been in Europe, the symbol of America. But with Vernon Castle in the aviation corps, with Mrs. Lucile not dancing in public, and with Lucile stating her far-reaching purpose to

strength and importance. It is no longer advocated by the few, but by the many dressmakers.

There is no wholesale repetition of Chinese costume in these modern French gowns. The single garment that is taken in its original form is the Mandarin coat. It is used as an evening wrap. In America there has been a superabundance of Chinese coats worn after candlelight.

One extremely good-looking New York woman who has been told that she somewhat resembles the artist's drawings of Chinese faces, constantly appears in the evening with a superb Mandarin coat worn over her frock. Her black hair, brushed back from the coiffure, completes the picture. She also adds a great fan of peacock feathers set in sticks of jade. One has a strong impulse to lift her up and set her on a tiny pedestal of teakwood.

Over in Paris the Chinese idea is expressed in the new gowns in lines as well as in embroidery and coloring. The attempt is made to swing a gown freely away from the body in excellent folds, and then gather it in somewhere near the normal waistline by a girdele.

There is a dominant Chinese note in the house gowns. One is made of jade green velvet, so thin that it looks like satin. The lining is of Chinese blue crepe. The Mandarin sleeves completely cover the arms, and the long, straight widths, front and back, drop to the ankles.

There is a slip of flesh-colored chiffon over satin, which clings closely to the figure from collar bone to instep, and over this slip, at a high waistline, the green velvet material is caught with a large, square, Chinese ornament in jade. There is a necklace of jade beads that drops down the front of the flesh-colored bodice and fastens to the ornament at the waistline.

There is another Chinese gown for dinner or the theater, made of Chinese yellow brocade, extraordinarily soft and supple. It is lined with flesh pink Chinese crepe. It hangs in loose panels from waist to instep, showing an underskirt of Chinese blue chiffon edged with a tiny band of gilt at the hem. The bodice is draped in a loose surplice, and the girdele is of the material. The sleeves are Mandarin-shaped, of transparent, yellow chiffon edged with a tiny rim of gilt.

Those who look for new designs in embroidery, are reproducing the pea-



Here is the hat with the palette brim. It is built of thin black satin and gets its name from the curve of its brim. Its only ornaments are two large pins of white jade.

out frivolity and bring in seriousness in clothes, Irving Berlin, with his ragtime music, is the only one left of the symbolic three.

If the women of America follow the dignified gowns of Lucile as they followed her hoop skirts, girdele bodices, bobbed hair and tango slippers, we will see a continent of women who look as serious as the times.

The few models that have been advanced as forerunners of what is to come this autumn, have about them a dignity and seriousness that the men of the community will applaud and endorse.

There is no undue showing of the ankles and shoulder; the bodices are subdued in the décolletage; the long, wing-like, medieval draperies cover the arms and fall to the knees; the clinging skirts start at a slightly high waistline and fall against the figure and cover the feet, in the manner of the eighteenth century.

It is not a gown for the type of youth that we call flapper, or, as one of the dashing young editors of the day has termed it, poulet à la Ziegfeld.

**The Graceful Long Skirt.** There is nothing startlingly new in the gowns which will be worn during the late summer and autumn, if the prophecies of the experts come true. They have been shown in America ever since January, and in a certain blaze of Oriental splendor they have been worn by smart women at ceremonial functions.

It is not, however, the gorgeousness of the Byzantine era, that is to be repeated in the newer style of dressing for the second half of the year 1917.

Soft satins, brocades that have no body, georgettes that look like net, chiffon that resembles tulle, and the crepes of China that cling to the figure, are the fabrics that will go toward the making of the dignified gown for the serious epoch.

There are inky black gowns to be worn, which are made of georgette that has no sheen.

There are gowns of silver gray charmeuse that swirl and cling to the figure from shoulder to floor. The folds of the skirt are softly pushed aside by the slipped foot, as the wearer moves.

About all of these gowns which are to come and which are beginning to make their appearance among women who dress well, there are no ostentatious ornaments, no sensuous girdling of the hips in the Oriental manner, no faint reflection of the bazaars of Delhi.

The colors do not clash like symbols of victory. There is nothing triumphant about their procession.

These are the clothes of women whose hours are given to war charities and war relief, whose leisure time is given to reading literature that keeps them abreast of the tremendous movements on this planet, and whose thoughts are turned not to ragging the scale, but to the lines of khaki on the western front.

Mind you, they are not poverty-stricken clothes. The American people are in arms against unnecessary saving and economy that means ruin to others. But they are a revolt from what we have been wearing.

**Still the Chinese Touch.** Over from Paris, where those who represent us are watching every twist and turn in fashions, comes the statement that the Chinese touch grows in



This evening gown revives the décolletage of 1870. It is of black chiffon printed with bouquets of colored roses. The barrel skirt has a deep hem of rose taffeta, and the Empress Eugenie bodice is held by a band of the same silk.

cock feather on satin and chiffon. They use the original colors in some cases, but often, the shape of the feather is indicated and filled in with colors that a peacock never grew. One may be glad of that, for the intense blue and green which peacocks do sponsor, are not exactly becoming to every woman and grow tiresome and monotonous when constantly used as a motif for ornament.

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#### Reducing the Waistline.

While these are the days of the Venus de Milo waists, still there are some women with waists that need reducing. A very good exercise for this purpose is as follows: Placing the hands on the hips, bend the trunk forward and stretch the arms down until the finger tips touch the floor. Exhale as you bend down and inhale as you straighten up. Repeat this exercise four or five times daily.