

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 mining 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,

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 a 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've 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 Bolling."

"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 saloonkeeper 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'a 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 th' 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!"

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 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 stubbly 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-

NO SEPARATE PEACE

RUSSIA WILL RESENT OVER-TURES OF THAT NATURE. SAYS WAR FORCED ON HER

Germany Claims Submarine Warfare a Lawful Measure.—America Is Now Feeding the World.

Western Newspaper Union News Service. New York.—Russia, as now constituted, is as likely to make a separate peace as is the United States, in the opinion of C. H. Boynton of New York, president of the American-Russian chamber of commerce. Mr. Boynton, who is now in Petrograd, has forwarded to the organization, of which he is president, a statement on the conditions in Russia, in which he presents an optimistic view of the Russian outlook. Wherever separate peace has been mentioned, it has been howled down with indignation, he writes. Efforts made by the Russian extremists to create disorders have been overthrown, not by an armed force, but by the force of public opinion. "If in the future appearances in Russia should seem alarming," Mr. Boynton asserted, "the real situation will be in the hands of a ministry composed of the best Russia can offer."

He predicted that the task of reorganizing the government's policies will be accomplished before many months

A FRIEND'S ADVICE

Woman Saved From a Serious Surgical Operation.

Louisville, Ky.—"For four years I suffered from female troubles, headaches, and nervousness. I could not sleep, had no appetite and it hurt me to walk. If I tried to do any work, I would have to lie down before it was finished. The doctors said I would have to be operated on and I simply broke down. A friend advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and the result is I feel like a new woman. I am well and strong, do all my own house work and have an eight pound baby girl. I know Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saved me from an operation which every woman dreads."—Mrs. NELLIE FISHBACK, 1521 Christy Ave., Louisville, Ky.

Everyone naturally dreads the surgeon's knife. Sometimes nothing else will do, but many times Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has saved the patient and made an operation unnecessary.

If you have any symptom about which you would like to know, write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for helpful advice given free.

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How His Name Originated. Mr. Lynch and his friend were discussing family names and their history.

"How did your name originate?" asked the friend.

"Oh, probably one of my ancestors was of the grasping kind that you hear about so often. Somebody gave him an 'ynch' and he took an 'L.'"—Christian Register.

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Might Happen Again.

Mrs. Euphemia Johnson was attended by a confidential colored friend of her own sex when the railroad company called her in to effect a cash settlement for the death of her husband, killed on his honeymoon.

Mrs. Johnson had clouded her features with a heavy veil up to the time the corporation attorney had mentioned the sum, but when he produced the bills she threw back the badge of mourning and gazed eagerly on the bundle that flashed green and yellow in thick streaks.

The lawyer withdrew after the signing of the release and the two were left alone.

"Euphemia," said the companion. "I suppose you'll be gettin' married again, now that you're so rich."

Euphemia paused with a thick thumb half-way to her mouth for moisture and reflection.

"Ef Ah do," she observed before resuming the counting of the roll, "it'll be some pusson on de Seabode Aych Line."

Had Short Memory.

Landlord (to Pat, who has just paid his rent)—I hear you are a good judge of whisky, Pat. Now, here are two different bottles and I want you to tell me which is the best.

Pat takes a glass of each, smacks his lips and looks wise.

Landlord—Well, Pat, which is the best?

Pat—Begorra, yer honor, they are both good, but would you mind filling me another glass of the first. I have forgotten the taste of it.

Going to Land Him.

"He was engaged three times before he proposed to her."

"Yes."

"And she accepted him?"

"Yes, but she's insisting on an immediate marriage. Profiting by the experience of the other girls she isn't going to take any chance on his breaking another engagement."

Power is powerless unless its possessor is conscious of his ability.



"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-



"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 and—"

"You 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 shan'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 letter-perfect.

"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.

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 stubbly 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?"

The next instalment 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.

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Bobby SAYS

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