

# THE REAL MAN

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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## WHAT HAPPENED

J. Montague Smith, cashier of the Lawrenceville Bank & Trust Co., young society leader, popular bachelor engaged to marry Verda Richlander, heiress, and destined to be one of the town's leading citizens, became innocently involved in a dishonest bank loan. Watrous Dunham, president of the bank, tried to shift the blame to Smith, who refused to be the scapegoat. When Dunham drew a pistol to threaten him, Smith struck the president a blow over the heart and left him for dead.

## CHAPTER II—Continued.

Good judges on the working floor of the Lawrenceville Athletic club had said of the well-muscled young bank cashier that he did not know his own strength. It was the sight of the pistol that maddened him and put the driving force behind the smashing blow that landed upon the big man's chest. The lifted pistol dropped from Mr. Watrous Dunham's grasp and he wilted, settling back into his chair, and then slipping to the floor.

In a flash Smith knew what he had done. Once, one evening when he had been induced to put on the gloves with the Athletic club's trainer, he had contrived to plant a little blow which had sent the wily little Irishman to the mat, gasping and fighting for the breath of life. "If ever ye'll be givin' a man that heart-punch wid th' bare fist, Misther Montygue, 'tis you fr th' faast train widout shtoppin' to buy anny ticket—it'll be murder in the first degree," the trainer had said, when he had breath to compass the saying.

With the unheeded warning resurgent and clamoring in his ears, Smith knelt horror-stricken beside the fallen man. On the president's heavy face and in the staring eyes there was a foolish smile, as of one mildly astonished. Smith loosened the collar around the thick neck and laid his ear upon the spot where the blow had fallen. The big man's heart had stopped like a smashed clock.

Smith got upon his feet, turned off the electric light, and, from mere force of habit, closed and snap-locked the president's desk. The watchman had not yet returned. Smith saw the empty chair beside the vault door as he passed it on his way to the street. The cashier's only thought was to go out to police headquarters and give himself up. Then he remembered how carefully the trap had been set, and how impossible it would be for him to make any reasonable defense.

With one glance over his shoulder at the darkened front windows of the bank, Smith began to run, not toward the police station, but in the opposite direction—toward the railroad station.

For J. Montague Smith, slipping from shadow to shadow down the scantily lighted cross street and listening momentarily for the footfalls of pursuit, a new hour had struck. It was all prodigiously incredible. The crowding sensations were terrifying, but they were also precious, in their way. Long-forgotten bits of brutality and tyranny on Watrous Dunham's part came up to be remembered and, in this retributive aftermath, to be triumphantly crossed off as items in an account finally settled. On the Smith side the bank cashier's forebears had been plodding farmers, but old John Montague had been the village blacksmith and a soldier—a shrewd smiter in both trades. Blood



Smith Knew What He Had Done.

"I tell, Parental implantings may have much to say to the fruit of the womb, but atavism has more. Smith's jaw came up with a snap. He was no longer an indistinguishable unit in the ranks of the respectable and the well-behaved; he was a man feeling for his life. What was done was done, and the next thing to do was to avert the consequences.

At the railroad station a few early comers for the west-bound passenger train due at ten o'clock were already gathered, and at the bidding of a certain new and militant craftiness Smith avoided the lighted waiting rooms as if they held the pestilence. A string of box cars had been pushed up from the freight-unloading platforms recently, and in the shadow of the cars he worked his way westward to the yard

where a night switching crew was making up a train.

Keeping to the shadows, he walked back along the line of cars on the make-up track, alertly seeking his opportunity. Half-way down the length of the train he found what he was looking for: a box car with its sidedoor hinged but not locked. With a bit of stick to lengthen his reach, he unfastened the hasp, and at the switching crew's addition of another car to the "make-up" he took advantage of the noise made by the jangling crash and slid the door. Then he ascertained by groping into the dark interior, that the car was empty. With a foot on the truss-rod he climbed in, and at the next coupling crash closed the door.

## CHAPTER III.

### The High Hills.

The Nevada through freight was two hours late issuing from the western portal of Timanyoni canon. Through the early mountain-climbing hours of the night and the later flight across the Red desert, the dusty, travel-grimed young fellow in the empty box car midway of the train had slept soundly, with the hard car floor for a bed and his folded coat for a pillow. But the sudden cessation of the crash and roar of the shut-in mountain passage awoke him and he got up to open the door and look out.

It was still no later than a lazy man's breakfast time, and the May morning was perfect. Over the top of the eastern range the sun was looking, level-rayed, into a parked valley bounded on all sides by high spurs and distant snow peaks. In its nearer reaches the valley was dotted with round hills, some of them bare, others dark with mountain pine and fir.

From the outer loopings of the curves, the young tramp at the car door had momentary glimpses of the Timanyoni, a mountain torrent in its canon, and the swiftest of upland rivers even here where it had the valley in which to expand. A Copah switchman had told him that the railroad division town of Brewster lay at the end of the night's run, in a river valley beyond the eastern Timanyonis, and that the situation of the irrigation project which was advertising for laborers in the Denver newspapers was a few miles up the river from Brewster.

As the train swept along on its way down the grades the valley became more open and the prospect broadened. At one of the promontory roundings the box-car passenger had a glimpse of a shack-built construction camp on the river's margin some distance on ahead. A concrete dam was rising in sections out of the river, and dominating the dam and the shacks two steel towers, with a carrying cable stretched between them, formed the piers of the aerial spout conveyor for the placing of the material in the forms.

The train made no stop at the construction siding, but a mile farther along the brakes began to grind and the speed was slackened. Sliding the car door another foot or two, the young tramp with the week-old stubble beard on his face leaned out to look ahead. His opportunity was at hand. A block semaphore was turned against the freight and the train was slowing in obedience to the signal. Waiting until the brakes shrilled again, the tramp put his shoulder to the sliding door, sat for a moment in the wider opening, and then swung off.

His alighting was upon one of the promontory embankments. To the westward, where the curving railroad track was lost in the farther windings of the river, lay the little intermountain city of Brewster, a few of its higher buildings showing clear-cut in the distance. Paralleling the railroad, on a lower level and nearer the river, a dusty wagon road pointed in one direction toward the town, and in the other toward the construction camp.

The young man who had crossed four states and the better part of a fifth as a fugitive and vagrant turned his back upon the distant town as a place to be avoided. Scrambling down the railroad embankment, he made his way to the wagon road, crossed it, and kept on until he came to the fringe of aspens on the river's edge, where he broke all the tramping traditions by stripping off the travel-worn clothes and plunging in to take a soapless bath. The water, being melted snow from the range, was icy cold and it stabbed like knives. Nevertheless, it was wet, and some part of the travel dust, at least, was soluble in it. He came out glowing, but a thorn from his well-groomed past came up and pricked him when he had to put the soiled clothes on again.

There was no present help for that, however; and five minutes later he had regained the road and was on his way to the ditch camp. As he walked he read for the fiftieth time something on the page of a recent St. Louis paper. It was under glaring headlines:

## ATTEMPTED MURDER OF BANK PRESIDENT.

Society-Leader Cashier Embezzles \$100,000 and Makes Murderous Assault on President.

Lawrenceville, May 15.—J. Montague Smith, cashier of the Lawrenceville Bank and Trust company, and a leader in the Lawrenceville younger set, is today a fugitive from justice with a price on his head. At a late hour last night the watchman of the bank found President Dunham lying unconscious in front of his desk. Help was summoned, and Mr. Dunham, who was supposed to be suffering from some sudden attack of illness, was taken to his hotel. Later, it transpired that the president had been the victim of a murderous assault. Discovering upon his return to the city yesterday evening that the cashier had been using the bank's funds in an attempt to work a stock speculation of his own, Dunham sent for Smith and charged him with the crime. Smith made an unprovoked and desperate assault upon his superior officer, beating him into insensibility and leaving him for dead. Since it is known that he did not board any of the night trains east or west, Smith is supposed to be in hiding somewhere in the vicinity of the city. A warrant is out, and a reward of \$1,000 for his arrest and detention has been offered by the bank. It is not thought possible that he can escape. It was currently reported not long since that Smith was engaged to a prominent young society girl of Lawrenceville, but this has proved to be untrue.

He folded the newspaper and put it in his pocket. The thing was done, and it could not be undone. Having put himself on the wrong side of the law, there was nothing for it now but a complete disappearance; exile, a change of identity, and an absolute severance with his past.

When he had gone a little distance he found that the wagon road crossed the right of way twice before the construction camp came into view. The last of the crossings was at the temporary material yard for which the side track had been installed, and from this point on, the wagon road held to the river bank. The ditch people were doubtless getting all their material over the railroad so there would be little hauling by wagon. But there were automobile tracks in the dust, and shortly after he had passed the material yard the tramp heard a car coming up behind him. It was a six-cylinder roadster, and its motor was missing badly.

Its single occupant was a big, bearded man, wearing his gray tweeds as one to whom clothes were merely a convenience. He was chewing a black cigar, and the unoccupied side of his mouth was busy at the passing moment heaping obstructions upon the limping motor. A hundred yards farther along the motor gave a spasmodic gasp and stopped. When the young tramp came up, the big man had climbed out and had the hood open. What he was saying to the stalled motor was picturesque enough to make the young man stop and grin appreciatively.

"Gone bad on you?" he inquired. Col. Dexter Baldwin, the Timanyoni's largest landowner, and a breeder of fine horses who tolerated motorcars only because they could be driven hard and were insensate and fit subjects for abusive language, took his head out of the hood.

"The third time this morning," he snapped. "I'd rather drive a team of wind-broken mustangs, any day in the year!"

"I used to drive a car a while back," said the tramp. "Let me look her over."

The colonel stood aside, wiping his hands on a piece of waste, while the young man sought for the trouble. It was found presently in a loosened magnet wire; found and cleverly corrected. The tramp went around in front and spun the motor, and when it had been throttled down, Colonel Baldwin had his hand in his pocket.

"That's something like," he said. "The garage man said it was carbon. You take hold as if you knew how. What's your feet?"

The tramp shook his head and smiled good-naturedly.

"Nothing; for a bit of neighborly help like that."

The colonel put his coat on, and in the act took a better measure of the stalwart young fellow who looked like a hobo and talked and behaved like a gentleman.

"You are hiking out to the dam?" he asked brusquely.

"I am headed that way, yes," was the equally crisp rejoinder.

"Hunting a job?"

"Just that."

"What sort of a job?"

"Anything that may happen to be in sight."

"That means a pick and shovel or a wheelbarrow on a construction job. But there isn't much office work."

The tramp looked up quickly.

"What makes you think I'm hunting for an office job?" he queried.

"Your hands," said the colonel shortly.

The young man looked at his hands

thoughtfully. They were dirty again from the tinkering with the motor, but the inspection went deeper than the grime.

"I'm not afraid of the pick and shovel, or the wheelbarrow, and on some accounts I guess they'd be good for me. But on the other hand, perhaps it is a pity to spoil a middling good office man to make an indifferent day-laborer—to say nothing of knocking some honest fellow out of the only job he knows how to do."

Colonel Baldwin swung in behind the steering wheel of the roadster and held a fresh match to the black cigar. Though he was from Missouri, he had lived long enough in the high hills to know better than to judge any man altogether by outside appearances.

"Climb in," he said, indicating the vacant seat at his side. "I'm the president of the ditch company. Perhaps Williams may be able to use you; but your chances for office work would be ten to one in the town."

"I don't care to live in the town," said the man out of work, mounting to the proffered seat; and past that the big roadster leaped away up the road and the roar of the rejuvenated motor made further speech impossible.

## CHAPTER IV.

### Wanted—A Financier.

It was a full fortnight or more after this motor-tinkering incident on the hill road to the dam, when Williams, chief engineer of the ditch project, met President Baldwin in the Brewster offices of the ditch company and spent a



"I Used to Drive a Car."

busy hour with the colonel going over the contractors' estimates for the month in prospect. In an interval of the business talk, Baldwin remembered the good-looking young tramp who had wanted a job.

"Oh, yes; I knew there was something else that I wanted to ask you," he said. "How about the young fellow that I unloaded on you a couple of weeks ago? Did he make good?"

"Who—Smith?"

"Yes; if that's his name."

The engineer's left eyelid had a quizzical droop when he said dryly: "It's the name he goes by in camp; 'John Smith.' I haven't asked him his other name."

The ranchman-president matched the drooping eyelid of unbelief with a sober smile. "I thought he looked as if he might be out here for his health—like a good many other fellows who have no particular use for a doctor. How is he making it?"

The engineer, a hard-bitted man with the prognathous lower jaw characterizing the tribe of those who accomplish things, thrust his hands into his pockets and walked to the window to look down into the Brewster street. When he turned to face Baldwin again, it was to say: "That young fellow is a wonder, colonel. I put him into the quarry at first, as you suggested, and in three days he had revolutionized things to the tune of a 20 per cent saving in production costs. Then I gave him a hack at the concrete-mixers, and he's making good again in the cost reduction. That seems to be his specialty."

The president nodded and was sufficiently interested to follow up what had been merely a casual inquiry.

"What are you calling him now?—a betterment engineer? You know your first guess was that he was somebody's bookkeeper out of a job."

Williams shrugged his head.

"He's a three-cornered puzzle to me, yet. He isn't an engineer, but when you drag a bunch of cost money up the trail, he goes after it like a dog after a rabbit. I'm not anxious to lose him, but I really believe you could make better use of him here in the town of Brewster than I can on the job."

Baldwin was shaking his head dubiously.

The young ex-tramp soon finds that his services are very much in demand, despite the fact that he is suspected of trying to hide his past.

## (TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Had Her Reasons.

They were discussing church affairs when Mary came home from school, and Aunt Maria remarked "little pitchers have big ears," and the conversation stopped. A few days afterward the minister came to tea and gave some of his attention to Mary.

"Do you like to go to church?" he asked.

"No," answered Mary, very firmly but politely.

"A. d why not, my little dear?"

"Oh," said Mary, with a smile, "little pitchers have big ears," very much to the surprise of her mother and Aunt Maria, who colored consciously, and the minister changed the conversation.

# INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Acting Director of the Sunday School Course in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.) (Copyright, 1917, Western Newspaper Union.)

## LESSON FOR JUNE 24

### THE PURPOSE OF JOHN'S GOSPEL (REVIEW—READ JOHN 21:15-25.)

REVIEW—Read John 21:15-25. GOLDEN TEXT—These are written, that you might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through his name.—John 20:31.

There are a variety of methods to be followed in reviewing the work of the past six months and to give variety. Teachers of classes, or superintendents of schools, may select one or combine several, as their judgment dictates. Of course, the easiest way is to procure a good speaker who is familiar with the Gospel of John and the lessons of the past quarter, and let him bring out in the review its most outstanding and salient features.

One method would be to have one-minute talks either by members of the class or persons selected from the school. Each of twelve scholars could be assigned one minute, each to have one of the lessons of the past quarter.

Another good way would be to take the outstanding and significant verses from the lessons of the quarter, not the golden text, but verses which seem to emphasize the outstanding features of the six months' work. "Behold the Lamb of God," (Ch. 1:36); "Ye must be born again," (3:7); "Come see a man which told me all things that ever I did; is not this the Christ?" (4:29); "Verily, verily I say unto you, he that heareth my word and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life and shall not come into condemnation but is passed from death unto life," (5:24); "I must work the works of him that sent me while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work."

Another method of review would be, particularly in the adult classes, to have each lesson with its present-day emphasis. For instance, the past quarter: Lesson 1—The Christian in his dealing with blindness. Lesson 2—Modern wonders of healing and medical missions. Lesson 3—The shepherding of church members. Lesson 4—Do we know how to give? Lesson 5—Is Christ supreme in our national life? Lesson 6—Ambition and its cure. Lesson 7—The world's good springing from Christ. Lesson 8—Temperance reform. Lesson 9—The Holy Spirit in everyday life. Lesson 10—How Christ is betrayed and denied today. Lesson 11—The uplifting power of the cross. Lesson 12—Why men believe in immortality.

A good method of review would be to have someone take up each of the golden texts, announcing it in advance that pupils may be prepared for this method. The teacher would write the texts of the quarter, each on a separate piece of cardboard, and lay them face down on a table; pupils would then draw the golden texts, one at a time, and tell what the lesson is to which this text belongs, giving as full an account of the lesson as possible, the teacher helping out with questions where necessary.

It will be of great value to the pupils if they can get in this review a clear outline of the main events of Christ's last weeks upon earth, covered particularly by the past quarter. There are forty standing events of the past quarters: (1) The healing of the man born blind; (2) Jesus the good Shepherd; (3) Jesus sending forth the seventy; (4) Jesus in Berea; (5) The raising of Lazarus; (6) The ten lepers healed; (7) Bartimeus at Jericho; (8) Jesus visits Zaccheus; (9) Jesus anointed by Mary; (10) The fig tree; (11) Triumphant entry; (12) Cleaning the temple; (13) Weeping over Jerusalem; (14) The widow's mite; (15) The Greeks seek Jesus; (16) Preparation for the passover; (17) Washing the disciples' feet; (18) The Lord's supper; (19) The farewell discourse; (20) The farewell prayer; (21) The agony in Gethsemane; (22) Judas betrays Jesus; (23) The arrest of Jesus; (24) Peter denies Jesus; (25) Jesus before Ananias; (26) Jesus before Caiaphas; (27) Jesus before the Sanhedrin; (28) The mocking of Jesus; (29) Jesus before Pilate; (30) Jesus before Herod; (31) Pilate condemns Jesus; (32) The sorrowful wait; (33) The crucifixion; (34) The seven last words; (35) Jesus dies; (36) Burial; (37) Resurrection; (38) Appearance to Mary; (39) Appearance during the forty days; (40) The ascension.

As brought out heretofore, John sets forth the purpose of this Gospel; namely, that "Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that believing on him we might have everlasting life, eternal life in his name." (See golden text).

A Suggestion. In setting forth this review, let us not as teachers and officers, overlook the opportunity we have of calling from our scholars an expression of the faith that has been born within them. (See Rom. 10:9, 10). Jesus the light of the world has power to set men free from sin and "whom the son shall make free is free indeed." If we properly set him before our scholars, they will be made free from the slavery of sin and enter into the freedom of believers. True faith is built upon facts; those who accept and believe these facts will have everlasting life.

# BUSINESS GOOD IN CANADA

No Financial Depression, and None Since the War Began.

A well-known correspondent of an important Western daily paper recently made an extended visit to Western Canada, and in summing up the results, after going thoroughly into conditions there, says there is no financial depression in Canada, nor has there been anything of the sort since the war began. Anyone who has watched the barometer of trade, and seen the bank clearings of the different cities grow and continue to grow will have arrived at the same conclusion. The trade statistics reveal a like situation. The progress that the farmers are making is highly satisfactory. As this correspondent says: "It is true there have been adaptations to meet new conditions, and taxes have been revised, and that a very large burden of added expense in many lines has been assumed, but it has all been done methodically, carefully and with full regard for the resources to be called on. "That this has been done fairly and wisely is proved by the present comfortable financial position.

"With the exception of a restricted area in the east, Canada is not an industrial country. The greater portion of the Dominion must be classed as agricultural area, with only an infinitesimal part of it fully developed.

"Lacking complete development, the agricultural portion of Canada has naturally placed its main dependence upon fewer resources than would be the case in the States. Even in peace times, business would be subject to more frequent and wider fluctuations, due to the narrower foundation upon which it rests.

"Thus, Canada has been able to come up to the war with efficiency and sufficiency and to maintain and even advance its civilian activities.

"Canada's first element of financial strength lay in its branch bank system. This system has two great advantages: It makes the financial resources of the Dominion fluid so that supplies of capital can run quickly from the high spots to the low spots; also, it places at the command of each individual branch the combined resources of the whole institution so that there is an efficient safeguard against severe strain at any one point.

"Here in Winnipeg, the all-Canada banking houses maintain big, strong branches and, as elsewhere in the Dominion, these held to an attitude of saneness and solidity that prevented even the start of any financial disturbance.

That business generally is now coming strong on an even keel is largely due to the absolute refusal of the banks, both branch and independent to exhibit the slightest signs of excitement or apprehensiveness.

"For all Canada the savings bank figures are astonishing. Beginning with 1913, they are, for the fiscal year ending March 31:

1913	\$222,928,968
1914	663,650,230
1915	683,761,432
1916	738,169,212
1917	888,765,698

"These figures represent what Canadians have put away after paying the increased living cost, which is about the same as in the States, all increases in taxes and imports of all kinds made necessary by the war and generous subscriptions to war bond issues.

"Prohibition has helped greatly in keeping the money supplies circulating in the normal, necessary channels. Tradesmen generally attribute a large part of the good financial condition to the fact that the booze bill has been eliminated. Canada takes law enforcement with true British seriousness.

"Financially, as in every other respect, Canada has developed sufficiency. She has done it in spite of initial conditions which would not look promising in the States and she has done it in a big, strong way.

"One of the best things we did," said one of the leading Winnipeg bankers to me, "was to decide early in the game that we simply would not borrow trouble.

"We started in ignorance of how the war would develop and without knowing exactly what our resources were, and had to find the way.

"And yet Canadians are not overburdened with taxes nor are they complaining of them. For the common people there has been but a slight tax increase, if any, in a direct way. Indirect payments, of course, are made in the shape of higher prices for living commodities, but the price advance on such items is no heavier than in the States in the same period."—Advertisement.

### Appearances Are Deceiving.

Wife—"Don't you think a great, big, tall, married man ought to be taken into the army just the same as anybody else?"

Hub—"My dear, he only looks tall; as a matter of fact, he is probably short.—Judge.

A married man says there is evidently no end to a wife's mind, as he gets a piece of it every day.

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