

THE REAL MAN

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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AFTER SAVING THE LIFE OF DAINTY CORONA BALDWIN, SMITH TAKES IT UPON HIMSELF TO SAVE THE COMPANY'S PROPERTY AT THE RISK OF HIS LIFE

Synopsis.—J. Montague Smith, cashier of the Lawrenceville Bank and Trust company, bachelor society leader, engaged to marry Verda Richlander, heiress, is wrongfully accused of dishonesty by Watrous Dunham, his employer, and urged to be the scapegoat for his guilty accuser. Smith strikes Dunham, leaves him for dead and flees the state. He turns up as a tramp sometime later at an irrigation dam construction camp in the Rockies and as John Smith gets a rough job. He soon attracts the attention of his boss by his evidence of superior intelligence; and because the company is in financial straits, is asked to join the office staff and become a sort of financial adviser. About this time Smith saves the life of Miss Corona Baldwin, daughter of Col. Dexter Baldwin, president of the company.

CHAPTER VI—Continued.

"I was born here in Timanyoni, and you haven't been here three weeks; do you think I'd be afraid to go anywhere that you'll go?"

"We'll see about that," he chuckled, matching the laugh; and with that he let the clutch take hold, sent the car rolling gently up to the level of the railroad embankment and across the rails of the main track, and pulled it around until it was headed fairly for the upper switch. Then he put the motor in the reverse and began to back the car on the siding, steering so that the wheels on one side hugged the inside of one rail.

"What in the world are you trying to do?" questioned the young woman who had said she was not afraid.

"Wait," he temporized; "just wait a minute and get ready to hang on like grim death. We're going across on that trestle."

He fully expected her to shriek and grab for the steering wheel. That, he told himself, was what the normal young woman would do. But Miss Corona disappointed him.

"You'll put us both into the river, and smash Baldwin-daddy's car, but I guess the Baldwin family can stand it if you can," she remarked quite calmly.

Smith kept on backing until the car had passed the switch from which the spur branched off to cross to the material yard on the opposite side of the river. A skillful bit of juggling put the roadster over on the ties of the spur-track. Then he turned to his fellow risk.

"Sit low and hang on with both hands," he directed. "Now!" and he opened the throttle.

The trestle was not much above two hundred feet long, and, happily, the cross-ties were closely spaced. Steered to a hair, the big car went bumping across, and in his innermost recesses Smith was saying to his immediate ancestor, the well-behaved bank clerk: "You swab! You never saw the day when you could do a thing like this?"

... you thought you had me tied up in a bunch of ribbon, didn't you?" If Miss Baldwin were frightened, she did not show it. Smith jerked the roadster out of the entanglement of the railroad track and said: "You may sit up now and tell me which way to go. I don't know anything about the roads over here."

She pointed out the way across the hills, and a four-mile dash followed. Up hill and down the big roadster raced, devouring the interspaces, and at the topping of the last of the ridges, in a small, low-lying swale which was well hidden from any point of view in the vicinity of the distant dam, they came upon the interlopers. There were three men and two horses and a covered wagon, as Martin's telephone message had catalogued them. The horses were still in the traces, and just beyond the wagon a legal mining claim had been marked out by freshly driven stakes. At one end two of the men were digging perfunctorily, while the third was tacking the legal notice on a bit of board nailed to one of the stakes.

Smith sent the gray car rocketing down into the swale, brought it to a stand with a thrust of the brakes, and jumped out. Once more the primitive Stone Age man in him, which had slept so long and so quietly under the Lawrenceville conventionalities, was joyously pitching the barriers aside.

"It's moving day for you fellows," he announced cheerfully, picking the biggest of the three as the proper subject for the order giving. "You're on the Timanyoni Ditch company's land, and you know it. Pile into the wagon and fade away!"

The big man's answer was a laugh, pointed, doubtless, by the fact that the order giver was palpably unarmed. Smith's right arm shot out, and when the blow landed there were only two left to close in on him. In such sudden hostilities the advantages are all with the beginner. Having superior reach and a good bit more skill than either of the two tacklers, Smith held his own until he could get in a few more of the smashing right-handers, but in planting them he took punishment enough to make him Berserk-mad and so practically invincible. There was a fierce mingling of arms,

legs and bodies, sufficiently terrifying, one would suppose, to a young woman sitting calmly in an automobile a hundred yards away.

The struggle was short in just proportion to its vigor, and at the end of it two of the trespassers were knocked out, and Smith was dragging the third over to the wagon, into which he presently heaved the man as if he had been a sack of meal. Miss Baldwin, sitting in the car, saw her ally dive into the covered wagon and come out with a pair of rifles. Pausing only long enough to smash the guns, one after the other, over the wagon wheel, he started back after the two other men. They were not waiting to be carried to the wagon; they were up and running in a wide semicircle to reach their hope of retreat unslain, if that might be. It was all very brutal and barbarous, no doubt, but the colonel's daughter was Western born and bred, and she clapped her hands and laughed in sheer enthusiasm when she saw Smith make a show of chasing the circling runners.

He did not return to her until after he had pulled up the freshly driven stakes and thrown them away, and by that time the wagon, with the horses lashed to a keen gallop, was disappearing over the crest of the northern ridge.

"That's one way to get rid of them, isn't it?" said the emancipated bank man, jocosely, upon taking his turn in the car to cramp it for the place. "Was that something like the notion you had in mind?"

"Mercy, no!" she rejoined. And then: "Are you sure you are not hurt?"

"Not worth mentioning," he evaded. "Those duffers couldn't hurt anybody, so long as they couldn't get to their guns."

"But you have saved the company at your own expense. They will be sure to have you arrested."

"We won't cross that bridge until we come to it," he returned. "If we were back in the country from which I have lately escaped, it would be proper for me to ask your permission to drive you safely home. Since we are not, I shall assume the permission and do it anyway."

"Oh, is that necessary?" she asked, meaning, as he took it, nothing more than comradely deprecation at putting him to the trouble of it.

"Not absolutely necessary, perhaps, but decently prudent. You might drop me opposite the dam, but you'd have to pass those fellows somewhere on the way, and they might try to make it unpleasant for you."

She made no further comment, and he sent the car spinning along over the hills to the westward. A mile

short of the trestle river crossing they overtook and passed the wagon. Because he had the colonel's daughter with him, Smith put on a burst of speed and so gave the claim jumpers no chance to provoke another battle.

In the maze of crossroads opposite the little city on the south bank of the river, Smith was out of his reckoning, and was obliged to ask his companion to direct him.

"I thought you weren't ever going to say anything any more," she sighed, in mock despair. "Take this road to the right."

"I can't talk and drive a speed wagon at the same time," he told her, twisting the gray car into the road she had indicated, and he made the assertion good by covering the four remaining miles in the same preoccupied fashion.

There was a reason, of a sort, for his silence; two of them, to be exact. For one, he was troubled by that haunting sense of familiarity which was still trying to tell him that this was not his first meeting with Colonel Baldwin's daughter; and the other, much bigger and more depressing, was the realization that in breaking with his past, he had broken also with the world of women, at least to the extent of ever asking one of them to marry him.

He pushed the thought aside, coming back to the other one—the puzzle of familiarity—when Miss Baldwin pointed to a transplanted Missouri farm mansion, with a columned portico, standing in a grove of cottonwoods on the left-hand side of the road, telling him it was Hillcrest.

There was a massive stone portal fronting the road, and when he got down to open the gates the young woman took the wheel and drove through; whereupon he decided that it was time for him to break away, and said so.

"But how will you get back to the camp?" she asked.

"I have my two legs yet, and the walking isn't bad."

"No; but you might meet those two men again."

"That is the least of my troubles."

Miss Corona Baldwin, like the Missouri colonel, her father, came upon moments now and then when she had the ultimate courage of her impulses.

"I should have said you hadn't a trouble in the world," she asserted, meeting his gaze level-eyed.

The polite paraphrases of the confined period were slipping to the end of his tongue, but he set his teeth upon them and said, instead: "That's all you know about it. What if I should tell you that you've been driving this morning with an escaped convict?"

"I shouldn't believe it," she said calmly.

"Well, you haven't—not quite," he returned, adding the qualifying phrase in sheer honesty.

She had untied her veil and was asking him hospitably if he wouldn't come in and meet her mother. Something in the way she said it, some little twist of the lips or look of the eyes, touched the spring of complete recognition, and the familiarity puzzle vanished instantly.

"You forget that I am a working-man," he smiled. "My gang in the quarry will think I've found a bottle somewhere." And then: "Did you ever lose a glove, Miss Baldwin—a white kid with a little hole in one finger?"

"Dozens of them," she admitted; "and most of them had holes, I'm afraid. But what has that to do with your coming in and meeting mamma and letting her thank you for saving my life?"

"Nothing at all, of course," he hastened to say; and with that he bade her good-by rather abruptly, and turned his back upon the transplanted Missouri mansion, muttering to himself as he closed the portal gates behind him: "Baldwin, of course! What an ass I was, not to remember the name! And now I've got the other half of it, too; it's 'Corona.'"

CHAPTER VII.

Timanyoni Ditch.

Smith had his vote of thanks from Colonel Dexter Baldwin in Williams' sheet-iron office at the dam, the colonel having driven out to the camp for the express purpose; and the chief of construction himself was not present.

"You've loaded us up with a tolerably heavy obligation, Smith—Corry's mother and me," was the way the colonel summed up. "If you hadn't been on deck and strictly on the job at that railroad crossing yesterday morning—"

"Don't mention it, colonel," Smith broke in. "I did nothing more than any man would have done for any woman. You know it, and I know it. Let's leave it that way and forget it."

The tall Missourian's laugh was entirely approbative.

"I like that," he said. "It's a good, man-fashioned way of looking at it. You know how I feel about it—how any father would feel; and that's enough."

"Plenty," was the brief rejoinder. "But there's another chapter to it that neither of us can cross out; you'll have to come out to the ranch and let Corry's mother have a hack at you," Baldwin went on. "I couldn't figure you out of that if I should try. And now about those claim jumpers: I suppose you didn't know any of them by name?"

"No."

"Corry says you gave them the time of their lives. By George, I wish I'd been there to see!" and the colonel slapped his leg and laughed. "Did they look like the real thing—sure-enough prospectors?"

"They looked like a bunch of hired assassins," said Smith, with a grin. "It's some more of the interference, isn't it?"

The colonel's square jaw settled into the fighting angle.

"How much do you know about this business mix-up of ours, Smith?" he asked.

"All that Williams could tell me in a little heart-to-heart talk we had the other day."

"You agreed with him that there was a tolerably big nigger in the woodpile, didn't you?"

"I had already gathered that much from the camp gossip."

"Well, it's so. We're just about as helpless as a bunch of cattle in a sink-hole," was the ranchman president's confirmation of the camp guesses. "What in the name of the great horn spoon can we do—more than we have done?"

"There are a number of things that might be done," said Smith, falling back reflectively upon the presumably



"They Looked Like a Bunch of Hired Assassins."

dead and buried bank-cashier part of him. "And if you can manage to stay in the game and play it out, there is big money in it for all of you; enough to make it well worth while for you to put up the fight of your lives."

"Big money?" you mean in saving our investment?"

"Oh, no; not at all; in clinching the other fellows," Smith put in genially. Colonel Dexter Baldwin lifted his soft hat and ran his fingers through his grizzled hair.

"Say, Smith; you mustn't forget that I'm from Missouri," he said half quizzically.

"But I shouldn't think you'd need to be 'shown' in this particular instance," was the smiling rejoinder. "The chance to sell you people water from your own dam isn't the only thing or the main thing in this case. They are obliged to have this dam site, or, at least, one as high up the river as this, in order to get the water over to their newly alienated tract in the western half of the park."

"You've got it straight," said the colonel.

"Very good. Then they're simply obliged to have your dam, or—Don't you see the alternative now, colonel?"

"Heavens to Betsy!" exclaimed the breeder of fine horses, bringing his fist down upon Williams' desk with a crash that made the ink bottles dance. And then: "What a lot of fence-posts we are—the whole kit and b'lin' of us! If they get the dam, they sell water to us; if they don't get it, we sell to them!"

"That's it, exactly," Smith put in quietly. "And I should say that your stake in the game is worth the stiffest fight you can make to save it. Don't you agree with me?"

"Great Jehu! I should say so!" ejaculated the amateur sport fighter. Then he broke down the barriers masterfully. "That settles it, Smith. You can't wiggle out of it now, so way or shape. You've got to come over into Macedonia and help us. Williams tells me you refused him, but you can't refuse me."

Do you believe that Smith would be wise in taking an important position with the ditch company—especially if he really hopes to escape prison as a result of the Lawrenceville affair? Wouldn't he be wiser if he disappeared from the new job?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Resistance of the Wind. Tests on a model of the naval collier Neptune made in the wind tunnel of the Washington navy yard by Naval Constructor William McEntee show that if this vessel were steaming against a 30-mile wind at 14 knots an hour it would require about 770 horsepower to overcome the resistance of the wind. This is about 20 per cent of the power necessary to propel her through the water.

TO CONTROL EXPORTS FARM MORE LAND

TO MEET REQUIREMENTS OF THE ALLIES

TRAINING BASES FOR TROOPS

Providing for American Soldiers Now in France—Daring Air Raid on London By Germans

Western Newspaper Union News Service.

Washington.—Government control of American exports, authorized in a provision of the espionage act, has been ordered put into operation July 15 by President Wilson with the issuance of a proclamation requiring the licensing of shipments to all countries of the most important export commodities. In a statement accompanying the proclamation, the president declared the government's policy will be first to give consideration to American needs; next to meet as far as possible the requirements of the allies, and lastly to supply the neutral countries wherever practical. It is made clear that every effort will be made to see that no supplies reach the central powers.

The commodities named put under control, are coal, coke, fuel, oils, kerosene and gasoline, including bunkers; food grains, flour and meal, fodder and feeds, meats and fat, pig iron, steel, bullets, ship plates and structural shapes, scrap iron and scrap steel; fertilizers, arms, ammunition and explosives. The inclusion of food stuffs in the proclamation lends color to statements that the administration is considering the advisability of a complete embargo for sixty days on all food shipments to give the country time to ascertain the amount of its supplies and to give allied and neutral countries an opportunity to present a full program of their requirements.

German Air Raid on London.

London.—A second daylight descent upon London by a squadron of airplanes was made Saturday. Although the German contingent was larger, more daring, more deliberate in its movements and descended much lower than on a visit of June 13, the number of killed and wounded was, according to the first official roll, roughly one-third the previous casualty list. The destruction of property may have been greater but that is impossible to estimate. The flight of the Germans over London lasted about twenty minutes. British airmen engaged the enemy for several minutes over the metropolis and anti-aircraft guns were firing briskly, dotting the sky with shrapnel puffs but without effect so far as concerned the destruction of any of the twenty or more machines which constituted the invading force. Twenty-seven, it is known, were killed, and over a hundred injured.

TRAINING BASES FOR TROOPS

American Soldiers in France Have Been Provided For

Paris.—Training bases for American troops in France are ready for occupancy. They include aviation, artillery, infantry and medical bases. The section of the battle front eventually to be occupied by the Americans has been approved by Major General Pershing. The location is a military secret and no actual time has been specified for American participation in the fighting. The battalion of United States soldiers that took part in Independence day celebration in Paris has begun training at its permanent camp.

Petrograd.—The propaganda in favor of a "women's fighting regiment" has made considerable progress. Eight hundred volunteers have already enlisted, among whom, is the wife of the war minister, A. P. Kenensky. Madame Schabanoff, president of the pan-Russian Women's league, declares raising such a force is the only means to fire the courage of the men.

Salt Lake City, Utah.—Appointment of Major R. W. Young, grandson of Brigham Young, pioneer president of the Mormon church as colonel of the Utah National Guard to command the Utah troops in France has been made from Governor Manger's office.

Britain Secures Another Loan. Washington.—Twenty-five million dollars has been placed to the credit of Great Britain by Secretary McAdoo, bringing the loan to that nation up to \$585,000,000, and the total loaned all the allies \$1,043,000,000.

Washington.—Secretary Redfield is preparing to warn business that the government may find it necessary to requisition shipping tonnage within a short time. Industrialists will be told they should adjust their affairs accordingly.

Russian Forces Continue Offensive. Petrograd.—Russian troops have captured Konluchy, on the Galician front, with 164 officers and 8,400 men, the war office has announced.

The Russian official announcement says that the Russians have advanced to the Konluchy stream and also have captured seven heavy guns. Teuton prisoners continue to be brought in.

Russian forces continue their offensive against the Turks in the Caucasus. Russian cavalry pursued the fleeing Turks and occupied the village of Engidja north of Lake Deribar.

Cultivate for the Soldier at the Front.

This question of conservation of food has become so agitated by those who have a knowledge of what it means in the preservation of life, who have made a study of the food conditions, and the requirements of the country, that it is beginning to arouse the entire nation. The economist whose duty it is to study the output and compare it with the consumption, sees a rapidly creeping up of one on the other, and, when the appetite of consumption gets a headway on the output, where will the nation be? It is time the people were aroused, for there is danger ahead unless the intelligence of the people is awakened to the facts. The crop of 1917 will be less than an average one, and see the work it has to perform. It has to feed the nation producing it, and he is of less efficiency today than a year ago. His strength has been reduced by the drawing away of the thousands from the farms, who are now in the ranks of the consumer instead of in that of the producer. There is an inverse ratio here that can only be understood when confronted with the appalling figures presented by those in charge of the conservation work. The army has to be fed, dependents cared for, the navy has to have provisions, and we cannot sit idly by and see the women and children of the countries across the sea starve. There is such a great call for active participation in the matter of providing food, that those who are left at home in charge of this work have a responsibility placed upon them fully as great as has the man at the front who has gone out to protect the homes, the sanctity and the honor of those who are left behind. The producer should think only of this; there should be economy, not only of labor. Every acre of available land should be producing. Advantage should be taken of every daylight hour. It must not be a case of how much can we make. It must be a case of "fight" with those who have gone overseas, but in our way, fight to win the war. Where that spirit pervades will be found the spirit of the patriotic American. There is no difficulty in securing land in any of the states. It may be rented on easy terms or purchased at low prices, and there should be little difficulty arranging with bankers to get the necessary funds to carry on operations. Should you not be able to get what you want in your own state, Western Canada offers an immense wide field for operations at the lowest possible cost, and Americans are welcomed with open arms. Homesteads of 160 acres each may be had on easy conditions, and other lands may be purchased at low prices on easy terms. The yields of all kinds of small grains are heavy. The prospects for a 1917 crop are excellent, and it looks today as if there would be as good a return as at any time in the past, and when it is realized that there have been yields of forty and forty-five bushels of wheat over large areas this should be encouraging. Now that the two countries are allies and the cause is a common one there should be no hesitation in accepting whatever offer seems to be the best in order to increase the production so necessary, and which should it not be met, will prove a serious menace. Particulars as to Canadian lands, whether for purchase or homestead, may be had on application to any Canadian Government Agent.—Advertisement.

He Would Pay.

It happened at a Christmas party. A pretty young lady had asked one of the male guests to pass a dish of almonds and raisins.

"With pleasure," he replied, "but do you know that what you have asked for is called in the vernacular 'Kiss-miss', and that the penalty of a kiss attaches to the request?"

"Is that so?" answered the lady, calmly. "I must consult my husband."

And she called across the room to him, and repeated the observation.

"Quite so," he replied. "According to custom it is a just debt and must be paid. But is the gentleman aware of the arrangement made when you were married—that I must settle all my wife's liabilities?"

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletch* in use for over 30 years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Commercial Facility.

"Jones is a regular golden-mouthed speaker."

"I never noticed he was so much of an orator. What made him golden-mouthed? Perseverance?"

"No; his dentist."

Lovers' Quarrel.

"Jack and I have parted forever."

"Good gracious! What does that mean?"

"Means I'll get a five-pound box of candy in about an hour."

Pertinent Inquiry.

"How old would a person be who was born in 1879?"

"Man or woman?"

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