THE REAL MAN

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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woman laughed as she swung out of

"The women don't ride that way in

"I'm sorry for them," she scoffed.

And then: "Come on in and meet mam-

ma; you look as if you were dreading

it, and, colonel-daddy says, it's always

best to have the dreaded things over

Smith did not find his meeting with

the daughter's mother much of a trial.

She was neither shocked at his clothes

nor disposed to be hysterically grate-

some ten or a dozen years younger

than the colonel, Smith put her, and

with an air of refinement which was

The dinner was strictly a family

meal, with the great mahogany table

shortened to make it convenient for

to drag Smith back into the net of the

conventional. When the table-talk be-

little. She knew Corona's leanings,

and was not without an amused im-

Smith got what he had earned, good

measure, pressed down, shaken to-

gether and running over, a few min-

utes after Mrs. Baldwin had left him

to finish his cigar under the pillared

portico with Corona to keep him com-

"You Have Committed the Unpardon

able Sin.

natural-pause, standing, until she

Smith was unable to imagine where-

"Really?" he said. "What have

ninety-nine, after all. If you knew

women the least little bit in the world,

you would know that we are always

Under his smile, Smith was begin-

ning to understand what this aston-

ishingly frank young woman meant.

She had seen his relapse, and was

you please," he said, the good-natured

smile twisting itself into the construc-

tion-camp grin. Then, with malice

aforethought: "Is it one of the require-

ments that your centennial man should

behave ' uself like a boor at a din-

"You may pile it on as thickly as

looking for the hundredth man."

calmly deriding him for it.

was seated.

in he had offended.

to her liking.

your part of the country?" she queried.

her saddle to stand beside him.

"Not yet."

with."

THE TAUNTS OF A HIGH-SPIRITED YOUNG WOMAN CAUSE SMITH TO MAKE AN IMPORTANT DECISION-THE PLOT AGAINST COL. BALDWIN IS AT WORK

Synopsis .- J. Montague Smith, cashler of the Lawrenceville Bank and Trust company, and bachelor society leader engaged to marry Verda Richlander, heiress, is wrongfully accused of dishonesty by Watrous Dunham, his employer, and urged by his guilty accuser to disappear. Smith Strikes Dunham, leaves him for dead, flees the state and weeks later turns up as a hobo at an irrigation dam construction camp in the Rocky mountains, where he gets a job as John Smith. His evidence of superior intelligence soon attracts attention from the boss, and after a short time he is asked to join the official staff of the ditch company, which is in financial straits. Smith demurs because he doesn't want his past investigated, but Colonel Baldwin, president of the company, urgently seeks the ex-hobo's aid. Smith saves Miss Corona Baldwin's life and drives some claim jumpers off company's land.

CHAPTER VII.-Continued.

If Smith hesitated, it was only partly on his own account. He was thinking again of the young woman with the honest eyes when he said: "Do you know why I turned Williams down

when he spoke to me the other day?" Colonel Dexter Baldwin had his faults, like other men, but they were not those of indirection.

"I reckon I do know, son," he said, with large tolerance. "You're a 'lame duck' of some sort. But that's our lookout. Bartley is ready to swear that you are not a crooked crook, what- ful over the railroad-crossing incident. ever else it is that you're dodging for. A large, calm-eyed, sensible matron, Besides, there's yesterday--"

We agreed to forget the yesterday incidents," the lame duck reminded him quickly. And then: "I ought to say 'No,' Colonel Baldwin; say it her house. straight out, and stick to it. If I don't say it—if I ask for a little time—it is because I want to weigh up a few things—the things I can't talk about to you or to Williams. If, in the end, I and snowy napery. Out of the past a should be fool enough to say 'Yes,' it thousand tentacles were reaching up is only fair to you to say that, right in the middle of the scrap, I may fall

to pieces on you." Baldwin was too shrewd to try to push his advantage when there was, or seemed to be, a chance that the desired end was as good as half attained. And it was a purely manful thrust out his hand to the young fel- rude fighter of battles her daughter was trying to be as frank had drawn for her, and wondered a

as he dared to be. "Put it there, John," he said heartily. "Nobody in the Timanyoni is going to pry into you an inch farther than you care to let 'em; and if you get into trouble by helping us, you can count on at least one backer who will stand by you until the cows come home. Now, then, hunt up your coat, and we'll drive over to Hillcrest for a bite to eat. I had my orders from the missus before I left town, and I know better than to go home without you. Never mind the commissary khaki. It won't be the first time that the working clothes have figured at the Hillcrest table-not by a long shot."

And because he did not know how to frame a refusal that would refuse, Smith got his coat and went.

Given his choice between the two, Smith would cheerfully have faced another hand-to-hand battle with the claim jumpers in preference to even so mild a dip into the former things as the dinner at Hillcrest foreshadewed. The reluctance was not forced; It was real. The primitive man in him did not wish to be entertained. On the fast auto drive down to Brewster, across the bridge, and out to the Baldwin ranch, Smith's humor was frankly sardonic. He cherished a small hope that Mrs. Baldwin might be shocked at the soft shirt and the khaki. It would serve her right for taking a man

from his job. At the stone-pillared portal he got out to open the gates. Down the pany. He never knew just what startroad a horse was coming at a smart ed it, unless it was his careful placsaddle.

Smith let the gray car go on its way up the drive without him.

"So you weakened, did you? I'm disappointed in you," was Miss Bald- he had obeyed: "Well, you've spoiled win's greeting. "You've made me lose it all, good and hard." my bet with colonel-daddy. I said you wouldn't come."

"I had no business to come," he answered morosely. "But your father

wouldn't let me off." "Of course he wouldn't; daddy never you are," she retorted. "You have lets anybody off, unless they owe him committed the unpardonable sin by money. Where are your evening turning out to be just one of the

clothes?" Smith let the lever of moroseness slip back to the grinning notch. "They are about two thousand miles away, and probably in some second-hand shop by this time. What makes you think I ever wore a dress suit?" He

beside her horse up the driveway. "Oh, I just guessed it," she returned lightly, "and if you'll hold your breath,

had closed the gates and was walking

I'll guess again." "Don't," he laughed.

At the steps a negro stableboy was waiting to take Miss Baldwin's horse. Smith knew how to help a woman down from a side-saddle; but the two- ner table, and talk shop and eat with stirruped rig stumped him. The young his knife?"

"You know that isn't what I meant. Manners don't make the man. It's what you talked about—the trumpery little social things that you found your keenest pleasure in talking about. I don't know what has ever taken you out to a construction camp. I don't believe you ever did a day's hard work in your life before you came to the Timanyoni,"

It was growing dark by this time, and the stars were coming out. Someone had turned the lights on in the room the windows of which opened upon the portico, and the young woman's chair was so placed that he could still see her face. She was smiling rather more amicably when she said:

"You mustn't take it too hard. It isn't you, personally, you know; it's the type. I've met it before. I didn't meet any other kind during my three years in the boarding school; nice, pleasant young gentlemen, as immaculately dressed as their pocketbooks would allow, up in all the latest little courtesies and tea-table shop talk. They were all men, I suppose, but I'm afraid a good many of them had never found it out-will never find it out. I've been calling it environment; I don't like to admit that the race is going downhill."

By this time the sardonic humor was once more in full possession, and he

was enjoying her keenly. "Go on," he said. "This is my night

"I've said enough; too much, perforcibly of a man whom I met just for out." a part of one evening about a year ago in a small town in the middle reflected in every interior detail of West. He was one of them. He drove over from some neighboring town in his natty little automobile, and gave me fully an hour of his valuable time. He made me perfectly fufour. There were cut glass and silver

"Poor you!" laughed Smith; but he was thankful that the camp sunburn and his four weeks' beard were safecame general, he found himself joining guarding his identity. "But why the fury in his case in particular?"

in, and always upon the lighter side. "Just because, I suppose. I remem-He found himself drawn more and ber he told me he was a bank cashler more to the calm-eyed, well-bred maand that he danced. He was quite tron who had given a piquant Corona hopeless, of course. Without being to an otherwise commonplace world. what you would call conceited, you Mrs. Baldwin saw nothing of the ouid ever break it.

"But the earthquakes do come, once in a blue moon," he said, still smiling pression that Corona would not find this later Smithsonian phase altogether at her. "Let's get it straight. You him, and I want him right now." are not trying to tell me that you object to decent clothes and good manners per se, are you?"

The colonel was coming out, and he had stopped in the doorway to light a long-stemmed pipe. The young woman got up and fluffed her hair with the ends of her fingers-a little gesture which Smith remembered, recalling it passed for a railroad clerk out of a from the night of the far-away lawn job, which was what he really was.

"Daddy wants you, and I'll have to vanish," she said; "but I'll answer your question before I go. Types are always hopeless; it's only the hundredth man who isn't. It's a great pity you couldn't go on whipping claim jumpers all the rest of your life, Mr. Smith. Don't you think so? Good night. We'll meet again at breakfast. Daddy isn't going to let you get away short of a night's lodging, I know."

Two cigars for Smith and four pipes for the colonel further along, the tall Missourian rose out of the split-bottomed chair which he had drawn up to a raise in Red Butte?" face the guest's and rapped the ashes from the bowl of the corncob into the palm of his hand.

"I think you've got it all now, Smith, every last crook and turn of up like a hedgehog when you poke it it, and I reckon you're tired enough with a sharp stick."

to run away to bed." Smith took a turn up and down the stone-flagged floor of the portico with his hands behind him. Truly, the case of Timanyoni ditch was desperate; thing or other that made him drive up gallop, the rider, Corona Baldwin, ing of a chair for the young woman even more desperate than he had supbooted and spurred and riding a man's and his deferential—and perfectly posed. Figuring as the level-headed bank cashier of the former days, he told himself soberly that no man in "Do, for pity's sake, sit down!" she his senses would touch it with a tenbroke out, half petulantly. And when foot pole. Then the laughing gibes of the hundredth woman-gibes which had cut far deeper than she had imagined-came back to send the blood surging through his veins. It would be worth something to be able to work the miracle the colonel had spoken of; "It isn't what you've done; it's what and afterward . .

Colonel Dexter Baldwin was still tapping his palm absently with the pipe when Smith came back and said abruptly:

"I have decided, colonel. I'll start in pull this mired scheme of yours out told you out at the camp. Right in the middle of things I may go rotten on you and drop out."

CHAPTER VIII.

The Sick Project. Brewster had grown into city-charter

vated ranches. A summer actel on the shore of Lake Topaz—reached only by stage from Brewster-had added its influence; and since the hotel brought people with well-lined pocketbooks, there was a field for the enthusiastic real-estate promoters whose offices filled all the odd corners in the Hophra House block.

In one of those offices, on the morning following Smith's first dinner at Hillcrest, a rather caustic colloquy was in progress between the man whose name appeared in gilt lettering on the front windows and one of his unofficial assistants. Crawford Stanton, he of the window name, was a man of many personalities. To summer visitors with money to invest, he was the genial promoter, and if there were suggestions of Iron hardness in the sharp jaw and in the smoothly shaven face and flinty eyes, there was also a pleasant reminder of Eastern business methods and alertness in the promoter's manner. But Lanterby, tilting uneasily in the "confidential" chair at the desk-end, knew another and more biting side of Mr. Stanton, as a hired man will.

"Good heaven! do you sit there and tell me that the three of them let that hobo of Williams' push them off the map? And do you say all this happened the day before yesterday: how does it come that you are just now reporting it?"

The hard-faced henchman in the tilting chair made such explanations as he could.

"Boogerfield and his two partners 've been hidin' out somewhere; I allow they was plumb ashamed to come in and tell how they'd let one man run 'em off."

"What do you know about this fellow Smith? Who is he, and where did he come from?"

Lanterby told all that was known of Smith, and had no difficulty in compressing it into a single sentence. Stanton leaned back in his chair and the lids of the flinty eyes narrowed thoughtfully.

"There's a lot more to it than that," he said incisively at the end of the haps. But when you were walking reflective pause. Then he added a with mamma, you reminded me so curt order: "Make it your job to find

> Lanterby moved uneasily in his insecure seat, but before he could speak, his employer went on again, changing the topic abruptly, but still keeping within the faultfinding boundaries.

"What sort of a screw has gone loose in your deal with the railroad men? Williams got two cars of cement and one of steel the day before yesterday three hours after the stuff came in from the East."

Again Lanterby tried to explain. "Dougherty, the yardmaster, took the bank roll I slipped him, all right enough, and promised to help out. But he's scared of Maxwell."

"Maxwell is a thick-headed ass!" exploded the faultfinder. "His entire could see that the crust was so thick railroad outfit, from President Brewthat nothing short of an earthquake ster down, is lined up on the other side the fight. But go on with your dickering. Jerk Dougherty into line. Now go out and find Shaw. I want

The hard-faced man who looked as if he might be a broken-down gambler, unfointed his leg-hold upon the tilted chair and went out; and a few minutes later another of Stanton's pay-roll men drifted in. He was a young fellow with sleepy eyes and cigarette stains on his fingers, and he would have log the allotment. No school receives

incomer had taken the chair lately vacated by Lanterby.

"I shadowed the colonel, as you told | the course for at least eighteen weeks. me to," said the young man. "He went up to Red Butte to see if he couldn't rope in some of the old-timers on his ditch project. He was trying to sell some treasury stock. His one-horse company is about out of money. Mickle, a clerk in Kinzie's bank, tells me that the ditch company's balance is drawn down to a few thousand dollars, with no more coming in."

"Did the colonel succeed in making

"Nary," said the spy nonchalantly. "Drake, the banker up there, was his one best bet; but I got a man I know to give Drake a pointer, and he curled

"That's better. The colonel came back yesterday, didn't he?"

"Yesterday afternoon. His wife and daughter met him, and told him someto the dam."

The plot which Eastern capltalists have made to steal the Irrigation ditch from the original owners is unfolded in the next installment. John Smith acts with decision.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Beginning Early. "Father, aren't little girls silly?" "Do you think so, son? Mother and I were thinking you might like to have little sister."

"Thanks, father; but don't trouble with you tomorrow morning, and we'll on my account, because I've got all I can do to keep away from those girls of the mud, or I'll break a leg trying at school. I don't mind their giving to. But you mustn't forget what I me presents, but I do hate to have them tag after me going home from school."

An Explanation.

Charlotte had been taught to say the grace before each meal. One day she was invited to a little friend's for dinner. When the father and mother of size and importance with the opening Charlotte were seated for dinner, Bradof the gold mines in the Gloria district, dock, a three-year-old brother, bowed and the transformation of the sur- his head and said: "Amen, God, Charrounding park grasslands into culti- lotte's gone."

BOOST LAND VALUES MRS. KIESO SICK

SCHOOL LANDS OF STATE GET INCREASE IN WORTH

LATE NEWS FROM CAPITOL

Items of General Interest Gathered from Reliable Sources Around the State House

Western Newspaper Union News Service. State Land Commissioner G. L. Shumway and Secretary of State Charles W. Pool have returned from a trip through the Sixth congressional district. The main purpose of the trip was to review the appraisement of several tracts of state land subject to sale. Four tracts of state land in Valley, and the same number in Holt and Boyd, three in Wheeler, two in Antelope, and one each in Greeley and Loup counties were reviewed. The two state officials will recommend to the board of educational lands and funds an increase over and above the appraised price fixed by county boards with the exception of one tract. In Greeley county the tract which the county board raised to \$40 an acre has been appraised for the past fifteen year at \$7 an acre. In Boyd county the county board raised some land to \$50 an acre. All of these will be increased again by the state board, if the recommendation of the two state officers is adopted.

State Board Readjusts Wages

The state board of control has readjusted wages of employes at the state institutions for the coming year. It made no increases in the salaries of heads of institutions. A net increase of 17 per cent was made in the number of employes. Two teachers at the orthopedic hospital were discharged and the wages of eighteen pupil nurses were cut down from \$15 a month to \$10 a month. This is the only state institution that pays wages to pupil nurses. Mrs. Clark, wife of the superintendent of the Kearney industrial school for boys, was taken SHORT ON HIS "PER CAPITA" from the payroll as matron, and matrons of institutions who were getting \$50 a month were reduced to a level with others who were getting \$41.66. It is the policy of the board of control not to employ persons who have children. This policy was adopted because of the expense of keeping dependents of the employes at institutions. A total of 840 persons will be employed in the institutions the coming year. The monthly payroll calls for \$34,426, an increase of \$216 over the amount paid last year. The highest increases were from \$5 to \$10.

Allotting the State School Funds

being distributed by the state superintendent's office to 142 high schools in Nebraska which qualified last year for state aid in maintaining normal courses. The apportionment gives each of these schools \$350. About five-sixths of it is paid out of the appropriation for the last biennium and the other six from the 1917 appropriation. J. R. Dixon, inspector of normal training in high schools, is supervisstate money to help maintain its normal department, until it has completed "Well?" snapped Stanton when the one year of work. The requirements include a class of not fewer than ten students, each of whom must pursue

State Pays for Soldiers' Medals

A voucher has been filed in the state auditor's office by a jewelry firm at Omaha for 1,700 medals furnishel to Nebraska soldiers who served on the Mexican border last year. The medals cost 35 cents apiece, and express charges on them from New York amounted to \$7.97, making the total cost \$602.97. The legislature appropriated 1,000 to buy them. The remaining \$397.07 will stay in the state treasury.

Will Get the Liberty Bonds

A telegram from Mr. Miller, governor of the federal bank at Kansas City, received at the office of State Treasurer Hall, says the state of Nebraska will be permitted to have the full amount of its liberty bond subscription, a total of \$500,000. Recently notice was received that the government had scaled the state's subscription down from \$500,000 to \$150,-

The last message received says: We have arranged for the state of Nebraska to get a special allotment of \$350,000 liberty bonds in additional to its regular allotment of \$150,000 heretofore reported. Please wire us.'

In the absence of State Treasurer Hall, Deputy Henry C. Berge wired that Nebraska will accept the special allotment of \$350,000 liberty bonds.

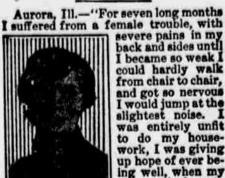
Sixty-five Indians have enrolled in one unit of the Sixth regiment at Walthall. Three tribes are representedthe Sioux, Omahas and Winnebagos.

Big Acreage of Corn This Year Nebraska this year will produce a

quarter of a billion bushels of corn, according to the July estimate of the United States department of agriculture. This is 56,000,000 bushels more than was raised last year. The acreage this year, however, is 9,000,000, compared with 7,000,000 last year. The estimate for 1917 is 248,000,000 bushels. The increased acreage is due to the fact that many of the winter-killed fields of wheat, alfalfa and clover were converted into corn this spring.

SEVEN MONTHS

Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



severe pains in my back and sides until I became so weak I could hardly walk from chair to chair, and got so nervous I would jump at the slightest noise. I was entirely unfit to do my house-work, I was giving up hope of ever being well, when my sister asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took six bottles and today I am a healthy woman able to do my own

pound. I took six bottles and today I am a healthy woman able to do my own housework. I wish every suffering woman would try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and find out for themselves how good it is."—Mrs. CARL A. KIESO, 596 North Ave., Aurora, Ill. The great number of unsolicited testimonials on file at the Pinkham Laboratory, many of which are form. orstory, many of which are from time to time published by permission, are proof of the value of Lydia E. Pink-ham's Vegetable Compound, in the treatment of female ills.

Every alling woman in the United States is cordially invited to write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass., for special advice. It is free, will bring you health and may save your life.

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Boston Man Needs Only \$37.50 to Make Up the \$43 Which Everyone is Supposed to Possess.

According to the latest population figures with reference to the money in circulation in this country, every man, woman and child in the United States should have \$43 in his, hers or its

Have you got yours?

I haven't got mine, Newton Newkirk writes in the Boston Post.

It occurs to me that when the fact becomes generally known that I haven't got mine some "per capita" State funds amounting to \$49,700 are | who discovers that he has considerably more ready cash in his pockets than he ought to have according to this division of funds, will split with me, so that I will have my normal quota of

All I need in order to have my \$43

is \$37.50. No hurry about it, of course, but the sooner somebody remits me this \$37.50 the more grateful I will be. There is really no necessity that I can see of delaying or postponing such a little matter as this. By a rapid mental arithmetical calculation it will readily be seen that I now have \$5.50 of the \$43 needed and before I have spent any portion of this \$5.50 it would be well for somebody to make up the deficit of \$37.50-otherwise the deficit is

liable to be more.

Ready With Advice. A grocer man was telling a customer about some woman who had fainted on the street. He rushed to the rescue, of course, and lifted her head from

"It's a wonder you hadn't killed her! Don't you know that her head should have been lower than her feet?"

The grocer accepted the information with the smile of one who likes cold douches, and went on about hew a man stopped his automobile to take her to a hospital, and how they tried to revive her with ammonia.

"Worst thing you could have done! Don't you know that when the patient is unconscious you should never-" and so on, and so on.

Which shows how the poor dear doctors are going to suffer from every woman's training in R. C. first aid. P. S.-Also the poor, dear undertak-

ers.-Washington Star. Frank About It. "To what do you owe your success,

Mr. Wampum?" "I hardly know. My friends say it was an accident and my folks seem to think it was a fluke."

By now the eldest daughter has learned that the best way to help mother is to keep out of her way.

One plows, another sows, who will reap no one knows.

