

# The Real Man

By FRANCIS LYNDE

Illustrations by IRWIN NYERS

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CHAPTER IX—Continued.

"That is precisely what I was driving at. Our banker can't run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. You'll excuse me if I say that you haven't been altogether fair with Timanyoni Ditch, or with Colonel Baldwin, Mr. Kinzie. A friendly banker doesn't help sell out his customer. You know that, as well as I do. Still, you did it."

Kinzie threw up his hands and tried to defend himself. "It was a straight business transaction, Mr. Smith. As long as we're in the banking business, we buy and sell for anybody who comes along."

"No, we don't, Mr. Kinzie; we protect our customers first. In the present instance you thought your customer was a dead one, anyway, so it wouldn't make much difference if you should throw another shovel of dirt or so onto the coffin. Wasn't that the way of it?"

The president was fairly pushed to the ropes, and he showed it.

"Answer me one question, both of you," he snapped. "Are you big enough to fight for your own against Stanton's crowd?"

"You'll see; and the sight is going to cost you something," said Smith, and the blandest oil could have been no smoother than his tone.

"Is that right, Dexter?" "That's the way it looks to me, Dave," said the ranchman capitalist, who, whatever might be his limitations in the field of high finance, was not lacking the nerve to fight unquestioning in any partner's quarrel.

The president of the Brewster City National turned back to Smith.

"What do you want, Mr. Smith?" he asked, not too cordially.

"Nothing that you'd give us, I guess; a little business loyalty, for one thing—"

"And a checking balance for immediate necessities for another?" suggested the banker.

With all his trained astuteness—trained in Kinzie's own school, at that—Smith could not be sure that the gray-faced old Westerner was not setting a final trap for him, after all. But he took the risk, saying, with a decent show of indifference: "Of course it would be more convenient here than in Denver or Chicago. But there is no hurry about that part of it."

The president took a slip of paper from a pigeonhole and wrote rapidly upon it. Once more his optimism was locking horns with prudent caution. It was the optimism, however, that was driving the pen. Baldwin's word was worth something, and it might be disastrous to let these two get away without anchoring them solidly to the Brewster City National.

"Sign this, you two," he said. "I don't know even the name of your new outfit yet, but I'll take a chance on one piece of two-name paper, anyhow."

Smith took up the slip and glanced at it. It was an accommodation note for twenty thousand dollars. With the money fairly in his hands, he paused to drive the nail of independence squarely before he would begin.

"We don't want this at all, Mr. Kinzie, unless the bank's goodwill comes with it," he said with becoming gravity.

"I'll stand by you," was the brusque rejoinder. "But it's only fair to you both to say that you've got the biggest kind of a combination to buck you—a national utilities corporation with the strongest sort of political backing."

"I doubt if you can tell us anything that we don't already know," said Smith coolly, as he put his name on the note; and when Baldwin had signed: "Let this go to the credit of Timanyoni Ditch, if you please, Mr. Kinzie, and we'll transfer it later. It's quite possible that we sha'n't need it, but we are willing to help out a little on your discount profits, anyway. Further along, when things shape themselves up a bit more definitely, you shall know all there is to know, and we'll give you just as good a chance to make money as you'll give us."

When they were safely out of the bank and half a square away from it, Dexter Baldwin pushed his hat back and mopped his forehead. "They say a man can't sweat at this altitude," he remarked. "I'm here to tell you, Smith, that I've lost ten pounds in the last ten minutes. Where in the name of jumping Jehoshaphat did you get your nerve, boy? You made him believe we'd got outside backing from somewhere."

"I didn't say anything like that, did I?"

"No; but you opened the door and he walked in."

"That's all right; I'm not responsible for Mr. Kinzie's imagination. We were obliged to have a little advertising capital; we couldn't turn a wheel without it. Put me in touch

## JOHN SMITH BLUFFS A CRAFTY BANKER AND GETS HOLD OF SUFFICIENT WORKING CAPITAL TO GO AHEAD WITH THE GREAT IRRIGATION DAM PROJECT

**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. He goes to interview a crafty banker while the financial enemies plan ruin for Baldwin's company.

with a good business lawyer, and I'll start the legal machinery. Then you can get into your car and go around and interview your crowd, man by man. I want to know exactly where we stand with the old stockholders before we make any move in public. Can you do that?"

Baldwin lifted his hat and shoved his fingers through his hair. "I reckon I can; there are only sixty or seventy of 'em. And Bob Stillings is your lawyer. Come around the corner and I'll introduce you."

### CHAPTER X.

#### The Rocket and the Stick.

For a full fortnight after the preliminary visit to the Brewster City National bank Smith was easily the busiest man in Timanyoni county. Establishing himself in the Hophra House, and discarding the working khaki only because he was shrewd enough to dress the new part becomingly, he flung himself into what Colonel Baldwin called the "miraculous" campaign with a zest that knew no flagging moment.

Within the fourteen-day period new town offices were occupied on the second floor of the Brewster City National building; Stillings, most efficient of corporation counsels, had secured the new charter; and the stock-books of Timanyoni High Line had been opened, with the Brewster City National named as the company's depository and official fiduciary agent.

At the dam the building activities had been generously doubled. An electric light plant had been installed, and Williams was working day and night shifts both in the quarries and on the forms. Past this, the new financial manager, himself broadening rapidly as his field broadened, was branching out in other directions. After a brief conference with a few of his principal stockholders he had instructed Stillings to include the words "Power and Light" in the cataloging of the new company's possible and probable charter activities, and by the end of the fortnight the foundations of a powerhouse were going in below the dam, and negotiations were already on foot with the Brewster city council looking toward the sale of electric current to the city for lighting and other purposes.

Smith had made the planting of his financial anchor securely to windward of his first care. Furnished with a selected list by Colonel Baldwin, he had made a thorough canvas of possible investors, and by the time the new stock was printed and ready for delivery through Kinzie's bank, an ironclad pool of the majority of the original Timanyoni Ditch stock had been organized, and Smith had sold to Maxwell, Starbuck, and other local capitalists a sufficient amount of the new treasury stock to give him a fighting chance; this, with a promise of more if it should be needed.

Not to Maxwell or to any of the new investors had Smith revealed the full dimensions of the prize for which Timanyoni High Line was entering the race. Colonel Baldwin and one William Starbuck, Maxwell's brother-in-law, by courtesy, and his partner in the Little Alice mine, alone knew the wheel within the wheel; how the great eastern utility corporation represented by Stanton had spent a million or more in the acquisition of the Escalante grant, which would be practically worthless as agricultural land without the water which could be obtained only by means of the Timanyoni dam and canal system.

With all these strenuous stirrings in the business field, it may say itself that Smith found little time for social indulgences during the crowded fortnight. Day after day the colonel begged him to take a night off at the ranch, and it was even more difficult to refuse the proffered hospitality at the weekend. But Smith did refuse it.

It was not until after Miss Corona—driving to town with her father, as she frequently did—had thrice visited the new offices that Smith began to congratulate himself, rather bitterly, to be sure, upon his wisdom in staying away from Hillcrest. For one thing, he was learning that Corona Baldwin was able to make him see rose-colored. When she was not with him, he was a man in daily peril of meeting the sheriff. But when she was present, calm sanity had a way of losing its grip.

Miss Corona's fourth visit to the handsome suite of offices over the Brewster City National chanced to fall upon a Saturday. Her father, president of the new company, as he had been of the old, had a private office of his own, but Miss Corona soon drifted out to the railed-off end of the larger room, where the financial secretary had his desk.

"Colonel-daddy tells me that you are coming out to Hillcrest for the weekend," was the way in which she interrupted the financial secretary's brow-knittings over a new material contract. "I have just wagered him a nice fat little round iron dollar of my allowance that you won't. How about it?"

Smith looked up with his best-natured grin.

"You win," he said shortly. "Thank you," she laughed. "In a minute or so I'll go back to the president's office and collect." Then: "One dinner, lodging and breakfast of us was about all you could stand, wasn't it? I thought maybe it would be that way."

"What made you think so?" She had seated herself in the chair reserved for inquiring investors. There was a little interval of glove-smoothing silence, and then, like a flash out of a clear sky, she smiled across the desk and at him and said:

"Will you forgive me if I ask you a perfectly ridiculous question?"

"Certainly. Other people ask them every day."

"Is—is your name really and truly John Smith?"

"Why should you doubt it?"

It was just here that Smith was given to see another one of Miss Corona's many moods—or tenses—and it was a new one to him. She was visibly embarrassed.

"I—I don't want to tell you," she stammered.

"All right; you needn't."

"If you're going to take it that easy, I will tell you," she retorted. "Mr. Williams thought your name was an alias, and I'm not sure that he doesn't still think so."

"The Smiths never have to have aliases. It's like John Doe or Richard Roe, you know."

"Haven't you any middle name?"

"I have a middle initial. It is 'M.'"

He was looking her fairly in the eyes as he said it, and the light in the new offices was excellent. Thanks to her horseback riding, Miss Corona's small oval face had a touch of healthy outdoor tan; but under the tan there came, for just a flitting instant, a flush of deep color, and at the back of the gray eyes there was something that Smith had never seen there before.

"It's—it's just an initial!" she queried.

"Yes; it's just an initial, and I don't use it ordinarily. I'm not ashamed of the plain 'John.'"

"I don't know why you should be," she commented, half absently, he thought. And then: "How many 'John M. Smiths' do you suppose there are in the United States?"

"Oh, I don't know; a million or so, I guess."

"I should think you would be rather glad of that," she told him. But when he tried to make her say why he should be glad, she talked pointedly of other things and presently went back to her father's office.

There were fine little beadings of perspiration standing on the fugitive's forehead when she left him.

After the other members of the office force had taken their departure, he still sat at his desk striving to bring himself back with some degree of clear-headedness to the pressing demands of his job. Just as he was about to give it up and go across to the Hophra House for his dinner, William Starbuck drifted in to open the railing gate and to come and plant himself in the chair of privilege at Smith's desk end.

"Well, son; you've got the animals stirred up good and plenty, at last," he said, when he had found the "makings" and was deftly rolling a cigarette—his one overlapping habit reaching back to his range-riding youth.

"Dick Maxwell got a wire today from his kiddy's grandpaw—and my own respected daddy-in-law—Mr. Hiram Fairbairn; you know him—the lumber king."

"I'm listening," said Smith.

"Dick's wire was an order; instructions from headquarters to keep hands off of your new company and to work strictly in cahoots—'harmony' was the word he used—with Crawford Stanton. How does that fit you?"

The financial secretary's smile was the self-congratulatory face-wrinkling of the quarry foreman who has seen his tackle hitch hold to land the big stone safely at the top of the pit.

"What is Maxwell going to do about it?" he asked.

"Dick is all wool and a yard wide; and what he signs his name to is what he is going to stand by. You won't lose him, but the wire shows us just about where we're aiming to put our leg into the gopher hole and break it, doesn't it?"

"I'm not borrowing any trouble. Mr. Fairbairn and his colleagues are just

a few minutes too late. Starbuck. We've got our footing—inside of the corral."

The ex-cowpuncher, who was now well up on the middle rounds of fortune's ladder, shook his head doubtfully.

"Don't you make any rash breaks, John. Mr. Hiram Fairbairn and his crowd can swing twenty millions to your one little old dollar and a half, and they're not going to leave any of the pebbles unturned when it comes to saving their investment in the Escalante. That's all; I just thought I'd drop in and tell you."

Smith went to his rooms in the hotel a few minutes later to change for dinner. He found the linen drawer in his dressing-case overflowing. Opening another, he began to arrange the overflow methodically. The empty drawer was lined with a newspaper, and a single headline on the upturned page sprang at him like a thing living and venomous. He bent lower and read the underlining paragraph with a dull rage mounting to his eyes and serving for the moment to make the gray of the printed lines turn red.

Lawrenceville, May 19.—The grand jury has found a true bill against Montague Smith, the absconding cashier of the Lawrenceville Bank and Trust, charged with embezzling the bank's funds. The crime would have been merely a breach of trust and not actionable but for the fact that Smith, by owning stock in the bankrupt Westfall industries lately taken over by the Richlander company, had so made himself amenable to the law. Smith disappeared on the night of the 14th and is still at large. He is also wanted on another criminal count. It will be remembered that he brutally assaulted President Dunham on the night of his disappearance. The reward of \$1,000 for his apprehension and arrest has been increased to \$2,000 by the bank directors.

### CHAPTER XI.

#### The Narrow World.

At the fresh newspaper reminder that his sudden bound upward from the laboring ranks to the executive headship of the irrigation project had merely made him a more conspicuous target for the man-hunters, Smith scanted himself of sleep and redoubled his efforts to put the new company on a sound and permanent footing. In the nature of things he felt that his own shift must necessarily be short. The more or less dramatic coup in Timanyoni High Line had advertised him thoroughly. He was rapidly coming to be the best-known man in Brew-



"How About It?"

ster, and he cherished no illusions about lost identities, or the ability to lose them, in the land where time and space have been wired and railroaded pretty well out of existence.

It was useful that he should work while the day was his in which to work; and he did work. There was still much to be done. Williams was having a threat of labor troubles at the dam, and Stillings had unearthed another possible flaw in the land titles dating back to the promotion of a certain railroad which had never gotten far beyond the paper stage and the acquiring of some of its rights of way.

Smith flung himself masterfully at the new difficulties as they arose, and earned his meed of praise from the men for whom he overcame them. But under the surface current of the hurrying business tide a bitter undertow was beginning to set in. He took his first decided backward step on the night when he went into a hardware store and bought a pistol. The free, fair-fighting spirit which had sent him bare-handed against the three claim-jumpers was gone and in its place there was a fell determination, undefined as yet, but keying itself to the barbaric pitch.

Try as hard as he may, Smith finds that he cannot keep sentiment out of his life. His fear of discovery and arrest increases. Important developments come in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### Sea Gives Up Estates.

Early strollers on the beaches as far north as Belmar recently recovered from the surf enough food to stock a country grocery, says a Sea Girt, N. Y., dispatch to the New York Times.

The floatsman included canned goods of many sorts, but mostly tomatoes and asparagus; one man carried home three tubs of good butter and many clothesbaskets full of lemons, all of which were fresh and hard. Submarine activity was scouted as a cause for the pickings, but one guess as to their origin was that some vessel, a warship or possibly a big yacht, returning from a long cruise had passed up the coast and her crew had emptied the larder overboard so as to be certain of absolutely fresh provisions when next they put to sea.

## INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By REV. F. H. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. (Copyright, 1917, Western Newspaper Union.)

### LESSON FOR AUGUST 5.

#### MANASSEH'S SIN AND REPENTANCE.

LESSON TEXT—II Chronicles 33:1-30. GOLDEN TEXT—Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.—Isaiah 55:7.

The reign of Manasseh was the longest of any of the kings of Judah. It is strange that a wicked king should have the distinction of the longest reign. This can be accounted for, perhaps, by the fact that the nation was in such a state that their idolatrous corruption needed to go to its fullest development. It seems to be necessary in a world of free beings, that their actions must go to a certain stage of development. It was so with the inhabitants of Canaan before that land was possessed by Israel. Israel was kept in Egypt until the iniquity of that nation was full. In this case doubtless the Lord permitted this to go on until the idolatrous practices would become extremely obnoxious.

I. Manasseh's Sin (vv. 1-9). Though he had the example of a good father, he had passionate endeavor gave himself up to the imitation of the heathen about him. This shows that grace is not inherited; a good father may have a bad son. It also teaches us that it is absolutely necessary to bring the grace of God into vital touch with our children, for that grace is absolutely essential to their salvation. Only his grace can counteract the downward pull of sin.

1. He restored the high places which had been destroyed by his father (v. 3). It is thus seen that he sought to undo the good work done by his father.

2. He erected altars to Baal (v. 3). The idols worshiped on these altars seem to have been images of licentious appearance, provoking the indulgence of the human passion. Therefore, with this worship was coupled the grossest licentiousness.

3. He introduced the star worship of the Chaldeans and Assyrians (v. 3). He even erected these altars in the house of the Lord, placing them on a level with God himself.

4. He set up Moloch in the Vale of Hinnon (v. 6). He not only encouraged this worship on the part of others, but he even caused his own children to pass through the fire.

5. He practiced magic, witchcraft, and dealt with a familiar spirit (v. 6). So gross were these practices that they did even worse than the heathen whom God had destroyed before the Children of Israel came into the land.

6. He rejected the Lord's testimony (v. 10). Doubtless the prophets had again and again admonished him, but he seems to have turned entirely aside from such remonstrances.

11. Manasseh's Chastisement (vv. 11-18). The Lord in grace used the Assyrians to chastise Manasseh, so as to bring him to see his evil ways. He was captured, perhaps while hiding among the thicket of thorns (v. 11), bound in chains and carried to Babylon. This was most humiliating. His hands were manacled, his ankles fastened together with rings and a bar. III. Manasseh's Repentance (vv. 12, 13). Fortunately, the chastisement had its desired effect. Manasseh was brought to his senses and turned from his evil ways. The steps in his repentance are as follows:

1. Affliction (v. 12). This was most severe. Bound with chains and dragged to Babylon. While this was severe, it was light in comparison with the sins which provoked it.

2. Supplication (v. 12). Manasseh had the good sense to cry out to God in this condition. It is the unmistakable evidence that God's chastisement is accomplishing its purpose. We are instructed in James 5:13 in time of affliction to pray.

3. Humility (v. 12). This is a common characteristic of penitent souls. Those who come under the hand of God always recognize it in their humble walk.

4. Forgiveness (v. 13). As soon as God sees the signs of penitence, he turns in mercy to the penitent and grants absolution for sin. No one needs to wait long to receive his forgiveness.

5. His kingdom restored (v. 18). Manasseh not only was forgiven, but he was actually restored to his kingdom. Those who truly repent, God will not only forgive, but he will restore (Psa. 32:3-5).

6. Apprehension of God (v. 13). Through this experience Manasseh came to know God.

IV. Manasseh's Reformation (vv. 14-20). Manasseh was not content with merely receiving God's forgiveness and restoration to his kingdom, but he sought so far as possible to undo the mischief which he had done.

1. He strengthened the fortifications of Jerusalem, so as to make his people safe from the attack of a foreign foe (v. 14).

2. He removed the idols from the House of the Lord (v. 15). Through bitter experience he had come to know that an idol is nothing, that it could avail him nothing in time of deepest need.

## Splendid Medicine For Kidneys, Liver and Bladder

For the past twenty years I have been acquainted with your preparation, Swamp-Root, and all those who have had occasion to use such a medicine praise the merits of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root; especially has it been very useful in cases of catarrh or inflammation of the bladder. I firmly believe that it is a very valuable medicine and recommendable for what it is intended.

Very truly yours, DR. J. A. COPPEDGE, Alanreed, Texas.

Oct. 26, 1916.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You

Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Adv.

#### Small Sizes of Coal.

It is beyond question that the increased tonnage of anthracite shipments recorded during the last two months has been largely made up of the junior sizes. This portion of the fuel output is assuming a much larger share in the supplying of what may now rightly be termed the domestic trade. Under modern methods the use of the smaller coals is of much importance in the heating arrangements of the habitations of a large portion of the city populace—quite as much as the use of the sizes scheduled as domestic coal. It is fortunate that means have been availed of to utilize this tonnage to good advantage elsewhere than in manufacturing establishments, but the fact remains that with so large an output of the so-called steam sizes the retail dealer in the small places, where, after all, the old-fashioned domestic trade now has its stronghold, is not able to count on the tonnage for his requirements which the tonnage statements of output would seem to imply.—Coal Trade Journal.

#### Mean Trick.

The De Jones back lawn was a lawn in name only. It was really an arid desert—bald, so to speak, and in dry weather it was always dusty as a motor track. To the astonishment of Mrs. De Smythe, who lived next door, she one day saw her devoted husband turning the garden hose upon the De Jones' "lawn."

"Well, I never!" she exclaimed. "I'm sure I wouldn't trouble to lay dust in De Jones' back yard, John, especially as they are such hateful lot of gossipers. Small thanks you'll get for your trouble, anyway."

"That's all right, my dear. Their darling little Fido was washed snow white this morning. Now he's out there rolling about like a barrel, and rubbing the mud well into his fleecy coat. Trust your husband, my sweet, for real, unadulterated thoughtfulness."

#### Intelligent Alarm Clock.

An alarm clock awakened a lady in Philadelphia just in time to allow her to escape from a burning building. She had set the clock as usual at five o'clock, but that morning it failed to ring. During the afternoon she lay down for a nap on the divan. At five o'clock the alarm clock started its racket twelve hours late. She awoke to find the house full of smoke and flames creeping up the stairway. She was aroused just in time to escape to the street. "That clock has been my pal for years," said she. "I never knew it to miss its regular morning alarm before. It must have known something."

#### Disciplinary Times.

"Pa, what are people's salad days?" "It is the time when they most need a dressing room, son."

"Know thyself," says the philosopher. Yes, but who is to introduce us?

## Preparing for Tomorrow

Many people seem able to drink coffee for a time without apparent harm, but when health disturbance, even though slight, follows coffee's use, it is wise to investigate.

Thousands of homes, where coffee was found to disagree, have changed the family table drink to

## Instant Postum

With improved health, and it usually follows, the change made becomes a permanent one. It pays to prepare for the health of tomorrow.

"There's a Reason"