

The Real Man

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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J. MONTAGUE SMITH, LATE OF LAWRENCEVILLE, DISCOVERERS THAT AS "JOHN SMITH," A CONSTRUCTION CAMP WORKER, HE CAN'T CONCEAL HIS PAST 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 a scapegoat for the crooked accuser. Smith strikes Dunham, leaves him for dead and flees the state. He turns up a tramp some time later at an irrigation dam construction camp in the Rocky mountains and as John Smith gets a rough job.

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

"I'm afraid he'd have to loosen up on his record a little before we could bring him in here. Badly as we're needing a money man, we can hardly afford to put a 'John Smith' into the saddle—at least not without knowing what his other name used to be."

"No; of course not. I guess, after all, he's only a 'lame duck,' like a good many of the rest of them. Day before yesterday, Burdell, the deputy sheriff, was out at the camp looking the gangs over for the fellow who broke into Lannigan's place last Saturday night. When he came into the office Smith was busy with an estimate, and Burdell went up and touched him on the shoulder, just to let him know that it was time to wake up. Suffering cats! It took three of us to keep him from breaking Burdell in two and throwing him out of the window!"

"That looks rather bad," was the president's comment. Col. Dexter Baldwin had been the first regularly elected sheriff of Timanyoni county in the early days and he knew the symptoms. "Was Burdell wearing his star where it could be seen?"

The engineer nodded. "What explanation did Smith make?" "Oh, he apologized like a gentleman, and said he was subject to little nervous attacks like that when anybody touched him unexpectedly. He took Burdell over to Pete Simm's shack saloon and bought him a drink. Perkins, the timekeeper, says he's going to get a megaphone so he can give due notice in advance when he wants to call Smith's attention."

The colonel pulled out a drawer in the desk, found his box of diplomatic cigars and passed it to the engineer, saying: "Light up a sure-enough good one, and tell me what you think Smith has been doing back yonder in the other county."

Williams took the cigar but he shied at the conundrum. "Ask me something easy," he said. "I've stacked up a few guesses. He's from the middle West—as the Bible says, his 'speech betrayeth' him—and he's had a good job of some kind; the kind that required him to keep abreast of things. If there's anything in looks, you'd say he wasn't a thief or an embezzler, and yet it's pretty apparent that he's been used to handling money in chunks and making it work for its living. I've put it up that there's a woman in it. Perhaps the other fellow got in his way, or came up behind him and touched him unexpectedly, or something of that sort. Anyway, I'm not going to believe he's a crooked crook until I have to."

Colonel Baldwin helped himself to one of his own cigars, and the talk went back to business. In the irrigation project, Williams was a stockholder as well as chief of construction, and Baldwin had more than once found him a safe adviser. There was agreement among ourselves that if anybody got scared he was to give the rest of us a chance to buy him out. Who bought from these welters?"

"Maxwell didn't know that. He said it was done through Kinzie's bank. From what I've heard on the outside, I'm inclined to suspect that Crawford Stanton was the buyer."

"Stanton, the real-estate man?"

"The same."

Again the president stared thoughtfully at the glowing end of his cigar.

"There's another of the confounded mysteries," he growled. "Who is Crawford Stanton, and what is he here for? I know what he advertises, but everybody in Brewster knows that he hasn't made a living dollar in real estate since he came here last summer. Williams, do you know, I'm beginning to suspect that there is a mighty big nigger in our little wood pile?"

"You mean that all these stubborn holdups have been bought and paid

for? You'll remember that is what Billy Starbuck tried to tell us when the first of the missing mining-claim owners began to shout at us."

"Starbuck has a long head, and what he doesn't know about mining claims in this part of the country wouldn't fill a very big book. I remember he said there had never been any prospecting done in the upper Timanyoni gulches, and now you'd think half the people in the United States had been nosing around up there with a pick and shovel at one time or another. But it was a thing that Starbuck told me no longer ago than yesterday that set me to thinking," Baldwin went on. "As you know, the old Escalante Spanish grant corners over in the western part of this park. When the old grants were made, they were ruled off on the map without reference to mountain ranges or other natural barriers."

Williams nodded.

"Well, as I say, one corner of the Escalante reaches over the Hophras and out into the park, covering about eight or ten square miles of the territory just beyond us on our side of the river. Starbuck told me yesterday that a big Eastern colonization company had got a bill through congress alienating that tract."

The chief of construction bounded out of his chair and began to walk the floor. "By George!" he said; and again: "By George! That's what we're up against, colonel! Where will those fellows get the water for their land? There is no site for a dam lower down than ours, and anyway, that land lies too high to be watered by anything but a high-line ditch!"

"Nice little brace game, isn't it?" growled Baldwin. "If we hadn't been a lot of hayseed amateurs, we might have found out long ago that someone was running in a cold deck on us. What's your notion? Are we done up, world without end?"

Williams' laugh was grim. "What we need, colonel, is to go out on the street and yell for a doctor," he said. "It's beginning to look as if we had acquired a pretty bad case of malignant strangle-itis."

Baldwin ran his fingers through his hair and admitted that he had lost his sense of humor.

"This Eastern crowd is trying to freeze us out, to get our dam and reservoir and ditch rights for their Escalante scheme. When they do, they'll turn around and sell us water—at fifty dollars an inch, or something like that!"

"What breaks my heart is that we haven't been able to surround the sure-enough fact while there was still time to do something," lamented the ex-reclamation man. "The first thing we know, Stanton will own a majority of the stock and be voting us all out of a job. You'll have to come around to my suggestion, after all, and advertise for a doctor." It was said of the chief of construction that he would have joked on his death-bed, and, as a follower of the joke, he added: "Why don't you call Smith in and give him the job?"

"You don't really mean that, Williams, do you?" growled the colonel.

"No, I didn't mean it when I said it," was the engineer's admission; "I was only trying to get a rise out of you. But really, colonel, on second thought, I don't know but it is worth considering. As I say, Smith seems to know the money game from start to finish. What is better still, he is a fighter from the word go—what you might call a joyous fighter. Suppose you drive out tomorrow or next day and pry into him a little."

The rancher-president had relapsed once more into the slough of discouragement.

"You are merely grabbing for hand-holds, Bartley—as I was a minute ago. We are in a bad row of stumps when we can sit here and talk seriously about roping down a young hobo and putting him into the financial harness. Let's go around to Frascati's and eat before you go back to camp. It's bread-time, anyway!"

The chief of construction said no more about his joking suggestion at the moment, but when they were walking around the square to the Brewster Deimonico's he went back to the dropped subject in all seriousness, saying: "Just the same, I wish you could know Smith and size him up as I have. I can't help believing, some way, that he's all to the good."

CHAPTER V.

The Specialist.

Though the matter of calling in an expert doctor of finance to diagnose the alarming symptoms in Timanyoni ditch had been left indeterminate in the talk between Colonel Baldwin and himself, Williams did not let it go entirely by default. On the day following the Brewster office conference the engineer sent for Smith, who was checking the output of the crushers at the quarry, and a little later the "betterment" man presented himself at the door of the corrugated-iron shack which served as a field office for the chief.

Williams looked the cost-cutter over as he stood in the doorway. Smith was thriving and expanding handsomely in the new environment. He had let his beard grow and it was now long enough to be trimmed to a point. The travel-

trains are so arranged that unless one wears a reflector the persons they are to meet will escape them. There are two stairs from each track and an elevator between. Yesterday a little old lady who had been waiting to meet her boy, was horror-stricken because he had been swallowed up in the arriving throng without seeing her. A policeman and several guards began a search for the lost one. He was found on the outside of the station. The "boy," however, could not have lost himself very well, for he was

fifty, and carried considerable avoirdupois tissue.

Guanches.

The early inhabitants of the Canary Islands, known as the Guanches, had attained some progress in civilization, as shown by remains still extant. No doubt they were of Berber stock. The present inhabitants of the islands are mainly of Spanish blood, though it is said the Guanche element may be detected. The Canaries were known to the ancients but they fell out of the

known clothes had been exchanged for working khaki, with lace-boots and leggings, and the campaign hat of the engineers. Though he had been less than a month on the job, he was already beginning to tan and toughen under the healthy outdoor work—to roughen, as well, his late fellow members of the Lawrenceville Cotillon club might have said, since he had fought three pitched battles with as many of the camp bullies, and had in each of them proved himself a man of his hands who could not only take punishment, but could hammer an opponent swiftly and neatly into any desired state of subjection.

"Come in here and sit down; I want to talk to you," was the way Williams began it; and after Smith had found a chair, the chief went on: "Say, Smith, you're too good a man for anything I've got for you here. Haven't you realized that?"

Smith pulled a memorandum book from his hip pocket and ran his eye over the private record he had been keeping.

"I've shown you how to effect a few little savings which total up something like 15 per cent of your cost of production and operation," he said. "Don't you think I'm earning my wages?"

"That's all right; I've been keeping track too, and I know what you're doing. But you are not beginning to earn what you ought to, either for yourself or the company," put in the chief sharply. And then: "Loosen up, Smith, and tell me something about yourself. Who are you, and where do you come from, and what sort of a job have you been holding down?"

Smith's reply was as surprising as it was seemingly irrelevant.

"If you're not too busy, Mr. Williams, I guess you'd better make out my time-check," he said quietly.

"I suppose by that you mean that you'll quit before you will consent to open up on your record?" he assumed.

"You've guessed it," said the man who had sealed the book of his past.

Again Williams took a little time. It was discouraging to have his own and the colonel's prefigurations as to Smith's probable state and standing so promptly verified.

"I suppose you know the plain inference you're leaving, when you say a thing like that?"

Smith made the sign of assent. "It leaves you entirely at liberty to finish out the story to suit yourself," he admitted, adding: "The back numbers—my back numbers—are my own, Mr. Williams. I've kept a file of them, as everybody does, but I don't have to produce it on request."

"Of course, there's nothing compulsory about your producing it. But unless you are what they call in this country a 'crooked' crook, you are standing in your own light. You have such a staving good head for figures and finances that it seems a pity for you to be wasting it here on an undergraduate's job in cost-cutting. Any young fellow just out of a technical school could do what you're doing in the way of paring down expenses."

The cost-cutter's smile was mildly incredulous.

"Nobody seemed to be doing it before I came," he offered.

"No," Williams allowed, "that's the fact. To tell the plain truth, we've had bigger things to wrestle with; and we have them yet, for that matter—enough of them to go all around the job twice and tie in a bowknot."

"Finances?" queried Smith, feeling some of the back-number instincts stirring within him.

The chief engineer nodded; then he looked up with a twinkle in his closely set gray eyes. "If you'll tell me why you tried to kill Burdell the other day, maybe I'll open up the record—our record—for you."

This time the cost-cutter's smile was good-naturedly derisive, and it ignored the reference to Burdell.

"You don't have to open up your record for me; it's the talk of the camp. You people are undercapitalized—to boll it down into one word, isn't that about the way it sizes up?"

"That is the way it has turned out; though we had capital enough to begin with. We've been bled to death by damage suits."

Smith shook his head. "Why haven't you hired a first-class attorney, Mr. Williams?"

"We've had the best we could find, but the other fellows have beaten us to it, every time. But the legal end of it hasn't been the whole thing or the biggest part of it. What we are needing most is a man who knows a little something about corporation fights and high finance." And at this the engineer forgot the Smith disabilities, real or inferential, and went on to explain in detail the peculiar helplessness of the Timanyoni company as the antagonist of the as yet unnamed land and irrigation trust.

Some real opportunities come to "John Smith," but the fear of detection and capture worries him deeply. Some big developments are given in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

knowledge of the Europeans until the twelfth or thirteenth century. They were claimed by the Spanish in the fourteenth century. By the end of the fifteenth century the Spaniards had subdued the islands entirely, and they almost extirpated them at a later period.

Time-saving is the chief feature of a new ironing board cover that can be quickly strapped to clamps permanently attached to the underside of a board.

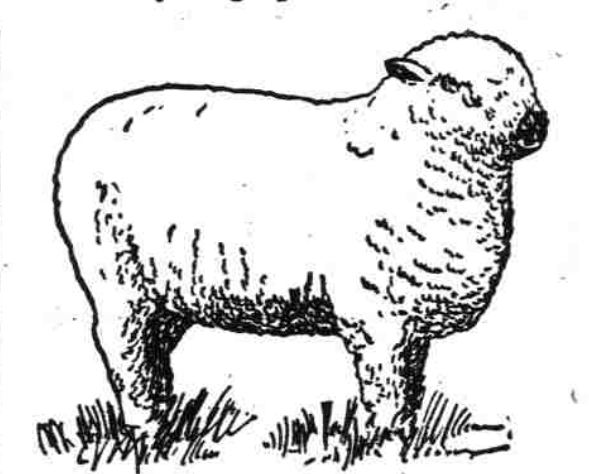
FEARNE STOCK

SHEEP PROFITABLE ON FARM

More Can Well Be Maintained in Addition to Live Stock That Are Already Kept Thereon.

(By W. F. BAIRD.)

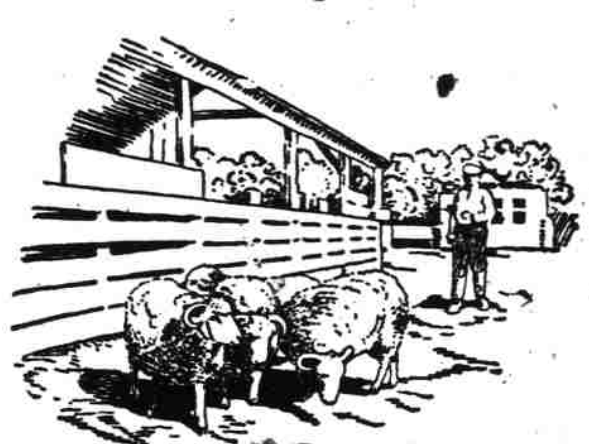
While it is not my purpose to try to induce stockmen to abandon cattle and pork production and engage exclusively in sheep raising, I do claim that from ten to one hundred more sheep could be profitably maintained on a very large portion of our farms



Well-Bred Specimen.

In addition to the live stock that are already kept thereon. For a period of 23 years I have been engaged in general farming and stockraising where I now reside. I have been raising horses, cattle and hogs during this entire period, and for the last 16 years I have kept from 100 to 125 breeding ewes of the mutton type. I have endeavored to produce as good stock of all kinds as I could, and to keep them in the most profitable manner. I have found no other class of live stock more profitable in dollars and cents than the sheep. Aside from this fact, I find that I can now keep as much other stock as formerly in addition to the sheep.

Some of my fields produce twice as much grain as formerly, and my grass lands are much more productive than they were. There is no great mystery connected with the care of the farm flock, but there is more to do than to purchase a flock and turn them out to shift for themselves without proper attention and shelter, if one expects to add to his bank account. Costly barns are not a necessity, but some sort of a shed that will keep them dry is needed. Let your roofs be constructed of shingles, boards, iron or any material that will keep off cold rains, sleet, etc. I prefer a shed extending east and west, open or partly so on the south side, so arranged that it can be



Prize Mutton and Wool Sheep.

closed if bad storms occur. Give plenty of pure air, a dry place to lie down, and all the sunshine possible, thereby adding to the comfort and thrift of the flock and the profits of the owner.

HARVEST CROPS WITH SWINE

Results Given of Experiment Conducted by Ohio Station—Best Gains Made on Clover.

In tests made by the Ohio station three lots of pigs were fed 30 days as follows: Lot 1, ear corn and clover pasture; lot 2, allowed to hog down rye, and lot 3, ear corn and rape pasture. In addition all lots were fed approximately one-fourth pound of tankage daily per pig. The respective lots made average daily gains of 0.82, 0.57 and 0.75 pounds per pig, and consumed, aside from pasture, 2.66, 6.34, and 2.91 pounds of feed per pound of gain. Lot 2 was then put in with lot 1 on clover and lot 3 remained on the rape, where the pigs were fed for 28 days. The pigs on clover made an average daily gain per pig of 0.75 pounds, consuming 3.64 pounds of feed aside from pasture per pound of gain, and the lot on clover, 0.87 pounds gain, consuming 3.16 pounds of feed per pound of gain.

PEDIGREE OF DIRECT VALUE

Gives Record of Ancestors of Animals for Five or Six Generations—"Like Produces Like."

The pedigree of an animal is a record of its ancestors, or family. The ordinary pedigree usually shows the ancestors for five or six generations. The value of the pedigree lies in the fundamental law of nature that "like produces like."

DON'T SELL BREEDING STOCK

Fancy Prices Offered for Brood Sow or Cow Should Not Tump Farmer at This Time.

Don't let the temptation of high prices now being offered for live stock or undue fear of the prices asked for many popular breeds mislead you into selling a breeding cow or a brood sow that will drop the golden calf or litters.

WOMAN NOW IN PERFECT HEALTH

What Came From Reading a Pinkham Advertisement.

Paterson, N. J.—"I thank you for the Lydia E. Pinkham remedies as they have made me well and healthy. Some time ago I felt so run down, had pains in my back and side, was very irregular, tired, nervous, had such bad dreams, did not feel like eating and had short breath. I read your advertisement in the newspapers and decided to try a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It worked from the first bottle, so I took a second and a third, also a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood Purifier, and now I am just as well as any other woman. I advise every woman, single or married, who is troubled with any of the aforesaid ailments, to try your wonderful Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier and I am sure they will help her to get rid of her troubles as they did me."



Mrs. ELSIE J. VAN DER SANDE, 36 No. York St., Paterson, N. J.

Write the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass., if you need special advice.

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Standard remedy for fifty years and result of many years experience in treatment of throat and lung diseases by Dr. J. H. Guild.

Free Sample and Practical Treatise on Asthma, its cause, treatment, etc., sent upon request. 25c. & \$1.00 at drugists. J. H. GUILD CO., Rupert, Vt.

WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC

Sold for 47 years. For Malaria, Chills and Fever. Also a Fine General Strengthening Tonic.

A New Place for Orderlies.

There is evidence that life in the army has its humorous side even in war time. In a story that recently went the rounds of the English press, a newly appointed officer who was making his first visit to the mess, with the usual inquiry of "any complaints?" arrived at one mess somewhat earlier than he was expected, and the orderly of the day, being taken by surprise, and in his shirt sleeves, dived under the table to save a reprimand.

"Any complaints?" asked the officer.

The corporal, grasping the situation at once, answered for the absent orderly.

"None, sir."

"Who is this?" asked the officer, suddenly catching sight of the orderly under the table.

The corporal again rose to the situation.

"Orderly of the day, sir," he answered.

"Oh!" said the officer, and passed on.

The next mess were quite prepared, with the orderly, spick and span, standing at attention at the head of the table.

"Any complaints?"

"None, sir," answered the orderly. The officer looked him well over.

"And who are you?" he asked.

"Orderly of the day, sir."

"Then why the dickens aren't you under the table?" was the unexpected retort.

Idleness Makes a Fortune.

"If you sit idly you will lose money every minute," is a liberal paraphrase of a well-known Japanese proverb and serves as a protest against idleness, but the Tokyo Hochi cites the case of the great Buddha at Nara, which, despite inaction, is reaping a fortune.

During the year ending June 25 the Buddha received 351,000 visitors, who paid admission fees aggregating \$9,350. The exaction of a fee to visit the big Buddha began in 1911, since which time \$127,500 gate money has been received.

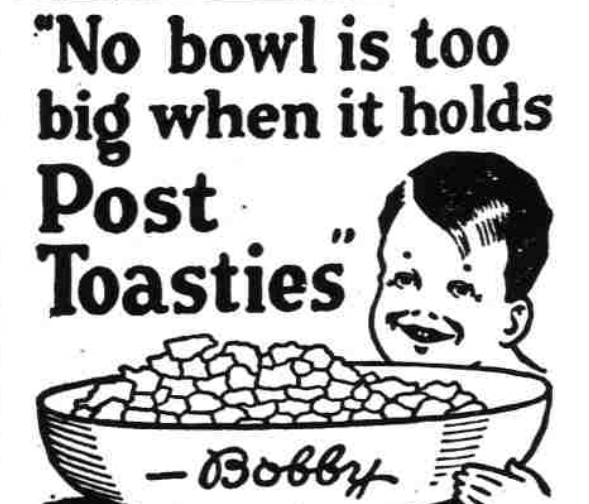
Horse Chestnuts as Food.

An effort is being made to adapt the horse chestnuts to the human dietary. The nuts are more than half starch and sugar, with some protein and fat, and are nutritious. Their value chiefly depends on the elimination of the bitter elements and the irritating saponin-like glucosides.

South African railways in 1918 will expend \$50,815,000. It is estimated.

Portugal this year produces 376,831-577 quarts of grape wine.

"No bowl is too big when it holds Post Toasties"



-Bobby