

The Real Man

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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CHAPTER V—Continued.

Smith heard him through, nodding understandingly when the tale was told.

"It's the old story of the big fish swallowing the little one; so old that there is no longer any saving touch of novelty in it," he commented. "I've been wondering if there wasn't something of that kind in your background. And you say you haven't any Belmonts or Morgans or Rockefellers in your company?"

"We have a bunch of rather badly scared-up ranch owners and local people, with Colonel Baldwin in command, and that's all. The colonel is a fighting man, all right, and he can shoot as straight as anybody, when you have shown him what to shoot at. But he is outclassed, like all the rest of us, when it comes to a game of financial freeze-out. And that is what we are up against, I'm afraid."

"There isn't the slightest doubt in the world about that," said the one who had been called in as an expert. "What I can't understand is why some of you didn't size the situation up long ago—before it got into its present desperate shape. You are at the beginning of the end now. They've caught you with an empty treasury, and these stock sales you speak of prove that they have already begun to swallow you by littles. Timanyoni common—I suppose you haven't any preferred—at thirty-nine is an excellent gamble for any group of men who can see their way clear to buying the control. With an eager market for the water—and they can sell the water to you people, even if they don't put their own Escalante project through—the stock can be pushed to par and beyond, as it will be after you folks are all safely frozen out. More than that, they can charge you enough, for the water you've got to have, to finance the Escalante scheme and pay all the bills; and their investment, at the present market, will be only thirty-nine cents in the dollar. It's a neat little play."

Williams was by this time far past remembering that his adviser was a man with a possible alias and presumably a fugitive from justice.

"Can't something be done, Smith? You've had experience in these things; your talk shows it. Have we got to stand still and be shot to pieces?"

"The necessity remains to be demonstrated. But you will be shot to pieces, to a dead moral certainty, if you don't put somebody on deck with the necessary brains, and do it quickly," said Smith with frank bluntness.

"Hold on," protested the engineer. "Every man to his trade. When I said that we had nobody but the neighbors and our friends in the company, I didn't mean to give the impression that they were either dolts or chuckle-heads. As a matter of fact, we have a pretty level-headed bunch of men in Timanyoni Ditch—though I'll admit that some of them are nervous enough, just now, to want to get out on almost any terms. What I meant to say was that they don't happen to be up in all the crooks and turnings of the high-finance buccaners."

"I didn't mean to reflect upon Colonel Baldwin and his friends," rejoined the ex-cashier good-naturedly. "It is nothing especially discrediting to them that they are not up in all the

tricks of a trade which is not theirs. The financing of a scheme like this has come to be a business by itself, Mr. Williams, and it is hardly to be expected that a group of inexperienced men could do it successfully."

"The construction chief turned abruptly upon his cost-cutter. "Keeping in mind what you said a few minutes ago about 'back numbers,' would it be climbing over the fence too far for me to ask if your experience has been such as would warrant you in tackling a job of this kind?"

"That is a fair question, and I can answer it straight," said the man un-

der fire. "I've had the experience. "I thought so. If the colonel should ask you to, would you consider as a possibility the taking of the doctor's job on this sick project of ours?"

"No," was the brief rejoinder. "Why not?"

Smith looked away out of the one square window in the shack at the busy scene on the dam stagings. "Because I'm not exactly a born simpleton, Mr. Williams. There are a number of reasons which are purely personal to me, and at least one which cuts ice on your side of the pond. Your financial 'doctor,' as you call him, would have to be trusted absolutely in the handling of the company's money and its negotiable securities. You could, and should, put him under a fairly heavy bond. I'll not go into it any deeper than to say that I can't give a bond."

Williams took his defeat, if it could be called a defeat, without further protest.

JOHN SMITH HAS THE GOOD FORTUNE TO PLAY HERO TO A VERY PRETTY YOUNG LADY—HE IS OFFERED THE JOB OF FIGHTING ENEMIES OF COL. BALDWIN

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. He soon attracts attention because of his secretive manner and his air of high class. The dam company is in financial straits, and Williams, superintendent, tells Smith his troubles.

mobile, with the cut-out open, was topping the side-hill grade, and Smith recognized it at once. It was Colonel Dexter Baldwin's roadster, and it held a single occupant—namely, the young woman who was driving it.

Turning to look up the track, he saw that the three loaded cars had been set out, and the forward section of the train was now backing to make the coupling with the standing half. He hoped that the trainmen had seen the automobile, and that they would not attempt to make the coupling until after the gray car had crossed behind the caboose. But in the same breath he guessed, and guessed rightly, that they were too far around the curve to be able to see the wagon-road approach.

Smith saw the young woman check the speed for the abrupt turn at the bottom of the hill, saw the car take the turn in a skidding slide, heard the renewed roar of the motor as the throttle was opened for a run at the embankment grade. Then the unexpected dropped its bomb. There was a jangling crash and the cars on the main track were set in motion. The trainmen had failed to make their coupling, and the rear half of the train was surging down upon the crossing.

Smith's shout, or the sight of the oncoming train, one of the two, or both, put the finishing touch on the young woman's nerve. There was still time in which to clear the train, but at the critical instant the young woman apparently changed her mind and tried to stop the big car short of the crossing. The effort was unsuccessful. When the stop was made, the front wheels of the roadster were precisely in the middle of the main track, and the motor was killed.

By this time Smith had thrown his coat away and was racing the backing train, with the ex-grade-laborer a poor second a dozen yards to the rear. Having ridden in the roadster, Smith knew that it had no self-starter. "Jump!" he yelled. "Get out of the car!" and then his heart came into his mouth when he saw that she was struggling to free herself and couldn't; that she was entangled in some way behind the low-hung tiller wheel.

Smith was running fairly abreast of the caboose when he made this discovery, and the hundred feet of clearance had shrunk to fifty. In imagination he could already see the gray car overturned and crushed under the wheels of the train. In a flying spurt he gained a few yards on the advancing menace and hurled himself against the front of the stopped roadster. He did not attempt to crank the motor. There was time only for a mighty heave and shove to send the car backing down the slope of the crossing approach; for this and for the quick spring aside to save himself; and the thing was done.

CHAPTER VI.
A Notice to Quit.

Once started and given its push, the gray roadster drifted backward from the railroad crossing and kept on until it came to rest in the sag at the turn in the road. Running to overtake it, Smith found that the young woman was still trying ineffectually to free herself. In releasing the clutch her dress had been caught, and Smith was glad enough to let the extricating of the caught skirt and the cranking of the engine serve for a breath-catching recovery.

When he stepped back to "tune" the spark the young woman had subsided into the mechanical seat and was retying her veil with fingers that were not any too steady. She was small but well-knit; her hair was a golden brown and there was a good deal of it; her eyes were set well apart, and in the bright morning sunlight they were a slaty gray—of the exact shade of the motor veil she was rearranging. Smith had a sudden conviction that he had seen the wide-set eyes before; also the straight little nose and the half-boyish mouth and chin, though where he had seen them the conviction could give no present hint.

"I sup-pup-suppose I ought to say something appropriate," she was beginning, half breathlessly, while Smith stood at the fender and grinned.

"You don't have to say anything. It's been a long time since I've had a chance to make such a bully grandstand play as this." And then: "You're Colonel Baldwin's daughter, aren't you?"

She nodded, saying: "How did you know?"

"I know the car. And you have your father's eyes."

She did not seem to take it amiss that he was making her eyes a basis for comparisons. She was her father's only son, as well as his only daughter, and she divided her time pretty evenly in trying to live up to both sets of requirements.

"You have introduced me; wo-won't you introduce yourself?" she said, when a second crash of the shifting freight train spent itself and gave her an opening.

"I'm John Smith," he told her; adding: "It's my real name."

Her laugh was an instant easing of tensions. "Oh, yes; you're Mr. Williams' assistant. I've heard colonel-da—my father, speak of you."

"No," he denied in blunt honesty, "I'm not Williams' assistant; at least, the pay roll doesn't say so. Up at the camp they call me 'the Hobo.'"

The young woman had apparently regained whatever small fraction of self-possession the narrow escape had left her.

"Are they never going to take that miserable train out of the way?" she exclaimed. "I've got to see Mr. Williams, and there isn't a minute to spare. Colonel-da—I mean my father, he's gone up to Red Butte, and a little while ago they telephoned over to the camp from the Brewster office to say that there was going to be some more trouble at the dam."

"You won't find Williams at the camp. He started out early this morning beyond Little creek, and said he wouldn't be back until some time tomorrow. Will you tell me what you're needing?"

"Oh!" she exclaimed, with a little air of disappointment, "I've simply gone to find Mr. Williams—or somebody! Do you happen to know anything about the lawsuit troubles?"

"I know all about them; Williams has told me."

"Then I'll tell you what Mr. Martin telephoned. He said that three men were going to pretend to relocate a

claim in the hills back of the reservoir near the upper end of the lake—that is to say, they're doing it so that they can get an injunction, or whatever you call it, and then we'll have to buy them out as the others have been bought out."

Smith was by this time entirely familiar with the maps and profiles and other records of the ditch company's lands and holdings.

All the land within the limits of the level has been bought and paid for—some of it more than once, hasn't it?" he asked.

"Oh, yes; but that doesn't make any difference. These men will claim that the location was made long ago, and that they are just now getting ready to work it. It's often done in the case of mining claims."

"When is all this going to happen?" he inquired.

"It is already happening," she broke in impatiently. "Mr. Martin said that three men left town a little after breakfast and crossed on the Brewster bridge to go up on the other side of the Timanyoni."

The young woman had taken her seat again behind the big tiller wheel and Smith calmly motioned her out of the car.

"Take the other seat and let me get in here," he said; and when she had changed over, he swung in behind the wheel and put a foot on the clutch.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"I'm going to take you up to the camp, and then, if you'll lend me this car, I'll go and do what you hoped to persuade Williams to do—run these mining-claim jokers into the tall timber."

"But you can't!" she protested; "you can't do it alone! And, besides, they're on the other side of the river, and you can't get anywhere with the car. You'll have to go all the way back to Brewster to get across the river!"

"I was just here that he stole another glance at the very-much-alive little face behind the motor veil; at the firm, round chin and the resolute set of gray eyes.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

LESSON FOR SEPTEMBER 9

BENEFITS OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

LESSON TEXT—Daniel 1. GOLDEN TEXT—But Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat, nor with the wine which he drank—Daniel 1:8.

The book of Daniel, with the great prophecies, fulfilled and unfulfilled, is one of the most interesting and important in the Bible. Without a grasp of the prophecies of this book it is absolutely impossible for one to know the New Testament and the times in which we live. Daniel gives an outline of the entire period of time from the passing of supremacy to the Gentiles in Nebuchadnezzar to the final overthrow of the Gentile dominion, to the establishment of the millennial kingdom. The course, character and end of Gentile dominion are given. It is that period known in Scriptures as the "times of the Gentiles" (Luke 21:24).

The book of Daniel falls into two parts: Part I (chapters 1 to 6), in which the prophet appears as the divinely chosen interpreter of dreams; part II (chapters 7 to 12), in which the prophet appears as the mouthpiece of God, setting forth in visions, not dreams, the times of the Gentiles. The book is written in two languages, Hebrew and Aramaic—chapter 1:1-2:3 and chapters 3:1 to 12 (Hebrew); chapters 2:4-7:28 (Aramaic). The part which concerns the Hebrews was written in their own tongue and the part which concerns the empires of the world is written in their tongue.

I. Daniel's Home Leaving (vv. 1-4). He was carried away to Babylon by Nebuchadnezzar in the first siege of Jerusalem. This was a great trial for his own heart. He seems to have been about fourteen years of age.

11. Daniel's Trials and Difficulties (vv. 5-13). It was the custom for the best of the captives to be selected and trained for service in the land of captivity. They usually selected those of the royal house for such training.

1. Change of name. Among the Hebrews names were given to children, which were significant. Daniel means "God is my judge." The significance of the name then was that all problems of life were submitted to God for decision. This was the secret of Daniel's life. This purpose of his parents seems to have been instilled into his very life and being. So thoroughly did he imbibe this spirit that in all things he made God arbiter of his plans and purposes. The object no doubt in the change of name was to obliterate his national and religious connection and identify him with the heathen people. The king of Babylon evidently liked Daniel's appearance and scholarship, but was averse to his religion. It is the same today. Nations and individuals are perfectly willing to recognize and utilize the scholarship and efficiency of Christian ministers and missionaries, but are not willing to embrace their religion.

2. His conscience tested (vv. 5-8). It was with reference to the king's meat and the king's wines. It is ever to be borne in mind that conscience is the groundwork of human character. It is the law which must be followed. No doubt Daniel was taunted and laughed at for his fidelity, just as all men and women today who are loyal to their convictions must experience, for all who will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution.

3. His religious life. This involved his refusal to eat meat and drink wine which was contrary to his teaching. Also it involved his praying three times a day.

11. His Success (vv. 14-21). 1. Physical health (v. 15). Godly and temperate living pays. The king's meat and wine would have been pleasant to the palate, but would have meant compromise of conscience.

2. Mental growth (v. 20). He was ten times superior to his comrades. It is always true that those who abstain from indulgence in the use of wine have clearer minds and are mentally better equipped for their work than those who indulge.

3. Social. Daniel stood before the king. No higher position of honor could have been given him.

4. Temporal. He became president of the College of Wise Men and prime minister of the nation. This position he continued to hold through several dynasties.

5. Spiritual (v. 17). Because of Daniel's loyalty to God, Nebuchadnezzar's dream was revealed to him and he was giving visions sketching the whole history of the world.

IV. The Secret of His Success. The following may be set down as the things which made Daniel successful: 1. He was conscientious. If we see to it that in all things we live in good conscience.

2. Loyalty to God. He made God the judge of everything that pertained to his life. No pleasure was indulged in or problem disposed of without its submission to God.

3. Decision of character. With him that which had been submitted to God was shown to be right before God, and was the law of his life.

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Too Slow. Railway Manager—Another farmer is suing us on account of his cows. Lawyer—Killed by our trains? Railway Manager—No; he complains that our passengers are leaning out of the windows and milking them as the trains go by."

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The Big Exception. "I don't understand this 'peace without annexation' idea," complained the man on the car.

"Why, that's perfectly simple," explained his fellow straphanger. "It means that it isn't right to annex any other country as spoils of victory."

"Mean to say that if we licked some country we wouldn't have the right to take some of their possessions?"

"Not the moral right. We couldn't annex an island, for instance, whose inhabitants do not speak our language, sympathize with our civilization or comprehend our institutions. Such an island would never become an integral part of America, no matter what the geography said."

"Nonsense—look at Manhattan."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Liberty Still Lives. "What's meant by dis here food control?" asked Mr. Samuel Jackson.

"Nigger," answered Mr. George Washington Jones, "dat means dat de man whut tries ter git more'n his share of victuals is goin' ter run right slap-bang inter de go-vernment."

"Dez ain't nothin' in dem rules an' regulations ter keep a cullid man 'fom stelin' a watermelon an' a chicken sometimes, is dey?"

"Course dey ain't! Dis is still a free country."

Spots are reported on the sun. Due, it is presumed, to the war.

Coffee Drinkers who are RUN DOWN usually PICK UP after they change to the delicious, pure food-drink— POSTUM "There's a Reason"



Time Only for a Mighty Heave.

Smith shows his real character—Colonel Baldwin's daughter—something of the fierce brute nature that is alive in him. There's a real fight described in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Internal Heat of Planets. The late Professor Lowell's discovery that Saturn does not rotate as one piece, but has "conformal layers, rotating faster within," suggests that some of the other large planets may have the same structure. As pointed out by Professor Very, the friction of layers of different velocities would generate heat, and thus retard the cooling down of the planets.—Scientific American