

# THE REAL MAN

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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## WHAT HAPPENED

J. Montague Smith, cashier of the Lawrenceville Bank & Trust Co., young society leader, popular bachelor engaged to marry Verda Richardson, heiress, and destined to be one of the town's leading citizens, became innocently involved in a dishonest bank loan. Watrous Dunham, president of the bank, tried to shift the blame to Smith, who refused to be the scapegoat. When Dunham drew a pistol to threaten him, Smith struck the president a blow over the heart and left him for dead.

## CHAPTER II—Continued.

Good judges on the working floor of the Lawrenceville Athletic club had decided that he did not know his own strength. It was the sight of the pistol that maddened him and put the driving force behind the smashing blow that landed upon the big man's chest. The lifted pistol dropped from Mr. Watrous Dunham's grasp and he wilted, settling back into his chair, and then slipping to the floor.

In a flash Smith knew what he had done. Once, one evening when he had been induced to put on the gloves with the Athletic club's trainer, he had consented to plant a body blow which had sent the wry little Irishman to the mat, gasping and fighting for the right of life. "If ever you'll be given a man that heart-punch wid th' bare fists, Murther Montague, 'tis you fr th' fight, train widout stoppin' to buy any ticket—it'll be murder in the first degree," the trainer had said, when he had breath to compass the saying.

With the unheeded warning resurgent and clamoring in his ears, Smith felt horror-stricken beside the fallen man. On the president's heavy face and in the staring eyes there was a foolish smile, as of one mildly astonished. Smith loosened the collar around the thick neck and laid his ear upon the spot where the blow had fallen. The big man's heart had stopped like a smashed clock.

Smith got upon his feet, turned off the electric light, and, from mere force of habit, closed and snap-locked the president's desk. The watchman had not yet returned. Smith saw the empty chair beside the vault door as he passed it on his way to the street. The cashier's only thought was to go to the police headquarters and give himself up. Then he remembered how recently the trap had been set, and how reasonable it would be for him to make a reasonable defense.

With one glance over his shoulder at the darkened front windows of the bank Smith began to run, not toward the police station, but in the opposite direction—toward the railroad station.

For J. Montague Smith, slipping from shadow to shadow down the scantly lighted cross street and listening momentarily for the footfalls of pursuit, a new hour had struck. It was all inconceivably incredible. The crowding sensations were terrifying, but they were also precious. In their way Long-forgotten bits of brutality and tyranny on Watrous Dunham's part came up to be remembered and, in this retributive aftermath, to be triumphantly crossed off as items in an account finally settled. On the Smith side the bank cashier's furniture had been plodding forward, but old John Montague had been the village blacksmith and a soldier—a shrewd sinner in both trades. Blood will tell. Parental implantings may have much to say to the fruit of the womb, but stamion has more. Smith's jaw came up with a snap. He was no longer an indistinguishable unit in the ranks of the respectable and the well-to-do; he was a man fighting for his life. What was done for him, and the consequences.

At the railroad station he slipped from the west bound train. In his side at ten o'clock were all the things he had packed, and at the bidding of a certain new and militant craftiness Smith found the lighted waiting rooms as

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trans-rod he climbed in, and at the next coupling crash closed the door.

## CHAPTER III.

### The High Hills.

The Nevada through freight was two hours late issuing from the western portal of Timanyon canon. Through the early mountain-climbing hours of the night and the later flight across the Red desert, the dusty, travel-grimed young fellow in the empty box car midway of the train had slept soundly, with the hard car floor for a bed and his folded coat for a pillow. But the sudden cessation of the crash and roar of the shut-in mountain passage awoke him and he got up to open the door and look out.

It was still no later than a lazy man's breakfast time, and the May morning was perfect. Over the top of the eastern range the sun was looking, level-rayed, into a parked valley bounded on all sides by high spurs and distant snow peaks. In its nearer reaches the valley was dotted with round hills, some of them bare, others dark with mountain pine and fir.

From the outer loopings of the curves, the young tramp at the car door had momentary glimpses of the Timanyon, a mountain torrent in its canyon, and the swiftest of upland rivers even here where it had the valley in which to expand. A Copah switchman had told him that the railroad division town of Brewster lay at the end of the night's run, in a river valley beyond the eastern Timanyons, and that the situation of the irrigation project which was advertising for laborers in the Denver newspapers was a few miles up the river from Brewster.

As the train swept along on its way down the grades the valley became more open and the prospect broadened. At one of the promontory roundings the box-car passenger had a glimpse of a shack-built construction camp on the river's margin some distance ahead. A concrete dam was rising in sections out of the river, and dominating the dam and the shafts two steel towers, with a carrying cable stretched between them, formed the piers of the aerial spout conveyor for the placing of the material in the forms.

The train made no stop at the construction siding, but a mile farther along the speed was slackened. Sliding the car door another foot or two, the young tramp with the week-old stubble beard on his face leaned out to look ahead. His opportunity was at hand. A block semaphore was turned against the freight and the train was slowing in obedience to the signal. Waiting until the brakes shivered again, the tramp put his shoulder to the sliding door, sat for a moment in the wider opening, and then swung off.

His alighting was upon one of the promontory embankments. To the westward, where the curving railroad track was lost in the farther windings of the river, lay the little intermountain city of Brewster, a few of its higher buildings showing clear-cut in the distance. Paralleling the railroad, on a lower level and nearer the river, a dusty wagon road pointed in one direction toward the town, and in the other toward the construction camp.

The young man who had crossed four states and the better part of a fifth as a tramp, and who had turned his back upon the distant town as a place to be avoided, scrambling down the railroad embankment, made his way to the wagon road, crossed it, and kept on until he came to the fringe of a spongy on the river's edge, where he broke all the trampish traditions by stripping off the travel-worn clothes and plunging in to take a spongy bath. The water, being melted snow from the range, was icy cold and it stabbed like knives. Nevertheless, it was wet, and some part of the travel dust, at least, was soluble in it. He came out glowing, but a thorn from his well-groomed past came up and pricked him when he had put the soiled clothes on again. There was no present help for that, however; and five minutes later he had regained the road and was on his way to the ditch camp. As he walked he read for the fiftieth time something on the page of a recent St. Louis paper. It was under flaring headlines:

**ATTEMPTED MURDER OF BANK PRESIDENT.**

**Society-Leader Cashier Embrozzles \$100,000 and Makes Murderous Assault on President.**

Lawrenceville, May 15.—J. Montague Smith, cashier of the Lawrenceville Bank and Trust company, and a leader in the Lawrenceville younger set, is today a fugitive from justice with a price on his head. At a late hour last night the watchman of the bank found President Dunham lying unconscious in front of his desk. Help was summoned, and Mr. Dunham, who was supposed to be suffering from some sudden attack of illness, was taken to his hotel. Later, it transpired that the president had been the victim of a murderous assault. Discovering upon his return to the city yesterday evening that the cashier had been using the bank's funds in an attempt to cover a stock speculation of his own, Dunham sent for Smith and charged him with the crime. Smith made an unprovoked and desperate assault upon his superior officer, beating him, and leaving him for dead. Since it is known that he did not intend any of the night's crime or work, Smith is being held in the city of Lawrenceville.

**CHAPTER IV.**

**Wanted—A Financier.**

It was a full fortnight or more after this motor-tinkering incident on the hill road to the dam, when Williams, chief engineer of the ditch project, met President Baldwin in the Brewster offices of the ditch company and spent a busy hour with the colonel going over the contractors' estimates for the month in prospect. In an interval of the business talk, Baldwin remembered the good-looking young tramp who had wanted a job.

"Oh, yes; I knew there was something else that I wanted to ask you," he said. "How about the young fellow

rant is out, and a reward of \$3,000 for his arrest and detention has been offered by the bank. It is not thought possible that he can escape. It was currently reported not long since that Smith was engaged to a prominent young society woman, Lawrenceville, but this has proved to be untrue.

He folded the newspaper and put it in his pocket. The thing was done, and it could not be undone. Having put himself on the wrong side of the law, there was nothing for it now but a complete disappearance; exile, a change of identity, and an absolute severance with his past.

When he had gone a little distance he found that the wagon road crossed the right of way twice before the construction camp came into view. The last of the crossings was at the temporary material yard for which the side track had been installed, and from this point on, the wagon road field to the river bank. The ditch people were doubtless getting all their material over the railroad so there would be little hauling by wagon. But there were automobile tracks in the dust, and shortly after he had passed the material yard the tramp heard a car coming up behind him. It was a six-cylinder roadster, and its motor was missing badly.

Its single occupant was a big, bearded man, wearing his gray tweeds as one to whom clothes were merely a convenience. He was chewing a black cigar, and the unoccupied side of his mouth was busy at the passing moment heaping objections upon the limping motor. A hundred yards farther along the motor gave a spasmodic gasp and stopped. When the young tramp came up, the big man had climbed out and had the hood open. What he was saying to the stalled motor was picturesque enough to make the young man stop and grin appreciatively.

"Gone bad on you?" he inquired.

Col. Dexter Baldwin, the Timanyon's largest landowner, and a breeder of fine horses who tolerated motorcars only because they could be driven hard and were inescapable and fit subjects for abusive language, took his head out of the hood.

"The third time this morning," he snapped. "I'd rather drive a team of wind-broken musters, any day in the year."

"I used to drive a car a while back," said the tramp. "Let me look her over."

The colonel stood aside, wiping his hands on a piece of waste, while the young man sought for the trouble. It was found presently in a loosened magnet wire; found and cleverly corrected. The tramp went around in front and spun the motor, and when it had been throttled down, Colonel Baldwin had his hand in his pocket.

"That's something like," he said. "The garage man said it was carbon. You take hold as if you knew how. What's your fee?"

The tramp shook his head and smiled good-naturedly.

"Nothing; for a bit of neighborly help like that."

The colonel put his coat on, and in the act took a better measure of the stalwart young fellow who looked like a hobo and talked and behaved like a gentleman.

"You are hiking out to the dam?" he asked brusquely.

"I am headed that way, yes," was the equally crisp rejoinder.

"Hunting a job?"

"Just that."

"What sort of a job?"

"Anything that may happen to be in sight."

"That means a pick and shovel or a wheelbarrow on a construction job. But there isn't much office work."

The tramp looked up quickly.

"What makes you think I'm hunting for an office job?" he queried.

"Your hands," said the colonel shortly.

The young man looked at his hands thoughtfully. They were dirty again from the tinkering with the motor, but the inspection went deeper than the grime.

"I'm not afraid of the pick and shovel, or the wheelbarrow, and on some accounts I guess they'd be good for me. But on the other hand, perhaps it is a pity to spoil a middling good office man to make an indifferent day-laborer—to say nothing of knocking some honest fellow out of the only job he knows how to do."

that I happened to see a couple of weeks ago? Did he make good?"

"Who—Smith?"

"Yes; if that's his name."

The engineer's left eyelid had a quizzical droop when he said dryly: "It's the name he goes by in camp; 'John Smith.' I haven't asked him his other name."

The ranchman-president matched the drooping eyelid of unbelief with a sober smile. "I thought he looked as if he might be out here for his health—like a good many other fellows who have an particular use for a doctor. How is he making it?"

The engineer, a hard-bitten man with the prognathous lower jaw characteristic of the tribe of those who accomplish things, thrust his hands into his pockets and walked to the window to look down into the Brewster street. When he turned to face Baldwin again, it was to say: "That young fellow is a wonder, colonel. I put him into the quarry at first, as you suggested, and in three days he had revolutionized things to the tune of a 20 per cent saving in production costs. Then I gave him a back at the concrete-mixers, and he's making good again in the cost reduction. That seems to be his specialty."

The president nodded and was sufficiently interested to follow up what had been merely a casual inquiry.

"What are you calling him now?—a betterment engineer? You know your

Conditions During Spanish War.

Nor does the Spanish war furnish the only example of a failure on the part of American railroads to meet the stresses of war conditions. Something of the same sort of disorganization affected the railroads of the Northern states during the Civil war and resulted in the first plan of railway centralization for military purposes.

When the serious nature of the struggle had begun to be evident to the people of the North and repeated calls for volunteers had resulted in the raising of large numbers of troops in different sections of the country the facilities of the railroads broke down completely. The movement of men and supplies in numbers then undreamed of was too much for the personnel and the equipment of the numerous small roads which at that time broke the journey between most of the principal cities.

Government Control.

It was this situation which in 1862 impelled congress to pass an act giving the federal government power to take over the railroads in time of war. President Lincoln, however, contented himself with calling to Washington Col. Thomas A. Scott, then an officer of the Pennsylvania railroad and afterward its president for many years. Colonel Scott received an appointment as assistant secretary of war, with full authority over all the railroads in connection with the movement of troops.

Colonel Scott and his assistants soon had things straightened out and troops were moved to the various mobilization and concentration points as fast as the army authorities were able to take care of them. One of the Pennsylvania's bright young men, when Colonel Scott summoned to Washington to assist him in the work was a certain division superintendent, Andrew Carnegie by name, whose fame in other fields of endeavor has well-nigh obscured the reputation for unrivalling knotty problems, which he demonstrated as an official of the military railroads.

Another of his assistants was John P. Green, who afterwards rose to the vice presidency of the Pennsylvania and who is still serving the company on its board of directors.

Building Roads in Russia.

According to Department of Commerce About \$300,000,000 Will Be Cost of Projected Lines.

Extensive railroad construction in Russia during the next ten years aggregating almost 90,000 miles, recommended by a special commission, has been approved by the Russian council of ministers. A report to the department of commerce says about \$300,000,000 will be the cost of 51 projected lines, aggregating 29,770 miles, recommended for construction during the period 1917-1922.

Moving Baggage of Interned Germans.

The photograph shows two navy-yard flatcars drawn by a peculiar short switch engine at the League Island navy yard, Philadelphia, loaded with the baggage of the interned German sailors of the raiders Prinz Eitel Friedrich and Kronprinz Wilhelm, who had been started on their journey to the forts in Georgia where they are now interned.

The cars were guarded by United States marines.

Hopeless Job.

"Good morning, Mrs. O'Flaherty! And has your husband been called up yet?" "Not yet, Mrs. MacLagan, thanks be! He's got six months' expansion because he's doing work of rational deportment. They've put him into seminary duty abroad; but when I think of the trouble I has to get him up every morning and off to work, it's a fair puzzle to me how the government'll be able to call him up. If his own wife can't call him up, who in the world can?"

Grounds for Suspicion.

She—"Do you really think I married you for your money?" He—"Well, the way my money has been going, it looks suspicious."

Had Her Reasons.

They were discussing church affairs when Mary came home from school, and Aunt Maria remarked "little pitchers have big ears," and the conversation stopped. A few days afterward the minister came to tea and gave some of his attention to Mary.

"Do you like to go to church?" he asked.

"No," answered Mary, very firmly but politely.

"And why not, my little dear?"

"Oh," said Mary, with a smile, "little pitchers have big ears," very much to the surprise of her mother and Aunt Maria, who colored consciously, and the minister changed the conversation.

## CONDITIONS OF WAR

Effect of Failure of Railway Transportation Outlined.

## UNABLE TO CARRY SUPPLIES

Arms and Munitions Piled in Heaps on Ground at Vladivostok—Disorganization Among Railroads During Civil War.

The effect of a failure of transportation facilities in modern warfare is well illustrated by the present situation in Russia. There seems to be no doubt that the failure of the Russian military plans was to a very great extent the result of the disorganization of the nation's railway system, a disorganization so complete that it extended clear to Vladivostok, 6,000 miles behind the fighting line.

At that port an accumulation of arms, munitions and supplies shipped from America for the use of the Russian forces is piled on the ground for miles. Some of the material has been there for more than a year. It may well be doubted whether the Russian revolution would have come so quickly to a head had the military authorities been able to keep the troops properly supplied and thus put them more nearly on equal terms with the enemy.

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## GIRLS DO MEN'S WORK

Railroads radiating from Chicago already have begun to employ women for men's work as a result of war's effect in thinning the ranks of the men employees. The Erie and the Baltimore & Ohio have notified operating officials to employ women whenever necessary, and the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, the Chicago & Alton and the Monon are preparing to take similar action.

## RAILROADS BUILT IN MADAIRA

One of Greatest Engineering Accomplishments Under Our Flag—Many Remarkable Scenes.

A railroad journey on the Island of Hawaii, where the great Kilauea volcano is always active and so easily accessible by auto from Hilo, is filled with remarkable scenes. The railroad is built almost on the edge of the great cliffs overhanging the sea, and it crosses deep canyons, Pacific, and ridges and follows horseshoe trestles, all of which forms one of the great engineering accomplishments under the American flag. The railroad passes through banana and scores of miles of sugar cane plantations, picturesque villages of laborers with sections devoted exclusively to Chinese, Japanese, Spanish, Portuguese and Filipinos. Coffee plantations show an intense dark green against the lighter shade of the sugar cane. Occasionally passengers on the trains pass beneath cane bundles, which look like great winged birds, brought over the fields to mills on wire cables or trolleys. In other places they see the cut cane floating down water flumes to the mill. Some of these flume trestles are at least 250 feet above the bottom of the canon.

A splendid auto road parallels the railroad track and shows scores of taxis and jitneys carry a cosmopolitan population.—Boston Transcript.

## MOST POWERFUL OF ENGINES

"Seven Hundred" Triple Articulative Type, Put into Service—Power Is Unlimited.

Seven Hundred, the most powerful locomotive that ever hauled a train, was put into service on a Virginia railroad the other day. It is of the triple-articulative type—a type of which there are only three others in the United States, and all are owned by the Erie railroad. Seven Hundred, however, has a greater tractive power than any of its prototypes, there being practically no limit to the weight it can pull or push. Before its capacity could be reached, the drawbars and couplers of the most modern cars would break under the strain. Were it possible to put them together, it could pull 300 cars, loaded to capacity, and it would be able to push a train of heavier load. A conception of its weight, 341,000 pounds, may be gained when it is known that in coming from Edgemoor, Pa., it had to clear 50 miles between Philadelphia and Wilmington, because the most direct line was not strong enough to bear its weight. The cost to build the locomotive was \$200,000, and it will be used to haul coal in the West Virginia mountains.

## LOADED TRAIN GIVEN BATH

Flat Cars, Loaded With Ties, Run Into Steel Cylinder and Immersed in Preserving Fluid.

A strange-looking train, composed of a narrow-gauge oil-burning engine and a number of very low flat cars of corresponding width, constitutes an interesting part of a tie-treating plant recently opened at Riverport, Wyo. A string of these cars, loaded with about 500 ties, is backed into a strongly built steel cylinder, 132 feet long. The engine is then detached, the tie cylinder is tightly closed, and a zinc-chloride solution is forced into the chamber by a vacuum process. When the ties are completely immersed in the preserving fluid it is put under pressure to force it to the wood fiber. After six hours they are thoroughly saturated and are removed.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

## NEW METALS BEING SOUGHT

Manufacturers Looking for Substitutes for Those Now Used, Because of Advance in Prices.

The recent advance in price of many of the more commonly used metals has led manufacturers to adopt or consider the adoption of various substitute metals or alloys for certain purposes. The advice of the bureau of standards has frequently been sought in this connection. An interesting field of investigation is opened up by such inquiries.

It appears that the metals traditionally and currently used for various articles are in many cases no better adapted for the purpose than others, and a slight difference in price would warrant a substitution. It is not usually possible, however, to suggest substitutes offhand, as there are many factors involving manufacturing peculiarities, durability and other physical and chemical properties that first have to be determined. "There is," says the bureau, "a very wide field of research here, which would undoubtedly repay manifold the efforts put upon it."—Scientific American.

## Rubber Consumption Growing.

Consumption of rubber per capita is more than twice what it was 25 years ago. One company expects to manufacture uppers of shoes from rubber as well as soles. This company will operate its own merchant marine to carry crude rubber from Sumatra and carry manufactured articles to all parts of the world. The company now employs 28,621 men, and manufactures 125,000 pairs of rubber shoes a day. More than a million trees in Sumatra plantations are being tapped.

## Consolation.

Mistress—Oh, Nora, you've broken that willow pattern plate into a dozen pieces.

Nora—Never mind, miz; shure it'll make a foine picture puzzle for Murther Harold.

## Willing to Share.

She—Ninety-nine women in a hundred are naturally generous.

He—Yes; where one woman will keep a secret, ninety-nine will give it away.

## Apples Valuable as Food.

Apples should be used in our diet as often as possible. They are easily obtained, reasonable in price, lend variety to the menu and are of value as a food and as a preventive of disease. Nothing in all our varied and fascinating range of fruits holds quite the same quality and qualifications as the apple. The more apples we add to our dietary the clearer brain and cleaner skin we are likely to have. A new, ripe apple at its best is digested in 65 minutes.

## Sore Granulated Eyelids.

Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by Nafate Eye Remedy. No Smarting, Just Eye Comfort. As Druggists or by mail 50c per Bottle, postage paid. Write for Free Trial Bottle. Nafate Eye Remedy, 100 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

## Doan's Kidney Pills.

Work which brings any unusual strain on the back and kidneys tends to cause kidney ailments, such as backache, lameness,