

THE REAL MAN

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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

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

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

Smith hesitated, it was only partly his own account. He was thinking of the young woman with the brilliant eyes when he said: "Do you mean why I turned Williams down when he spoke to me the other day?"

Colonel Dexter Baldwin had his own idea, like other men, but they were not those of indifference. "I reckon I do know, son," he said, "but I'm not going to tell you. You're a damn good boy. You're not a crooked crook, what you are is that you're dodging for the time being."

"I don't remember the name," he said, "but I'm not going to tell you. You're a damn good boy. You're not a crooked crook, what you are is that you're dodging for the time being."

Smith was too stupid to try to guess his advantage when there was a chance to be, a chance that was as good as half a chance. And it was a purely material prospect that made him get up and thrust out his hand to the young fellow who was trying to be as frank as he dared to be.

"I'll think you over," he said heartily. "I'm in the Timonyoni in going to let you see me back farther than you can get. If you get into trouble by helping me, you can count on me to get you out of it."

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A large, calm-eyed, sensible matron, some ten or a dozen years younger than the colonel, Smith put her, and with an air of refinement which was reflected in every interior detail of her house.

The dinner was strictly a family meal, with the great mahogany table shortened to make it convenient for four. There were cut glass and silver and snowy nappery. Out of the past a thousand tentacles were reaching up to drag Smith back into the net of the conventional. When the table-talk became general, he found himself joining in, and always upon the lighter side.

Smith got what he had earned, good measure, pressed down, shaken together and running over, a few minutes after Mrs. Baldwin had left him to finish his cigar under the pillared portico with Corona to keep him company. He never knew just what started it, unless it was his careful placing of a chair for the young woman and his deferential and perfectly natural—pause, standing, until she was seated.

"Do, for pity's sake, sit down!" she broke out, half petulantly. And when he had obeyed: "Well, you've spoiled it all, good and hard."

Smith was unable to imagine where he had offended.

"Really?" he said. "What have I done?"

"It isn't what you've done; it's what you are," she retorted. "You have committed the unpardonable sin by turning out to be just one of the six-hundred."

CHAPTER VIII.
The Sick Project.
Brewster had grown into city-chatter size and importance with the opening of the gold mines in the Gloria district, and the transformation of the surrounding park grasslands into cultivated ranches. A summer hotel on the shore of Lake Topaz—reached only by stage from Brewster—had added its influence; and since the hotel brought people with well-lined pocketbooks, there was a field for the enthusiastic real-estate promoters whose offices filled all the odd corners in the Hopple House block.

don't like to admit that the race is going downhill."

By this time the sardonic humor was once more in full possession, and he was enjoying her keenly.

"Go on," he said. "This is my night off."

"I've said enough; too much, perhaps. But when you were walking with mamma, you reminded me so forcibly of a man whom I met just for a part of one evening about a year ago in a small town in the middle West. He was one of them. He drove over from some neighboring town in his natty little automobile, and gave me fully an hour of his valuable time. He made me perfectly furious!"

"Poor you!" laughed Smith; but he was thankful that the camp sunburn and his four weeks' beard were safeguarding his identity.

"Just because, I suppose. I remember he told me he was a bank cashier and that he danced. He was quite hopeless, of course. Without being what you would call conceited, you could see that the crust was so thick that nothing short of an earthquake would ever break it."

"But the earthquakes do come, once in a blue moon," he said, still smiling at her. "Let's get it straight. You are not trying to tell me that you object to decent clothes and good manners per se, are you?"

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

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

Two cigars for Smith and four pipes for the colonel further along, the tall Missourian rose out of the split-bottomed chair which he had drawn up to face the guests and rapped the ashes from the bowl of the cornucopia into the palm of his hand.

low Smith? Who is he, and where did he come from?"

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

"There's a lot more to it than that," he said inclusively at the end of the reflective pause. Then he added a curt order: "Make it your job to find out."

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

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

"Maxwell is a thick-headed ass!" exploded the faultfinder. "His entire railroad outfit, from President Brewster down, is lined up on the other side of the fight. But go on with your dicking. Jerk Dougherty into line. Now go out and find Shaw. I want him, and I want him right now."

The hard-faced man who looked as if he might be a broken-down gambler, unjostled his leg-hold upon the tilted chair and went out; and a few minutes later another of Stanton's pay-roll men drifted in. He was a young fellow with sleepy eyes and cigarette stains on his fingers, and he would have passed for a railroad clerk out of a job, which was what he really was.

"Well?" snapped Stanton when the newcomer had taken the chair lately vacated by Lanterby.

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

"Did the colonel succeed in making a raise in Red Butte?"

"Nary," said the spy nonchalantly. "Drake, the banker up there, was his one best bet; but I got a man I know to give Drake a pointer, and he curled up like a hedgehog when you poke it with a sharp stick."

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

"Yesterday afternoon. His wife and daughter met him, and told him something or other that made him drive up to the dam."

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

ALLIES CAPTURE 3 LINES OF Foe's TRENCHES IN WEST

British and French Make Joint Attack on Germans.

TEN TOWNS ARE CAPTURED

More Than 3,500 Prisoners Taken in Gigantic Assault on Twenty-Mile Front—Teutons Suffer Heavy Losses.

London, Aug. 2.—British and French troops on Tuesday morning attacked on a 20-mile front, following the most terrific artillery fire ever reported, and captured the first three lines of German trenches between the River Lys and Boesinghe. Ten villages and more than 3,500 prisoners were reported to be very light, while the German losses were described as extremely heavy. Late reports said the Germans had begun a counter-attack at the point where the French and British forces join.

La Bassée Recaptured. British front in France and Belgium, Aug. 2.—With a few exceptions the entente allies accomplished all they had planned for the first day of this battle in Flanders. Three lines of trenches have been captured. The casualties of the French and British were surprisingly light. The German front lines about the Ypres salient which had been held unquestioned by the enemy since the early days of the war offered little resistance to the British advance, but beyond these trenches the Germans made a firm stand in an endeavor to stem the onslaught.

Heavy Losses for Germans. The Germans made a heavy counter-attack at La Bassée, recaptured by the British in an attempt to regain the position, but the British flung them off and began consolidating the ground won. Many prisoners already are being taken. These men report that the unprecedented artillery preparations which preceded the entente attack worked havoc in the German lines and undoubtedly caused a heavy loss of life. The German front line trenches were entirely smashed to pieces and the wire entanglements before them were torn away.

The French, who attacked on the difficult territory between Dixmude and a point near Boesinghe, forced their way across the marsh and captured the first two German lines. Six Bavarian divisions were withdrawn and replaced as they were demoralized by the inferno of fire. At one point the British charged through their own barrage fire to prevent the escape of fleeing Germans.

Attack on Twenty-Mile Front. Most of the points captured are between Boesinghe and Warneton. The British gains cover a 20-mile front of attack. The British and French troops went into battle under cover of what perhaps was the greatest barrage fire seen in the war. The entente artillery is moving forward and the whole situation is satisfactory in every particular.

Between Dixmude and Boesinghe the attackers reported they had secured the two first lines of trenches after having fought over the most difficult terrain imaginable.

The British again have captured the town of La Bassée, which they recently relinquished to the Germans.

The British and French forces are facing a large concentration of German artillery and fresh troops which have been rushed up.

Entente military officials say the morale of the Germans here is not up to the old standard.

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