

The Real Man

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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JOHN SMITH, THE NEW FINANCIAL SECRETARY OF TIMANYONI DITCH COMPANY, MAKES A PLAN TO PUT THE CONCERN ON ITS FEET, BUT ENEMIES ARE HARD AT WORK TO THWART HIM.

Synopsis.—J. Montague Smith, cashier of Lawrenceville Bank and Trust company, society bachelor engaged to marry Verda Richlander, betrays, 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 financial straits 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.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

"You followed?" queried Stanton.
"Yes, and when I got there the colonel was shut up in Williams' office with a fellow named Smith. When I got a place to listen in they were getting ready to quit, and the colonel was saying: 'That settles it, Smith; you've got to come over into—' I didn't catch the name of the place—and help me."

Again the gentleman with the sharp jaw took time for narrow-eyed reflection.
"You'll have to switch over from the colonel to this fellow Smith for the present, Shaw," he decided, at length. "You look him up and do it quick."

The young man glanced up with a faint warning of aversion in his sleepy eyes. "I'll most likely run into money—er expenses," he suggested.
"For graft, you mean," snapped Stanton. Then he had it out with this second subordinate in crisp English. "I'm onto you with both feet, Shaw; every crook and turn of you. More than that, I know why you were fired out of Maxwell's office; you've got sticky fingers. That's all right with me up to a certain point, but beyond that point you get off. Understand?"

Shaw made no answer in direct terms, but if his employer had been watching the heavy-lidded eyes, he might have seen in them the shadow of a thing much more dangerous than plain dishonesty; a passing shadow of the fear that makes for treachery when the sharp need for self-protection arises.

"I'll try to find out about the hobo," he said, with fair enough lip-loyalty, and after he had rolled a fresh cigarette he went away to begin the missing operations which might promise to unearth Smith's record.

It was ten o'clock when Shaw left the real-estate office in the Huppha House block. Half an hour earlier Smith had come to town with the colonel in the roadster, and the two had shut themselves up in the colonel's private room in the Timanyoni Ditch company's town office in the Barker building, which was two squares down the street from the Huppha house. Summoned promptly, Martin, the bookkeeper, had brought in his statements and balance sheets.



"Try to Find Out About the Hobo."

and the new officer, who was as yet without a title, had struck out his plan of campaign.
"Amortization" is the word, colonel," was Smith's prompt verdict after he had gone over Martin's summaries. "The best way to get at it now is to wipe the slate clean and begin over again."

The ranchman president was chuckling soberly.
"Once more you'll have to show me, John," he said. "We folks out here in the hills are not up in the Wall Street crinkles."
"You don't know the word? It means to scrap the old machinery to make room for the new," Smith explained. "In modern business it is the process of extinguishing a corporation, closing it up and burying it in a bigger one, usually. That is what we must do with Timanyoni Ditch."

"Am getting you a little at a time," said the colonel, taking his first lesson in high finance as a duck takes to the water. Then he added: "I won't take much of a kick to kill off the old company, but the damn thing is got into now, and it's got to be done."

Smith looked up from his desk when the pad-and-click of the cripple's step came in from the street.
"Hello, Simms," he said, in curt greeting. "Want to see me? Sit down."

Simms threw the brim of his soft hat up with a backhanded stroke and shook his head. "It ain't worth while; and I gotta get back to camp. I blew in to tell y'a there's a fella out there that needs 'th' sandbag."
"Who is it?"
"Fella name' Smith. He's showin' 'em how to cut too many corners—peace-settlin', he calls it. First thing they know, they'll get the concrete up to where the high water won't be 'ut it out."

Stanton's laugh was impatient.
"Don't make any mistake of that sort, Simms," he said. "We don't want the dam destroyed; we'd work just as hard as they would to prevent that. All we want is to have other people think it's likely to go out—think it hard enough to keep them from putting up any more money. Let that go. Is there any more fresh talk—among the men?" Stanton prided himself a little upon the underground wire-pulling which had resulted in putting the original way of keeping a listening ear open for the camp gossip.
"Little," said the cripple briefly. "This here blank-fella fella Smith's been tellin' Williams that I ort to be run off 'th' reservation; says 'th' hoozee puts the brake on for speed."

"So it does," agreed Stanton smugly. "But I guess you can stay a while longer. I have a notion that Smith's been sent here—by some outfit that means to buck us. If he hasn't any backing—"
The interruption was the hurried landing of the young man with sleepy eyes and the cigarette stains on his fingers, and for once in a way he was stirred out of his customary attitude of cynical indifference.
"Smith and Colonel Baldwin are over yonder in Kinzie's private office," he reported hastily. "Before they shut the door I heard Baldwin introducing Smith as the new acting financial secretary of the Timanyoni Ditch company."

CHAPTER IX.

When Greek Meets Greek.
Smith allowed himself ten brief seconds for a swift eye-measuring of the square-shouldered, stockily built man with a gray face and stubby mustache sitting in the chair of authority at the Brewster City National before he chose his line of attack.

"We are not going to cut very deeply into your time this morning, Mr. Kinzie," he began when the eye-appraisal had given him his cue. "You know the history of Timanyoni Ditch up to the present, and—well, to cut out the details, there is to be a complete reorganization of the company on a new basis, and we are here to offer to take your personal allotment of the stock off your hands at par for cash. Colonel Baldwin has stipulated that his friends in the original deal must be protected, and—"

"Here, here—hold on," interrupted the bank president; "you're hitting it up a little bit too fast for me, Mr. Smith. Who are you, and whereabouts do you hold forth when you are at home?"
Smith laughed easily. "If we were trying to borrow money of you, we might have to go into preliminaries and particulars, Mr. Kinzie. We are not alone in the fight for the water rights on the other side of the river, as you know, and until we are safely fortified we shall have to be prudently cautious. What we want to know now is this: Will you let us protect you by taking your Timanyoni Ditch stock at par?"

Kinzie met the issue fairly. "I don't know you yet, Mr. Smith; but I do know Colonel Baldwin, here, and I guess I'll take a chance on things as they stand. I'll keep my stock."
The new secretary's smile was rather patronizing than grateful.
"As you please, Mr. Kinzie, of course," he said smoothly. "But I'm going to tell you frankly that you'll keep it at your own risk. I am not sure what plan will be adopted, but I assume it will be amortization and a retirement of the stock of the original company. The voting control of the old stock we already have, as you know."

The banker pursed his lips until the stubby gray mustache stood out stiffly. Then he cut straight to the heart of the matter.
"You mean that there will be a majority pool of the old stock, and that the pool will ignore those stockholders who don't come in?"
"Something like that," said Smith pleasantly. And then: "We're going to be generously liberal, Mr. Kinzie; we are giving Colonel Baldwin's friends a fair chance to come in out of the wet. Of course, if they refuse to come in—if they prefer to stay out—"

Kinzie was smiling sourly.
"You'll have to take care of your own banker, won't you, Mr. Smith?" he asked. "Why don't you loosen up and tell a little more? What have you fellows got up your sleeve, anyway?"
At this, the new financial manager steeled off on the hawser of secrecy a little—just a little.
"Mr. Kinzie, we've got the biggest thing, and the surest, that ever came to Timanyoni Park; not in futures, mind you, but in facts already as good as accomplished. If it were necessary—as it isn't—I could go to New York to-

day and put a million dollars behind our reorganization plan in twenty-four hours. You'd say so yourself if I were at liberty to explain. But again we're dodging and wasting your time and ours. Think the matter over—about your stock—and let me know before noon. It's rather cruel to hurry you so, but time is precious with us and—"
"You sit right down there, young man, and put a little of this precious time of yours against mine," said Kinzie, pointing authoritatively at the chair which Smith had just vacated. "You mustn't go off at half-cock, that way. You'll need a bank here to do business with, won't you?"

Smith did not sit down. Instead, he smiled genially and fired his final shot.
"No, Mr. Kinzie; we shan't need a local bank—not as a matter of absolute necessity. In fact, on some accounts I don't know but that it would be better for us not to have one."

"Sit down," insisted the bank president; and this time he would take no denial. Then he turned abruptly upon Baldwin, who had been playing his part of the silent listener's letter perfect.
"Baldwin, we are old friends, and I'd trust you to the limit—on any proposition that doesn't ask for more than



"We Are Not Going to Cut Very Deeply."

the straight-from-the-shoulder honesty how much is this young friend of ours talking through his hat?"
"Not any, whatever, Dave. He's got the goods," Baldwin was wise enough to limit himself carefully as to quantity in his reply.

Again the banker made a comical bristle brush of his cropped mustache. "I want your business, Dexter; I've got to have it. But I'm going to be plain with you. You two are asking me to believe that you've gone outside and dug up a new bunch of backers. That may be all right, but Timanyoni Ditch has struck a pretty big bone that maybe your new backers know about—and maybe they don't. You've had a lot of bad luck, so far; getting your land titles cleared, and all that; and you're going to have more. I've—"
It was Smith's turn again and he cut in snantly.

The next installment describes a sharp clash between Stanton and Smith. The fight ceases to be merely a battle of wits and becomes deadly and desperate and bloody.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ODD TRICKS OF THE BADGER

Even When Dog Gets Throat Hold He Can Give Good Account of Himself.

It appears that the pelt of an adult badger is extremely thick and difficult for a biting adversary to penetrate, and so loosely does the skin cover the body that the animal is, so to speak, able to turn almost around in its hide, says the Los Angeles Times.

Should a dog acquire a hold on the throat, the badger turns himself so that the dog's grip is on the back of the badger's neck, without having loosened his first hold. Then the badger secures a viselike grip upon some vulnerable portion of his enemy, and while his long tusks penetrate to the limit he digs and scratches with his front feet, that are furnished with claws almost as formidable and deadly as might be expected in an antagonist of the dark continent.

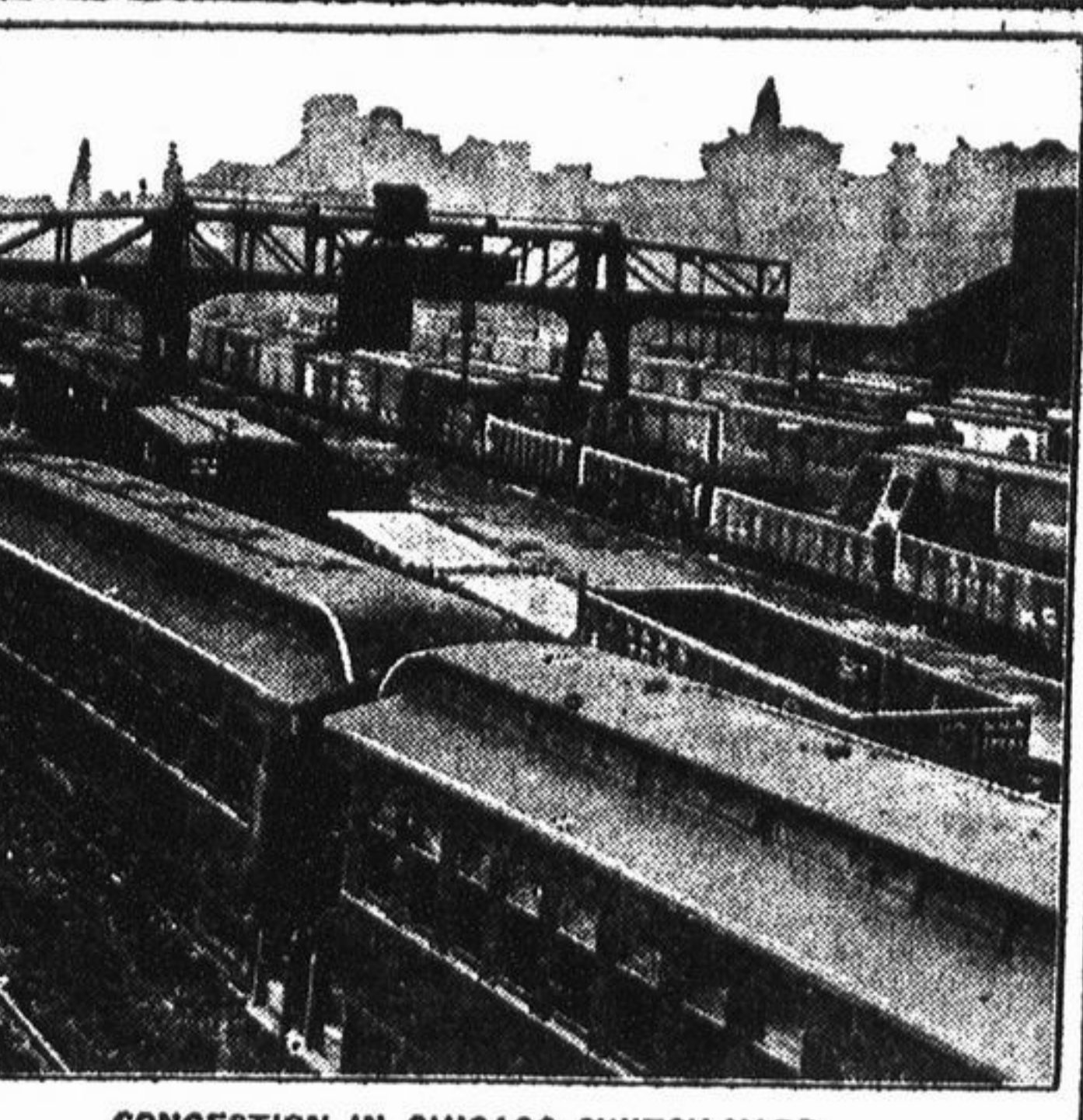
He who has removed the pelt of a badger and is at all observing, does not wonder at the animal being sherp-bitten and that he is able to hang with bulldog tenacity when the formation and adjustment of its claws are noted. Neither is it much of a mystery how he manages to bore through the soil so rapidly that half a dozen men with shovels cannot overtake him, for he is a mass of cords and muscles, particularly in the neck, chest and shoulders, very similar in physical construction to the ground mole.

The badger toes inward sharply when traveling and always on the walk, twisting here and there very much like the movements of a skunk, while if it be in winter he makes a business of hunting buried dormant woodchucks.

He is a fur-bearer of rather coarse quality, and there is a great range of value in the pelts taken, all the way from 10 cents to \$2 or more, depending upon the length of the coat. A badger is chiefly valuable when it has a long coat, so that the guard hairs can be plucked and used to make shaving brushes.

Roots Must Have Room.
The yield of cotton is dependent upon the number of flowers we are able to induce the plant to form, and root space is necessary to flowering. The cotton plant's normal rooting may occupy two square yards of earth, which is several times more than given it in practice, and the yield may often be reduced by this fact as the roots must interlap.

HEAD OF WAR BOARD ADVISES RAILROADS



CONGESTION IN CHICAGO SWITCH YARD.

Fairfax Harrison, the railroad man who is at the head of the war board of the American Railway association, has issued a notice to all railroads, as follows:
"First—Consolidate, where practicable, through passenger train service, and eliminate those trains which are not well patronized.
"Second—Reduce the number of special trains, and give up running excursion trains.
"Third—On branch lines, where two trains are operated, try to reduce to one train a day.
"Fourth—Where practicable, substitute mixed train service for separate passenger and freight service on branch lines. Closely review number of scheduled freight trains where ton-

nage is insufficient to load them fully, with a view to reducing the number of trains.
"Fifth—Where passenger trains are double-headed for speed, a rearrangement of schedules or cutting off cars where possible will reduce locomotives for freight service.
"Sixth—Reduce, as far as practicable, luxuries, such as observation cars. In the interest of economy, reduce the present rather elaborate and luxurious bills of fare on many dining cars.
"Seventh—Move 'coupons' freight on underload trains. Operate work trains in slack times, as far as possible. Store coal in slack times.
"Eighth—Make proper train loading of primary importance, with officials and train crews. Give publicity to those making good and poor records."

BUILDING IN AFRICA

Complete and Evenly Developed System Is Outlook.

ROADS HAVE BRIGHT FUTURE

More Transcontinental Lines Than in South America or Asia Are Expected Within Course of About Ten Years.

Africa already has the foundation for one of the completest and most evenly distributed railway systems of all the great continents of the world, observes a writer in World Outlook. Save Europe, the railroads of all the other great geographical divisions are largely located in certain highly developed areas—as in the United States and southern Canada in North America, while other regions are left blank and promise to remain so indefinitely. In Africa a vigorous pushing of an considerable proportion of the projects that were in contemplation before the war will give that continent, a development, not only a fairly even network of lines over the greater part of its area, but also more transcontinental lines—both latitudinal and longitudinal—than either South America or Asia will be able to boast of at the same date.

Railroad Building in Africa.
In the imminent completion of the Cape-to-Cairo project—a consummation which will be considerably accelerated by certain work done during the war—Africa will have a line traversing its entire length from north to south long before any continent but Europe can lay claim to such a railway. The Cape-to-Cairo—with metals all the way and steamer transport on Nile and the lakes eliminated—might easily bring Capetown within ten or twelve days of London and Paris, and a day or two could certainly be cut from even this schedule by a line the French plan to run from Tangier—opposite Gibraltar—across the Sahara, via Lake Chad and the Belgian Congo, to northern Rhodesia.

At the outbreak of the war Africa had a total of something like 25,000 miles of completed railway, and was building new lines at the rate of about 2,000 miles a year. At the firing of the first shot much important construction work was dropped instantly, not to be resumed until the war is over. This affected what would probably have amounted to 4,000 miles of new line that would have been completed in the two and a half years that war has lasted so far.

Lines for Military Purposes.
This loss is partially offset by the new construction—purely military lines for the better prosecution of certain campaigns—that might not have been undertaken for many years had not the war rendered it imperative from a strategic standpoint. Such was the linking up of the Union of South Africa system with that of German Southwest Africa by both in pushing his campaign for the conquest of the latter region; and such the running together of the railroads of a branch from the Uganda railroad and the Umanbara line at the frontier of German East and British East Africa. Similar construction has also taken

Railroad Receipts in Sweden.
Due to the vastly increased traffic owing to the war, the receipts of the Swedish state railroads for 1916 far exceeded those of any previous year. The aggregate amounting to a sum of 150,000,000 kroner, against 118,000,000 kroner for 1915.

Passengers Through Subway.
During the latter part of 1916 the New York subway not infrequently carried an average of more than 1,400,000 passengers a day.

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HOW TO CONQUER THE CRAMP

Worst Effect is Panic, Which Causes the Swimmer to Let All the Air Out of His Lungs.
A cramp is merely a contraction of the muscles caused by the penetration of the cold. Obviously, it could not of itself cause drowning. Its effect, according to Popular Science Monthly, is to cause a panic which throws the swimmer off his guard, causing him to let the air out of his lungs and thus allow the air passages to become filled with water. The safeguard against such a panic is absolute confidence in the floating power of the body and a demonstrable knowledge of the proper way to quickly fill the lungs to utmost capacity with air.

The moment a cramp is felt, the swimmer should turn on his back and begin to gulp the air, making no effort to keep himself from sinking. As he sinks he slowly exhales under water, through the mouth, with the lips puckered as for whistling. If it is a stomach cramp the knees will be drawn up against the abdomen, but the swimmer should force them out, pushing on them with both hands and using all his strength until they are fully extended. This will not doubt cause great pain for a few seconds, but as soon as the legs are straightened out the cramp will vanish, and the body, buoyed up by the air in the lungs, will shoot up to the surface. There still being in great gulps and exhaling through puckered lips, the swimmer may float until he regains his strength or is picked up.

In case of cramp in the leg or arm the same system of breathing is followed and the affected part is straightened out by sheer strength.

Explosion Averted.
"I hear you have been a very sick man," said the manager of the garage. "Yes, sir," replied Mr. Erasmus Pinkley. "I'm never despaired of my recovery. But I never had no doubt about it myself. I just had to get well."

"Why?"
"Well, sir, I knowed I wasn't good enough to go to heaven. An' 'workin' in this garage has not me sunk no check-full of gasoline, dar wasn't a chance of deir wantin' me aroun' de other place."

Try This on Chiggers.
Collodion is said to give relief from the irritation caused by the bites of chiggers. Collodion is a solution of gum cotton in alcohol and ether. When it is applied to the skin, the alcohol and ether evaporate, leaving a colorless film which adheres to the skin. An application of collodion is excellent treatment for hang nails. The bottle should be kept tightly corked.

Hated to Play With Him.
At the club Thompson and Taylor were discussing the peculiarities of certain of the card players when Thompson said:
"There are two men here—Parker and Perkins—I surely hate to play with."
"Oh," said Taylor. "I know Parker's always a hard loser, but what's wrong with Perkins?"
"He," said Thompson, "is always an 855 winner."—Pack.

Longevity.
Mr. Pippie—This is a very healthy town.
Mr. Ripple—I must say this town holds the record for health.
Mr. Pippie—My father died here at eighty-four, and my grandfather died at one hundred and forty.
Mr. Ripple—One hundred and forty?
Mr. Pippie—Broad street.

No Police Record.
"Have you ever been arrested?"
"No, sir. I've never owned an automobile."

A financial note says that money is easier. Perhaps it goes that way, but it comes about as usual.

Bobby SAYS

"Try a dish of Post Toasties with cream for lunch on hot days"