

# The Real Man

By FRANCIS LYNDE

Illustrations by IRVING MYERS

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CHAPTER IX—Continued.

"That is precisely what I was driving at. Our banker can't run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. You'll excuse me if I say that you haven't been altogether fair with Timmyon Ditch, or with Colonel Baldwin, Mr. Kinzie. A friendly banker doesn't help sell out his customer. You know that, as well as I do. Still, you did it."

Kinzie threw up his hands and tried to defend himself. "It was a straight business transaction, Mr. Smith. As long as we're in the banking business, we buy and sell for anybody who comes along."

"No, we don't, Mr. Kinzie; we protect our customers first. In the present instance you thought your customer was a dead one, anyway, so it wouldn't make much difference if you should throw another shovel of dirt or so onto the coffin. Wasn't that the way of it?"

The president was fairly pushed to the ropes, and he showed it.

"Answer me one question, both of you," he snapped. "Are you big enough to fight for your own against Stanton's crowd?"

"You'll see; and the sight is going to cost you something," said Smith, and the blindest old could have been no smoother than his tone.

"Is that right, Dexter?"

"That's the way it looks to me, Dave," said the ranchman capitalist, who, whatever might be his limitations in the field of high finance, was not lacking the nerve to fight unquestioningly in any partner's quarrel.

The president of the Brewster City National turned back to Smith.

"What do you want, Mr. Smith?" he asked, not too cordially.

"Nothing that you'd give us, I guess; a little business loyalty, for one thing."

"And a checking balance for immediate necessities for another?" suggested the banker.

With all his trained antipathies—trained in Kinzie's own school, at least—Smith could not be sure that the gray-faced old Westerner was not setting a final trap for him, after all. But he took the risk, saying, with a decent air of indifference: "Of course it would be more convenient here than in Denver or Chicago. But there is no hurry about that part of it."

The president took a slip of paper from a pigeonhole and wrote rapidly upon it. Once more his optimism was looking horns with prudent caution. It was the optimism, however, that was driving the pen. Baldwin's word was worth something, and it might be disastrous to let these two get away without anchoring them solidly to the Brewster City National.

"Sign this, you two," he said. "I don't know even the name of your new outfit yet, but I'll take a chance on one piece of two-name paper, anyhow."

Smith took up the slip and glanced at it. It was an accommodation note for twenty thousand dollars. With the money fairly in his hands, he paused to drive the nail of independence squarely before he would sign it.

"We don't want this at all, Mr. Kinzie, unless the bank's goodwill comes with it," he said with becoming gravity.

"To stand by you," was the brusque rejoinder. "But it's only fair to you both to say that you've got the biggest kind of a combination to back you—a national utilities corporation with the strongest sort of political backing."

"I doubt if you can tell us anything that we don't already know," said Smith coolly, as he put his name on the note; and when Baldwin had signed: "Let this go to the credit of Timmyon Ditch. If you please, Mr. Kinzie, and we'll transfer it later. It's quite possible that we shan't need it, but we are willing to help out a little on your discount profits, anyway. Furthermore, when things shape themselves up a bit more definitely, you shall know all there is to know, and we'll give you just as good a chance to make money as you'll give us."

When they were safely out of the bank and half a square away from it, Dexter Baldwin pushed his hat back and mopped his forehead. "They say a man can't sweat at this altitude," he remarked. "I'm here to tell you, Smith, that I've lost ten pounds in the last ten minutes. Where in the name of jumping Jehoshaphat did you get your nerve, boy? You made him believe we'd get outside backing from somewhere."

"I didn't say anything like that, did I?"

"No, but you opened the door and he walked in."

"That's all right; I'm not responsible for Mr. Kinzie's imagination. We were obliged to have a little additional capital; we couldn't turn a wheel without it. Put me in touch with a good business lawyer, and I'll start the legal machinery. Then you can get into your car and go around and interview your crowd, man by man. I want to know exactly where the stand with the old stockholders before we make any more in public. Can you do that?"

## JOHN SMITH BLUFFS A CRAFTY BANKER AND GETS HOLD OF SUFFICIENT WORKING CAPITAL TO GO AHEAD WITH THE GREAT IRRIGATION DAM PROJECT

Synopsis.—J. Montague Smith, cashier of Lawrenceville Bank and Trust company, society bachelor engaged to marry Verda Richlander, heiress, 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 lines financially 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. He goes to interview a crafty banker while the financial enemies plan ruin for Baldwin's company.

### CHAPTER X.

#### The Rocket and the Stick.

For a full fortnight after the preliminary visit to the Brewster City National bank Smith was easily the busiest man in Timmyon county. Establishing himself in the Hophra House, and discarding the working khaki only because he was shrewd enough to dress the new part becomingly, he flung himself into what Colonel Baldwin called the "intricate-working" campaign with a zest that knew no flagging moment.

Within the fourteen-day period new town offices were occupied on the second floor of the Brewster City National building; Stillings, most efficient of corporation counsels, had secured the new charter; and the stockbooks of Timmyon High Line had been opened, with the Brewster City National named as the company's depository and official fiduciary agent.

At the dam the building activities had been generously doled out. An electric light plant had been installed, and Williams was working day and night shifts both in the quarries and on the forms. But this, the new financial manager, himself broadening rapidly as his field broadened, was branching out in other directions. After a brief conference with a few of his principal stockholders he had instructed Stillings to include the words "Tower and Light" in the cataloguing of the new company's possible and probable charter activities, and by the end of the fortnight the foundations of a powerhouse were going in below the dam, and negotiations were already on foot with the Brewster city council looking toward the sale of electric current to the city for lighting and other purposes.

Smith had made the planting of his financial anchor securely to windward his first care. Furnished with a selected list by Colonel Baldwin, he had made a thorough canvass of possible investors, and by the time the new stock was printed and ready for delivery through Kinzie's bank, an iron-clad pool of the majority of the original Timmyon Ditch stock had been organized, and Smith had sold to Maxwell, Starbuck, and other local capitalists a sufficient amount of the new treasury stock to give him a fighting chance; this, with a promise of more if it should be needed.

Not to Maxwell or to any of the new investors had Smith revealed the full dimensions of the prize for which Timmyon High Line was entering the race. Colonel Baldwin and one William Starbuck, Maxwell's brother-in-law, by courtesy, and his partner in the Little Alice mine, alone knew the wheel within the wheel; how the great eastern utility corporation represented by Stanton had spent a million or more in the acquisition of the Escalante grant, which would be practically worthless as agricultural land without the water which could be obtained only by means of the Timmyon dam and canal system.

With all these strenuous stirrings in the business field, it may say itself that Smith found little time for social indulgences during the crowded fortnight. Day after day the colonel begged him to take a night off at the ranch, and it was even more difficult to refuse the proffered hospitality at the weekend. But Smith did refuse it.

It was not until after Miss Corona—driving to town with her father, as she frequently did—had thrice visited the new offices that Smith began to congratulate himself, rather bitterly, to be sure, upon his wisdom in staying away from Hillcrest. For one thing, he was learning that Corona Baldwin was able to make him see rose-colored. When she was not with him, he was a man in daily peril of meeting the sheriff. But when she was present, calm sanity had a way of losing its grip.

Miss Corona's fourth visit to the handsome suite of offices over the Brewster City National chanced to fall upon a Saturday. Her father, president of the new company, as he had been of the old, had a private office of his own, but Miss Corona soon drifted out to the railed-off end of the larger room, where the financial secretary had his desk.

"Colonel daddy tells me that you are coming out to Hillcrest for the weekend, and that's the way in which she interrupted the financial secretary's

brown-knittings over a new material contract. "I have just weighed him a nice fat little round iron dollar of my allowance that you won't. How about it?"

Smith looked up with his best-natured grin.

"You win," he said shortly.

"Thank you," she laughed. "In a minute or so I'll go back to the president's office and collect." Then: "One dinner, lodging and breakfast of mine was about all you could stand, wasn't it? I thought maybe it would be that way."

"What made you think so?"

She had seated herself in the chair reserved for inquiring investors, there was a little interval of glove-smoothing and silence, and then, like a flash out of a clear sky, she smiled across the desk and at him and said:

"Will you forgive me if I ask you a perfectly ridiculous question?"

"Certainly. Other people ask them every day."

"Is—your name really and truly John Smith?"

another, by the way, to arrange the overflow methodically. The empty drawer was lined with a newspaper, and a single headline on the upturned page sprang at him like a thing living and venomous. He bent lower and read the underlining paragraph with a dull rage mounting to his eyes and serving for the moment to make the gray of the printed lines turn red.

Lawrenceville, May 19.—The grand jury has found a true bill against Montague Smith, the absconding cashier of the Lawrenceville Bank and Trust charged with embezzling the bank's funds. The crime would have been merely a breach of trust and not actionable but for the fact that Smith, by owing stock in the bankrupt Westfall Industries lately taken over by the Richlander company, had so made himself amenable to the law. Smith disappeared on the night of the 14th and is still at large. He is also wanted on another criminal count. It will be remembered that he brutally assaulted President Dunham on the night of his disappearance. The reward of \$1,000 for his apprehension and arrest has been increased to \$2,000 by the bank directors.

### CHAPTER XI.

#### The Narrow World.

At the fresh newspaper reminder that his sudden bound upward from the laboring ranks to the executive headship of the irrigation project had merely made him more conspicuous target for the man-hunters, Smith scented himself of sleep and redoubled his efforts to put the new company on a sound and permanent footing. In the nature of things he felt that his own shift must necessarily be short. The more or less dramatic coup in Timmyon High Line had advertised him thoroughly. He was rapidly coming to be the best-known man in Brewster, and he cherished no illusions about lost identities, or the ability to lose them, in the land where time and space have been wired and railroaded pretty well out of existence.

It was useful that he should work while the day was his in which to work; and he did work. There was still much to be done. Williams was having a threat of labor troubles at the dam, and Stillings had unearthed another possible law in the land titles dating back to the promotion of a certain railroad which had never gotten far beyond the paper stage and the acquiring of some of its rights of way.

Smith flung himself masterfully at the new difficulties as they arose, and earned his need of praise from the men for whom he overcame them. But under the surface current of the hurrying business tide a bitter undertow was beginning to set in. He took his first decided backward step on the night when he went into a hardware store and bought a pistol. The free, fair-fighting spirit which had sent him bareheaded against the three claim-jumpers was gone and in its place there was a fell determination, undefined as yet, but keying itself to the barbaric pitch.

Try as hard as he may, Smith finds that he cannot keep sentiment out of his life. His fear of discovery and arrest increases. Important developments come in the next installment.

### IS OLD SPANISH STRONGHOLD

Little Mexican Village of San Blas Has Little Left to Show It Once Was Place of Importance.

Sprawled over low, flat ground that stretches from its harbor to the foothills of the Cordilleras; dotted by one towering cliff that rises abruptly a mile from the sea, and half covered in a dense growth of tropical foliage, is the little Mexican village of San Blas—once the greatest Spanish stronghold of the western world. At least you are expected to believe this, although at first glance it seems quite incredible, says a world traveler.

Today the town consists chiefly of one main street, paved with cobblestones, between which the grass grows luxuriantly. Here San Blas conducts its business affairs in neat little shops, lives in substantial adobe houses and lounges in the tiny cafes, which are all run by Chinamen, slipping tequila and eating green coconut. There is the usual central plaza, of course, where the band plays in the evening; a theater where people bring their own chairs, and a market place where the San Blas citizen buys everything from his rice for dinner to his shoes and rosary. Branching off from the main street are divers muddy little roads running crookedly in every direction and lined with little huts made of poles and mud, with thatched roofs and without floors, their ugliness half hidden by rhododendrons and scarlet hibiscus.

Sea Gives Up Estates.

Early strollers on the benches as far north as Bolmar recently recovered from the surf enough food to stock a country grocery, says a Sea Girl. The dispatch to the New York Times. The boatsman included canned goods on many sorts, but mostly tomatoes and asparagus; one man carried home three tubs of good butter and many clothes-baskets full of lemons, all of which were fresh and hard. Submarine activity was scouted as a cause for the pickings, but one guess as to their origin was that some vessel, a warship or possibly a big yacht, returning from a long cruise had passed up the coast and her crew had emptied the larder overboard so as to be certain of absolutely fresh provisions when next they put to sea.

Saving Money by Taxi.

It was an ingenious husband who sent his wife shopping in a taxi the other day. A friend who happened to see him say good-by to her from the curb remarked on his apparent extravagance.

"It's economy, really," said the husband. "Whenever she's in a shop she'll be worried to death because the taxi is eating up money all the time, so she won't stay long enough to spend half as much as she would if she went on foot or in a street car."

Some Echo.

It is said there is a cavern in Finland where the echo is so strong that if a person shouts at the top of his lungs the sound will be repeated with such horrible moanings and rumblying it will almost deafen the hearer.

A Call Misinterpreted.

"But I thought you said your friends demanded that you run for congress?"

"That's what I thought," replied the defeated candidate, "but I've since concluded that it was my enemies who were looking for an easy man to snov under."

Aptly Compared.

Jimmy—G'wan! Ast your father for a dime. You can get it off'n him like takin' candy from a baby.

Bobby—Sure! He'll put up the same kind of a roar the baby'd make.

## DAIRY FACTS

### PRINCIPAL CAUSE OF SCOURS

Feeding From Dirty Pails or Giving Rations Unhardened Stomachs Cannot Properly Digest.

Those who raise young calves by hand know that scours is one of the greatest, if not the greatest, source of loss. Dr. C. C. Lipp, veterinarian at the South Dakota college, says feeding from dirty pails, or feeding rations the unhardened stomachs of the young calves cannot digest, are the two main causes from which this trouble may arise.

The milk pails cannot be kept too clean. Scrupulous care must be observed if the feed pails are not to be the source of scours. Washing after each feeding with cold water is not enough; a thorough scalding at least once a day is essential and exposure to bright sunlight on every clear day will not come amiss. Bacteria are little things, but the way they live and multiply is remarkable, and the damage they can do when they get started assumes mighty proportions.

When the feed is hard to digest and the first evidence of stomach disorders appear, a dose of physic is the best cure. A few tablespoonfuls of castor oil or an equal amount of salts will remove the offending food and restore the system to working order again.

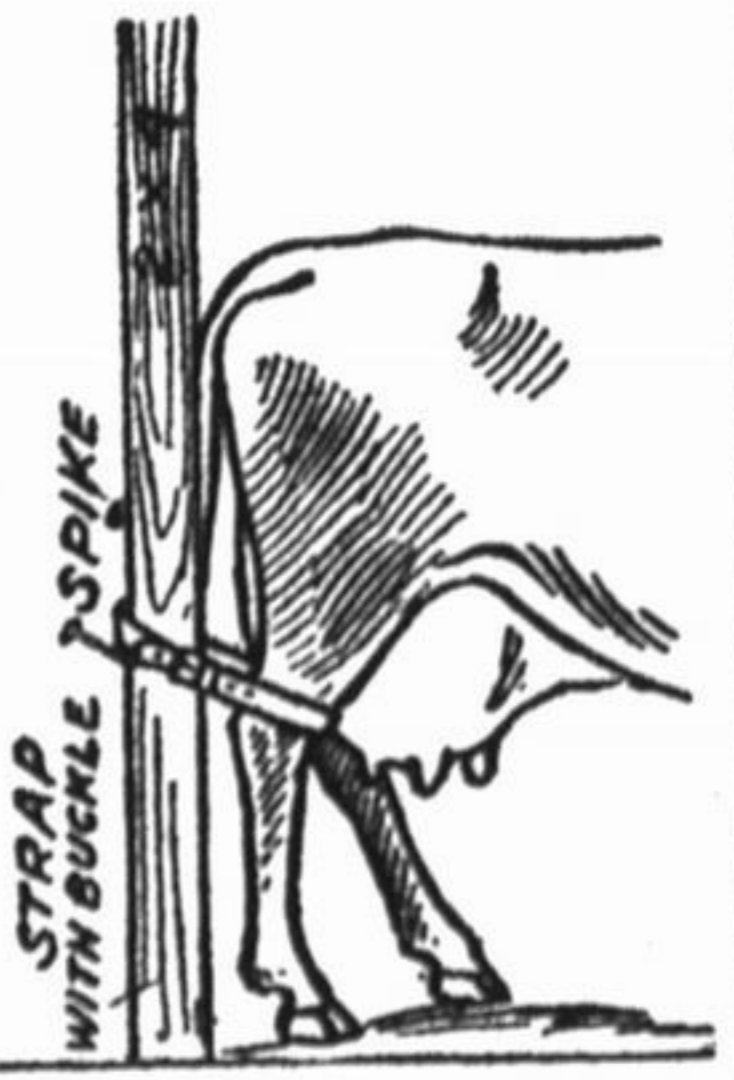
A 40 per cent solution of formaldehyde has also been found to be an effective preventive of scours. One tablespoonful of formalin is diluted in one pint of water. A spoonful or two of the solution may then be added to the calf's milk as many times a day and as long as conditions demand.

PREVENT COW FROM KICKING

Method Shown in Illustration Is Easy and Safe—Leg Tied by Means of Strong Strap.

(By E. ESCH.)

I had a heifer which persisted in kicking and struggling until it was simply impossible to milk her. A neighbor told me about the strap method and I adopted it at once. It is



Strap with Buckle and Spike Holding Cow's Leg.

easy and safe and worked just fine. In a little while the heifer would stand without the strap.

A very good method to cure a cow from kicking and to teach her to stand still while milking is to fasten a 2-by-4 timber securely to the floor and ceiling just back of the cow, then have a good, strong strap, with a buckle, pass around her hind right leg and then around the 2-by-4 and draw up tight and buckle it. Drive a spike in the 2-by-4 part way to keep the strap from slipping down when the cow struggles to get her leg free.

### SPEED OF STEAM SEPARATOR

Farmers Should Be Careful to Follow Directions Given by Manufacturers of Machine.

Some tests conducted by the Indiana station show that much cream may be lost by not running the cream separator the proper number of revolutions. Farmers should be particular about following directions of the several makes of separators. It has been estimated that over 95 per cent of the dairymen turn their machines too slowly. The question of speed, therefore, becomes one of much importance, and dairymen should look after this feature of milk and cream handling with as much care as they do any other detail of milk handling.

### PREVENTING HORNS ON CALF

When Animal Is Week or Two Old Rub Caustic Potash on Little Nubs—Protect From Rain.

(North Dakota Experiment Station.)

Horns can be prevented from growing on a calf by rubbing caustic potash on the little nubs that develop into horns. A good time to do this is when the calf is a week or two old. Wrap one end of the stick of caustic in paper to protect the fingers, moisten the other end and rub on the nubs. Be careful that it does not run down the face and into the eyes. Removing the hair helps. Make three applications, allowing it to dry between each application. The calf should be protected from rain to keep the caustic from spreading.

### Dairy Herd Essentials.

Salt, shade and water are essential to the development of a dairy herd. Stagnant water is unfit for the stock. Drain the marshes and ponds or fence the cattle away from them.

### Cutting Down Fed.

Cutting down the feed of the calf or colt is cutting down the profits of the owner.

### Don't Mix Cream.

Never mix warm and cold cream, or sweet and slightly tainted cream.

## WOMAN COULD HARDLY STAND

Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Fulton, N. Y.—"Why will women pay out their money for treatment and receive no benefit, when so many have proved that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will make them well? For over a year I suffered from female weakness I could hardly stand and was afraid to go on the street alone. Doctors said medicine would help me, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has proved it otherwise. I am now perfectly well and can do any kind of work."—Mrs. N. L. PHILIPS, care of R. A. Rider, R. F. D. No. 5, Fulton, N. Y.



We wish every woman who suffers from female troubles, nervousness, backache or the blues could see the letters written by women made well by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. If you have had symptoms and do not understand the cause, write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for helpful advice given free.

### Maybe He Did.

The couple had stopped before the brilliantly jeweled window of a shop in Fifth avenue, near Thirty-seventh street, New York. The girl, petite and altogether a treat to the passing masculine eye—passing, but hesitatingly so—was gawped charmingly in something which clung to her affectionately, pardonably so.

"Oh, Harold!" she exclaimed, "did you know that knee vanity boxes were becoming all the rage?"

"So I see," replied the unshamed Harold.

"You horrid thing! You do not."

### TRY A MEDICINE THAT PROVES ITS VALUE

During the entire period of time that I have been handling Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root I have never heard a single complaint. My customers are generally pleased with results obtained and speak words of praise for the merits of the preparation.

Very truly yours,  
GILL COMPANY, Druggist,  
Per Julia J. Gill,  
Starville, Wis.

Letter to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You

Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will cure your eyes. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. Large and medium size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Adv.

### APOLOGIZING TO THE TIGER

Raymond Blathway Tells of His Experiences While Connected With a Traveling Menagerie.

In a book of reminiscences, "Through Life and Round the World," Raymond Blathway tells the following story in connection with a traveling menagerie he attached himself to while knocking about the West during his salad days.

"One day just after breakfast," he says, "I peeped in at the messroom door. There was a full-grown tiger licking the jam and bacon off the plates.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" I ejaculated, as I hastily shut the door. A moment after I met Jack, the tiger's keeper.

"I can't find that other tiger nowhere," he said to me. "I guess I've mistook the old critter."

"You have," I felt replied, for I was a good deal annoyed with the danger I had so narrowly escaped. "You'll find him in the messroom licking the plates."

"Thank you, mate," he said.

"An hour after I overheard the proprietor asking his little son if he had washed up the breakfast dishes.

"Haden't no need to, pop; the tiger licked 'em like he knew they wanted cleanin'!"

### The Lost Words.

"I shan't waste any words on you."

"If you use any at all on me you will."—Detroit Free Press.

### A Philosopher.

Cod—What is a pessimist?

Bas—A fish who thinks there is a hook in every worm.

# INSTANT POSTUM

as coffee's successor

on the family table makes for better health and more comfort

Preferred by Thousands

There's a Reason