

THE REAL MAN

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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CHAPTER XIX—Continued.

Smith did his various errands quickly. When he reached the fourth-floor suite again, Jibbey was out of the bath; was sitting on the edge of the bed wrapped in blankets, with the steaming pot of coffee sent up on Smith's hurry order beside him on a tray.

"It's your turn at the tub," he bubbled cheerfully. "I didn't have any glad rags to put on, so I swiped some of your bedclothes. Go to it, old man, before you catch cold."

Smith was already pointing for the bath. "Your trunk will be up in a few minutes, and I've told them to send it here," he said. "When you want to quit me, you'll find your rooms five doors to the right in this same corridor: suite number four-sixteen."

It was a long half-hour before Smith emerged from his bathroom once more clothed and in his right mind. In the interval the reclined trunk had been sent up, and Jibbey was also clothed. He had found one of Smith's pipes and some tobacco and was smoking with the luxurious enjoyment of one who had suffered the pangs imposed by two days of total abstinence.

"Just hangin' around to stay good-night," he began, when Smith showed himself in the sitting room. Then he returned the borrowed pipe to its place on the mantel and said his small say to the definite end. "After all that's happened to us two tonight, Monty, I hope you're going to forget my crazy yappings and not lose any sleep about that Lawrenceville business. I've seen seventeen different kinds of a rotten failure; there's no manner of doubt about that; and once in a while—just once in a while—I've got sense enough to know it. You saved my life when it would have been all to the good for you to let me go. I guess the world wouldn't have been much of a loser if I had gone, and you knew that, too. Will you—er—would you shake hands with me, Monty?"

CHAPTER XX.

The Pace-Setter.

Smith made an early breakfast on the morning following the auto drive to the abandoned mine, hoping thereby to avoid meeting both Miss Richlander and Jibbey. The Hopra cafe was practically empty when he went in and took his accustomed place at one of the alcove tables, but he had barely given his order when Starbuck appeared and came to John's aid.

"You're looking a whole lot better this morning, John," said the mine owner quizzically, as he held up a finger for the waiter. "How's the grouch?"

Smith's answering grin had something of its former good-nature in it. "Today's the day, Billy," he said. "Tomorrow at midnight we must have the water running in the ditches or lose our franchise. It's chasing around in the back part of my mind that Stanton will make his grandstand play today. I'm not harboring any grouches on the edge of the battle. They are a handicap, anyway, and always."

"That's good medicine talk," said the older man, eyeing him keenly. And then: "You had us all guessing, yesterday and the day before, John. You sure was acting as if you'd gone plumb locoed."

"I was locoed," was the quiet admission.

"What cured you?"

"It's too long a story to tell over the breakfast table. What do you hear from Williams?"

"All quiet during the night; but the weather reports are scaring him up a good bit this morning."

"Storms on the range?"

"Yes. The river gained four feet last night, and there is flood water and drift coming down to beat the band. Just the same, Bartley says he is going to make good."

Smith nodded. "Bartley is all right; the right man in the right place. Have you seen the colonel since he left the offices last evening?"

"Yes. I drove him and Corona out to the ranch in my new car. He said he's lost his roadster; somebody had sneaked in and borrowed it."

"I suppose he told you about the latest move—our move—in the stock-selling game?"

"No, he didn't; but Stillings did. You played it pretty fine, John; only I hope to gracious we won't have to redeem those options. It would bust our little inside crowd wide open to have to buy in all that stock at par."

Smith laughed. "Sufficient unto the day," Billy. It was the only way to block Stanton. It's neck or nothing with him now, and he has only one more string that he can pull."

"The railroad fight-of-way deal?"

"Yes; he has been holding that in reserve—that, and one other thing."

"What was the other thing?" Starbuck was absent fishing for a second lump of sugar in the sugar bowl. "Has it got anything to do with the bunch of news that you won't tell us—about yourself, John?"

"It has. Two days ago, Stanton had me fairly, but a friend of mine stepped

in. Last night, again, he stood to win out. But a man fell into the river, and Stanton lost out once more."

Starbuck glanced up soberly. "You're talking in riddles now, John. I don't sabb."

"It isn't necessary for you to sabb. Results are what counts. Barring accidents, you Timanyoni High Line people can reasonably count on having me with you for the next few critical days; and, I may add, you never needed me more pointedly."

"Starbuck's smile was face-wide."

"I hope I don't feel sorry," he remarked. "Some day, when you can take an hour or so off, I'm going to get you to show me around in your little mu-zeeum of self-conceit, John. Maybe I can learn how to gather me up one."

Smith matched the mine owner's good-natured smile. For some unexplainable reason the world, his particular world, seemed to have lost its malignance. He could even think of Stanton without bitterness; and the weapon which had been weighing his hip pocket for the past few days had been carefully buried in the bottom of the lower dressing-case drawer before he came down to breakfast.

"You may laugh, Billy, but you'll have to admit that I've been outgunning the whole bunch of you, right from the start," he retorted brazenly. "But let's get down to business. This is practically Stanton's last day of grace. If he can't get some legal hold upon us before midnight tomorrow night, or work some scheme to make us lose our franchise, his job is gone."

"Show me," said the mine owner succinctly.

"It's easy. With the dam completed and the water running in the ditches, we become at once a going concern, with assets a long way in advance of our liabilities. The day after tomorrow—if we pull through—you won't be able to buy a single share of Timanyoni High Line at any figure. As a natural consequence, public sentiment, which, we may say, is at present a little doubtful, will come over to our side in a landslide, and Stanton's outfit, if it wants to continue the fight, will have to fight the entire Timanyoni, with the city of Brewster thrown in for good measure. Am I making it plain?"

"Right you are, so far. Go on."

"Billy, I'll tell you something that I haven't dared to tell anybody, not even Colonel Baldwin. I've been spending the company's money like water to keep in touch. The minute we fail, and long before we could hope to reorganize a second time and apply for a new charter, Stanton's company will be in the field, with its charter already granted. From that taking possession of our dam, either by means of an enabling act of the legislature, or by purchase from the paper railroad, will be only a step. And



"Good Glory!" He Sighed.

we couldn't do a thing! We'd have no legal rights, and no money to fight with!"

Starbuck pushed his chair away from the table and drew a long breath.

"Good glory!" he sighed. "I wish to goodness it was day after tomorrow! Can you carry it any further, John?"

"Yes; a step or two. For a week Stanton has been busy on the paper-railroad claim, and that is what made me buy a few cases of good rifles and send them out to Williams; I was afraid Stanton might try force. He won't do that if he can help it; he'll go in with some legal show, if possible, because our force at the dam far outnumbers any gang he could hire, and he knows we are armed."

"He can't work the legal game," said Starbuck definitively. "I've known Judge Warner ever since I was knee-high to a hop-toad, and a squarer man doesn't breathe."

"That is all right, but you're forgetting something. The paper railroad is—or was once—an interstate corporation, and so may ask for relief from the federal courts, thus going over Judge Warner's head. I'm not saying anything against Lorching, the federal judge at Red Butte. I've met him, and he is a good jurist and presumably an

honest man. But he is well along in years, and has an exaggerated notion of his own importance. Stanton, or rather his figurehead railroad people, have asked him to intervene, and he has taken the case under advisement. That is where we stand this morning."

Starbuck was nodding slowly. "I see what you mean, now," he said. "If Lorching jumps the wrong way for us, you're looking to see a United States marshal walk up to Bartley Williams some time today and tell him to quit. That would put the final kibosh on us, wouldn't it?"

Smith was rising in his place.

"I'm not dead yet, Billy," he rejoined cheerfully. "I haven't let it get this far without hammering out a few expedients for one side. If I can manage to stay in the fight today and tomorrow—"

A little new under clerk had come in from the hotel office and was trying to give Starbuck a note in a square envelope, and Starbuck was saying: "No, that's Mr. Smith, over there."

Smith took the note and opened it, and he scarcely heard the clerk's explanation that it had been put in his box the evening before, and that the day clerk had been afraid he would get away without finding it. It was from Verda Richlander, and it had neither superscription nor signature. This is what Smith read:

"My little ruse has failed miserably. Mr. K's messenger found my father in spite of it, and he—the messenger—returned this evening. I know, because he brought a note from father to me. Come to me as early tomorrow morning as you can, and we'll plan what can be done."

Smith crushed the note in his hand and thrust it into his pocket. Starbuck was making a cigarette, and was studiously refraining from breaking in. But Smith did not keep him waiting.

"That was my knockout, Billy," he said with a quietness that was almost overdone. "My time has suddenly been shortened to hours—perhaps to minutes. Get a car as quickly as you can and go to Judge Warner's home. I have an appointment with him at nine o'clock. Tell him I'll keep it, if I can, but that he needn't wait for me, if I am not there on the minute."

CHAPTER XXI.

The Colonel's "Defi."

Though it was only eight o'clock, Smith sent his card to Miss Richlander's rooms at once and then had himself lifted to the mezzanine floor to wait for her. She came in a few minutes, a strikingly beautiful figure of a woman in the freshness of her morning gown, red-lipped, bright-eyed, and serenely conscious of her own resplendent gifts of face and figure. Smith went quickly to meet her and drew her aside into the music parlor. Already the need for caution was beginning to make itself felt.

"I have come," he said briefly.

"You got my note?" she asked.

"A few minutes ago—just as I was leaving the breakfast table."

"You will leave Brewster at once—while the way is still open?"

He shook his head. "I can't do that; in common justice to the men who have trusted me, and who are now needing me more than ever, I must stay through this one day, and possibly another."

"Mr. Kinzie will not be likely to lose any time," she prefaced thoughtfully. "He has probably telegraphed to Lawrenceville before this. Then, with a glance over her shoulder to make sure that there were no eavesdroppers: "But not one of these Brewsterites can identify you as John Montague Smith of Lawrenceville—the man who is wanted by Sheriff Macauley. My father, in his letter, after telling me that he will be detained in the mountains several days longer, refers to Mr. Kinzie's request and suggests—"

The fugitive was smiling grimly. "He suggests that you might help Mr. Kinzie out."

"Not quite that," she rejoined. "He merely suggests that I am to be prudent, and—to quote him exactly—'not get mixed up in the affair in any way so that it would make talk.'"

"I see," said Smith. And then: "You have a disagreeable duty ahead of you, and I'd relieve you of the necessity by running away, if I could. But that is impossible, as I have explained."

She was silent for a moment; then she said: "When I told you a few days ago that you were going to need my help, Montague, I didn't foresee anything like this. I shall breakfast with the Stanton's in a few minutes; and after nine o'clock . . . if you could contrive to keep out of the way until I can get word to you; just so they won't be able to bring us face to face with each other—"

Smith saw what she meant; saw, also, whereunto his wretched fate was dragging him. It was the newest of all the reincarnations, the one which had begun with Jibbey's silent hand-clasp the night before, which prompted him to say:

"If they should ask you about me,

you must tell them the truth, Verda." Her smile was mildly scornful.

"Is that what the plain-faced little ranch person would do?" she asked.

"I don't know; yes, I guess it is."

"Doesn't she care any more for you than that?"

Smith did not reply. He was standing where he could watch the comings and goings of the elevators. Time was precious and he was chafing at the delay, but Miss Richlander was not yet ready to let him go.

"Tell me honestly, Montague," she said; "is it anything more than a case of proclivity with this Baldwin girl?—on your part, I mean."

"It isn't anything," he returned soberly. "Corona Baldwin will never



"Tell Me Honestly, Montague."

marry any man who has so much to explain as I have."

"You didn't know this was her home, when you came out here?"

"No."

"But you had met her somewhere, before you came?"

"Once; yes. It was in Guthrieville, over a year ago. I met her there at a house where she was visiting."

"I see," she nodded, and then, without warning: "What was the matter with you last night—about dinner-time?"

"Why should you think there was anything the matter with me?"

"I was out driving with the Stanton's. When I came back to the hotel I found Colonel Baldwin and another man—a lawyer. I think he was—waiting for me. They said you were needing a friend who could go and talk to you and—'calm you down,' was the phrase the lawyer used. I was good-natured enough to go with them, but when we reached your offices you had gone, and the ranch girl was there alone, waiting for her father."

"That was nonsense!" he commented; "their going after you as if I were a maniac or a drunken man, I mean."

This time Miss Richlander's smile was distinctly resentful. "I suppose the colonel's daughter answered the purpose better," she said. "There was an awkward little contretemps, and Miss Baldwin refused, rather rudely, I thought, to tell her father where you had gone."

Smith broke away from the unwelcome subject abruptly, saying: "There is something else you ought to know. Jibbey is here, at last."

"Does he know you are here?"

"He does."

"Why didn't you tell me before? That will complicate things dreadfully. Tucker will talk and tell all he knows; he can't help it."

"This is one time when he will not talk. Perhaps he will tell you why when you see him."

Miss Richlander glanced at the face of the small watch pinned on her shoulder.

"You must not stay here any longer," she protested. "The Stanton's may come down any minute, now, and they mustn't find us together. I am still forgiving enough to want to help you, but you must do your part and let me know what is going on."

William Starbuck's new car was standing in front of Judge Warner's house in the southern suburb when Smith descended from the closed cab which he had taken at the Hopra House side entrance. The clock in the courthouse tower was striking the quarter of nine. The elevated mesa upon which the suburb was built commanded a broad view of the town and the outlying ranch lands; and in the distance beyond the river the Hillcrest cottonwoods outlined themselves against a background of miniature buttes.

Smith's gaze took in the wide, sunlit prospect. He had paid and dismissed his cabman, and the thought came to him that in a few hours the wooded buttes, the bare plains, the mighty mountains, and the pictured city spreading maplike at his feet would probably exist for him only as a memory. While he halted on the terrace, Starbuck came out of the house.

"The judge is at breakfast," the owner announced. "You're to go in and wait. What do you want me to do next?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SELF HELPS for the NEW SOLDIER.

By a United States Army Officer

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DISPOSITION OF OUTPOST TROOPS.

A column on the march is preceded and covered by a detachment known as the advance guard. The strength of the advance guard varies from one-third to one-twentieth of the main body, depending upon the size of the main body, and the character of service expected of the advance guard. An advance guard as large as a battalion or more is primarily divided into the reserve and support.

The division in strength is usually, reserve, two companies; support, two companies; the advance party, from three to eight squads—about half a company—sent forward from the support; and the point, a noncommissioned officer and three or four men sent forward from the advance party. The advance guard is also responsible for the reconnaissance of the country upon both sides of the line of march, and this is effected by patrols sent out by the leading subdivisions of the advance guard.

The disposition of outpost troops follows the principle of the distribution of the advance guard to the extent that it consists of the reserve, the line of support, and the line of outguards. There is no uniformity of distance between these different parts, since the problem of keeping in contact and guarding the avenues of approach will to a large extent govern their positions.

The reserve constitutes the main body of the outpost. It is located at some central point from which it can readily both support the troops in front and serve as a rallying position upon which the outguards and support may retire if strongly pressed by the enemy. The reserve, which may comprise from one-fourth to two-thirds the strength of the outpost, may be omitted if the outpost consists of less than two companies.

The supports, constituting a line of supporting and resisting detachments, may vary in size from half a company to a battalion.

The supports furnish the line of outguards. The outguards constitute a line of small detachments furthest to the front and nearest to the enemy. They may be classified as pickets, sentry squads, or cossack posts. A picket is a group of two or more squads—though not exceeding half a company—which is posted on the line of outguards to cover a given sector. It furnishes patrols, one or more sentinels, sentry squads or cossack posts for observation.

A sentry squad is a squad posted in observation at an indicated point. A cossack post consists of four men. It is an observation group similar to a sentry squad, but employs only a single sentry. Sentinels are generally used singly in the daytime, but double at night. Patrols or sentinels must be the first troops which the enemy meets and each body in the rear should have time to prepare for the blow.

When he once understands the principle of outpost, advance guard or patrol duty, it is infinitely easier for the young soldier to proceed intelligently, since he then appreciates the relation of what he is called upon to do to the safety of the command as a whole.

GUARD DUTY.

Just as outpost, advance guard and patrol work are pre-eminently important, all guard duty is serious business for the soldier. In war time and in hostile territory it has been an immortal rule to punish with death sentinels who fall asleep on their posts. And it is as a sentinel that the young soldier may first contract that sense of personal responsibility which renders him not only a valuable member of his own company, but also prepares him for promotion.

No man can rise from a private to a first-class private, from a first-class private to a corporal, from a corporal to a sergeant, from sergeant or first sergeant to commissioned officer, unless he has evinced a disposition to take responsibility. The men least capable of accepting responsibility lag longest in the ranks; the men who show earliest signs of assuming responsibility—gladly and capably—will be first to advance.

Guard duty is prescribed in detail in a separate guard manual. This contains many regulations for the proper performance of this duty; but in general it may be said that guards in camp or garrison preserve order, protect property and enforce police regulations. A tour of duty for the guard is twenty-four hours, out of which a sentinel is on duty two hours out of every six. He is under the supervision of the officer or noncommissioned officer of the guard, who in turn is responsible to the officer of the day.

Guards receive two classes of orders—general and special. Special orders relate to posts with certain peculiarities and to particular duties. The general orders for the guard, which every young soldier should promptly learn by heart, contribute, as has been said, more than anything else, perhaps, toward bringing him to a realization of his personal responsibility. These orders, which he should repeat to himself from time to time on post, are as follows:

"To take charge of this post and all government property in view.

"To walk my post in a military manner, keeping always on the alert and observing everything that takes place within sight or hearing.

"To report all violations of orders I am instructed to enforce.

"To repeat all calls from posts more distant from the guardhouse than my own.

"To quit my post only when properly relieved.

"To receive, obey and pass on to the sentinel who relieves me all orders from the commanding officer, officer of the day, and officers and noncommissioned officers of the guard only.

"To talk to no one except in line of duty.

"In case of fire or disorder to give the alarm.

"To allow no one to commit a nuisance on or near my post.

"In any case not covered by instructions to call the corporal of the guard.

"To be especially watchful at night and, during the time for challenging, to challenge all persons on or near my post, and to allow no one to pass without proper authority."

APPLYING THE FUNDAMENTALS OF A SOLDIER.

The young soldier has now been initiated into the fundamentals which make up the fighting man. All war is a serious business—modern war a business of tremendous gravity. It is not play; with the nation at war, there is no time for play. "America must realize," say the French generals, "that she cannot play at war."

Whether or not America plays at war or preparing for war depends upon whether the young American soldier, individually and collectively, goes about his training in a spirit of play, or in deadly earnest. The young soldier would do well to see the moving pictures—if he has the opportunity—delineating the work of the British in building up their immense citizen armies. If he can do so, he will note at once that they did not "play at war."

The driving earnestness of their training in England—which reached fruition in France against the Hindenberg line—differs entirely from the spirit in which such training has been undertaken by a nation at peace. And so in every duty which is now assigned to the young soldier, however trivial it may at first seem to him, he must remind himself that his country is actually at war—that he must learn these things for early application in the battle zone.

It is true that details of his training may be altered or modified to suit the new conditions of warfare, but the fundamentals will remain the same. And these fundamentals—obedience, discipline, intelligence, initiative, teamwork, esprit de corps—have always won battles and wars, and will continue to win battles and wars, whether against the bow and arrow, the flintlock or the 42-centimeter gun.

If the young soldier will return to the first articles of the series, treating of these fundamentals, he will see that the same principles have run throughout. He will see that his discipline was as necessary—more necessary—when he was breaking through brush on a patrol than when on parade; that his sense of identification with his unit prevailed on sentinel duty as fully as in the school of the squad. Otherwise, he does not have in him the makings of a soldier.

He will observe that drills are repeated again and again not alone to perfect the men in marching and the manual of arms, but because the repetition is more and more illuminating as to the reasons why, as well as the methods how, such things are to be done. In short, the man who has once been put through the school of the company, then has twice the comprehension of the meaning of the school of the squad and the school of the soldier.

The young soldier who has properly progressed in his duties will find that his mind has been "used up" as much as his body. Just as he has discarded slack and sloppy habits of walking or standing, he will discard shiftless habits of thinking. Physically and mentally, he will come to the scratch. He will remember that he is a representative as well as a defender of his country, and he will strive to his utmost at all times to do her credit.

"Young soldier, attention—Salute the Colors!"

The Wit of Mr. Choate.

Joseph H. Choate, the late ex-ambassador to England, had a decidedly nasal voice, but the New Republic says it was a beautiful voice, resonant as some big song, and his rather ungodly wit was as genuine as his courage. Every now and then his wit was touched with beauty, as when he said, of the freshmen dormitories at Harvard, that all they needed to make them rivals of the Oxford college building was ivy and time. Mr. Choate took a playful satisfaction in suddenly chilling auditors whom he had carefully warmed. Speaking once at a boys' school, three of whose graduates had acted as his secretaries when he was ambassador, he delighted his audience by his praise of the secretaries. After enjoying the pleasure of masters and boys, Mr. Choate wound up by saying something like this: "Perhaps I ought to add that I ask of a secretary is that he shall keep out of my way and shove every day."

What Could Be Done.

"So the car broke down again today?" said the owner.

"Yes, sir," replied the chauffeur. "It seems to break down every day."

"Yes, it does, sir."

"Can you suggest anything we can do with it?"

"Yes, sir."

"What?"

"Well, if you've got an enemy anywhere, sir, you might give it to him, sir."