

# The Real Man

By FRANCIS LYNDE

Illustrations by IRWIN RYLES

Copyright by Chas. Scribner's Sons

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 Timanyoni 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 blandest oil 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 unquestioning 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 astuteness—trained in Kinzie's own school, at that—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 show 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 locking 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 begin.

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

"I'll 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 buck 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 Timanyoni 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. Further along, 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 got 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 advertising capital; we couldn't turn a wheel without it. Put me in touch

## 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.

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 we stand with the old stockholders before we make any move in public. Can you do that?"

Baldwin lifted his hat and shoved his fingers through his hair.

"I reckon I can; there are only sixty or seventy of 'em. And Bob Stillings is your lawyer. Come around the corner and I'll introduce you."

### 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 Timanyoni county. Establishing himself in the Hophra House, and discarding the working khalak only because he was shrewd enough to dress the new part becomingly, he flung himself into what Colonel Baldwin called the "miracle-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 stock-books of Timanyoni 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 doubled. An electric light plant had been installed, and Williams was working day and night shifts both in the quarries and on the forms. Past 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 "Power and Light" in the cataloging 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 ironclad pool of the majority of the original Timanyoni 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 Timanyoni 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 Timanyoni 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," was the way in which she interrupted the financial secretary's brow-knittings over a new material contract. "I have just wagged 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 us 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 end at him and said:

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

"Certainly. Other people ask them every day."

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

"Why should you doubt it?"

It was just here that Smith was given to see another one of Miss Corona's many moods—or tenses—and it was a new one to him. She was visibly embarrassed.

"I—I don't want to tell you," she stammered.

"All right; you needn't."

"If you're going to take it that easy, I will tell you," she retorted. "Mr. Williams thought your name was an alias; and I'm not sure that he doesn't still think so."

"The Smiths never have to have aliases. It's like John Doe or Richard Roe, you know."

"Haven't you any middle name?"

"I have a middle initial. It is 'M.'"

He was looking her fairly in the eyes as he said it, and the light in the new offices was excellent. Thanks to her horseback riding, Miss Corona's small oval face had a touch of healthy outdoor tan; but under the tan there came, for just a flitting instant, a flush of deep color, and at the back of the gray eyes there was something that Smith had never seen there before.

"It's—it's just an initial!" she queried.

"Yes; it's just an initial, and I don't use it ordinarily. I'm not ashamed of the plain 'John.'"

"I don't know why you should be," she commented, half absently, he thought. And then: "How many 'John M. Smiths' do you suppose there are in the United States?"

"Oh, I don't know; a million or so, I guess."

"I should think you would be rather glad of that," she told him. But when he tried to make her say why he should be glad, she talked pointedly of other things and presently went back to her father's office.

There were fine little beadings of perspiration standing on the fugitive's forehead when she left him.

After the other members of the office force had taken their departure, he still sat at his desk striving to bring himself back with some degree of clear-headedness to the pressing demands of his job. Just as he was about to give it up and go across to the Hophra House for his dinner, William Starbuck drifted in to open the railing gate and to come and plant himself in the chair of privilege at Smith's desk end.

"Well, son; you've got the animals stirred up good and plenty, at last," he said, when he had found the "makings" and was deftly rolling a cigarette—his one overlapping habit reaching back to his range-riding youth.

"Dick Maxwell got a wire today from his kiddie's grandpaw—and my own respected daddy-in-law—Mr. Hiram Fairbairn; you know him—the lumber king."

"I'm listening," said Smith.

"Dick's wire was an order; instructions from headquarters to keep hands off of your new company and to work strictly in cahoots—'harmony' was the word he used—with Crawford Stanton. How does that fit you?"

The financial secretary's smile was the self-congratulatory face-wrinkling of the quarry foreman who has seen his tackle hitch hold to land the big stone safely at the top of the pit.

"What is Maxwell going to do about it?" he asked.

"Dick is all wool and a yard wide; and what he signs his name to is what he is going to stand by. You won't lose him, but the wire shows us just about where we're aiming to put our leg into the gopher hole and break it, doesn't it?"

"I'm not borrowing any trouble. Mr. Fairbairn and his colleagues are just

a few minutes too late, Starbuck. We've got our footing—inside of the corral."

The ex-cowpuncher, who was now well up on the middle rounds of fortune's ladder, shook his head doubtfully.

"Don't you make any brash breaks, John. Mr. Hiram Fairbairn and his crowd can swing twenty millions to your one little old dollar and a half, and they're not going to leave any of the pebbles unturned when it comes to saving their investment in the Escalante. That's all; I just thought I'd drop in and tell you."

Smith went to his rooms in the hotel a few minutes later to change for dinner. He found the linen drawer in his dressing-case overflowing. Opening another, he began 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 under-running 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 13.—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 made himself amenable to the law. Smith disappeared on the night of the 10th 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 a 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 Timanyoni High Line had advertised him thoroughly. He was rapidly coming to be the best-known man in Brew-



"How About It?"

ster, 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 needless 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 flaw 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 meed 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 hurled 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.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### Sea Gives Up Estates.

Early strollers on the beaches as far north as Belmar recently recovered from the surf enough food to stock a country grocery, says a Sea Girl, N. Y., dispatch to the New York Times.

The floatsman included canned goods of many sorts, but mostly tomatoes and asparagus; one man carried home three tubs of good butter and many clothesbaskets 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.

## SUSPEND BREST-LITOVSK PARLEY

TEUTONS FEAR INTRIGUE OF ALLIED DIPLOMATS WOULD BLOCK PEACE PLAN.

## TURKISH PEACE TERMS

ASK DEMOBILIZATION OF BLACK SEA FLEET AND EVACUATION OF MOSLEM TERRITORY.

Western Newspaper Union News Service.

London, Jan. 7.—An official statement issued at Berlin and forwarded by the Zurich correspondent of the Exchange Telegraph Company announced that because of the Russian request to transfer the peace parleys from Brest-Litovsk to Stockholm, the central powers had suspended the negotiations with Russia.

The Liberal Tageblatt reflects the general attitude of the press in declaring that negotiations at Stockholm would be impossible. The newspaper says that the British, French and American diplomats and their numerous agents now in Stockholm would promptly weave a net of intrigue around the conference and that espionage would flourish, making successful negotiations impossible.

The Petrograd Post says the King of Rumania has cabled the entente allies that the Rumanians are determined to continue the war, notwithstanding the desires of the troops on the Russian-Rumanian front, and that M. Poincaré, the French President, replied, assuring the King of France's support.

The French government has protested against the seizure of French banks in Petrograd.

Petrograd, Jan. 7.—The Persian charge d'affaires advised Leon Trotsky, the Bolshevik foreign minister, that the Persian government had instructed him to open immediate negotiations with the authorities of the Smolny Institute, the headquarters of the Bolsheviks, for the evacuation of Persia by the Russians. The Persian note said instructions had also been sent to the Persian legation at Constantinople for the commencement of negotiations for the evacuation of Persia by the Turks.

London, Jan. 7.—Free passage of the Dardanelles for Russian ships, Russian evacuation of Turkish territory and the demobilization of the Russian Black sea fleet are provided for in the draft of Turkish peace terms presented to Russia, according to an Exchange Telegraph dispatch from Petrograd, Turkey. It is proposed, is to retain her active army in consequence of the continuation of war against the entente.

Washington.—Premier Lloyd George's address to the British trades unions on Great Britain's war aims created a profound impression in official circles in Washington.

A feature of the address which particularly interested officials here was the reference to constitutional government in Germany.

While this was regarded as nearly in line with similar sentiments expressed by President Wilson, it was suggested that an underlying purpose was to direct attention to the hollow and insincerity of the efforts being made by Chancellor von Hertling to convey the impression that Germany already had been "democratized."

#### BRITISH WIN AT BULLECOURT.

French Line Pierced at Verdun—Italians Block Air Raid on Padua.

London, Jan. 7.—Despite continuous zero weather there has been considerable activity by the infantry in the Arras sector, in Flanders and along the Moselle River. Near Bullecourt the British have recaptured in a counter-attack the sap taken from them Saturday by the Germans.

There were intermittent artillery duels Sunday along the entire battle front.

In the Italian theater the big guns of both sides are hammering at opposing positions in the hills and on the Piave River an air raid on Padua was blocked by Italians.

Several attempts by the Austro-Germans to make headway between the Brenta and the Piave Rivers were repulsed.

Berlin reports that German troops Saturday penetrated the French lines near Juvincourt, on the Aisne front, and east of Avoucourt and west of Bezonvaux, on the Verdun front.

#### Blizzard in Middle West Region.

Chicago, Jan. 7.—Chicago and the Middle West are struggling in the grip of the worst blizzard in twenty-five years, certainly, and probably the worst in the city's history, and the storm still continues with unabated fury. Sunday night, after twenty-four hours' duration, Chicago was covered with nearly two feet of snow on the level, street traffic of all kinds either was completely tied up or moving with extreme difficulty, and pedestrians are able to negotiate the big drifts only a block or so at a time.

## WESTERN MINING AND OIL NEWS

Western Newspaper Union News Service.

PRICES FOR METALS.

New York.—Lead, \$6.37@6.62 1/2. Bar silver, 87 1/2c.

Copper, \$23.17 1/2. St. Louis.—Spelter, \$7.53.

Boulder.—Tungsten concentrates, 60 per cent, \$20.00@22.50 per unit. Crude ores, 60 per cent, \$20.00@25.00; 25 per cent, \$12.00@12.50; 10 per cent, \$9.40@12.20 per unit.

#### Colorado's 1917 Precious Metal Output.

Gold—\$14,224,000, at \$10.67, \$13,897,220. Silver—7,176,951 ozs. at \$1.40, \$10,048,531. Copper—10,231,881 lbs. at 27c, 2,761,608. Lead—44,462 tons at \$174 per ton, 7,730,947. Spelter—68,969 tons at \$174.40 per ton, 12,025,222. Chemicals from ores..... 4,692,844. Tungsten—1,323 tons at \$2,700 per ton..... 3,572,100. Ferro-vanadium—\$16,000 lbw. 2,430,000. At \$3..... 1,350,000. Manganese silver ores..... 272,000. Molybdenum—99,666 lbs. at \$3..... 298,998. Radium-bearing ores..... 125,000. Pyritic-silver ores..... 125,000. Uranium—Globe smelter..... 100,000. Bismuth from Colorado ores..... 15,000. Total for 1917..... \$59,941,669.

#### Gold and Silver Production in U. S.

Washington.—Utah led the silver producers of the country for 1917 with 14,315,300 ounces. California led all the states in gold production with 1,006,969 ounces, according to the report of the Bureau of the Mint and the Geological Survey. Production of both gold and silver in 1917 fell slightly below the 1916 output. Silver production amounted to 74,244,500 fine ounces as compared with 74,414,802 ounces in 1916. Gold production was 4,985,589 ounces, valued at \$84,456,000, as compared with a value in 1916 of \$92,530,300.

#### Arizona.

Plans for erection of a new custom smelter at Tucson are going ahead satisfactorily.

Calumet & Arizona in the Warren district has its Campbell shaft in preparation for extensive work.

In the Ray district the Ray Consolidated has had a year of smooth and efficient operation in spite of disturbances elsewhere in the state.

Condition of mines and new development is the most favorable in the history of the Arizona copper industry for important gains in production.

#### Montana.

Petroleum Geologist F. J. S. Sur is credited with the suggestion that the term Intermountain fields be adopted to apply collectively to the fields of Wyoming, Montana, Colorado and South Dakota. With active prospecting going on in all of these states, he points out that new fields will be opened up which cannot properly be classed as Wyoming oil fields.

#### Colorado.

The South London mine near Fairplay recently shipped five carloads of ore.

Considerable quantities of ore are being shipped by Ed Johnson and associates, leasees of the Aspen mine on Hazelton mountain, near Silverton.

Since the cold weather set in the Leadville district, in common with Cripple Creek, has been gaining labor and the output of ores is becoming normal.

Mines in the Red Mountain district near Ouray almost doubled their output during the year 1917, between 8,000 and 9,000 tons of ore having been shipped.

#### New Mexico.

The Deming Oil, Gas and Development Company, capitalized at \$1,000,000, has been formed.

Material is arriving at Mogollon for the new Socorro Mining and Milling Company's plant. Construction work is progressing at mill and mine.

The Oaks Company at Mogollon are working through their new main Central shaft. Levels are being run to connect with the lower workings of the Maud S. mine and as soon as these are completed ore will be extracted through this shaft.

An important mining development of the year was the installation by the Santa Fe Gold Dredging Company of a \$200,000 dredge in the placer fields at Golden, while a \$200,000 concentration plant is being placed in the Lordsburg district. Promising copper, lead and zinc mines were developed last year in the upper Pecos River region. The Raton, Madrid, Carthage and Gallup coal fields show a heavy production, the Gallup mines turning out 2,900 tons daily.

#### Wyoming.

The Wyoming-Colorado Petroleum Company will shortly spud in a test well on the northwest quarter of the southwest quarter of section 6-33-76 of the Big Muddy that will be watched with interest.

The Columbine well on section 11, West Salt Creek, came in shooting oil over the derrick and looking at least the equal of the Williams well in the same locality, good for around 500 barrels a day. The oil comes from the second Wall Creek sand at 2,200 feet.