

# THE REAL MAN

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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CHAPTER XXI.—Continued.

"When I get through with the judge, I shall want to go out to the dam. Will you wait and take me?"

"Surest thing on earth"—with prompt acquiescence. And then: "Is it as bad as you thought it was going to be, John?"

"It's about as bad as it can be," was the sober reply, and with that Smith went in to wait for his interview with the Timanyon's best-beloved jurist.

At nine o'clock, or a few minutes before the hour, David Kinzie, at his desk in the Brewster City National, telephoned a message that presently brought Colonel Dexter Baldwin to the private room in the bank known to nervous debtors as "the sweatbox."

"Sit down, Dexter," said the banker shortly; "sit down a minute while I look at my mail."

It was one of David Kinzie's small subtleties to make a man sit idly thus, on one pretext or another; it rarely failed to put the incomer at a disadvantage, and on the present occasion it worked like a charm. Baldwin had let his cigar go out and had chewed the end of it into a pulp before Kinzie swung around in his chair and launched out abruptly.

"You and I have always been pretty good friends, Dexter," he began, "and I have called you down here this morning to prove to you that I am still your friend. Where is your man Smith?"

Baldwin shook his head. "I don't know," he answered. "I haven't seen him since last evening."

"Has he run away, then?"

The Missouri colonel squared himself doggedly in the suppliant debtor's chair, which was the one Kinzie had placed for him. "What are you driving at, Dave?" he demanded.

"We'll tackle your end of it first," said the banker curtly. "Do you know that you and your crowd have come to the bottom of the bag on that dam proposition?"

"No, I don't."

"Well, you have. You've got just one more day to live."

The Missouriian fell back upon his native phrase.

"I reckon you'll have to show me, Dave," asserted Baldwin stoutly. "But go on. You've got your gun loaded; what are you aiming it at?"

"Just this: you told you weeks ago that the other people were carrying too many big guns for you. I don't want to see you killed off, Dexter."

"I'm no quitter; you ought to know that, Dave," was the blunt rejoinder.

"I know; but there are times when it is simply foolhardy to hold on. The compromise proposition that I put up to you people a while back still holds good. But today is the last day, Dexter. You must accept it now, if you are going to accept it at all."

"And if we refuse?"

"You'll go to smash, the whole kit of you. As I've said, this is the last call."

By this time Baldwin's cigar was a hopeless wreck.

"You've got something up your sleeve, Dave; what is it?" he inquired.

The banker pursed his lips and the bristling mustache assumed its most aggressive angle.

"There are a number of things, but the one which concerns you most, just now, is this: we've got Smith's record, at last. He is an outlaw, with a price on his head. We've dug out the whole story. He is a defaulting bank cashier, and before he ran away, he tried to kill his president."

Baldwin was frowning heavily. "Who told you all this? Was it this Miss Richlander over at the Hophra House?"

"No; it was her father. I sent one of my young men out to the Topaz to look him up."

"And you have telegraphed to the chief of police, or the sheriff, or whoever it is that wants Smith?"

"Not yet. I wanted to give you one more chance, Dexter. Business comes first. The Brewster City National is a bank, not a detective agency. You go and find Smith and fire him; tell him he is down and out; get rid of him, once for all. Then come back here and we'll fix up that compromise with Stanton."

Baldwin found a match and tried to relight the dead cigar. But it was chewed past redemption.

"Let's get it plumb straight, Dave," he pleaded, in the quiet tone of one who will leave no peace-keeping stone unturned. "You say you've got John dead to rights. Smith is a mighty common name. I shouldn't wonder if there were half a million 'r so John Smiths—taking the country over. How do you know you've got the right one?"

"His middle name is 'Montague,'" snapped the banker, "and the man who is wanted called himself 'J. Montague Smith.' But we can identify him positively. Mr. Richlander's daughter can tell us if he is the right Smith, and she probably will if the police ask her to."

Baldwin may have had his own opinion about that, but if so, he kept it to himself and spoke feelingly of other things.

"Dave," he said, rising to stand over the square-built man in the swing-chair, "it's like pulling a sound tooth to have to tell you the plain truth. You've got a mighty bad case of money-rot. The profit account has grown so big with you that you can't see over the top of it. You've hoisted back and forth between Stanton's outfit and ours until you can't tell the difference between your old friends and a bunch of low-down, conscienceless land-pirates. You pull your gun and go to shooting whenever you get ready. We'll stay with you and try to hold up our end—and John's. And you mark my words, Dave: you're the man that's going to get left in this deal; the straddler always gets left." And with that he cut the interview short and went back to the High Line offices on the upper floor.

CHAPTER XXII.

Witnesses.

Driven by Starbuck in the brand-new car, Smith reached the dam at half-past ten and was in time to see the swarming carpenters begin the placing of forms for the pouring of the final section of the great wall. Though the high water was lapping at the foot timbers of the forming, and the weather reports were still portentous, Williams was in fine fettle. There had been no further interferences on the part of the railroad people, every man on the job was spurring for the finish, and the successful end was now fairly in sight.

"We'll be pouring this afternoon," he told Smith, "and with a twenty-four-hour set for the concrete, and the forms left in place for additional security, we can shut the spillway gates and back the water into the main ditch. Instead of being a hindrance, then, the flood-tide will help. Under slack-water conditions, it would take a day or two to finish filling the reservoir lake, but now we'll get the few feet rise needed to fill the sluices almost while you wait."

"You have your guards out, as we planned?" Smith inquired.

"Twenty of the best men I could find. They are patrolling on both sides of the river, with instructions to report if they see so much as a rabbit jump up."

"Good. I'm going to let Starbuck drive me around the lake limits to see to it personally that your pickets are on the job. But, first, I'd like to use your phone for a minute or two," and with that Smith shut himself up in the small field office and called Martin, the bookkeeper, at the town headquarters.

The result of the brief talk with Martin seemed satisfactory, for when it was concluded, Smith rang off and asked for the Hophra House. Being given the hotel exchange, he called the number of Miss Richlander's suite, and the answer came promptly in her full, throaty voice:

"Is that you, Montague?"

"Yes. I'm out at the dam. Nothing has been done yet. No telegraphing, I mean. You understand?"

"Perfectly. But something is going to be done. Mr. K. has had Colonel B. with him in the bank. I saw the colonel go in while I was at breakfast. When are you coming back to town?"

"Not for some time; I have a drive to make that will keep me out until afternoon."

"Very well; you'd better stay away as long as you can, and then you'd better communicate with me before you show yourself much in public. I'll have Jibbey looking out for you."

Smith said "good-by" and hung up the receiver with a fresh twinge of dissatisfaction. Every step made his dependence upon Vera Richlander more complete. Corona Baldwin: what would she say to this newest alliance? Would she not say again, and this time with greater truth, that he was a coward of the basest sort; of the type that makes no scrape of hiding behind a woman's skirts?

Between the noon-hour and the one-o'clock Hophra House luncheon, Mr. David Kinzie, still halting between two opinions, left his desk and the bank and crossed the street to the hotel. He wrote his name on a card and let the clerk send it up. The boy came back almost immediately with word that Miss Richlander was waiting in the mezzanine parlors.

The banker tipped the call-boy and went up alone. He had seen Miss Richlander, once when she was driving with Smith and again at the theater in the same company. So he knew what to expect when he tramped heavily into the parlor overlooking the street. None the less, the dazzling beauty of the young woman who rose to shake hands with him and call him by name rather took him off his feet. David Kinzie was a hopeless bachelor, from choice, but there are women, and women.

"Do you know, Mr. Kinzie, I have been expecting you all day," she said sweetly, making him sit down beside her on one of the flaming red monstrosities billed in the hotel inventories as "Louis Quinze sofas." "My father sent me a note by one of your young men,

and he said that perhaps you would—that perhaps you might want to— Her rich voice was at its fruitiest, and the hesitation was of exactly the proper shade.

Kinzie, cold-blooded as a fish with despondent debtors, felt himself suddenly warmed and moved to be gentle with this gracious young woman.

"Er—yes, Miss Richlander—er—a disagreeable duty, you know. I wanted to ask about this young man, Smith. We don't know him very well here in Brewster, and as he has considerable business dealings with the bank, we—that is, I thought your father might be able to tell us something about his standing in his home town."

"And my father did tell you?"

"Well—yes; he—er—he says Smith is a— a grand rascal; a fugitive from justice; and we thought—" David Kinzie, well hardened in all the processes of dealing with men, was making difficult weather of it with this all-too-beautiful young woman.

Miss Richlander's laugh was well restrained. She seemed to be struggling earnestly to make it appear so.

"You business gentlemen are so funny!" she commented. "You know, of course, Mr. Kinzie, that this Mr. Smith and I are old friends; you've probably seen us together enough to be sure of that. Hasn't it occurred to you that however well I might know the Mr. Smith my father has written you about, I should hardly care to be seen in public with him?"

"Then there are two of them?" Kinzie demanded.

The young woman was laughing again. "Would that be so very wonderful?—with so many Smiths in the world?"

"But—er—the middle name, Miss Richlander; that isn't so infernally—so very common, I'm sure."

"It is rather remarkable, isn't it? But there are a good many Montagues in our part of the world, too. The man my father wrote you about always signed himself 'J. Montague,' as if he were a little ashamed of the 'John.'"

"Then this Brewster Smith isn't the one who is wanted in Lawrenceville for embezzlement and attempted murder?"

"Excuse me," said the beauty, with another very palpable attempt to smother her amusement. "If you could only know this other Smith, J. Montague, as I remember him, was a typ-

ical society man—the kind of man who wears dress clothes even when he dines alone, and who wouldn't let his beard grow overnight for a king's ransom. But wait a moment. There is a young gentleman here who came last evening direct from Lawrenceville. Let me send for him."

She rose and pressed the bell push, and when the floor boy came, he was sent to the lobby to page Jibbey. During the little wait, David Kinzie was skillfully made to talk about other things. Jibbey was easily found, as it appeared, and he came at once. Miss Richlander did the honors graciously.

"Mr. Kinzie, this is Mr. Tucker Jibbey, the son of one of our Lawrenceville bankers. Tucker—Mr. Kinzie; the president of the Brewster City National." Then, before Kinzie could begin: "Tucker, I've sent for you in self-defense. You know both Mr. John Smith, at present of Brewster, and also J. Montague Smith, sometime of Lawrenceville and now of goodness only knows where. Mr. Kinzie is trying to make out that they are one and the same."

Jibbey laughed broadly. He stood in no awe of banks, bankers, or stubby mustaches.

"I'll tell John, when I see him again—and take a chance on being able to run faster than he can," he chuckled. "Ripping good joke!"

"Then you know both men?" said Kinzie, glancing at his watch and rising.

"Like a book. They're no more alike than black and white. Our man here is from Cincinnati; isn't that where you met him, Verda? I recollect you didn't like him at first, be-

cause he wore a beard. They told me, the last time I was over in Cincinnati, that he'd gone West somewhere, but they didn't say where. He was the first man I met when I lit down here. Little world, isn't it, Mr. Kinzie?"

David Kinzie was backing away, watch in hand. Business was very pressing, he said, and he must get back to his desk. He was very much obliged to Miss Richlander, and was only sorry that he had troubled her. When her father should return to Brewster he would be glad to meet him, and so on and so on, and to be beyond the portieres which finally blotted him out, for the two who were left in the Louis Quinze parlor.

"Is that about what you wanted me to say?" queried Jibbey, when the click of the elevator door latch told them that Mr. Kinzie was descending.

"Tucker, there are times when you are almost lovable," said the beauty softly, with a hand on Jibbey's shoulder.

"I'm glad it's what you wanted, because it's what I was going to say, anyway," returned the ne'er-do-well soberly, thus showing that he, too, had not yet outlived the influence of the overnight hand-grip.

Since Brewster was a full-fledged city, its banks closed at three o'clock. Ten minutes after the hour, which happened also to be about the same length of time after Starbuck and Smith had reached town, Mr. Crawford Stanton got himself admitted by the janitor at the side door of the Brewster City National. President Kinzie was still at his desk in his private room, and the promoter entered unannounced.

"I thought I'd hang off and give you the limit—all the time there was," he said, dropping into the debtor's chair at the desk-end. And then, with a quarrelsome rasp in his tone: "Are you getting ready to switch again?"

Though his victims often cursed the banker for his shrewd caution and his ruthless profit-taking, no one had ever accused him of timidity in a stand-up encounter.

"You've taken that tone with me before, Stanton, and I don't like it," he returned brusquely. "You may as well keep it in mind that neither you, nor the people you represent, own the Brewster City National, or any part of it, in fee simple."

"We can buy you out any minute we think we need you," retorted Stanton. "But never mind about that. Your man came back from the Topaz last night. You've let the better part of the day go by without saying a word, and I've drawn the only conclusion there is to draw."

Kinzie frowned his impatience. "If I have to do business with your people much longer, Mr. Stanton, I shall certainly suggest that they put a man in charge out here who can control his temper. Here is Mr. Richlander's letter."

Stanton read the letter through hastily, punctuating its final sentence with a brittle oath.

"And you've muddled over this all day, when every hour is worth more to us than your one-horse bank could earn in a year?" he rapped out. "What have you done? Have you telegraphed this sheriff?"

"No; and neither will you when I tell you the facts. You see what Mr. Richlander says. We had nothing to go on unless we could identify our man definitely, so I took the straightforward course and went to Miss Richlander."

Stanton's laugh was a derisive shout. "You need a guardian, Kinzie; you do, for a fact!" he sneered. "Of course, the girl pulled the wool over your eyes; any woman could do that!"

"You are not gaining anything by being abusive, Stanton. This man of Baldwin's is not the one Mr. Richlander is trying to describe in that letter."

Stanton bit the tip of a cigar and struck a light.

"Kinzie," he said, "you think we're going to lose out, and you are trying to throw me off the scent. You had a long talk with Colonel Baldwin this morning—I kept cases on that, too—and you figured that you'd make money by seasawing again. I'm glad to be able to tell you that you are just about twenty-four hours too late."

The round-bodied banker righted his pivot chair with a snap and his lips were puffed out like the lips of a swimmer who sees the saving plank drifting out of reach.

"You are wrong, Stanton; altogether wrong!" he protested. "Baldwin was here because I sent for him to make a final attempt to swing him over to the compromise. You are doing me the greatest possible injustice!"

Stanton rose and made ready to go. "I think that would be rather hard to do, Kinzie," he flung back. "No-body loves a trimmer. But in the present case you are not going to lose anything. We'll take your stock at par, as I promised you we would."

It was at this crisis that David Kinzie showed himself as the exponent of the saying that every man has his modicum of saving grace, by smiting upon the arm of his chair and glaring up at the promoter.

"There's another promise of yours that you've got to remember, too, Stanton," he argued hoarsely. "You've got to hold Dexter Baldwin harmless!"

Stanton's smile was a mask of pure malice. "I've made you no definite promise as to that; but you shall have one now. I'll promise to break Baldwin in two and throw him and his ranchmen backers out of the Timanyon. That's what you get for playing fast and loose with two people at the same time. When you look over your paying teller's statement for the day, you'll see that I have withdrawn our account from your tin-horn money shop. Good-by."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## FORCED TO CRIME BY FATHER'S SINS

Sixteen-Year-Old Girl Joins Band of Robbers and Lands in Jail.

Fremont, O.—A girl without love in her heart is paying for the sins of her father, John Sherry, a wife slayer serving a penitentiary term.

She is Frances Sherry, sixteen years old, who came from Cleveland a month ago and who threw in her fortunes with those of Stephen Narmeth and Milton Tonsing. The trio then plundered many houses before arrests came. She probably will be sent to a home for girl delinquents.

Frances operated with the boys at Fred in boy's clothing.

Eight years ago the girl was happy in her Cleveland home with her father.



Saw Her Mother on the Floor.

er and mother. But one night the parents quarreled. The little girl lay in bed and listened. Then there was a dull thud and a woman's scream and another thud. She lay awake until daylight and then her father came into her room and dressed her for school. She looked into the front room and saw her mother on the floor. The father had slain the aunt, too, when she came to the house.

In the days that followed she was shifted about from home to home. All love was gone from the girl's heart with her mother dead and her father in the "pen." She had loved them both. Now she is being tried as a bandit.

## HIS STOMACH IS A MUSEUM

Padlock, Chain, Nails and Hooks Among Articles Swallowed by Philadelphian.

Philadelphia.—More than 450 pieces of metal, weighing three and one-half pounds and including nails, screws, tacks and safety pins, were found in Joseph Quinlan's stomach, when he was operated upon for gallstones at the Philadelphia hospital. In addition, 250 gall stones were removed.

Among the other articles found were a small padlock with a three-inch chain, a cigar cutter, tenpenny nails, 34 spoon handles, one dozen safety pins, 40 pieces of type and the same number of lead slugs, two three-inch hooks for screen doors and several American medals, coins and badges.

Dr. E. L. Ellison of the hospital staff, who operated on Quinlan, said he would probably survive.

## GIRL ASKS MAYOR FOR "MAMMA NOT CRANKY"

New York.—"Wanted—A good mama, not cranky." This modest request comes by mail to Mayor Mitchell from "C. O. S., Tucson, Ariz."

"C. O. S." is ten years old, so, in a way, she does not need a mother. But her brother is only five, so according to the writer's way of thinking he ought to have at least a couple of parents. Here is her letter:

"Dear Sir, I read your ad. in the paper. Please confer on me a favor. I am a little girl ten years old going to school. I've got a brother five years old. Pappa works so brother has only neighbors to look after him through the day. Please, Mayor Mitchell, get some good mama. Wright my Pappa. He is a good Pappa. \$5.50 per day. He is 35 Years old. I like good Mama Irish-American. My mama is dead long. I would like a good Mama, not cranky. I don't like tell full name and oblige.

"Yours Respectfully, "C. O. S."

## Man's Arm Nailed Up Like Basket.

Laurel, Del.—Twenty-three wire staples were driven through Fred Wilkinson's arm and clinched, while he was operating a basket machine. The man's arm was caught in the automatic nailer and it was necessary to take the machine apart to release the injured member.



Tell them to go ahead

You might as well have the use of that building you are planning—there is nothing to be gained by waiting. There is no prospect of prices going down for some time after the war is over. Go ahead and let your contracts.

When it comes to the roof you can make a real saving, and get a better roof by specifying

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CERTAIN-TEED Roll Roofing is not cheaper because the quality is lower, but because it is a less expensive roofing to manufacture. It is better, not only because it is cheaper, but also because it is light weight, weather-tight, clean, sanitary, fire-retardant and costs practically nothing to maintain.

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## DON'T FORGET THE HORSE!

There Was Another Hero in Wild Midnight Ride of Paul Revere, Reminds a Writer.

Paul Revere's name was made immortal when he rode from Boston to Lexington and Concord, warning the patriots along the way of the British approach, and his fame has been securely enshrined in the hearts of all Americans.

Historians have honored themselves in honoring him. Poets have found inspiration in praising him. He is an idol of childhood, an example in the prime of manhood and a solacing memory of old age.

How few characters loom up like great peaks above the mountain ranges of time!

And Paul Revere was one of these. He was one of the precious few great enough to grasp an opportunity to do an incalculable good to mankind.

But while we give deserved glory to Paul Revere, let us no longer forget that there was another hero in that wild midnight ride, says a writer in the Christian Herald.

There was the horse.

"Any other horse might have done as well," you think? Well, so might any other man have done as well, perhaps. So might we flippantly disparage any here.

But the fact remains that it was Paul Revere's horse that did it. And the harder work fell on the horse. But for the true horse's faithfulness, Paul Revere would have been a failure.

### Sound Logic.

"Mamma," said a five-year-old boy the other day, "aren't there any other senses 'cept hearing, seeing, feeling, tasting and smelling?"

"No, my child," answered the mother. "It is usually considered that these five are enough."

"Well," said the little one, with an air of deep conviction, "I s'pose talking would be called a sense if there wasn't so much nonsense about it."—Pearson's.

Where there's a will there's always an heir.

I'm helping to save white bread by eating more Post Toasties

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

Bobby