

The Real Man

By FRANCIS LYNDE

Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

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CHAPTER XXIV—Continued.

"Yes—like fits I will!" retorted the mine owner. "I told you once, John, that I was in this thing to a finish, and I meant it. Go on giving your orders."

"Very well; you've had your warning. The next thing is the auto. I want to catch Judge Warner before he goes to bed. I'll telephone while you're getting a car."

Starbuck had no farther to go than to the garage where he had put up his car, and when he got it and drove to the Kinzie building, Smith came out of the shadow of the entrance to mount beside him.

"Drive around to the garage again and let me try another phone," was the low-spoken request. "My wire isn't working."

The short run was quickly made, and Smith went to the garage office. A moment later a two-hundred-pound policeman stroled up to put a huge foot on the running board of the waiting auto. Starbuck greeted him as a friend.

"Hello, Mac. How's tricks with you tonight?"

"Th' tricks are even, an' I'm tryin' to take th' odd wan," said the big Irishman. "'Tis a man named Smith I'm lookin' for, Misther Starbuck—J. Montague Smith; th' f-nanshal boss av th' big ditch comp'ny. Have ye seen 'um?"

Starbuck, looking over the policeman's shoulder, could see Smith at the telephone in the garage office. Another man might have lost his head, but the ex-cowpuncher was of the chosen few whose wits sharpened handily in an emergency.

"He hangs out at the Hophra House a good part of the time in the evenings," he replied coolly. "Hop in and I'll drive you around."

Three minutes later the threatening danger was a danger pushed a little way into the future, and Starbuck was back at the garage curb waiting for Smith to come out. Through the window he saw Smith placing the receiver on its hook, and a moment afterward he was opening the car door for his passenger.

"Did you make out to raise the judge?" he inquired, as Smith climbed in.

"Yes. He will meet me at his chambers in the courthouse as soon as he can drive down from his house."

"What are your hopes to do, John? Judge Warner is only a circuit judge; he can't set an order of the United States court aside, can he?"

"No; but there is one thing that he can do. You may remember that I had a talk with him this morning at his house. I was trying then to cover all the chances, among them the possibility that Stanton would jump in with a gang of armed thugs at the last minute. We are going to assume that this is what has been done."

Starbuck set the car in motion and sent it spinning out of the side street,



"The Tricks Are Even."

around the plaza, and beyond to the less brilliantly illuminated residence district—which was not the shortest way to the courthouse.

"You mustn't pull Judge Warner's leg, John," he protested, breaking the purring silence after the business quarter had been left behind; "he's too good a man for that."

"I shall tell him the exact truth, so far as we know it," was the quick reply. "There is one chance in a thousand that we shall come out of this with the law—as well as the equities—on our side. I shall tell the judge that no papers have been served on us, and so far as I know, they haven't. What are you driving all the way around here for?"

"This is one of the times when the longest way round is the shortest way home," Starbuck explained. "The bad news you were looking for 'has come."

While you were phoning in the garage I put one policeman wise—to nothing."

"He was looking for me?"
"Sure thing—and by name. We'll fool around here in the block streets until the judge has had time to show up. Then I'll drop you at the courthouse and go hustle the sheriff for you. You'll want Harding, I take it?"

"Yes. I'm taking the chance that only the city authorities have been notified in my personal affair—not the county officers. It's a long chance, of course; I may be running my neck squarely into the noose. But it's all risk, Billy; every move in this night's game. Head up for the courthouse. The judge will be there by this time."

Two minutes beyond this the car was drawing up to the curb on the mesa-facing side of the courthouse square. There were two lighted windows in the second story of the otherwise darkened building, and Smith sprang to the sidewalk.

"Go now and find Harding, and have him bring one trusty deputy with him; I'll be ready by the time you get back," he directed; but Starbuck waited until he had seen Smith safely lost in the shadows of the pillared courthouse entrance before he drove away.

CHAPTER XXV.

A Race to the Swift.

Since Sheriff Harding had left his office in the county jail and had gone home to his ranch on the north side of the river some hours earlier, not a little precious time was consumed in hunting him up. Beyond this, there was another delay in securing the deputy. When Starbuck's car came to a stand for a second time before the mesa-fronting entrance of the courthouse, Smith came quickly across the walk from the portal.

"Mr. Harding," he began abruptly. "Judge Warner has gone home and he has made me his messenger. There is a bit of sharp work to be done, and you'll need a strong posse. Can you deputize fifteen or twenty good men who can be depended upon in a fight and rendezvous them on the north-side river road in two hours from now?"

The sheriff, a big, bearded man who might have sat for the model of one of Frederic Remington's frontiersmen, took time to consider. "Is it a scrap?" he asked.

"It is likely to be. There are warrants to be served, and there will most probably be resistance. Your posse should be well armed."

"We'll try for it," was the decision. "On the north-side river road, you say? You'll want us mounted?"

"It will be better to take horses. We could get autos, but Judge Warner agrees with me that the thing had better be done quietly and without making too much of a stir in town."

"All right," said the man of the law. "It that all?"

"No, not quite all. The first of the warrants is to be served here in Brewster—upon Mr. Crawford Stanton. Your deputy will probably find him at the Hophra House. Here is the paper: it is a bench warrant of commitment on a charge of conspiracy, and Stanton is to be locked up. Also you are to see to it that your jail telephone is out of order, so that Stanton won't be able to make any attempt to get a hearing and bail before tomorrow."

"That part of it is mighty risky," said Harding. "Does the judge know about that, too?"

"He does; and for the ends of pure justice, he concurs with me—though, of course, he couldn't give a mandatory order."

The sheriff turned to his jail deputy, who had descended from the rumbled seat in the rear.

"You've heard the dope, Jimmie," he said shortly. "Go and get His Nobs and lock him up. And if he wants to be yelling 'Help!' and sending for his lawyer or somebody, why, the telephone's takin' a lay-off. Savvy?"

The deputy nodded and turned upon his heel, stuffing the warrant for Stanton's arrest into his pocket as he went. Smith swung up beside Starbuck, saying: "In a couple of hours, then, Mr. Harding; somewhere near the bridge approach on the other side of the river."

Starbuck had started the motor and was bending forward to adjust the oil feed when the sheriff left them.

"You seem to have made a ten-strike with Judge Warner," the ex-cowpuncher remarked, replacing the flash-lamp in its seat pocket.

"Judge Warner is a man in every inch of him; but there is something behind this night's work that I don't quite understand," was the quick reply. "I had hardly begun to state the case when the judge interrupted me. 'I know,' he said. 'I have been waiting for you people to come and ask for relief.' What do you make of that, Billy?"

"I don't know; unless someone in Stanton's outfit has wshed. Shw might have done it. He has been to Bob Stillings, and Stillings says he is sore at Stanton for some reason. Shaw was trying to get Stillings to agree to drop the railroad case against him, and Bob says he made some vague promise of help in the High Line business if the railroad people would agree not to prosecute."

"There is a screw loose somewhere; I know by the way Judge Warner took hold. When I proposed to swear out the warrant for Stanton's arrest, he said, 'I can't understand, Mr. Smith, why you haven't done this before,' and he sat down and filled out the blank. But we can let that go for the present. How are you going to get me across the river without taking me through the heart of the town and giving the Brewster police a shy at me?"

Starbuck's answer was wordless. With a quick twist of the pilot wheel he sent the car skidding around the corner, using undue haste, as it seemed, since they had two hours before them. A few minutes farther along the lights of the town had been left behind and the car was speeding swiftly westward on a country road paralleling the railway track; the road over which Smith had twice driven with the kidnapped Jibbey.

"I'm still guessing," the passenger ventured, when the last of the railroad distance signals had flashed to the rear. And then: "What's the frantic hurry, Billy?"

Starbuck was running with the muffler cut out, but now he cut it in and the roar of the motor sank to a humming murmur.

"I thought so," he remarked, turning his head to listen. "You didn't notice that police whistle just as we were leaving the courthouse, did you?—nor the answers to it while we were dodging through the suburbs? Somebody has marked us down and passed the word, and now they're chasing us with a buzz-wagon. Don't you hear it?"

By this time Smith could hear the sputtering roar of the following car only too plainly.

"It's a big one," he commented. "You can't outrun it, Billy; and, be-



"You've Heard the Dope, Jimmie."

sides, there is nowhere to run to in this direction."

Again Starbuck's reply translated itself into action. With a skillful touch of the controls he sent the car ahead at top speed, and for a matter of ten miles or more held a diminishing lead in the race through sheer good driving and an accurate knowledge of the road and its twistings and turnings. But the road would soon become a cart track in the mountains; there was no outlet to the north save by means of the railroad bridge at Little Butte station, and from somewhere up the valley and beyond the railroad bridge came the distance-softened whistle of a train.

Starbuck set a high mark for himself as a courageous driver of motor-cars when he came to the last of the three road crossings. Jerking the car around sharply at the instant of track-crossing, he headed straight out over the ties for the railroad bridge. It was a courting of death. To drive the bridge at racing speed was hazardous enough, but to drive it thus in the face of a downcoming train seemed nothing less than madness.

It was after the car had shot into the first of the three bridge spans that the pursuers pulled up and opened fire. Starbuck bent lower over his wheel, and Smith clutched for handholds. Far up the track on the north side of the river a headlight flashed in the darkness, and the hoarse blast of a locomotive, whistling for the bridge, echoed and re-echoed among the hills.

Starbuck drove for his life. With the bridge fairly crossed, he found himself on a high embankment; and the oncoming train was now less than half a mile away. Somewhere beyond the bridge approach there was a road; so much Starbuck could recall. If they could reach it crossing before the collision should come—

They did reach it, by what seemed to Smith a margin of no more than the length of the heavy freight train which went jangling past them a scant second or so after the car had been wrenched aside into the obscure mesa road. They had gone a mile or more on the reverse leg of the long down-river detour before Starbuck cut the speed and turned the wheel over to his seat-mate.

"Take her a minute while I get the makings," he said, dry-lipped, feeling in his pockets for tobacco and the rice paper. Then he added: "Holy Solomon! I never wanted a smoke so bad in all my life!"

Smith's laugh was a chuckle. "Gets next to you—after the fact—doesn't it? That's where we split. I had my scare before we hit the bridge, and it tasted like a mouthful of bitter aloes. Does this road take us back up the river?"

"It takes us twenty miles around through the Park and comes in at the head of Little creek. But we have plenty of time. You told Harding two hours, didn't you?"

"Yes; but I must have a few minutes at Hillcrest before we get action, Billy."

Starbuck took the wheel again and said nothing until the roundabout race had been fully run and he was easing the car down the last of the hills into the Little Creek road. There had

been three-quarters of an hour of skillful driving over a bad road to come between Smith's remark and its reply, but Starbuck apparently made no account of the length of the interval.

"You're aiming to go and see Corry?" he asked, while the car was coasting to the hill bottom.

"Yes."

With a sudden flick of the controls and a quick jamming of the brakes, Starbuck brought the car to a stand just as it came into the level road.

"We're man to man here under the canopy, John; and Corry Baldwin hasn't got any brother," he offered gravely. "I'm backing you in this business fight for all I'm worth—for Dick Maxwell's sake and the colonel's, and maybe a little bit for the sake of my own ante of twenty thousand. And I'm ready to back you in this old-home scrap with all the money you'll need to make your fight. But when it comes to the little girl it's different. Have you any good and fair right to hunt up Corry Baldwin while things are shaping themselves up as they are?"

Smith met the shrewd inquisition fairly. "Give it a name," he said shortly. "I will; I'll give it the one you gave it a while back. You said you were an outlaw, on two charges: embezzlement and assault. We'll let the assault go. But the other thing doesn't taste good."

"I didn't embezzle anything, Billy. I thought I made that plain."

"So you did. But you also made it plain that the home court would be likely to send you up for it, guilty or not guilty. And with a thing like that hanging over you . . . you see, I know Corry Baldwin, John. If you put it up to her tonight, and she happens to fall in with your side of it—which is what you're aiming to make her do—all hell won't keep her from going back home with you and seeing you through!"

"Billy, I may never see her again. I said I wouldn't tell her—that I loved her too well to tell her . . . but now the final pinch has come, and I—"

"And that isn't all," Starbuck went on relentlessly. "There's this Miss Rich-accres. Your hands ain't clean, John; not clean enough to let you go to Hillcrest tonight."

Smith groped in his pockets, found a cigar and lighted it.

"Pull out to the side of the road and we'll kill what time there is to kill right here," he directed soberly. And then: "What you say is right as right, Billy. Once more, I guess, I was loosed for the minute. Forget it; and while you're about it, forget Miss Richlander, too. Luckily for her, she is out of it—as far out of it as I am."

CHAPTER XXVI.

Freedom.

On the northern bank of the Timanoni the Brewster street, of which the wagon bridge is a prolongation, becomes a country road, forking a few hundred yards from the bridge approach to send one of its branchings northward among the Little Creek ranches and another westward up the right bank of the stream.

At this fork of the road, between eleven and twelve o'clock of the night of alarms, Sheriff Harding's party of special deputies began to assemble. Under each man's saddle flap was slung the regulation weapon of the West—a scabbarded repeating rifle; and the small troop bunching itself in the river road looked serviceably militant and businesslike.

An automobile rolled silently down the mesa road from the north and came to a stand among the horses. The sheriff drew rein beside the car and spoke to one of the two occupants:

"Well, Mr. Smith, we're all here." "How many?" was the curt question. "Twenty."

"Good. Here is your authority"—handing the legal papers to the officer. "Before we go in you ought to know the facts. A few hours ago a man named McGraw, calling himself a deputy United States marshal and claiming to be acting under instructions from Judge Lorching's court in Red Butte, took possession of our dam and camp. On the even chance that he isn't what he claims to be, we are going to arrest him and every man in his crowd. Are you game for it?"

"I'm game to serve any papers that Judge Warner's got the nerve to issue," was the big man's reply. "That's the talk; that's what I hoped to hear you say. Was Stanton arrested?"

"He sure was. Strothers found him in the Hophra House bar, and the line of talk he turned loose would have set a wet blanket afire. Just the same, he had to go along with Jimmie and get himself locked up."

"That is the first step; now if you're ready, we'll take the next." Harding rode forward and the advance began. For the first mile or so the midnight silence was unbroken save by the subdued progress noises and the murmurs of the nearby river in its bed. Once Smith took the wheel while Starbuck rolled and lighted a cigarette. It was Starbuck who harked back to the talk which had been so abruptly broken off.

"Let's not head into this ruction with an unpecked bone betwixt us, John," he began gently. "Maybe I said too much, back yonder at the foot of the hill."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Its Merit.

"You call this portrait of your wife a beautiful work of art? I must say it is not a speaking likeness of her." "That's the beauty of it."

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)
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LESSON FOR OCTOBER 14.

RETURNING FROM CAPTIVITY.

LESSON TEXT—Ezra 1.
GOLDEN TEXT—The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad.—Psalms 126:3.

Israel went into captivity because of her sins. The time of her disciplinary process was about to end, as its purpose was now accomplished; namely, the cure of Israel's idolatry. Ever since the Babylonian captivity the Hebrew people have been worshippers of the one God. Monotheism has stood forth as a vital characteristic. The main reason for the Jews' maintenance of racial identity in spite of their national dislocation and the breaking up of their social ties, is the unity of their faith, around the one God.

I. The Proclamation of Cyrus (vv. 1-4).

(1) The Time of (v. 1). The first year of Cyrus; that is the first year after his conquest of Babylon.

(2) How It Was Brought About (v. 1). The Lord stirred up his spirit. The Lord often uses very unlikely agents in the accomplishment of his purposes. There is nothing too hard for him. He can readily use a heathen king to accomplish his purpose. He can find a way of approach to any heart. Likely Daniel was the agent used to bring the matter to the king's attention. Daniel was still the influential prime minister of Babylon.

From his study of the prophecies of Jeremiah (Jer. 25:12; Isa. 45:1; compare Daniel 9:2), he knew that the time was near for the return of the people to their own land, so he likely brought the matter to the attention of the king and persuaded him to thus favor his people.

(3) Its Contents (vv. 2-4). (a) A confession of the true God (vv. 2, 3).

He acknowledges him to be the God of heaven, the Most High, the Supreme God, a God of goodness. He declared, "He has given me all the kingdoms of the earth," and that God had with authority laid upon him the charge of building him a house at Jerusalem.

(b) A Generous Permission to Israel (v. 3). All who desired to go up to Jerusalem and build the Lord's house were permitted to go. He even commanded the blessing of the Lord to be upon them.

(c) A Positive Co-Operation (v. 4). None were obliged to go up, but a positive obligation was laid upon those who did not go up to render assistance to those who did. They were to aid in the building of the house of God by giving money, beasts and goods. It was more than a free-will offering, an obligation in addition thereto. The obligation was even wider than the people of Israel. The heathen were asked to render aid.

II. Response to the Proclamation of Cyrus (vv. 5, 6).

(1) By Israel (v. 5). Strange to say the decree of Cyrus was not met with great enthusiasm. Only a small number, chiefly from Judah and Benjamin, returned (v. 5). For most of them it meant giving up business interests, for they had settled down to the regular callings of life. Besides the sacrifice of business interests it involved great risks as to the future. The entire company, including servants, was about fifty thousand (2:64). Of this company we note the following divisions; first, chiefs of the fathers of Judah and Benjamin, that is magistrates; second, priests and Levites, leaders in religion; third, skillful artificers, head workmen.

(2) By Their Neighbors (v. 6). This response was apparently more hearty than that of the Jews themselves. Their neighbors gave freely of gold, silver, beasts and goods. God had not only graciously disposed the heart of Cyrus toward his people, but they found peculiar favor from their neighbors, so that their wants were abundantly supplied.

III. Restoration of the Sacred Vessels (vv. 7-11). These vessels had been carried away to Babylon many years before. Little did Nebuchadnezzar realize that he would put into safe keeping the vessels which would be needed at this time. They were carefully numbered and turned over to the proper officers. Except for their desecration in Belshazzar's feast, they were none the worst for having been carried away. These were brought up to Jerusalem from Babylon.

Poverty.

Poverty is only contemptible when it is felt to be so. Doubtless the best way to make our poverty respectable is to seem never to feel it as an evil.—Bovee.

Love's Secret.

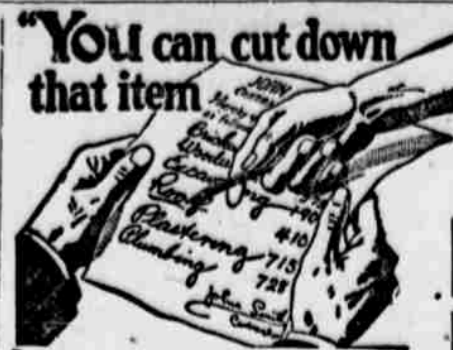
Love's secret is to be always doing things for God, and not to mind because they are such very little ones.—Frederick W. Faber.

Honest Endeavors.

I think that there is success in all honest endeavor, and that there is some victory gained in every gallant struggle that is made.—Dickens.

Power of Lilies.

Trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle.—Michael Angelo.



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Somewhat Hunched.

A marriage broker brought an assistant along to a conference about a bride. This assistant was to confirm his assertions.

"She is well made, like a pine tree," said the agent.

"Like a pine tree," repeated the assistant.

"She is cultured beyond words."

"Wonderfully cultured," came the echo.

"However, one thing is true," confessed the broker, "she has a slight hunch on her back."

"And what a hunch!" confirmed the assistant.

Needed His Muscles.

The wounded Tommy writhed and squirmed as the masseuse, with iron fingertips, massaged his injured leg. At last he burst out:

"Arf a mo. What d'yer think yer a-doing of? Ow!"

"It's all right," said the masseuse. "I'm kneading your muscles."

The Tommy gently but firmly pulled his leg away from the none too gentle grasp of his tormentor, and breathed: "So'm I."

All the Same to Pat.

An Irish recruit was placed on his first spell of sentry duty, and had vague ideas of what a "sentry" meant. He had wandered a little out of his position.

He was accosted by an officer with: "What are you here for, my man?" "Faith, your honor," said Pat, with his accustomed grin of good humor, "they tell me I am here for a century!"

Pianos Made in Italy.

In order that all industries in Italy may be national, that kingdom is setting up a piano factory designed on the best American and French models. Before the war the piano trade was nearly all in the hands of Germans.

Very Long Game.

Hostess—But when you got so far north that the nights were three months long, it must have been inexpressibly dreary. How did you put in your time?
Arctic Explorer—Madam, we devoted the evening to a game of chess.

Give the Wheat to the soldiers, but give me POST TOASTIES (MADE OF CORN)

