

# The Real Man

By FRANCIS LYNDE

Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

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CHAPTER XII—Continued.

Smith, especially in this later incarnation which had so radically changed him, believed as little in the psychic as any hardheaded young business iconoclast of an agnostic century could. But on this particular evening when he was smoking his after-dinner pipe on the flagstoned porch with Corona for his companion, there were phenomena apparently unexplainable on any purely material hypothesis.

"I am sure I have much less than a half of the curiosity that women are said to have, but, really, I do want to know what dreadful thing has happened to you since we met you in the High Line offices this morning—mamma and I." was the way in which one of the phenomena was made to occur; and Smith started so nervously that he dropped his pipe.

"You can be the most unexpected person, when you try," he laughed, but the laugh scarcely rang true. "What makes you think that anything has happened?"

"I don't think—I know," the small seeress went on with calm assurance. "You've been telling us in all sorts of dumb ways that you've had an upsetting shock of some kind; and I don't believe it's another lawsuit. Am I right, so far?"

"I believe you are a witch, and it's a mighty good thing you didn't live in the Salem period," he rejoined. "They would have hanged you to a dead moral certainty."

"Then there was something?" she queried; adding, jubilantly: "I knew it!"

"Go on," said the one to whom it had happened; "go on and tell me the rest of it."

"Oh, that isn't fair; even a professional clairvoyant has to be told the color of her eyes and hair."

"What-what? The ejaculation was fairly jarred out of him and for the moment he fancied he could feel a cool breeze blowing up the back of his neck. The clairvoyant who did not claim to be a professional was laughing softly.

"You told me once that a woman was adorable in the exact degree in which she could afford to be visibly transparent; yes, you said 'afford,' and I've been holding it against you. Now I'm going to pay you back. You are the transparent one, this time. You have as good as admitted that the 'happening' thing isn't a man; 'what-what' always means that, you know; so it must be a woman. Is it the Miss Richlander you were telling me about not long ago?"

"There are times when any mere man may be shocked into telling the truth, and Smith had come face to face with one of them. 'It is,' he said.

"She is in Brewster?"

"Yes. She came this evening."

"You ran away? That was horribly unkind, don't you think—after she had come so far?"

"Hold on," she broke in. "Don't let's go so fast. I didn't ask her to come. And, besides, she didn't come to see me."

"Did she tell you that?"

"I have taken precious good care that she shouldn't have the chance. I saw her name—and her father's—on the hotel register; and just about that time I remembered that I could probably get a bite to eat out here."

"You are queer! All men are a little queer, I think—always excepting colonel-daddy. Don't you want to see her?"

"Indeed, I don't!"

"Not even for old times' sake?"

"No; not even for old times' sake. I've given you the wrong impression completely. If you think there is any obligation on my part. It might have drifted on to the other things in the course of time, simply because neither of us might have known any better than to let it drift. But that's all a back number, now."

"Just the same, her coming shocked you."

"It certainly did," he confessed soberly; and then: "Have you forgotten what I told you about the circumstances under which I left home?"

"Oh!" she murmured, and as once before there was a little gasp to go with the word. Then: "She wouldn't—she wouldn't—"

"No," he answered; "she wouldn't; but her father would."

"So her father wanted her to marry the other man, did he?"

Smith's laugh was an easing of strains. "You've pumped me dry," he returned, the sardonic humor reasserting itself.

A motorcar was coming up the driveway. It was high time that an interruption of some sort was breaking in, and when the colonel appeared and brought Stillings with him to the lounging end of the porch, a business conference began which gave Miss Corona an excuse to disappear, and which accounted easily for the remainder of the evening.

Smith returned to Brewster the next morning by way of the dam, making the long detour count for as much as possible in the matter of sheer time-killing. It was a little before noon when he reached town by the roundabout route, and went to the hotel to reconnoiter. The room clerk who gave him his key gave him also the information he craved.

"Mr. Richlander? Oh, yes; he left early this morning by the stage. He is interested in some gold properties up in the range beyond Topaz. Fine old gentleman. Do you know him, Mr. Smith?"

"The name seemed familiar when I saw it on the register last evening," was Smith's evasion; "but it is not such a very uncommon name. He didn't say when he was coming back?"

"No."

Smith took a fresh hold upon life and liberty. While the world is perilously narrow in some respects, it is comfortably broad in others, and a danger once safely averted is a danger lessened. Snatching a hasty luncheon in the grillroom, the fighting manager of Timanyoni High Line hurried across to the private suite in the Kinzle building offices into which he had lately moved and once more plunged into the business battle.

Notwithstanding a new trouble which Stillings had wished to talk over with his president and the financial manager the night before—the claim set up by the dead-and-gone railroad to the right of way across the Timanyoni at the dam—the battle was progressing favorably. Williams was accomplishing the incredible in the matter of speed, and the dam was now nearly ready to withstand the high-water stresses when they should come. The powerhouse was rising rapidly, and the machinery was on the way from the East. Altogether things were looking more hopeful than they had at any period since the hasty reorganization. Smith attacked the multifarious details of his many-sided job with returning energy. If he could make shift to hold on for a few days or weeks longer. . .

While Smith was dictating the final batch of letters to the second stenographer a young man with sleepy eyes and yellow creosote stains on his fingers came in to ask for a job. Smith put him off until the correspondence was finished and then gave him a hearing.

"What kind of work are you looking for?" was the brisk query.

"Shorthand work, if I can get it," said the man out of a job.

Smith was needing another stenographer and he looked the applicant over appraisingly. The appraisal was not entirely satisfactory. There was a certain shifty furtiveness in the half-opened eyes, and the rather weak chin hinted at a possible lack of the discreetness which is the prime requisite in a confidential clerk.

"Any business experience?"

"Yes; I've done some railroad work."

"Here in Brewster?"

Shaw lied smoothly. "No; in Omaha."

"Any recommendations?"

The young man produced a handful of "To Whom It May Concern" letters. They were all on business letterheads, and were apparently genuine, though none of them were local. Smith ran them over hastily and he had no means of knowing that they had been carefully prepared by Crawford Stanton at no little cost in ingenuity and painstaking. How careful the preparation had been was revealed in the applicant's ready suggestion.

"You can write or wire to any of these gentlemen," he said; "only, if there is a job open, I'd be glad to go to work on trial."

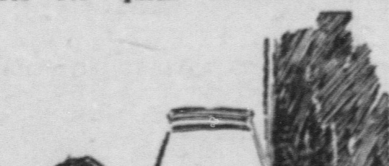
The business training of the present makes for quick decisions. Smith

snapped a rubber band around the letters and shot them into a pigeonhole of his desk.

"We'll give you a chance to show what you can do," he told the man out of work. "If you measure up to the requirements, the job will be permanent. You may come in tomorrow morning and report to Mr. Miller, the chief clerk."

Having other things to think of, Smith forgot the sleepy-eyed young fellow instantly. But it is safe to assume that he would not have dismissed the incident so readily if he had known that Shaw had been waiting in the ante-room during the better part of the dictating interval, and that on the departing applicant's cuffs were microscopic notes of a number of the more important letters.

### CHAPTER XIII.



"Sweet Fortune's Minion."

It was late dinner-time when Smith closed the big roll-top desk in the new

private suite in the Kinzle building offices and went across the street to the hotel. The great dining room of the Hopra House was on the ground floor. The room was well filled, but the head waiter found Smith a small table in the shelter of one of the pillars and brought him an evening paper.

Smith gave his dinner order and began to glance through the paper. The subdued chatter and clamor of the big room dinned pleasantly in his ears. Half absent he realized that the head waiter was seating someone at the place opposite his own; then the faint odor of violets, instantly reminiscent, came to his nostrils. He knew instinctively, and before he could put the newspaper aside, what had happened. Hence the shock, when he found himself face to face with Verda Richlander, was not so completely paralyzing as it might have been. She was looking across at him with a lazy smile in the glorious brown eyes, and the surprise was quite evidently no surprise for her.

"I told the waiter to bring me over here," she explained; and then, quite

pleasantly: "It is an exceedingly little world, isn't it, Montague?"

He nodded gloomily.

"Much too little for a man to hide in," he agreed; adding: "But I think I have known that, all along; known, at least, that it would be only a question of time."

After the waiter had taken Miss Richlander's order she began again.

"Why did you run away?" she asked. Smith shrugged his shoulders helplessly.

"What else was there for me to do? Besides, I believed, at the time, that I had killed Dunham. I could have sworn he was dead when I left him."

She was toying idly with the salad-fork. "Sometimes I am almost sorry that he wasn't," she offered.

"Which is merely another way of saying that you were unforgiving enough to wish to see me hanged?" he suggested, with a sour smile.

"It wasn't altogether that; no." There was a pause and then she went on: "I suppose you know what has been happening since you ran away—what has been done in Lawrenceville, I mean?"

"I know that I have been indicted by the grand jury and that there is a reward out for me. It's two thousand dollars, isn't it?"

She let the exact figure of the reward go unconfirmed.

"And still you are going about in public as if all the hue and cry meant nothing to you? The beard is an improvement—it makes you look older and more determined—but it doesn't disguise you. I should have known you anywhere, and other people will."

Again his shoulders went up.

"What's the use?" he said. "I couldn't dig deep enough nor fly high enough to dodge everybody. You have found me, and if you hadn't, somebody else would have. It would have been the same any time and anywhere."

"I was intending to go on up to the mines with father," she said evenly. "But last evening, while I was waiting for him to finish his talk with some mining men, I was standing in the mezzanine, looking down into the lobby. I saw you go to the desk and leave your key; so I told father that I had changed my mind about going out to the mines and he seemed greatly relieved. He had been trying to persuade me that I should be much more comfortable if I should wait for him here."

It was no stirring of belated sentiment that made Smith say: "You— you cared enough to wish to see me?"

"Naturally," she replied. "Some people forget easily; others don't. I suppose I am one of the others."

Smith remembered the proverb about a woman scorned and saw a menace more to be feared than all the terrors of the law lurking in the even-toned rejoinder. It was with some foolish idea of thrusting the menace aside at any cost that he said: "You have only to send a ten-word telegram to Sheriff Macaulay," she asked placidly. "I'm not sure that it isn't your duty to do so."

"Why should you telegraph Barton Macaulay?" she asked placidly. "I'm not one of his deputies."

"But you believe me guilty, don't you?"

The handsome shoulders twitched in the barest hint of indifference. "As I have said, I am not in Barton Macaulay's employ—nor in Mr. Watrous Dunham's. Neither am I the judge and jury to put you in the prisoner's box and try you. I suppose you knew what you were doing, and why you did it. But I do think you might have written me a line, Montague. That would have been the least you could have done."

For some time afterward the talk

was not resumed. Miss Richlander was apparently enjoying her dinner. Smith was not enjoying his, but he ate as a troubled man often will; mechanically and as a matter of routine. It was not until the dessert had been served that the young woman took up the thread of the conversation precisely as if it had never been dropped.

"I think you know that you have no reason to be afraid of me, Montague; but I can't say as much for father. He will be back in a few days, and when he comes it will be prudent for you to vanish. That is a future, however."

Smith's laugh was brittle.

"We'll leave it a future, if you like. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

"Oh; so you class me as an evil, do you?"

"No; you know I didn't mean that; I merely mean that it's no use crossing the bridges before we come to them. I've been living from day to day so long now, that I am becoming hardened to it."

Again there was a pause, and again it was Miss Richlander who broke it. The slow smile was dimpling again at the corners of the perfect mouth.

"You are going to need a little help, Montague—my help—aren't you? It occurs to me that you can well afford to show me some little friendly attention while I am Robinson-Crusoe here waiting for father to come back."

"Let me understand," he broke in, frowning across the table at her. "You are willing to ignore what has happened—to that extent? You are not forgetting that in the eyes of the law I am a criminal?"

She made a faint little gesture of impatience.

"Why do you persist in dragging that in? I am not supposed to know anything about your business affairs, with Watrous Dunham or anybody else. Besides, no one knows me here, and no one cares. Besides, again, I am a stranger in a strange city and we are—or we used to be—old friends."

Her half-cynical tone made him frown again, thoughtfully, this time.

"Women are curious creatures," he commented. "I used to think I knew a little something about them, but I guess it was a mistake. What do you want me to do?"

"Oh, anything you like; anything that will keep me from being bored to death."

Smith laid his napkin aside and glanced at his watch.

"There is a play of some kind on at the opera house, I believe," he said, rising and going around to draw her chair aside. "If you'd care to go, I'll see if I can hold somebody up for a couple of seats."

"That is more like it. I used to be afraid that you hadn't a drop of sporting blood in you, Montague, and I am glad to learn, even at this late day, that I was mistaken. Take me upstairs, and we'll go to the play."

They left the dining room together, and there was more than one pair of eyes to follow them in frank admiration.

"What a strikingly handsome couple," said a bejeweled lady who sat at the table nearest the door; and her companion, a gentleman with restless eyes and thin lips and a rather wicked jaw, said: "Yes; I don't know the woman, but the man is Colonel Baldwin's new financier; the fellow who calls himself 'John Smith.'"

The bediamonded lady smiled dryly.

"You say that as if you had a mortal quarrel with his name, Crawford. If I were the girl, I shouldn't find fault with the name. You say you don't know her?"

Stanton had pushed his chair back and was rising. "Take your time with the ice cream, and I'll join you later upstairs. I'm going to find out who the girl is, since you want to know."

### CHAPTER XIV.

Broken Threads.

Mr. Crawford Stanton a little later went upstairs to rejoin the resplendent lady, who was taking her after-dinner ease in the most comfortable lounging-chair the mezzanine parlors afforded.

"No good," he reported. "The girl's name is Richlander, and she—or her father—comes from one of half a dozen 'Lawrencevilles'—you can take your choice among 'em."

"Money?" queried the comfortable one.

"Buying mines in the Topaz," said the husband mechanically. He was not thinking specially of Mr. Josiah Richlander's possible or probable rating with the commercial agencies; he was wondering how well Miss Richlander knew John Smith, and in what manner she could be persuaded to tell what she might know. While he was turning it over in his mind the two in question, Smith and the young woman, passed through the lobby on their way to the theater. Stanton, watching them narrowly from the vantage-point afforded by the galleried mezzanine, drew his own conclusions. By all the little signs they were not merely chance acquaintances or even casual friends. Their relations were closer—and of longer standing.

Stanton puzzled over his problem a long time, long after Mrs. Stanton had forsaken the easy chair and had disappeared from the scene. His Eastern employers were growing frantically impatient. Who was this fellow Smith, and what was his backing? they were beginning to ask; and with the asking there were intimations that if Mr. Crawford Stanton were finding his task too difficult, there was always an alternative.

### (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Curse of Modern Life.

To eat what you like, and all you like, may be a merry life, but it will be a short one. The curse of modern life is overfeeding.—Dr. Frank Crane.

## WILSON IN HISTORY

### President Will Take High Rank as Statesman.

#### Even His Most Bitter Political Opponents Must Admit Him to Be a Figure of Exceptional Intellectual and Moral Power.

If a man could sit down today and write the estimate of Woodrow Wilson that loyal Americans of 50 years hence will stamp with their approval, it would be a work to which his descendants and followers might point with pride. It is a thing which none can do and few would attempt; yet the reading of great men's characters is one of the most fascinating employments of the intellectual life. The secrets of the past supply an infallible guide to the events of tomorrow.

Perhaps the man never lived who would have held so resolutely and skillfully the course of external and intellectual neutrality that President Wilson followed for almost three years. In the face of incessant and terrific onslaughts from both German and anti-German sides. Under the stress of this pressure—insidious, adroit, violent, resourceful—his resistance in devotion to what he thought was wise, right and necessary to be done established him in all discerning and candid minds as a figure of exceptional intellectual and moral power.

The exceeding mobility of Mr. Wilson's mental equipment has borne fruit in frequent changes of opinion. This is a fault, if we compare it with the rather ideal quality of being right in the first place and sticking to it; but it is a wonderful virtue if we take it from the point of view of a man experienced in international relations, especially in the acute issues of unprecedented world conflagration—as which of us was not? Who could have come out of the still, cool valley of peace and the cloistered shades of the university into the terrifying storms of this awful war and not have been driven at times into blind pockets of the hills, from which retreat was inevitable? Nobody asks for men who never make a mistake. We hope their errors may be as few as possible, but we pray that they may have the grace to abandon them for the true course as soon as they are seen to be wrong.

#### Wallowing About the Loan.

Perhaps the \$2,000,000,000 loan could have been more effectively handled. The diurnal wallers at Washington and in Park row are pretty sure to point out that, in spite of the money in hand, it is all wrong. But the public will be content with the simple fact that a loan which had to be raised has been raised.

With much scrambling and panting and perspiring our awkward and flabby democracy is managing to get things done. Country-wide apathy was to make the loan a failure; it has not failed. Country-wide conspiracy was to frustrate the draft registration; the expected names have been forthcoming. We were to mark time in our training camps while France was crying out for men; General Pershing is in France. The submarine was to defeat our navy like idle; our destroyers are in British waters. Compulsion would have to be brought in to fill up the regular army; in little more than a month the regular army will be filled up by voluntary enlistment.

The business of wallowing is getting a little more difficult every day, but there is no reason to suppose that it will be forced into involuntary bankruptcy. Every cloud has its dark side. There will always be something to nag about—the lack of camp comforts at Plattsburg, or the criminal deficiency in Pullman accommodations for troop transport, or some such excess of the red tape practitioners at Washington. But then, without wallowing, where would democracy be?—New York Evening Post.

#### Make War With All Our Strength.

American love peace, but they would be unworthy their heritage if they did not love liberty more.

Only by showing their willingness and readiness to fight—and fight with all their strength—can a people who love liberty hope to preserve liberty when its existence is threatened.

The crisis forced upon this nation by the German government places liberty at stake in this land just as Germany's assaults upon other nations have threatened the overthrow of liberty in Europe.

In this crisis American duty is plain. Neither the sinister scheming of pacifists and pro-Germans nor the cowardly cry for a defensive war; neither the anti-Britishism in high places which comes perilously near to being a pro-Germanism, nor the parochialism that hides itself behind the plaint against "entangling alliances" can be permitted to paralyze the military arms of the United States.

#### Not an Army at War, But a Nation.

The power against which we are arrayed has sought to impose its will upon the world by force. In the sense in which we have been wont to think of armies there are no armies in this struggle. There are entire nations armed. Thus, the men who remain to till the soil and man the factories are no less a part of the army than that in France, than the men beneath the battle flags. It must be so with us. It is not an army that we must shape and train for war; it is a nation.—President's Draft Proclamation.

## Druggist's Experience With Kidney Medicine

I have handled and sold Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root for some time and have heard customers claim that it had produced very satisfactory results in different ailments of the kidneys, liver and bladder. I have nothing but favorable reports at hand and my personal opinion is that there is not anything on the market that will equal Swamp-Root for disease of the kidneys, liver and bladder and I know of a physician who is a very strong believer in the merits of Swamp-Root. Very truly yours,  
J. M. WATTS.  
Wattsville, Miss.  
Sept. 29, 1916.

#### Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You

Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Adv.

#### Its Place.

"I see the hand of fate in Europe."  
"Yes, the deuce is taking the kings."

The occasional use of Roman Eye Balsam at night upon retiring will prevent and relieve tired eyes, watery eyes, and eye strain. Adv.

#### Marine Life.

According to C. H. Shoemaker of the United States National Museum, the Danish West Indies offer an interesting field for study in marine life. In one of his expeditions to St. Thomas he found among other specimens, great numbers of a beautiful dark purplish red crab and many species of small, vividly-colored fish swimming about the coral. These were in shades of red and blue, and through the clear waters were beautiful objects.

## FRECKLES

#### Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.

There is no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as the prescription ointment—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots. Simply get an ounce of ointment—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength ointment, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Adv.

#### "Dressmaking Not an Art."

That dressmaking is not an art, but labor, was held by a jury in the United States district court recently, in the case of Albert de Vroye, husband of Marie de Vroye, fashionable dressmaker, says the St. Louis Star. He was fined \$1,000 for violation of a federal statute forbidding the importation of contract labor into the United States.

The statute leaves several exceptions, including actors and artists. Shepard Barclay, attorney for De Vroye, contended a skilled dressmaker is an artist.

The prosecuting witness was a Belgian woman. She testified that in 1911 she answered an advertisement inserted by De Vroye in a Brussels newspaper for a premier dressmaker, capable of designing and executing dress patterns. She testified she was hired by De Vroye in Brussels at 375 francs (about \$72) a month and brought to the United States.

In Bed.

John—I'm going to kill that mosquito.

Wife—Don't bother, John. John—You think I want to be bitten just as I doze off?

Wife—But they always buzz first. They buzz like a telephone.

John—Yes, and like a telephone buzz, they don't buzz till the connection's been made.—Chaparral.

A thunderstorm may purify the atmosphere, but that is poor consolation to the man who has been struck by lightning.

## Instant Postum

A table drink that has taken the place of coffee in thousands of American homes.

"There's a Reason"



Delightful flavor  
Rich aroma  
Healthful  
Economical

Sold by grocers everywhere.