

# The Real Man

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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## CHAPTER XVI—(Continued.)

On the day following the hindering concrete failure at the dam, Smith gave still more color to the charges of his detractors in the business field. Those whose affairs brought them in contact with him found a man suddenly grown years older and harder, boody and harshly dictatorial, not to say quarrelsome; a man who seemed to have parted, in the short space of a single night, with all of the humanizing affabilities which he had shown to such a marked degree in the reorganizing and refinancing of the irrigation project.

"We've got our young Napoleon of finance on the toboggan slide, at last," was the way in which Mr. Crawford Stanton phrased it for the bejeweled lady at their luncheon in the Hophra cafe. "Kinzie is about to throw him over, and all this talk about botch-work on the dam is getting his goat. They're telling it around town this morning that you can't get near him without risking a fight. Old Man Backus went up to his office in behalf of a bunch of the scared stockholders, and Smith abused him first and then threw him out bodily—hurt him pretty savagely, they say."

The large lady's accurately penciled eyebrows went up in mild surprise. "Bad temper?" she queried.

"Bad temper, or an acute attack of 'rattletails,' you can take your choice. I suppose he hasn't, by any chance, quarreled with Miss Richlander overnight?—or has he?"

The fat lady shook her diamonds. "I should say not. They were at luncheon together in the ladies' ordinary as I came down a few minutes ago."

Thus the partner of Crawford Stanton's joys and sorrows, but an invisible onlooker in the small dining room above-stairs might have drawn other conclusions. Smith and the daughter of the Lawrenceville magnate had a small table to themselves, and if the talk were not precisely quarrelsome, it leaned that way at times.

"I have never seen you quite so brutal and impossible as you are today, Montague. You don't seem like the same man. Are you going to reconsider and take me out to the Baldwin ranch this afternoon?"

"And let you parade me there as your latest acquisition?—never in this world!"

"More brutality. Positively you are getting me into a frame of mind in which Tucker Jibbey will seem like a blessed relief. Whatever do you suppose has become of Tucker?"

"How should I know?"

"If he had come in last night, and you had met him—as I asked you to—in any such heavenly temper as you are indulging now, I might think you had murdered him."

It was doubtless by sheer accident that Smith, reaching at the moment for the salad oil, overturned his water glass. But the small accident by no means accounted for the sudden graying of his face under the Timanyon wind tan—for that or for the shaking hands with which he seconded the waiter's anxious efforts to repair the damage. When they were alone again, the momentary trepidation had given place to a renewed hardness that lent a biting rasp to his voice.

"Kinzie, the suspicious old banker that I've been telling you about, is determined to run me down," he said, changing the subject abruptly. "I've got it pretty straight that he is planning to send one of his clerks to the Topaz district to try and find your father, in the hope that he will tell what he knows about me."

"Does this Mr. Kinzie know where father is to be found?"

"He doesn't; that's the only hitch." Miss Verda's smile across the little table was level-eyed.

"I could be lots of help to you, Montague, in this fight you are making, if you'd only let me," she suggested.

"I'll fight for my own hand," was the grating rejoinder. "I can assure you, right now, that Kinzie's messenger will never reach your father—alive."

"Ooh!" shuddered the beauty, with a little lift of the rounded shoulders. "How utterly and hopelessly primitive! Let me show you a much simpler alternative. I have a map of the mining district, you know. Father left it with me—in case I should want to communicate with him."

Smith looked up with a smile which was a mere baring of the teeth.

"You wouldn't get in a man's way with any fine-spun theories of the ultimate right and wrong, would you? You wouldn't say that the only great man is the man who loves his fellow men, and all that?"

Again the handsome shoulders were lifted, this time in cool scorn.

"Are you quoting the little ranch person?" she inquired. Then she answered his query: "The only great men worth speaking of are the men who win. For the lack of something better to do, I'm willing to help you win, Montague. Most naturally, I am the one who would know where my father is to be found. And I have changed my mind about wanting to drive to the Baldwin's. We'll compromise on the play—if there is a play."

"There is a play, and I have the seats," he announced briefly.

"Merci!" she flung back. "Small favors thankfully received, and large ones in proportion; though it's hardly a favor, this time, because I have paid for it in advance. Mr. Kinzie's young man came to see me this morning."

"What did you do?"

"I gave him a tracing of my map, and he was so grateful it made me want to tell him that it was all wrong; that he wouldn't find father in a month if he followed the directions."

"But you didn't?"

"No; I can play the game, when it seems worth while."

Smith was frowning thoughtfully when he led her to the elevator alcove. "My way would have been the surer," he muttered, half to himself.

"Barbarian!" she laughed; and then: "To think that you were once a 'debutante's darling!' Oh, yes; I know it was Carter Westfall who said it first, but it was true enough to name you instantly for all Lawrenceville."

## CHAPTER XVII.

### The Megalomaniac.

Sixty-odd hours before the expiration of the time limit, Bartley Williams, lean and somber-eyed from the strain he had been under for many days and nights, saw the president's gray roadster plowing its way through the mesad sand on the approach to the construction camp, and was glad.

"I've been trying all the morning to squeeze out time to get into town," he told Baldwin, when the roadster came to a stand in front of the shack commissary. "Where is Smith?"

The colonel threw up his hand in a gesture expressive of complete detachment.

"Don't ask me. John has gone plumb loco in these last two or three days. It's as much as your life's worth to ask him where he has been or where he is going or what he means to do next."

"He hasn't stopped fighting?" said the engineer, half aghast at the bare possibility.

"Oh, no; he is at it harder than ever—going it just a shaving too strong. Is what I'd tell him, if he'd let me get near enough to shout at him. Last night, after the theater, he went around to the Herald office, and the way they're talking it on the street he was aiming to shoot up the whole newspaper joint if Mark Allen, the editor, wouldn't take back a bunch of the lies he's been publishing about the High Line. It was found up in a scrap of some sort, but John isn't crippled up any, to speak of, this morning—only in his temper."

Williams shook his head. "I guess we'll have to stand for the grouch, if he'll only keep busy. He has the hot end of it. We couldn't very well get along without him, right now, colonel. With all due respect to you and the members of the board, he is the fighting backbone of the whole outfit."

"He is that," was Baldwin's ready admission. "He is just what we've been calling him from the first, Bartley—a three-ply, dyed-in-the-wool wonder in his specialty. He is fighting now like a man in the last ditch, and I believe he thinks he is in the last ditch."

"It will be only two days more," said the engineer, saying it as one who has been counting the days in keen anxiety. And then: "Stillings told me yesterday that we're not going to get an extension of the time limit from the state authorities."

"No; that little fire went out, blink, just as Smith said it would. Stanton's backers have the political pull—in the state as well as in Washington. They're going to hold us to the letter of the law."

"Let 'em do it. We'll win out yet—if we don't run up against one or both of the only two things I'm afraid of now: high water, or the railroad call-down."

"The railroad grab? Have you heard anything more about that?"

"That is what I was trying to get to town for; to talk the railroad business over with you and Stillings and Smith. They've had a gang here this morning—a bunch of engineers, with a stranger, who gave his name as Hollowell, in charge. They claimed to be verifying the old survey, and Hollowell notified me formally that our dam stood squarely in their right of way for a bridge crossing of the river."

"They didn't serve any papers on you, did they?" inquired the colonel anxiously.

"No; the notice was verbal. But Hollowell wound up with a threat. He said, 'You've had due warning, legally and otherwise, Mr. Williams. This is our right of way, bought and paid for, as we can prove when the matter gets into the courts. You mustn't be surprised if we take whatever steps may be necessary to recover what belongs to us.'"

"Force?" queried the Missourian, with a glint of the border fighter's fire in his eyes.

"Maybe. But we're ready for that."

Did you know that Smith loaded half a dozen cases of new rifles on a motortruck yesterday, and had them sent out here?"

"No!"

"He did—and told me to say nothing about it. It seems that he ordered them some time ago from an arms agency in Denver. That fellow foresees everything, colonel."

Dexter Baldwin had climbed into his car and was making ready to turn it for the run back to town.

"If I were you, Bartley, I believe I'd open up those gun boxes and pass the word among as many of the men as you think you can trust with rifles in their hands. I'll tell Smith—and Bob Stillings."

Colonel Baldwin saw the company's attorney, as soon as he reached Brewster. But Smith was not in his office, and no one seemed to know where he had gone. The colonel shrewdly suspected that Miss Richlander was making another draft upon the secretary's time, and he said as much to Starbuck, later in the day, when the mine owner sauntered into the High Line headquarters and proceeded to roll the inevitable cigarette.

"Not any, this time, colonel," was Starbuck's rebuttal. "You've missed it by a whole row of apple trees. Miss Rich-lander is over at the hotel. I saw her at luncheon with the Stanton's less than an hour ago."

"You haven't seen Smith, have you?"

"No; but I know where he is. He's out in the country, somewhere, taking the air in Dick Maxwell's runabout. I wanted to borrow the wagon myself, and Dick told me he had already lent it to Smith."

"We're needing him," said the colonel shortly, and then he told Starbuck of the newest development in the paper-railroad scheme of obstruction.

From that the talk drifted to a discussion of Kinzie's latest attitude. By this time there had been an alarming number of stock sales by small holders, all of them handled by the Brewster City National, and it was plainly evident that Kinzie had finally gone over to the enemy and was buying—as cheaply as possible—for some unnamed customer.

"If they keep it up, they can wear us out by littles, and we'll break our necks finishing the dam and saving the franchise only to turn it over to them in the round-up," said the colonel dejectedly. "I've talked until I'm hoarse, but you can't talk marrow into an empty bone, Billy. I used to think we had a fairly good bunch of men in with us, but in these last few days I've been changing my mind at a fox-trot."

The remainder of the day, up to the time when the offices were closing and the colonel was making ready to go home, passed without incident. In Smith's continued absence Starbuck



"I'm Going to Hunt Up Mr. Crawford Stanton."

had offered to go to the dam to stand a night watch with Williams against a possible surprise by the right-of-way claimants; and Stillings, who had been petitioning for an injunction, came up to report progress just as Baldwin was locking his desk.

"The judge has taken it under advisement, but that is as far as he would go today," said the lawyer. "It's simply a bold steal, of course. I'm sworn to uphold the law, and I can't counsel armed resistance. Just the same, I hope Williams has his nerve with him."

"He has; and I haven't lost mine yet," snapped a voice at the door; and Smith came in, dust-covered and swarthy with the grime of the wind-swept grasslands. Out of the pocket of his driving coat he drew a thick packet of papers and slapped it upon the drawn-down curtain of Baldwin's desk.

"There you are," he went on gratingly. "Now you can tell Mr. David Kinzie to go straight to blazes with his stock-punching, and the more money he puts into it, the more somebody's going to lose!"

"John!—what have you done?" demanded Baldwin.

"I've shown 'em what it means to go up against a winner!" was the half-triumphant, half-savage exultation. "I have put a crimp in that fence-climbing banker of yours that will last him for one while! I've secured thirty-day options, at par, on enough High Line stock to swing a clear majority if Kinzie should buy up every other share there is outstanding. It has taken me all day, and I've driven a thousand miles, but the thing is done."

"But, John! If anything should happen, and we'd have to make good on those options, . . . It would break the last man of us!"

"We're not going to let things happen!" was the gritting rejoinder. "I've told you both a dozen times that I'm

in this thing to win! You take care of those options, Stillings; they're worth a million dollars to somebody. Lock 'em up somewhere and then forget where they are. Now I'm going to hunt up Mr. Crawford Stanton—before I eat or sleep!"

"Easy, John; hold up a minute!" the colonel broke in soothingly; and Stillings, more practical, closed the office door silently and put his back against it. "This is a pretty sudden country, but there is some sort of a limit, you know," the big Missourian went on. "What's your idea in going to Stanton?"

"I mean to give him twelve hours in which to pack his trunk and get out of Brewster and the Timanyon. If he hasn't disappeared by tomorrow morning—"

Stillings was signaling in dumb show to Baldwin. He had quietly opened the door and was crooking his finger and making signs over his shoulder toward the corridor. Baldwin saw what was wanted, and immediately shot his desk cover open and turned on the lights.

"That last lot of steel and cement vouchers was made out yesterday, John," he said, slipping the rubber band from a file of papers in the desk. "If you'll take time to sit down here and run 'em over, and put your name on 'em, I'll hold Martin long enough to let him get the checks in tonight's mail. I'll be back after a little."

Smith dragged up the president's big swivel chair and planted himself in it, and an instant later he was lost to everything save the columns of figures on the vouchers. Stillings had let himself out, and when the colonel followed him, the lawyer cautiously closed the door of the private office, and edged Baldwin into the corridor.

"We've mighty near got a madman to deal with in there, colonel," he whispered, when the two were out of earshot. "I was watching his eyes when he said that about Stanton, and they fairly blazed. He's going to kill somebody, if we don't look out."

Baldwin was shaking his head dubiously.

"He's acting like a locoed thoroughbred that's gone outlaw," he said. "Do you reckon he's sure-enough crazy, Bob?"

"Only in the murder nerve. This deal with the options shows that he's all to the good on the business side. That was the smoothest trick that's been turned in any stage of this dodging fight with the big fellows. It simply knocks Kinzie's rat-gawing game dead. If there were only somebody who could calm Smith down a little and bring him to reason—somebody near enough to him to dig down under his shell and get at the real man that used to be there when he first took hold with us—"

"A woman?" queried Baldwin, frowning disapproval in anticipation of what Stillings might be going to suggest.

"A woman for choice, of course. I was thinking of this young woman over at the Hophra House; anybody can see with half an eye that she has a pretty good grip on him. Suppose we go across the street and give her an invitation to come and do a little missionary work on Smith. She looks level-headed and sensible enough to take it the way it's meant."

Stillings was a lawyer and had no scruples, but the colonel had them in just proportion to his Southern birth and breeding.

"I don't like to drag a woman into it, any way or how, Bob," he protested; and he would have gone on to say that he had good reason to believe that Miss Richlander's influence over Smith might not be at all of the mellowing sort, but Stillings cut him short.

"There need be no 'dragging.' The young woman doubtless knows the business situation; she evidently knows Smith a whole lot better than we do. It's a chance, and we'd better try it. He's good for half an hour or so with those vouchers."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## MUSIC NEED OF FIGHTING MEN

Blare of Band Instruments Brings Cheer to Troops and Is Just as Necessary as Ammunition.

"The blare of the trombone, the shrill note of the piccolo and the drums blending with other band instruments in a military organization give cheer to the men with the guns and is just as necessary as ammunition," says Charles H. Parsons of New York. "During the Spanish-American war the tunes happily accepted were those of the vaudeville stage, when 'There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight' was said to have led troops to the capture of San Juan hill. The old Civil war melodies having the swing of march cadence were first of all, 'Dixie,' probably used, at least hummingly, by the soldiers of the North, as those who followed the 'Stars and Bars.' And it is worth while to recall that 'Dixie' was the most popular of all the melodies strummed in camp and sung in action of all the old-time songs during the war of 1898.

"Canned music will give to the boys at the front much of their entertainment evenings to come," added Mr. Parsons. "The phonographic records will cheer many groups. And they will have programs provided by the stars of the operatic world and other entertainers who may not give to them their cheer first hand."

To Mark Light Switches.

So that electric light switches can be found in dark rooms there has been invented a glass pendant filled with a substance absorbing light in the daytime and becoming luminous at night.

# FLARE ABSENT IN FALL SILHOUETTE

Lines Will Fall Straight From Shoulder to Heel in the New Models.

## SKIRTS TO BE VERY NARROW

House and Evening Gowns Will Touch the Floor—High Collar to Replace the Low One Now Worn.

New York.—What the next few weeks holds for us in the way of fashions, not more than two dozen people in the world know. These are the French designers, who guard their secrets carefully and establish around



This new type of sport coat is of white Jersey cloth trimmed with bands of black and white plaid Jersey. The buttons are black, so is the sleeve lining.

their workrooms a detective force that has much in common with the French police system.

Women who wanted to sketch gowns that were to be shown to the public in a few days have been caught and locked up in a dark room in one of the houses as though they were common criminals caught in the act.

All the processes of the French law, and they are severe and terrorizing to the stranger, are called into being to punish an offender who tries to get a design of a gown from a French house without permission.

There are leaks, however, from the great French workrooms, as well as from our departments in Washington. Somehow, somebody knows the truth.

Rumors From Paris.

The things that we have been able to find out are interesting. They may prove true.

The new silhouette, it is said, will be slim and tight just below the waistline, around the hips, and there will be no flare from shoulder to instep.

Coats are cut to the hipline and are either bound in with fur or embroidered cloth. There is no attempt to curve garments in at the waistline. There is no attempt to flatten the fabrics against the figure in order to outline the anatomy beneath. The cloth will hang in a straight line from the shoulder to the girdle at the hips, thereby giving a well-known Oriental silhouette that has come and gone through the fashions in recurring cycles.

Skirts will be exceedingly narrow for walking, and for the evening they will be long and in flowing lines that do not flare, but cling to the figure in the fashion of the Orient.

House gowns and evening gowns will touch the floor and cover the toes in front, swirling out into greater length at the back.

The high collar, it is said, will replace the low one. The décolletage that is expected is the straight, Italian line of the fifteenth century, used in men's costumery as well as women's.

In opposition to this is the high, straight collar that does not fit under the chin, thereby causing an ugly roll of flesh, but flares upward and outward. It is the collar that Sarah Bernhardt made famous more than a quarter of a century ago.

These collars are shown on shirt-waists and one the bodices of formal and informal frocks. The immense handkerchief collar of the Revolution will be put on coats, so rumor says, and the deep, delta décolletage adopted in the American Revolution will be used on dinner and restaurant gowns.

Pleasant Use of Fur.

No cable from Paris excludes the word fur. If one can judge by these forerunners of what is to happen, such as rumors, personal letters and cables, the animal world will be sacrificed to the women. No one can tell where all the skins come from, but it is said that in Paris every designer is lavish with fur on costumery as though it were as plentiful as grass.

The few coat suits that will be shown, so the cables say, will be half fur and half cloth. Entire short coats of fur bound around the hips in the new way will be offered with knife-plaited or box-plaited skirts of cloth or velvet.

One-piece gowns will have old-fashioned dolmans of fur fitted across the front by broad straps that wrap around the waist.

Capes of fur lined with velvet or satin will have deep waistcoats in front that hold them securely to the

figure, and the skirt beneath will be plain or plaited.

It is definitely said that the extension at the sides of skirts which goes under the name of umbrella drapery will be abolished. What is known as the melon skirt, or jupe tonneau, will be dismissed as worthless. The exclusive dressmakers with keen vision, who persuaded their patrons to buy flat, Egyptian skirts, plaited from waist to hem, should now receive a letter of gratitude, because, it is said, these Alexandrian garments will remain at the height of fashion and whatever has a bulge in it will be out of the picture.

Will Brocades Be Worn?

A fashion reporter who was at the remarkably successful fabric exposition recently held in Lyons, France, gives a bit of most interesting news concerning the introduction of brocade. It is this: That the most exquisite brocade with an unusual design has already been made at Lyons for Mme. Poincaré, the wife of the president of the French republic, to be worn when peace is declared.

This brocade is closely guarded and its design is not allowed to be copied. Whatever celebration France expects to have when peace is declared will be the circumstance that will unlock the case where this brocade is kept. Mme. Poincaré will receive it as a gift from Lyons, and some great dressmaker will prepare it.

This piece of cloth is not the only evidence of what the manufacturers of Lyons believe to be possibly near. Literally, a half mile or so of gold and silver brocade has been woven and is now held in reserve for the celebration of peace. This weaving represents the very highest pinnacle of the craftsmanship of the master weavers of Lyons.

It is said in exclusive circles that the purchase of all of this brocade has been arranged for by dressmakers and individuals of power and prestige in Paris.

Another new silk which was shown at Lyons and which is said to be very beautiful is called La Soie de la Victoire. It is so eminently French for its workers to reflect their hopes, their sacrifices and their faith in terms of fabrics and women's clothes!

Fashions That Follow the Army.

It is no longer considered in good taste to wear anything that resembles the American flag. That unfortunate episode in our national costumery has passed by.

It is in good taste to wear a dark blue coat and line it with red; a blue and white striped awning skirt may carry a red sward above it; but the hawking about of the national colors in the very moment when they are to be baptized by the blood of thousands who are fighting for an ideal, and by the willing sacrifices of women who are pushing their men forward on the path of that idealism, is too vulgar to be permissible.

There are other fashions, however, that follow the army, that have nothing to do with the colors. The coat



Here is a pretty redingote in plaid. It is made of fine voile in gray, with crossbars of cerise and white. It is worn over an accordion plaited skirt of plain gray voile. Revers and chemise of white voile trimmed with cerise.

suit, for instance, that has a West Point skirt and an Annapolis jacket, fastened with brass buttons patterned after those of the English admiralty, is an acceptable and agreeable bit of fashion.

The white duck tam-o'-shanters patterned after those worn by the men of the navy, the dark blue flannel midly blouses laced with white cord and finished with white and blue piping collars have nothing objectionable about them.

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## To Wash Black Silk.

To wash black silk brush and wipe it thoroughly, lay it on a flat table with the side up which is intended to show and sponge with hot coffee, strained through muslin. Allow it to become partially dry, then iron.