

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 Timanoy'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.

"Well, I 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 Missourian 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: I 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 set 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 lot 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 horsed 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-platers. 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 scruple 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—er—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—er—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 typi-



"He Says Smith is a Grand Rascal."

cal 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 door opened, he came 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 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 from 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. "Nobody 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 smiling 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 Timanoy. 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-day."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

STATE'S MEDICAL FORCES LISTED

Data About All Hospitals, Doctors, Dentists, Pharmacists and Veterinarians.

CAN ANSWER INSTANT CALL

All Allied Professions Are Included—Can Supply Government with Anything It Needs on Moment's Notice.

—Harrisburg.

One of the departments of the State Committee of Public Safety of which comparatively little has been heard has drawn comment of the most favorable nature from the headquarters of the Surgeon General of the United States Army. This is the Sanitation, Medicine and Red Cross Department, which was commended for its work in cataloging and classifying information concerning the medical and allied professional and institutional resources of this State and organizing systems through which they may be made available for emergency use by the Medical Department of the United States Army.

One of the department's first activities was to compile and index complete data relating to every Pennsylvania organization, institution and profession in the field whose capacities, operations or personnel could in any way be applied to war time service. Probably the most complete collection of data in regard to dentists, veterinarians, pharmacists and nurses in Pennsylvania that has ever been collected is now on hand at the headquarters of the committee. These lists do not include all the members of these professions, however, and every effort is being made to list them all.

Each dentist on the list is asked to submit a report of all the surplus stock he has on hand that the government may call for when needed. This includes all dental apparatus, instruments and other necessities. A complete survey is made of each man on the list. This includes not only his training and experience, but he is classified according to his specialty. They are divided under different groups, such as exodontists, orthodontists, pyrrhea experts, crown and bridge work specialists, extractors and surgeons.

Practically the same thing applies to the veterinarians. The survey of dentists is being made under the joint auspices of the Committee on Dentistry of the General Medical Board of the Council of National Defense, the Committee of Public Safety and the various dental societies. The State Veterinary Society is co-operating in the enrollment of the veterinary experts.

The task of listing all physicians in the State has not been completed as yet, but that of securing a complete classification of the pharmacists is far advanced. Even the various languages that each person on the lists can speak is known. There is an elaborate triplicate card index system covering every special qualification. An instance of how this will work out would be given should the government call for the services of an expert on handling cases of chlorine gas poisoning.

Should the government suddenly need large laboratories with special accommodations for the manufacture of any sort of drugs, medicines, instruments or in which to conduct experiments, it would be a matter of a few minutes' search to name every laboratory in the State that could fill the bill.

Complete information regarding every hospital in the State is also on hand, down to the most minute detail. A complete list of all prospective camp sites for convalescent, reclamation, detention, isolation, or temporary hospital camps is also on hand. The detailed information covers the site, location, ownership, condition, proximity to railroads and public highways, water, lighting and sewage facilities.

In this way the government can be furnished with a tract of land in any part of the State at any time for any service, up to a tract 600 acres in size, and probably even larger if necessary. Colonel F. P. Raymond, U. S. A., asserts that the work will be of inestimable value to the Surgeon General's Department.

Booze Hits Army Camp.

After getting along swimmingly without any trouble from drinking for almost three months, rum has cropped up as the principal annoyance to the officers of the United States ambulance camp at Allentown. Officers raided a keg party of about a dozen soldiers on the river bank, of whom five were caught. When the officers returned to get the kegs as evidence, they were gone.

After a Grade Trap Again.

The Public Service Commission has ordered an inquiry of its own volition into the condition of two grade crossings at points where the tracks of the Black Lick branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad's Clearfield division cross a State highway in southern Cambria county.

This is the second occasion on which the commission has proceeded against a crossing on its own initiative, the other case being at Mr. Dallas.

The commission arranged a hearing in this case.

PENNSYLVANIA BRIEFS

Curbsome markets are being agitated in Norristown and Conshohocken, where prices of foodstuffs are much higher than quoted for the first curbsome market in Allentown.

C. E. Carothers, chairman of the Milk Commission, is a practical farmer and has raised his own cattle in western Pennsylvania.

B. J. Bowers, superintendent of the Johnstown school gardens, says that interested directly in the work are 650 school children, together with 250 children from outside the schools and patrons.

There are fifteen vocational schools in Pennsylvania.

Alleging that her earning power was permanently impaired by injuries sustained when a trolley car, two years ago, hit a taxicab in which she was riding, Miss Ava M. Riest, daughter of J. Frank Riest, a former hotel man of York, filed suit for \$20,000 damages against the York Railways Company.

Milton women say they will boycott 10-cent milk.

Allegheny county rotten egg dealers will be arrested.

Out of eighty-two men so far examined in the selective draft at Bradford but sixteen have passed and been accepted.

The American Car Company, at Milton, will spend \$30,000 for shower baths, bubbling fountains, etc., for employees.

For the first time in four years a detachment of State troopers is on duty in the Hazleton region, after auto speeders.

Dr. Edgar G. Miller, pastor of the First Lutheran Church, Columbia, has been given two months' leave of absence to engage in gospel service for soldiers.

Perry county is perhaps the only county in Pennsylvania that has two election districts in which the Republican and Democratic voters met in joint session and named candidates for the primaries—at Marysville and in Oliver county.

Roycroft and Spring City girls have entered into a popularity contest with Phoenixville maids.

Burgess Bloomhall, of Conshohocken, has put the ban on carnivals, because of the trouble they occasion.

Given kerosene in mistake for medicine, an infant son of George Foot, Carlisle, died.

Speeders to the number of 23, near Thompsettown, were fined by Squire Cameron.

Work that will cost \$44,000 has started on improvements to the industrial building at the Danville Hospital for the Insane.

Fifty farmers of the nearby valleys have petitioned the Hazleton Council and the Chamber of Commerce to create a curb market, promising to lower the cost of living there.

Tetanus resulting from a splinter penetrating one of his feet caused the death of Edgar Reightmeyer, a Pottstown boy.

Company I, National Guards, left Reading for camp at Mineola, L. I., without any demonstrations.

Dr. G. R. Fetherolf is Reading's new milk and meat inspector, and succeeds Dr. H. B. Roshon, now a second lieutenant in the army.

Grief over his wife's death is supposed to have caused Samuel Freese, 62, for years janitor at the Reading Station at Port Clinton, to hang himself.

Suspicion aroused by his offer to sell an automobile for \$95, a stranger fled from Finland and it was then ascertained the car was the property of Titus M. Reiss, Friedenville.

In spite of the fact that the licenses now being issued at the State Highway Department are good only until the end of the year, the revenue from this source being turned into the State Treasury by the automobile division every day runs between \$2,000 and \$3,000. The revenue from licenses is far and away beyond expectations this year.

Hog cholera has broken out in Conyngham Valley, near Hazleton.

Blight is doing much damage to the famous Sober giant chestnut farm at Irish Valley, Perry county.

Three brothers called in the draft at Hazleton received notice to appear before the exemption board, and none will ask exemption.

The usual order of "men scarce" was reversed at Conyngham, where it was impossible to find a woman to substitute for a girl telephone operator.

Fourteen per cent. larger average of wheat is asked of Pennsylvania farmers.

Hazleton malls, cut off by cancellation of passenger trains, will be handled by fast freights.

Peaches have sold in Hamburg at 25 to 50 cents a basket.

F. B. Eshleman, of Cordella, planted thirty-six early Irish Cubbler potatoes in the spring, and the yield was five bushels, most of them big ones weighing twelve ounces or more.

Several hundred washerwomen in Lawrence county have gone to work in railroad yards and roundhouses.

Activities are being gradually resumed at the North Bristol plant of the Chester Shipbuilding Company. Immense quantities of lumber are arriving and other supplies preparatory to building operations.

A point of interest about the filing of nomination papers by candidates at Doylestown is that the Democratic party failed to secure a candidate for the two-year term for Director of the Poor, so that John W. Birkey, of Newportville, is left without opposition.