



The Real Man

By Francis Lynde

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Illustrations by Olaf Myren

CHAPTER II.

Metastasis. Smith drew out the chair from the stenographer's table and sat down. Like the cashiers of many little-city banks, he was only a balanced man, and the president rarely allowed him to forget the fact. None the less, his boyish gray eyes were reflecting just a shade of the militant antagonism in Mr. Watrous Dunham's when he said: "I was dining at the Country club with a friend, and I didn't go to my rooms until a few minutes ago."

The president sat back in the big mahogany swing-chair. His face, with the cold, protruding eyes, the heavy lips, and the dewlap lower jaw, was the face of a man who shoots to kill. "I suppose you've heard the news about Westfall?"

Smith nodded. "Then you also know that the bank stands to lose a cold hundred thousand on that loan you made him?"

The young man in the stenographer's chair knew now very well why the night-watchman had been sent away. Smith saw the solid foundations of his small world—the only world he had ever known—crumbling to a threatened dissolution.

"You may remember that I advised against the making of that loan when Westfall first spoke of it," he said after he had mastered the premonitory chill of panic. "It was a bad risk—for him and for us."

"I suppose you won't deny that the loan was made while I was away in New York," was the challenging rejoinder.

"It was. But you gave your sanction before you went East."

The president twisted his chair to face the objector and brought his pain down with a smack upon the desk slide.

"No!" he stormed. "What I told you to do was to look up his collateral, and you took a snap judgment and let him have the money! Westfall is my friend, and you are a stockholder in his bankrupt company. You took a chance for your own hand and put the bank in the hole. Now I'd like to ask what you are going to do about it."

Smith looked up quickly. Somewhere inside of him the carefully erected walls of use and custom were tumbling

repeated slowly, advancing a step toward the president's desk. "That is where you gave yourself away, Mr. Dunham. You authorized that loan, and did it because you were willing to use the bank's money to put Carter Westfall in the hole so deep that he could never climb out. Now, it seems, you are willing to bribe the only dangerous witness. I don't need money badly enough to sell my good name for it. I shall stay right here in Lawrenceville and fight it out with you!"

The president turned abruptly to his desk and his hand sought the row of electric bell-pushes. With a finger resting upon the one marked "police," he said: "There isn't any room for argument, Montague. You can have one more minute in which to change your mind. If you stay, you'll begin your fight from the inside of the county jail."

Now there had been nothing in John Montague Smith's well-ordered quarter-century of boyhood, youth, and business manhood to tell him how to cope with the crude and savage emergency which he was confronting. But in the granted minute of respite something within him, a thing as primitive and elemental as the crisis with which it was called upon to grapple, shook itself awake. He stepped quickly across the intervening space and stood under the shaded desk light within arm's reach of the man in the big swing-chair.

"You have it all out and dried, even to the setting of the police trap, haven't you?" he grunted, hardly recognizing his own voice. "You meant to hang me first and try your own case with the directors afterward. Mr. Dunham, I know you better than you think I do: you are not only a crook—you are a yellow-livered coward, as well! You don't dare to press that button!"

While he was saying it, the president had half risen, and the hand which had been hovering over the bell-pushes shot suddenly under the piled papers in the corner of the desk. When it came out it was gripping the weapon which is never very far out of reach in a bank.

Good judges on the working floor of the Lawrenceville Athletic club had said of the well-muscled young bank cashier that he did not know his own strength. It was the sight of the pistol that maddened him and put the driving force behind the smashing blow that landed upon the big man's chest. The lifted pistol dropped from Mr. Watrous Dunham's grasp and he wilted, settling back into his chair, and then slipping to the floor.

In a flash Smith knew what he had done. Once, one evening when he had been induced to put on the gloves with the Athletic club's trainer, he had contrived to plant a body blow which had sent the wiry little Irishman to the mat, gasping and fighting for the breath of life. "If ever ye'll be givin' a man that heart-punch wid th' bare fist, Misher Montague, 'tis you fr' th' fasht train widout shittopin' to buy anny ticket—it'll be murder in the first degree," the trainer had said, when he had breath to compass the saying.

With the unheeded warning resurgent and clamoring in his ears, Smith knelt horror-stricken beside the fallen man. On the president's heavy face and in the staring eyes there was a glistening smile, as of one mildly astonished. Smith loosened the collar around the thick neck and laid his ear upon the spot where the blow had fallen. The big man's heart had stopped like a smashed clock.

Smith got upon his feet, turned off the electric light, and, from mere force of habit, closed and snap-locked the president's desk. The watchman had not yet returned. Smith saw the empty chair beside the vault door as he passed it on his way to the street. The cashier's only thought was to go at once to police headquarters and give himself up. Then he remembered how carefully the trap had been set, and how impossible it would be for him to make any reasonable defense.

With one glance over his shoulder at the darkened front windows of the bank, Smith began to run, not toward the police station, but in the opposite direction—toward the railroad station. For J. Montague Smith, slipping from shadow to shadow down the scantily lighted cross street and listening momentarily for the footfalls of pursuit, was all prodigiously incredible. The crowding sensations were terrifying, but they were also precious, in their way. Long-forgotten bits of brutality and tyranny on Watrous Dunham's part came up to

"I may not prove quite the easy mark that your plan seems to prefigure, Mr. Dunham," he returned at length, trying to say it calmly. "Just what are you expecting me to do?"

"Now you are talking more like a grown man," was the president's crusty admission. "You are in a pretty bad boat, Montague, and that is why I sent for you tonight."

"Well?" said the younger man. "You can see how it will be. If I can say to the directors that you have already resigned—and if you are not where they can too easily lay hands on you—they may not care to push the charge against you. There is a train west at ten o'clock. If I were in your place, I should pack a couple of suitcases and take it. That is the only safe thing for you to do. If you need any ready money—"

It was at this point that J. Montague Smith rose up out of the stenographer's chair and bestowed his coat.

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be remembered and, in this retributive aftermath, to be triumphantly crossed off as items in an account finally settled. On the Smith side the bank cashier's forebears had been plodding farmers, but old John Montague had been the village blacksmith and a soldier—a shrewd smiter in both trades. Blood will tell. Parental implantings may have much to say to the fruit of the womb, but atavism has more. Smith's jaw came up with a snap. He was no longer an indistinguishable unit in the ranks of the respectable and the well-behaved; he was a man feeling for his life. What was done was done, and the next thing to do was to avert the consequences.

At the railroad station a few early comers for the west-bound passenger train due at ten o'clock were already

gathering, and a bidding of a certain new and militant craftiness Smith avoided the lighted waiting rooms as if they held the pestilence. A string of box cars had been pushed up from the freight-unloading platforms recently, and in the shadow of the cars he worked his way westward to the yard where a night switching crew was making up a train.

Keeping to the shadows, he walked back along the line of cars on the make-up track, alertly seeking his opportunity. Half-way down the length of the train he found what he was looking for: a box car with its sid door hinged but not locked. With a bit of stick to lengthen his reach, he unfettered the hasp, and at the switching crew's addition of another car to the "make-up," he took advantage of the

noise made by the jangling crash and slid the door. Then he ascertained by groping into the dark interior that the car was empty. With a foot on the trestle-rood he climbed in, and at the next coupling crash closed the door.

(To Be Continued.)

A Lost Trade Secret. It has frequently happened that valuable trade secrets have been lost beyond recovery. For instance, the best watch oil, it appears, cannot be obtained today, because the secret process of mixing it perished with the inventor. It is said that the last quart of this famous fluid was sold for \$200, and that was thirty-five years ago. Since then every effort has been made to reproduce the oil, but without success. The man who made it and who alone knew its composition died, and it fur-

ther appears, not even his name or the place of his burial is known. He never revealed to any one the details of his process, and it was not until after his death that the real value of the oil was appreciated.—Los Angeles Times.

The forest service has made 11,000 strength tests of timber during the last year, and now has on its record a total of 137,000 such tests. The data covers practically all American woods; at least those of commercial importance.

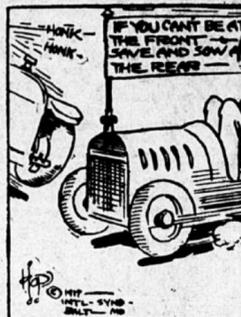
ROUGH ON RATS

Unbeatable Exterminator of Rats, Mice and Bugs
Use the World Over—Used by U.S. Government
The Old Reliable That Never Fails
THE RECOGNIZED STANDARD—AVOID SUBSTITUTES

The work of the last year was on a twenty-five scale.

\$1.25 WILL BE GIVEN to each of several school boys who apply for work in delivering The Saturday Evening Post to customers. Only school boys—clean, gentlemanly and ambitious—need apply. The \$1.25 is in addition to liberal cash profits and many other advantages. Apply to Mr. Percie H. Miller, 514 N. Third street, Marshalltown, Iowa.

SCOOP THE CUR REPORTER



WANTED—FOUND—LOST—

Notice Pertaining to Ad-dressed Care of Times-Republican.

[When an advertisement does not give the advertiser's name write a letter addressed as directed in the ad and leave it at the newspaper office, where the advertiser will get it. Publishers can not give the name of the advertiser without the advertiser's consent. All advertisements for this column must be in the office at 12 o'clock on date of publication to insure classification.]

WANTED

Wanted—Lace curtains to launder. 513 North Second street, phone 1043.

Wanted—Old false teeth. Don't part if broken. I pay \$1 to \$15 per set. Send by parcel post and receive check by return mail. L. Mazer, 2007 South Fifth street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Wanted—Horses and cattle to pasture, white 1881.

Wanted—Housepainting. Twenty-five years' experience. Prices reasonable. Phone 1041.

Wanted—By young married couple, no children, modern furnished rooms for light housekeeping, or would take over someone's home for summer or indefinite time. First-class references. Phone 881 or call at Pfeiffer's clothing store.

Wanted—Small National cash register. Standard bakery.

Wanted—Your rugs to clean. We have the strongest vacuum cleaner in the city. Let us dust your rugs much cleaner, cheaper, easier on your rugs than beating. 10 to 50 cents. Phone 582. Palace Laundry.

Wanted—Men, women, Government clerks. Hundred war vacancies. \$100 month. List position free. Franklin Institute, Dept. 113F, Rochester, N. Y.

Wanted—Every lady to know that I make switches from hair combs. High grade work. Low prices. Quick delivery. Mrs. C. F. Ladd, 203 West Church street. Phone 1728 red.

Wanted—People to buy our Wonder rug cleaner. Will remove grease spots, make your rugs look like new, no rinsing or wiping to do, sold at California Fruit Store, next door north of Stewart's feed shed, 28 North First avenue. 25 cents per package. East Manufacturing Company.

Wanted—Ashes, rubbish and garbage to haul, phone Green 801, or White 1265.

Wanted—Every one to know that the services of the visiting nurse association, are to be had at what patients are able and willing to pay or without pay, by those in straitened circumstances. Telephone Clara Britt, 111 South Fourth street. Phone 385.

HELP WANTED—MALE.

Wanted—Boy to drive mail wagon evenings after school, apply at the mailing room this office.

Wanted—Experienced painter at once; write or phone R. A. Calkins, Laurel, Iowa.

Wanted—Boy to work after school. Stoddard Hotel.

Wanted—Egg candlers. Can use three or four men right away. Want only experienced men. Phone or wire us. J. H. Neil Creamery Company, Tama, Iowa.

Wanted—To sell guaranteed stock remedies; dips, etc. District advertised ahead of you. Write for liberal commission plan. G-26, Times-Republican.

Wanted—Men for indoor work, all departments our factory, including foundry, machine shop, forging, wood-working, painting and assembling departments. Steady work summer and winter. Experience unnecessary. If you wish to obtain highest wages being paid for indoor work under prevailing conditions, apply at once. Do not apply unless willing to produce a day's work for the wages you expect to receive. The Litchfield Manufacturing Company, Waterloo, Iowa.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE.

Wanted—Girls. Meeker Laundry.

SITUATION WANTED

Wanted—Position in office by middle-aged man, experienced. Write X-21, care T-R.

Wanted—Position, in grocery store or gent's clothing store. I am 25 years old, married, can give references and

The Boss Too Is Some Poet



WANTED—FOUND—LOST—

SALESMEN WANTED

Wanted—Salesman. The Jewel Tea Company requires the services of several salesmen with ability to produce results. Jewel Tea Company Inc., 311 South Center.

Wanted—Salesman, on commission only, to represent eastern ribbon manufacturer. Must be ambitious and come well recommended. E-21, Times-Republican.

BUSINESS CHANCES.

Wanted—\$1,000 year, man to manage branch office Northern Iowa. Small investment for fixtures. Address, E. N. Cook Company, Des Moines, Iowa.

FOR SALE—AUTOMOBILES.

For Sale—Ford touring car, very cheap. Phone 581.

For Sale—Paige touring car, 1914 model, fully equipped and in good condition and recently overhauled and repainted. A bargain if taken soon. Write Box 353, Tama, Iowa, or phone 33.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS

For Sale—Steel, range, gas range, iron bedstead, and springs. Phone yellow 1549 or call after 6 over 109 West Main street.

For Sale—Bicycle, first class condition. 27 South Center.

For Sale—Good Oliver riding corn plow. Phone 531.

For Sale—Transplanted Ponderosa tomato plants, phone yellow 1097.

For Sale—Child's English saddle, \$3. Marion Selby, phone green 671.

For Sale—One thousand square feet creosote paving blocks. John Jacobson.

For Sale—Plants, plants, tomato, cabbage, cauliflower, egg plant, and peppers by the 1,000 or 100 or dozen at J. L. Dieseling truck farm, one-half mile east of city limits.

For Sale—Kindling, \$1.50 per load. Send your teams, Marshalltown Burgky Company.

For Sale—Cheap, good second-hand counters, one electric sign, one paper baler, electric light fixtures, lace curtain racks, small tables \$33 feet. We have no use for the above and will sell very cheap. J. D. Palmer & Co.

For Sale—Millet seed, for chicken feed, 104 North Eighth street.

For Sale—Cheap, practically new motorcycle, 208 South Center.

For Sale—Cheap, threshing machine and outfit in first class shape; everything complete. Write E. C. Sellers, Green Mountain, Iowa.

For Sale—Trade or lease, a good first-class cafe in county seat of 3,000. Must change before the 28th. A snap for quick, active man. "E-22," Times-Republican.

For Sale—All kinds of blacksmith's tools, bolt cutters, dies, hammers, etc. Have been used but are in good condition and go at almost any price. Marshalltown Burgky Company.

For Sale—One complete threshing outfit, 16 Port Huron engine, Rimley Ideal separator. N. E. Nelson, Ellisworth, Ia.

For Sale—Billiard tables, new carom and pocket, with complete outfit, \$150; second-hand tables at reduced prices; bowling alley supplies; easy payments. Cigar store fixtures a specialty. Send for catalog. The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company, 113 Walnut street, Des Moines, Iowa.

EGGS FOR HATCHING.

For Sale—Eggs for hatching, from pure bred Barred Plymouth Rocks; 75 cents for setting of fifteen; \$4.50 for 100. Mrs. Mary M. Evans, Madrid, Iowa.

For Sale—Eggs from pure bred Barred Rocks, mated to cockerels by a \$35 bird, \$1 per fifteen, \$5 per hundred. J. E. Curtis, phone 42 on 4 B, Marshalltown.

POULTRY

For Sale—Twenty mixed hens, \$1 each. B. M. East, Albion, Iowa.

LIVE STOCK, HORSES, ETC.

For Sale—Shorthorn bulls and heifers. B. H. Binford, Liscomb.

For Sale—Team, harness and wagon. Inquire over 110 West Main street.

For Sale—Hereford bulls, old-enough for service; priced to sell. If in need of

MISSOURI FARMS.

For Sale—Small Missouri farm, \$10 cash and \$5 monthly; no interest or taxes; highly productive land; close to three big markets. Write for photographs and full information. Munger, A-211, N. Y. Life building, Kansas City, Mo.

For Sale—One hundred head of cattle, all kinds. Farmers, we can sell you all the cattle you need for your pasture. If we have not got what you want we will get them for you, and if you want time on them we can help you arrange it. Phone or write Plumb Bros., Marshalltown, Iowa.

For Sale—Full corner lot on South Center street, phone green 1150.

For Sale—House at 611 North First avenue. P. W. Whaley, phone 61 on 16.

For Sale—Lots. Six lots north side, 5 1/2 blocks from square, 4 1/2 blocks from Main street. See Albert Odet.

For Sale—My new modern home at right price. C. E. Forkner, 510 East Church street.

For Sale—We have a few good modern homes in desirable location for sale on easy terms, also improved farm in northern Iowa and southern Minnesota that are priced right and will be sold on terms to suit. Keenan Land Company.

For Sale—Five-room, modern home, on installment plan. Phone 694, ring 1.

PUBLIC AUCTION.

At auction house Saturday, June 2, at 2 o'clock sharp: A good lot of household furniture, round table, chairs, oak rockers, buffet, two good dressers, commodes, stands, cupboard, beds, clock, good couch, sewing machine, kitchen cabinet, carpet sweeper, gas range, bed spreads, camera, graphophone, matting, rug, oil stove, good settee, and many other articles. Terms, cash. At auction house, 106 East Church street.

For Sale—One of the best eighty acre farms in Grundy county, two miles from town; will take a good Marshalltown residence property on same. O. L. Mossman, phone 604, ring one.

For Sale—270-acre choice Iowa farm, good buildings, hog night fence, most of it tiled, will take in good eighty by owner. F. G. Brenneke, 1511 West Fifth street, Waterloo, Iowa.

Wanted—What have you for Iowa or Minnesota land? Talk to me about Montana. E. L. Swearingen, room 4, Woodbury building.

For Sale—Marshall county farm, 160 acres, near Green Mountain; \$8,000 will handle it. Price \$225 per acre. Albert Odet.

For Sale—230 acres within two miles of town, land lays absolutely perfect, with modern improvements. This is absolutely one of the best. It belongs to non-resident and am going to sell for \$250 per acre and carry \$35,000 back on it. See me right off. Finney the land man, over 119 East Main street.

For Sale—100 acre Iowa farm. This farm is located three miles from Dunbar and five miles from Gilman, fair buildings, good land, rolling but not rough, price \$160 per acre, easy terms. Albert Odet.

For Sale—140 acre Cerro Gordo farm, four miles from Rockwell and five miles from Sheffield. This farm lays fine, with good soil, grove, nice young orchard. Good set of buildings. A nice home for somebody. For terms and further particulars write box 631, Sheffield, Iowa.

For Sale—Iowa farms; the best corn land, \$70 to \$100 per acre. Easy terms. Get large list. Spaulding & O'Donnell, Elma, Howard County, Iowa.

LAND FOR YOU!

Stop working for the other fellow. You can buy fine land in Michigan's best counties at \$18 to \$25 an acre; \$5 to \$25 down for ten acres; \$10 to \$20 down for twenty acres; \$25 to \$100 down for forty acres, etc. Balance small monthly or yearly payments. General farming, stock, dairying, vegetable poultry, fruit. Good schools and towns. Big booklet free. Let me give you free information. Owner, George W. Swigart, P1255 First National Bank building, Chicago, Ill.</