

## The Slow-Coach

By  
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There was the greatest contrast imaginable between Dick Chester and Sammy Bent. Both were sons of old families, but that was the sole similarity. Dick Chester's father owned the joint stock bank; Sammy went to work there as an office boy after his father failed and committed suicide. Dick patronized the other with good-natured contempt. Sammy was out of his class.

Myrtle Havens was out of Sammy's class. Dick and she were engaged, but it was plain that Sammy loved her in a moon-calf way. He ran errands for her and made himself generally useful. In fact, Sammy had such manifest plodding industry that old Chester took a fancy to him, gave him a clerkship, and sometimes invited the lad to his house.

Dick might have married Myrtle, but her father died suddenly, forfeiting his \$50,000 insurance, which, it was found, had lapsed months before, during the beginning of his illness. Dick threw Myrtle over. He was criticized for this, but he could afford to laugh at criticism, with a wealthy father. Old Chester was furious about it. The fact was, Dick had been, tiring of Myrtle, and when the girl chivalrously offered to release him he seized the opportunity.

Dick got tired of the bank and stayed away so long that his father got him a position as secretary to an exclusive club. There Dick was in his element. But the great surprise came when old Reynolds died, and Sammy found himself promoted to the position of manager, at twenty-eight.

Myrtle Havens had been living in retirement since the breaking off of her engagement. How Sammy got to visiting her nobody knew. Perhaps it was his plodding, kindly way that attracted the girl. But before very long she had turned to him with that understanding that a girl attains for the man who loves her without thought of



"Just Wait Till the Bank Comes to Me, Sammy!"

anything but herself. And after a while it was understood that they were engaged.

Now if Dick had had any decency he would have refrained from commenting on this situation. Instead of which he went to Sammy.

"Folks are saying that you and Myrtle Havens are going to hit it off together," he said.

Sammy turned white, and for the first time in his life he experienced a desire to strike Chester. But he only assented.

"Well, I hope everything will turn out all right," said Dick. "Myrtle's all right in her way. A little slow, though. Sammy, I want to borrow a thousand dollars. And I don't want the old man to know. It's pretty expensive at the club, and I've dropped a good deal at poker lately. Let me have a thousand for three months on my note, will you?"

Sammy knew that it was not legitimate business to lend the bank's money to Dick. But he lent him the thousand, chiefly to get rid of him, and he endorsed the note so that the loss might fall on him if there were any.

Dick could not pay. He renewed the note and then failed. Sammy paid the money. A month later Dick came to him again.

"Sammy," he said, "I've got the chance of a lifetime to make a fortune. Lend me two thousand more."

Sammy refused, and Dick went purple with indignation.

"What's the matter?" he yelled. "Ain't my name good enough? Say, are you going to take advantage of me, just because you know the old man and I don't hit it off?"

"I don't feel justified in making you the loan," said Sammy.

"Then lend it to me yourself. You're as rich as Croesus," blustered Dick.

"Can't," answered Sammy. And Dick surveyed him with a malevolent glare.

"All right!" he sneered. "I guess you've unmasked yourself now. Just wait till the bank comes to me, Sammy!"

And he stalked away in a fury. Sammy went to Myrtle that night. She cried a little and agreed to wait a year longer.

There was a good deal in Dick's

threat. It was known that old Chester could not live long. His end was curiously sudden, and old Sammy was with him. The old banker was conscious until the end, and he had a confidential talk with Sammy before he died. It was a good thing he did not see Dick, half drunk, staring at his body an hour after his death and cursing Sammy for not having summoned him.

However, Dick had the bank. His first act was to give Sammy a month's notice.

"I told you you'd be sorry for that wretched trick you played on me," he said, sneering. "See if you can get another job. Not in this town, Sammy."

Sammy's answer, at the end of the month, was to marry Myrtle, and they went away on a honeymoon that lasted nearly two months. At the end of that time Sammy was back in town, looking spruce and smarter than he had ever looked before, and living in an elegant house. It was whispered that his wife had been left a legacy.

"He won't last long," sneered Dick.

But it was Dick who wasn't going to last long. The bank was in a bad way. Dick had been speculating recklessly, and no bank can stand the drain on its funds that wild management entails. At the end of the third month Dick saw himself at his wits' end. His father's fortune had proved nonexistent. There was nothing but the bank capital, and that was disappearing like snow in May. A meeting of the shareholders had been summoned, and there was talk of deposing Dick.

Dick, moody and restless, glared at Sammy when he saw him, spruce and apparently self-satisfied, strolling jauntily down the street. He glared more when he was accompanied by his pretty wife. Marriage had given Myrtle back her youth and loveliness, and Dick, smothering his rage, renewed his acquaintance with her and her husband.

"Sorry I had to fire you, Sammy," he explained. "But I guess you're pretty slow as a bank manager. No hard feelings?"

"None whatever," said Sammy.

Dick was mad about Myrtle again. He took advantage of Sammy's slowness to press his attentions upon Sammy's wife. He plunged blindly into the flirtation. He contrived to put Sammy in absurd positions—as when he sent him into his own backyard to hunt for chicken thieves, while he sat in the parlor and talked amiable nonsense for an hour to Myrtle.

It was soon the talk of the town that Myrtle was far from indifferent to Dick. People wondered why Sammy did not seem to realize it. They would have stared had they heard what Dick said to Myrtle on a certain evening.

"I'm sick of it all. And I'm going away. I've got a big sum put by, Myrtle, and you can leave that boob and start in with me in the West. I've always loved you, and I'll give you the time of your life, dear."

And Myrtle, very pale, promised to let him call for her upon a certain evening when Sammy was to be out. But she would not let Dick kiss her until they were in the train together.

At the meeting of the shareholders Dick made no fight for his position. He casually indicated that he was tired of the job, and intended to resign. If they were able to keep things afloat without him, let them get another manager. If his father's fortune had not been dissipated, he would have made the bank pay 12 per cent.

Then came the surprise of the evening. Old Chester's fortune was found. And it had been placed in Sammy's hands, for reinvestment "as soon as my son, by his folly, has wrecked my bank," as the lawyer read to the meeting. And Sammy was to be president. That much went with his stock, which was now a majority after the planned reconstruction.

Dick Chester put on his hat and glared about him.

"So that's the sort of trick that sneak and the old man put over on me!" he shouted. "Who could carry on a bank like that?"

"There was enough capital to give a conservative man a chance, Mr. Chester," observed the lawyer mildly.

Dick swung out of the office. He knew that Sammy would be out of town until the morning. At nine in the evening he called at Sammy's house. Myrtle met him, her face agitated, her hat awry on her head.

"Are you sure, Dick?" she whispered.

"Dead sure, darling," hiccuped Dick.

"Come in a minute," whispered Myrtle.

Dick followed her into the parlor. Myrtle locked the door behind him. Dick found himself confronting Sammy.

Myrtle took a whip from behind a curtain and put it in Sammy's hand. "What the—!" Dick began. "So, it's a trap, is it? Let me out! Let me out, I say!"

Sammy flicked him about the legs once or twice lightly, and Dick fell on his knees and howled. Sammy unlocked the door.

"Is that all, Sammy, dear?" asked Myrtle reproachfully.

"Oh, yes, I guess so. He isn't worth any more," answered Sammy. "Hi! Get out! And don't show your face in this town again or I'll have you arrested for embezzlement. You know what I mean!"

And this time the whip really descended with vigor upon Dick's back. Sammy was losing his temper for the first time in his life. Dick cast one look at his face and rushed for the door.

But before he reached the door, Myrtle and Sammy, in each other's arms, had forgotten all about him.

## HELPING THEIR WOUNDED PRISONER



An official photograph from the British on the western front showing a British Tommy giving a wounded German, made captive, a drink from his canteen.

## TELLS OF DEEDS OF DARING ON FRONT AT YSER

American Motorcyclist Relates the Dangers of Carrying Dispatches.

## RIDER WINS VICTORIA CROSS

Six Killed in One Instance Before Seventh Delivers Message—Trench Pools Made Up Before, Divided After Action.

London.—The Daily Express publishes the following:

William J. Robinson was born and lived the first six years of his life at sea. You will have realized that he is an American. He landed in England on September 10, 1914. He had been here before. He was still a young man.

A year after he landed he found himself without a job. A few days later he was a trooper in the Fifth Dragoon Guards. He had done no soldiering before. He could not ride a horse. He spent a few days in a riding school at Aldershot, and by way of stopping chaff at his expense in barracks went up to a "big chap" (who, he found out afterward, had been heavyweight champion of the army) and began a fight by hitting him in the face. That made them friends.

On October 8 he landed at Ostend, and on the afternoon of the third day came under fire at Roulers. He had been in the army just over a month. He spent 14 months at the front as motorcyclist driver, motorcycle dispatch rider and motor machine gun driver, and has written the story of his adventures and escapes in a very readable volume. ("My Fourteen Months at the Front," by William J. Robinson.)

### "Hellfire Corner."

Soon after he reached the front, Private Robinson became temporary driver to Lieut. Gen. Sir Julian Byng, and he was in Ypres when the first shelling began. From that he was switched off to armored cars, and then to motor machine guns, with which he fought in ditches at "Hellfire Corner," on the Menin road. It was while he was on this job that he saw a motorcyclist win the Victoria Cross. He describes the incident thus:

"Volunteer dispatch riders for danger work" were called for. About eighteen of our chaps offered themselves, and, of course, all were accepted. A dispatch had to be carried about two miles along the road which follows the bank of the Yser canal. The road was constantly being swept by German machine gun and rifle fire. The dispatch was to be handed to a French commander who was waiting for it.

"The first man started and was soon out of sight. They waited in vain a certain length of time for a signal that he had arrived and then called 'No. 2.' These signals are made by heliograph, but while they are good for this kind of work, the Germans can see the signal as well as we can. 'No. 2' started out, but we saw him go down before he had gone a hundred yards.

"Then 'No. 3' started. It was pitiful to watch those poor chaps. When a man knew it was his turn next, I could see the poor fellow nervously working on his machine. He'd prime the engine, then he'd open and close the throttle quickly several times—anything, in fact, to keep himself busy.

"Six of these fellows went down in less than half an hour. 'No. 7' was a

young fellow whose name I don't know. I wish I did, for he was certainly the nerviest man I ever saw. 'No. 7' was hardly out of the officer's mouth before he had his dispatch and was on his way. About five minutes later the signal came that the dispatch had been delivered.

"My officer told me afterward that the French general to whom he had handed the dispatch had taken the Medaille Militaire off his own breast and pinned it on that of this young dispatch rider. He was also later awarded the Victoria Cross and given a commission. It is things like this that make one proud to belong to such an army."

### Sniping a Sniper.

After spending Christmas, 1914, in the Ypres trenches, Robinson helped a second lieutenant in the Royal Engineers to snipe a German sniper on the Dieckbusch-Hollebeke road. As they rode over a wooden bridge a bullet whistled. Neither spoke, but on the way back, three hours later, the officer said: "That blasted sniper has potted at me once too often. We'll leave the road here and sneak down opposite the hedge under cover of the trees."

Tethering their horses, they crept near the bridge, waited until a wagon passed and heard the sniper's shot, from behind. They crawled a hundred yards and waited. Soon they heard the rifle crack again, not far away. Creeping a little further, they waited again, watching the trees. They came so close to the sniper, without seeing him, that next time he fired they heard the ejector fly back and the bolt snap. Then they spotted him. He was well up a tree, with his rifle fitted on a tripod, so that whenever he heard anyone on the wooden bridge he had only to pull the trigger. But he had ended his sniping. The lieutenant and Private Robinson fired together, and "Mr. Sniper came down like a thousand of bricks."

The "British Tommy" of those days, according to William J., was a "great gambler" as well as a great fighter. One of his forms of gambling was a kind of tontine, known as a "trench pool."

"About ten fellows got together, and each put ten francs in a pool just before they went into action. They left this money with someone behind the lines, for they would be in action anywhere from six days to three weeks. The idea of the pool was this: Those who lived to get back would take the money and split it evenly among themselves. If only one lived he would have the whole lot.

### Daredevil Officer.

The Tommies kept canaries, rats, mice, dogs, cats, goats, and even pigs, as pets, and would go hungry before the pet hungrier.

The "biggest daredevil" that Robinson heard of was known as the "Mad Major"—an artillery officer who kept his own aeroplane for range-finding purposes. When he wanted to correct a range he just flew over and dropped smoke bombs on the particular spot he wanted his guns to hit. Then he went back and set the guns to work. One day, being annoyed with a German 17-inch howitzer, he flew over with a 100-pound bomb, nose dived to within 400 feet, dropped the bomb and blew the howitzer to atoms. He returned with his planes riddled with bullets.

Mr. Robinson indicates in a few words what happened to two men, a woman and two children when a Taube dropped a bomb in the square at Poperinghe. It is enough here to say that they were killed, and that the bicycle one of the men was riding was found twisted and bent on a lamp-post about fifty yards away. He also describes briefly the killing of two officers in a motorcar by a German 15-inch shell on the road going into Ypres. The driver escaped, but was sent nearly mad by the shock. His nerve was gone and he had to be discharged.

This was during the second battle of Ypres, when the city was being destroyed by shell fire and the houses were burning.

## PATHETIC SCENES AMONG WOUNDED

Procession of Mangled Men Through German Hospital on Verdun Front.

## ON THEIR WAY TO FATHERLAND

Roar of Guns Punctuates the Groans of Pain-Wracked Soldiers—Mutilated Men Think Only of the Enemy.

Berlin.—A German correspondent with the army of the crown prince near Verdun sends a graphic description to his newspaper of scenes in a little French village where the wounded are brought in and taken care of.

"The songs of the German soldiers who are on leave in this village," he writes, "become softer as the gray hospital wagon appears in the dusty street. The men are severely wounded and are unable to sit up. They are lying on their narrow stretchers. Some are ill and others are only slightly wounded. The wounded now and then look sadly at the bindings of their wounds. They tell of their sufferings. One of them was wounded by shrapnel during an attack by the enemy. He was able to crawl to the rear, and while his wounds were being dressed a shell exploded nearby and he was wounded a second time. But now we are all moving to the rear—to Germany."

"Wounded Hobbles In. The croaking of frogs comes from a pond not far away. The roar of guns is no longer deafening. The hospital wagon slowly moves up the street and stops before the barracks. Those who are able at once alight. One, who received a rifle ball in his leg, jumps to the ground with his good leg and hobbles off. Another takes an ill soldier on his back and carries him to the barracks. The physician meets us, glances at our papers and asks us to sit on the nearest bench while the severely wounded are at once taken care of by other physicians. All around the room are beds occupied by wounded soldiers who are in no condition to be sent back to Germany for the present. In one bed lies a man whose head is all tied up; another has had his arm amputated, another his leg. All are asleep, and some are smiling, laughing and talking in their dreams—what sweet dreams they must be!—golden dreams. The man with his head all bound up is talking softly. The physician says that he had the worst wounds that he has yet seen during the war. It was a question whether he could live, but the physicians brought him around all right, and today, when the wounded man asked for something to eat, they were so delighted they treated everyone with cigars.

"We are waiting for the automobile which is to take us to the nearest field hospital. No one says a word. The guns are again roaring. Looking out of the window we can see the clear starlight blue sky now and then vividly illuminated by the fierce glare from exploding shells. Here and there is seen the searchlight on the watch for hostile aviators. One of the wounded remarks:

"It would just be my luck to have some aviator drop a bomb on me now after all I have gone through."

### Is Short of Time.

"The door is opened suddenly, and a soldier stumbles in. He is holding his head with both hands and the blood is streaming down his face. He quietly tells the physician that he would like to have his wounds dressed. He adds that he was driving an ammunition wagon when he was wounded. As the attendant examines his wounds the soldier remarks that he has not much time to spare, as the ammunition wagon is awaiting outside and it is his duty to deliver the ammunition promptly. He tells the physician simply to wash his wounds and let him be off. The physician tells him quietly and firmly that that is impossible. He must remain; his wounds are more serious than he imagines.

"Everything is quiet again and nothing is heard except the deep breathing of the sleeping wounded. Near me one man awakens and sits up in his bed. He looks at me with two staring, feverish eyes.

"How is it with the French? he asks me. I notice that his wounds are in the chest.

"What a question to ask, I said to myself. Here is a man seriously wounded, and from a deep sleep he suddenly awakes and all he asks is about the enemy. Not a word about his mother or his home, not a word of complaint about his sufferings.

"The French are worse off than we are," I answered him.

"That seemed to satisfy him, and then he asked for a drink of water.

"Just then the automobile stops in front of the door and those of us not severely wounded are escorted outside and placed in the machine. Adieu! And the automobile starts on its journey to that beloved place where clean beds and loving hands await to nurse us."

### Will Make Sure About Their Eggs.

New York.—After September 1 the people of New York may be reasonably certain as to the state of preservation of the eggs they buy. After that date the law requires the labeling of cold storage eggs on the shell in letters at least one-eighth of an inch high.

## IN CANNING TIME

SOME INSTRUCTIONS THAT MAY BE OF SERVICE.

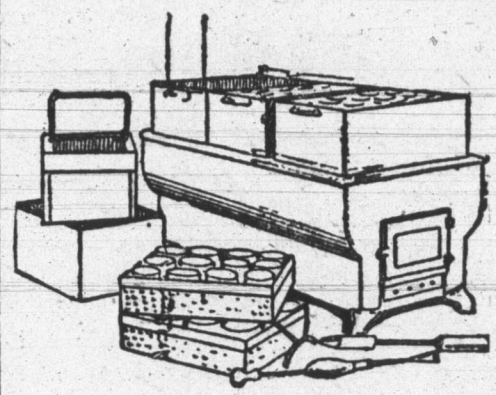
Two Cardinal Points Are Cleanliness and Complete Sterilization—Just How These May Be Most Easily Attained.

There seems to be a belief by the general public that there is something mysterious in the commercial canning process. The great secret of this process is a careful observance of two things—cleanliness and complete sterilization.

Fruits and vegetables can be "put up" in glass jars or tin cans at home much cheaper than they can be purchased in the form of commercially canned goods, and the flavor, texture and general quality of the homemade product can be made superior to the product of the average factory, writes S. B. Shaw, recognized expert of South Carolina.

Minute forms of life which we call bacteria are present everywhere in untold numbers. The air we breathe, the water we drink, and the food we eat are teeming with them. These bacteria are practically the cause of the "spoilage" or fermenting of the various fruits and vegetables.

The reproduction of bacteria, which is very rapid, is brought about by one of two processes. The bacterium either divides itself into two



Canning Outfit.

parts, making two bacteria where one existed before, or else reproduces itself by means of spores.

Spores may be compared with the seed of an ordinary plant. These spores present the chief difficulty in canning the products of the orchard and garden.

All forms of bacteria are killed by complete sterilization. This is nothing more than enclosing the products to be sterilized in jars or cans that can be sealed airtight, and submitting them to heat of sufficient degree, for a time long enough, to destroy the bacteria that cause the raw material to spoil.

Sterilization is readily accomplished by the use of boiling water, and there are three different ways in which this can be done. While the parent bacteria can be killed at the temperature of boiling water, their spores retain their vitality for a long time even at that temperature.

Smaller factories, and the different home canning outfits usually make use of the "open-kettle" process. Here the cans are submerged in boiling water and kept at that temperature for a time sufficient to destroy bacteria and spores.

The third process, known as fractional sterilization, is that of keeping cans or jars in boiling water for a specified time upon each of two or three consecutive days.

The process of boiling upon consecutive days is the safest method, and is much to be preferred in home canning. The first day's boiling kills practically all the bacteria, but does not kill all of the spores.

As soon as the jars or cans cool, these spores develop, and a new lot of bacteria begin their destructive work on the contents.

The second day's boiling kills this new lot of bacteria before they have had time to produce spores.

Boiling the third day is not always necessary, but it is advisable in order to be sure that sterilization is complete.

### Baked Fish Pudding.

The remains of boiled fish can be utilized in this way: Carefully remove the flesh from the bones; cut it up into small dice, and have an equal bulk of mashed potatoes. Put both into a basin and mix together; then melt some butter and pour it in, mixing well; add salt and pepper and a few grains of cayenne pepper; beat up an egg and add it last; mix all well together; put it in a pudding dish, smooth and score neatly on the top. Bake for half an hour.

### Fish Flakes With Bacon.

Boil potatoes in salted water until tender; add two cupsful of flaked fish, a fourth of a teaspoonful of pepper and a beaten egg. Take up by the rounding tablespoonful, shape lightly and fry in deep fat to a delicate amber color. Roll slices of bacon into cylinders, run a toothpick through each to hold it in place and fry until well cooked. Serve a bacon roll with each fish ball.

### Walnut Croquettes.

This rule calls for one cupful of bread crumbs and a like amount of mashed potatoes and of chopped English walnuts. Add the yolks of two or three eggs, salt and pepper to taste and a little onion if desired. After shaping the mixture into croquette forms they should be baked in a moderate oven for 20 minutes.