

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 glared at him.

"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 indorsed 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 home 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 depositing 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 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 morrow. 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.

"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.

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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, Died vided 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 "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 motorcar driver, motorcycle dispatch rider and motor machine gun driver, and has written the story of his adventures and escapades in a very readable volume. ("My Fourteen Months at the Front," by William J. Robinson.)

"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 live to get back would take the money and split it evenly among themselves. If only one lived he would have the whole lot."

Dared Devil Officer.

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

"Volunteer dispatch riders for dangerous 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 thus:

"'Daredevil Officer.'

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

"'Daredevil Officer.'

Mr. Robinson indicts 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 bicyclist one of the men was riding was found twisted and bent on a lamppost 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.

"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.

"Then 'No. 4' 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.

"Then 'No. 5' 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.

"Then 'No. 6' 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.

"Then 'No. 7' 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.

"Then 'No. 8' 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.

"Then 'No. 9' 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.

"Then 'No. 10' 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.

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"Then 'No. 12' 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.

"Then 'No. 13' 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.

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"Then 'No. 17' 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.

"Then 'No. 18' 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.

"Then 'No. 19' 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.

"Then 'No. 20' 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.

"Then 'No. 21' 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.

"Then 'No. 22' 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.

"Then 'No. 23' 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.

"Then 'No. 24