

## The Daily Short Story

### LOVE AND FORTUNE

(By George Elmer Cobb)

WHEN John White, the banker of Scottboro, announced that he had dispensed with the services of Ned Walters, people were a good deal surprised. The young man was a general favorite in the town. He had been industrious in his province of cashier and had helped to build the bank. Mr. White had persuaded him to give up a promising position to come to Scottboro, and Ned had every reason to believe that he had been awarded a permanent position. Suddenly, at a day's notice, he had been asked to turn over his books to a new cashier.

"Relative of mine, this new official, the bank president rather lamely explained, 'Walters was all right—fine young fellow and all that—but I had to make a place for my dead sister's boy. Sorry, it couldn't be avoided.' 'Rubbish!' commented Mrs. Bunsby, 'I had gossip of the place. 'Mr. Walters presumed to lift his eyes to Eloise White. That was enough for the old man, who wouldn't look for a son-in-law with less than a million.' Mrs. Bunsby had read the situation right, and no one knew it better than the sadly disconsolate Ned himself. Of course he looked around for a new position. Meantime, awaiting a position on some of his applications, he had a dull time of it in Scottboro. Mr. White had put his foot down firmly, forbade him the home, and Eloise was a dutiful daughter. She had met her lover just once since her father had dismissed him from his service.

"It is the last time, Ned," she said, like the brave, sensible little woman she was. "Until I am of age I shall feel that I belong to papa. Now I am going to tell you that I return that love and always shall. You must go away and make a name and position, and when I am eighteen we will meet again."

"A whole year to give her father a chance to marry her off!" reflected Ned desolately after that.

"But there seemed to be no use battling the inevitable. He wrote a final letter to Eloise. It breathed undying fidelity, and as well restored faith in

his ability to win for himself a place among men for her dear sake. The bank in another city where he had been employed offered him a subordinate position. This was humiliating, but it was a start. Ned decided to accept the position.

It was his last night in Scottboro. With the morning he planned to go to his new place of employment. He was under promise not to see nor write to Eloise. It was nearly midnight, and he felt that he could not sleep, and left his room bent on a reckless stroll. As a magnet, the home which held his one cherished treasure, attracted him. He passed its palatial front. All was dark, and the household apparently wrapped in slumber.

Mourningly Ned passed the house. Then he started down the narrow lane. This was a short cut to the bank, which fronted on the next street. As he reached the point where it merged into an alley that ran directly behind the bank, Ned was surprised to notice, standing in the vacant space at the rear of the institution, a wagon.

In an instant Ned glided down the alley. Then curiosity and wonder gave way to rapid excitement. The wagon was a covered box vehicle, with hinged doors closing tightly at his back. These were open. Two stealthy figures were just entering the rear door of the bank. A metallic glint inside of the vehicle caused Ned to gaze more closely. Deeply stirred at an extraordinary discovery, he stepped out.

"The small safe from the bank vault!"

Then robbery, burglary, was afoot! Whoever had entered the institution must have penetrated to its most secret vault, to thus secure the little safe which was in fact John White's real treasure house.

The moment lost in deciding what was best to do, run and sound an alarm or remain and face the raiders, was a precious one. A sound at the rear of the bank attracted Ned's attention. Two men were coming thence, poking their pockets full of gold from bags of coin they carried.

Acting on a quick impulse, Ned gave a spring and landed in the



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wagon. The next instant he regretted it. The men slammed shut the rear doors of the vehicle.

"Let's hurry," he heard a gruff voice speak. "We've got about all there is worth taking—'whoa!'"

Something had startled the horse. So suddenly did the animal start up that Ned was flung flat, striking the edge of the steel safe. He realized that the horse had run away. He steadied himself as he comprehended that the animal was dashing down the long incline sweeping to the rear of the wagon. It struck one of the bridge pillars, the horse tore loose and the wagon crashed through the railing and went over the river.

Ned's head was bleeding from a severe wound. He felt the swift current swirling the wrecked vehicle about. He tore at the shattered side of the box, squeezed through the aperture, the water all but engulfing him and reached the shore, how, he never knew.

Ned must have been in a kind of delirium after that. When he was again restored to reason it was two days later. He lay on a couch in a strange room. A man, a farmer, sat by his side.

"Keep still, stranger," he urged. "You are all right, but the doctor says you must rest. You keep calling for some one so much," added the man, "that when my wife found a photograph in your pocket with a name under it, Miss Nellie White, she went to town and saw the young lady. She's here now, in the next room. 'Who is?' almost shouted Ned springing up on his couch.

"Easy, friend, easy," soothed the farmer. "She's a grand girl, let me tell you. When she learned you were hurt, she gave up home, father, everything to come and nurse you. I know the old miser—man of means, and mean, too. He's down grade now, though—bank robbed, everything gone. Now, then, say, I'm curious to know how you ever got into this fix."

Ned told. The farmer evinced the greatest excitement as his patient spoke of the wagon box that went into the river.

"Why," he exclaimed, "I noticed the battered wreck of just such a contraption floated into the cut-off in my land. Thought I'd fish it out for kindling wood some time."

"If it is the one I was in," declared Ned excitedly, "it holds the safe stolen from the bank."

It did, as they soon ascertained. Old John White had felt badly at losing his daughter; he had felt worse at losing his fortune. Now, with a chance to get both back, he graciously accepted Ned as a son-in-law.

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## HOW BRITISH WARSHIPS MAINTAIN EFFICIENT PATROL OF ATLANTIC TRADE ROUTES

Naval men see in the presence of British cruisers on the North Atlantic trade routes the putting into execution of a British Admiralty project worked out in manoeuvres for the protection of commerce. Those arrangements, it is understood, call for ten first class cruisers in the main ocean trade route between American and United Kingdom ports, and within the last twenty-four hours crews gave word of the presence of nine of the specified ten ships.

The nine cruisers so far reported, are the Suffolk, Berwick, Bristol, Good Hope, Drake, Essex, Aboukir, Buryalao and Lancaster. The tenth vessel, it is believed, will prove to be the cruiser Cornwall.

From what can be ascertained the cruisers now on patrol are stretched over a course which passes north from the Bahamas to Bermuda, thence to off Cape Hatteras, thence past New York to off Nantucket Shoals, thence to the Grand Banks and from there to the Irish coast.

The patrol course is based on St. Lucia and Barbados, Halifax and St. John's, Newfoundland. These five ports can be depended upon to keep the cruisers supplied with coal and provisions, and, as the vessels on duty range from 9,000 to 14,000 tons in size, it is estimated they can carry sufficient coal to keep the sea under economical steaming for two weeks at a stretch.

In former years the North Atlantic Ocean in its western part, was divided into four districts by the British. These districts were Halifax, Newfoundland (St. John's), Jamaica, and Bahamas. This arrangement held during the days of sailing war vessels. It existed during the Revolutionary period. Later the British reduced the number to two, basing respectively in Halifax and Bermuda, and still later the entire American station was comprised in one district.

The British Admiralty has had to consider in recent years whether to convoy merchant craft in time of war or put in scheme a trade route patrol. The later scheme has been adopted, it is understood, for the routes possessing convenient bases. Ordinarily vessels from the United Kingdom to New York run over to the Grand Banks and then stand to the southward and westward until at a distance of about 1,200 miles from the Ambrose light vessel, when they stand to the westward.

From the Grand Banks it is a short run in to St. John's, Newfoundland.

for coal, and only a few hundred miles further to Halifax, where there are docks and naval depots. Bermuda is the next base. Here for years the British have maintained large supplies of naval stores of all sorts.

In the West Indies, the British possess at St. Lucia one of the strongest fortified ports in the Western Hemisphere, and with ample supplies and equipment for the fleet.

**500 Miles Apart**

In late manoeuvres the British, it is understood, have experimented in placing so-called station ships on a trade route at distances of 500 miles apart. These station ships were directed to be on a specified meridian each day of the week. The scheme arranged that the station ships should change position daily, but that the exact locality for each day should be known to all other vessels in the patrol by preconcert. Under this arrangement the station vessels cruised back and forth within particular beats and merchant craft were passed along from one station ship to another.—New York Herald.

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### RUSSIAN ARMY

A London dispatch makes the significant announcement that Russia has collected an army of four million men on the German-Austrian frontiers and half a million on the Roumanian and Turkish borders. When that colossal force is ready to move Germany will be compelled to divert a portion of the troops now massed along the boundaries of France to stem the tide which will threaten her from the east. As far as can be learned, the task of protecting her territory in that region has been entrusted to reservists, the final call to whom was issued a few days ago. If they are unable to resist the horde of Slav invaders, Berlin itself will be menaced, for the capital is only seven hours' journey by train from Russian Poland.

Russia's mobilization has been slow for several reasons. In the first place, she knows the immense resources of the nations she is fighting and does not intend to move until she has gathered an army large enough to enable her to make headway against both. This huge aggregation has to be garnered from the numerous military posts distributed over eight million square miles. It has to be properly equipped and provisioned, and in this connection it is worthy of note that the Russo-Japanese war showed Russia to be a perfect master of transport. Without this efficiency in a vitally important department Kurapatkin never would have extricated his armies from the traps of Liaoyang and Mukden.

The Germans have professed to hold the Russian menace on their eastern frontier in contempt. But we should remember that they also entertained a poor opinion of the fighting qualities of the Belgians. It is likewise worth bearing in mind that it was Russia more than any other nation which destroyed Napoleon; that were it not for Russia the other allies, Prussia and Austria, would have sued for peace even when, after his retreat from Moscow, Napoleon fought with his back to the wall. In those days Napoleon found it child's play to crush the German armies whenever he met them. He was extended to his limit to beat the Russians.

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