THE BANK ENVELOPE

BY WILLIAM HOLLOWAY.

PART II.

"Now really," snarled the other. "Cut it out, bo!" His wrinkled face grew on the sudden placid. "I suppose you wonder why I'm telling you this? Well, say, there isn't going to be any trouble after I get the envelope, is there? You can't raise a holler. It's a pipe. Now hand it over. I saw Blane out on the sidewalk looking for that envelope, and you bet it's worth while."

He extended his hand insistently, even as Henry Porter drew back. "Look here! cried the latter. "I can have you arrested for carrying that revolver. There's a fixed post around the corner."

The little man laughed. "I think I was crazy when I came into town tonight. I carried that for Blane. I meant to see him and ask him one or two unpleasant questions. Then came that envelope sailing out of the window. Say, it was a bird!" He pressed the end of the automatic against the banker's body. "Out with it!" he commanded. "Out with it!"

Thus adjured, Henry Porter gazed an instant in the other's wrinkled face. Reader and ruler of men as he was, he understood the message printed there. With a gesture of the sharpest disappointment, he plunged his hand beneath his overcoat and produced the coveted envelope. Then shrugging his shoulders, without a word he continued his walk eastward.

Orestes Renwick, the famous artist, whose portraits of fashionable New York women bid fair to become classic, was in a savage mood. Commissions had been bad of late owing to the financial stringency. Half a dozen representatives of the nouveau riche and two of the Knickerbockers had unexpectedly canceled orders. Meanwhile, his wife's bills for the furnishing of their new house in the smartest section of the East Seventies kept growing, much as the proverbial snowball rolling down the proverbial mountain. The worst of the matter was that neither in word nor in deed did he dare to make protest. For one thing, he was too much in love with his wife to call a halt to her plans unless it become absolutely necessary. For another, the newspapers had made so much of the artistic luxury of his new home, his patrons had come to expect such unique perfection in his household, that to give up the project now would be to deal his prestige a fatal blow.

So it came that, strolling through Central Park late at night, as was his custom, he witnessed the meeting between Henry Porter and the little man from New Jersey. The precise nature of the interview he was, of course, unable to understand, but from the scraps of words that came to him, as he lurked in the shelter of a nearby stoop, and from the violent gestures of the smaller man, he decided that he was witnessing nothing less than an ordinary hold-up. This opinion a little phrase uttered in a louder tone than the rest speedily dissipated.

"Hand it over! Saw Blane—sidewalk looking — envelope — worth while."

Orestes Renwick caught his breath sharply as he saw the automatic bulge beneath the assailant's overcoat; caught it more sharply still as he watched the banker draw from beneath his overcoat a long white envelope, which in the starlight shone palely against the black background. In a flash he came to his decision. An envelope which was worth while to Blane and Porter was worth while to him. There was a certain novel artistry in the manner in which he went about the task of obtaining possession of the coveted bit of paper. Crossing the street, he ran hastily after the possessor of the automatic; while that individual, hearing footsteps behind him, suddenly halted.

"Mr. Porter wishes te see you at his home at once," he said breathlessly; "he asks me to tell you that he can realize on the contents of the envelope much more easily than you can."

"Forget it!" said the little man, with a wave of his hand. And, even as he spoke, the right fist of Orestes Renwick collided sharply with the point of his jaw, and he fell with a clatter to the sidewalk, momentarily dead to the world.

The artist slowly flexed the huge muscles of which he was so inordinately proud; then, with a quick movement of his prehensile fingers, despoiled his victim of the fated bank envelope. He had barely clutched it in his hand when there came upon the scene no less a person than Jimmy the Rat.

Any way you look at it, Jimmy the Rat is out of place in this story. For one thing, his social position—Jimmy's regular reception days are on what is technically termed "the Island," with an occasional lapse to the austere beauties of Sing Sing—makes him rather out of place in the company of bankers and artists. For another, Jimmy was a professional, and the others, as will have been noticed, were the rankest kind of amateurs.

But Jimmy, who, by the merest chance happened to be passing down Madison avenue when Orestes Renwick made his great play, had two advantages that served him well; a pair of rubber shoes and a small section of gas-pipe. The first brought him on the scene of action as noiselessly as a phantom; the second, skillfully applied to the back of the artist's head, put him in possession of the bank envelope, as it fell from Orestes Renwick's nerveless hand.

And then Jimmy the Rat, his shriveled form convulsed with silent laughter, turned away to pastures new. "That," he told himself, "was a pipe! It sure was!"

Captain Anderson, of the neighboring precinct, was in a decidedly unpleasant frame of mind. Bertrand Blane had had him on the phone and in a moment of forgetfulness he had been rude to the banker. He was paying for it now as Mulberry street began to get wakened up.

One by one the messages came in and none of them made pleasant reading for the captain of the precinct. The Central Office was sending a number of its best detectives; police headquarters was turning things upside down in a vain effort to recover the missing envelope; worst of all, the Commissioner himself had called him on the phone.

"His Nibs," he confided hoarsely to his sergeant, as he hung up the receiver. "And hot under the collar! Say, he ain't turning the little burg upside down for that envelope, oh, no! Not at all!"

"Valuable envelope?" suggested the sergeant's confident lips.

"Only worth a few millions or so," was the grim answer. "It's up to us to find it or somebody's going broke. "What the devil was Dwyer doing? Anybody heard from Dwyer?"

"Here you are," cried an unexpected voice, and Officer Dwyer entered from the street. In his hand he carried a white envelope, which he placed solemnly on the desk. Behind him two assistants marshaled an assortment of visitors.

"Here's the envelope that fell out of Mr. Blane's window and here's Mr. Blane himself."

The great banker nodded pleasantly, and Captain Anderson's face, which had threatened apoplexy, grew normal again. "Delighted," he observed in his best manner, reaching out his hand. "And Mr. Porter, too," he added, turning to that gentleman. "Not to speak of Jimmy the Rat, and two strangers." He pulled at his long, straw-colored mustache. "Suppose you talk, Dwyer."

Officer Dwyer saluted. "When the envelope fell out of the window, Mr. Porter picked it up, and went off with it!"

"Picked it up?" asked the captain hoarsely. "Went off with it? And Blane's name on it? Why——"

"I don't know why," said Officer Dwyer composedly. "Mebbe he couldn't see it wasn't his. Mebbe he could. I don't know. I'm sticking to facts. Anyway, the little fellow here took it from Porter because he's been losing money in stocks lately—a straight hold-up. He's come across with the story. Next, this other guy, Renwick, the artist, that does the fancy mugs you see in the Sunday papers—up and cops it from the little chap. After which, along sneaks Jimmy and hands the artist the kebunk on the coco, and I nabs Jimmy! And there you are!"

"Well, of all the——" began the astounded captain. He paused abruptly. "And do you mean you are preferring charges against Mr. Porter?"

Dwyer squared his shoulders. "I do," he declared resolutely.

Captain Anderson grew thoughtful. In imagination he was seeing himself the centre of a famous Wall Street mystery. "Then we'll have to see what's in the envelope," he decided. "Worth millions they say. Bonds, I suppose, Mr. Blane?"

Bertrand Blane, who had been listening attentively, grew suddenly red; then his face turned pale; after which it grew red again; the whole performance culminating in a burning blush. "It isn't bonds," he stammered. "It isn't bonds."

"No?" said the captain. "Then, as the precinct has been turned upside down, perhaps you'll tell us what it is."

The young banker grew, if possible, more agitated than before. "I did tell Dwyer I wouldn't lose it for millions," he admitted, "And I don't suppose I would, but it isn't money. You see, captain, my wife is down at our Long Island place and to-night at half-past twelve—well, it's our first and it's a boy!"

"The devil!" cried the astonished captain. "And what has that got to do with the envelope?"

"I had the things ready," the banker went on, "and I was waiting for a telephone call from the doctor. When it came, I slipped them in the envelope and sealed it. Just as I was going to address them to Master Bertrand Havelock Blane—the Havelock is for his mother, you know—the envelope blew out of the window. That's all, captain."

"All?" cried Captain Anderson, banging his hand furiously upon the deck. "Not by a jugful! What I want to know is what's in this envelope every one has been grabbing? Jewels, did you say?"

For an instant the master of Wall Street hesitated. Then he manfully took the plunge. "It's just the very finest pair of baby bootees you ever saw in your life, captain."

"Baby shoes!" echoed the captain weakly. "Oh, Lord!" He turned to his sergeant. "My compliments to the Commissioner," he said savagely, "and tell him I've dropped two burglaries and a murder case to-night, but that baby's shoes are safe!"

He swung about again face to face with Bertrand Blane, and as he did so, something very like a grin appeared upon the granite lips. "The first, eh, Mr. Blane. That accounts for it. I remember myself——"

Henry Porter interrupted. His face haggard; his voice weary; the world he loved was slipping from his grip. "If you don't mind, officer, and if there's no charge, I'll go on. I have a hard day before me to-morrow."

Bertrand Blane caught his father's ancient rival by the arm. "Not on my account," he protested. "I've been thinking of doing something in honor of my boy and I can't imagine anything better than calling off this silly fight that has been demoralizing Wall Street. So I'm going to share control of 'L.D.K.' with you. I'll have a statement ready for the press before I'm ten minutes older." He shook the old man's hand excitedly. "Nine pounds! Say, what do you know about that!"

Henry Porter's wrinkled face melted into a smile. "Fine!" he answered heartily. "A wonderful boy, that! I owe him something for to-night." He turned to the little man from New Jersey, his face still smiling. "Come to my office to-morrow and I'll see that you get the 90 points for your Steel stock," he said kindly.

"And Renwick here," went on Blane, turning to the artist, "must paint the boy as soon as he can."

Orestes Renwick, conscious of the luck of the gods, felt his battered head and smiled. "Here, Jimmy," he cried, pushing a yellow-back into Jimmy the Rat's itching palm. "I owe you something for that lucky crack on the head." Jimmy grinned knowingly.

"Commissioner on the phone again, sir," interrupted the sergeant. "What shall I say?"

Captain Anderson surveyed the famous banker with a knowing grin. "Tell him it weighs nine pounds," said he.

(The End.)

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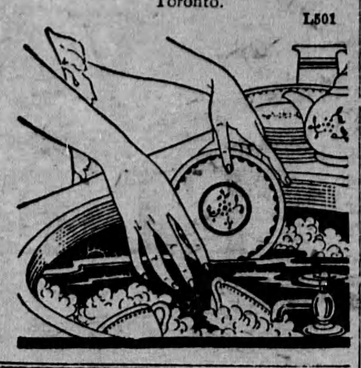

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Too Much for Him.

Grandpa had come to visit his little grandson. Wishing to find out how the boy was getting on at school, he asked:

"If you had ten apples and I gave you two more, how many would you have altogether?"

"I don't know, grandpa," replied the young hopeful; "we always do our sums in beans."

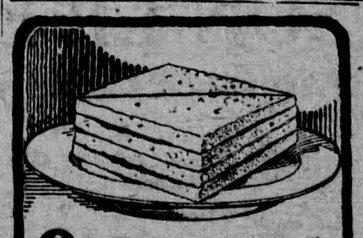
Just Like Mummy.

Irene had just come in and was being shown off by her mother.

"We are very proud of our little girl," said her mother to the visitor. "We are going to send her to school in the summer, where she will learn, ah, such a lot, and be a bright and intelligent child."

"But I don't want to be bright and intelligent," said Irene. "I want to be just like mummy!"

Manager—"I have summed you up, Brown. When I am not here you are the laziest man in the office."



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CANADIAN FOOD PRODUCTS

The matter of the greater utilization of the food products of the Dominions of the Empire by the people of the United Kingdom in preference to those imported from foreign countries, has been receiving considerable attention in the British Isles lately. Following the dropping of the proposed Empire preferences on foodstuffs mutually agreed upon at the meeting of the last Imperial Conference, the British Parliament has in some measure compensated for this and exhibited its sincerity of attitude in this regard by voting the sum of $5,000,000 annually to stimulate and facilitate the entry of the food products of the Dominions into the British Isles.

Recently, according to report, a luncheon was held in the British House of Commons with the object of demonstrating the possibilities of Empire food supplies. All the items of the menu originated in some part of the British Empire. The various items were not listed, but only one was singled out for note as being Canadian. Whilst it is generally appreciated that the British Dominions, taken together, can furnish practically every food requirement of the British consumer, so as to virtually remove the country's necessity of foreign import, the great variety of Canadian food poduction is not so widely realized, or how far this one Dominion might go in providing the British consumer with staple articles of diet.

Wide Variety of Canadian Foods.

At breakfast, for instance, the bread would most likely be made from flour which had been grown and manufactured in Canada, whilst the butter might also have originated in some part of the Dominion. For this meal there is a large variety of Canadian manufactured cereals or breakfast foods to come up for selection. Another item, though an American rather than British dish, might be buckwheat cakes with maple syrup. The standard bacon and eggs might easily be both from Canada.

For luncheon a very complete meal might be served without going beyond Canadian exported products. Canada could easily provide the ingredients for a variety of cocktails. The soup, which contain Canadian macaroni, spaghetti, or vermicelli, might be followed by practically any kind of fish—oysters, lobsters, smelts, mackerel, haddock or clams from Atlantic waters, salmon, halibut or herring from those of the Pacific, codfish from the St. Lawrence gulf, tullibee, whitefish and other freshwater varieties from the great inland lakes.

Choice from Soups to Nuts.

The Bread would again be Canadian, and throughout the meal Canadian beer, ale, porter, cider or native wines might be drunk. A wide variety of Canadian meats is available—beef, pork, mutton, lamb, game, poultry and all kinds of canned meats. Whilst Canada produces practically every kind of vegetable, potatoes, turnips, peas, beans, and canned and preserved vegetables are exported, and might readily find their way to the dining tables of the British Isles.

A variety of Canadian products might find their way into the desert, starting with apples and nuts grown in the Dominion. In addition, there might also be Canadian candy and confectionery, as well as maple sugar, all of which are available for export. A concluding touch would be Canadian whiskey, with cigars and cigarettes manufactured in Canada from domestically produced tobacco.

Canada is not only already producing a great variety of foodstuffs at the present time in quantities which permit of considerable export, but has the possibility of extensively adding to these should markets be made available. In the movement evidenced in the British Isles to concentrate as largely as possible on Empire products, there is every likelihood of her achieving this expansion.

Artists' Alarming Adventure.

Once when Miss Beatrice Harrison and her sister, May, the well-known 'cellist and violinist, were travelling from Linland to Russia, they came to a border town where they happened on one of the periodical revolutions that come round with almost the regularity of market dady in that part of the world. The two fiddle cases excited the suspicions of the authorities, and a wild search for concealed bombs at once began, the contents being examined with the utmost care. After a couple of hours of real anxiety for their own safety and that of their beloved instruments, the sisters, much to their relief, were allowed to proceed.

Manhood.

This is the thing called manhood, as I see it,
Giving when gifts not easy are to make;
Meeting the test when weaklings turn and flee it,
Standing for truth when craven spirits break.

He is not manly who defrauds another,
He is not manly who betrays his friend,
Not all the world's ill-gotten wealth can smother
The stain of one who cheated for an end.

Honor must shine triumphant o'er his winning,
Women must meet and find him clean and true;
In manhood's shrine there is no place for sinning,
No secret hour for deeds which cowards do.

A good man holds the game above its prizes,
His life above the pleasures he may seize;
He will not stoop to traits which he despises
And sell his self-respect for victories.

Honor and truth he blends with gentle kindness,
Censure of others seldom will he speak.
Selfishness has not cursed him with its kindness,
Strong though he is he never harms the weak.

Manhood is not in conquest or in glory,
Though both may come, a good man moves along
And lets his friends and neighbors tell his story
As one, they found, too big to do a wrong.

—Edgar A. Guest.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

Faith.

I do believe somehow, somewhere,
Beyond the edge of Here—
Beyond the brink of life, and death,
And time, and hope, and fear—

On some vasty peak of silence—
In some white depth of space,
Across the blaze of setting suns
We shall meet, face to face.

And then all the youngest angels
Will fold their wings, and pray;
And then God—Himself a Lover—
Will smile and look away.

—Mary Dixon Thayer.

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