

The City of Purple Dreams

By Edwin Baird

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TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS OR—

Synopsis.—Typical tramp in appearance, Daniel Randolph Fitzhugh, while crossing a Chicago street, causes the wreck of an auto, whose chauffeur disables it trying to avoid running him down. In pity the occupant of the auto, a young girl, saves him from arrest and gives him a dollar, telling him to buy soap and wash. His sense of shame is touched, and he improves his appearance. That night, in a crowd of unemployed and anarchists, he meets Esther Strom, a Russian revolutionist.

CHAPTER I.—Continued.

"Fellow cit-zens!" His deep-toned bass boomed up and down the street. "The time has come for revolt. The rich and the mighty have ground us in the dust long enough. We must turn. We must claim our own. We are the producers—the backbone of this powerful nation. Who shall control it—the capitalists or the workingmen?"

His voice, deep and sonorous, pronouncing each word very fully and very distinctly, rang out over the disordered crowd like a foghorn cutting through a misty night.

It was the old story of noise being mistaken for wisdom, and it inflamed his hearers like fire to dry twigs. Nothing could have more aroused them. When after several minutes of thunder and bombast he brought his address to a whirlwind close and bowed and turned to climb down, there was a rumbling, mumbling, confused outcry that arose, one solid roar of approbation, and lasted until the givers thereof were hoarse. He fought his way through his newly made admirers and returned to the woman, whom he saw standing in the doorway, waiting for him.

She pulled him inside and stood with her back against it, looking at him with shining eyes. "I—I want you to speak for us tonight. Won't you, please?" She leaned nearer him, resting her hand on his arm, and her eyes as well as her lips said "please." He felt a peculiar impulse to put his arms around her, and conquered it just in time. "There's a side entrance. I have the 'open sesame.' I will take you on the platform with me. You will come, won't you?" Again that pleading of mouth and eye. She stepped into the street. "Are you coming?" she called back.

"Coming?"—he hurried after her and took her arm, the better to protect her from the jostling throng. "You bet I'm coming. With you!"

CHAPTER II.

Smulski's hall was a vast, barnlike structure of one floor. Every inch of floor space was occupied by sweltering humanity, and when Fitzhugh rose to make his address he faced an audience of fully three thousand. He walked to the edge of the platform and stood looking out over that silent sea of upturned faces, with scarcely an idea of what he was to say. Yet he felt a tingling thrill of pleasure that for a moment was as wine to his senses. He knew what he could do, and he exulted in his gift. Many times before he had moved men with it, but never so large a gathering as this.

At the back of the platform, seated among her "comrades," Esther Strom leaned forward in her chair, her lips slightly parted, her dark eyes sparkling. From that moment until the close of his address her gaze never left his face.

Fitzhugh charged into his address. His voice, very low at first, swelled fuller and louder and clearer as he spoke, until its resonant ring thundered and echoed through the mammoth hall. The crowd became as a single body with a single mind, which drank in his words thirstily. He swayed and moved in this way and that with the apparent ease of the wind swaying a field of wheat. It was not what he said, for he said nothing great, but the way he said it that so stirred his auditors. Those who had gone before spoke to the mind. He spoke to the heart.

There was a moment's calm before the storm of applause broke. It roared in upon him, wave upon wave, and he stood up, smiling and bowing, to meet it. He was immediately surrounded by a group of men and women, who, in their own way, showered him with congratulations, heaped flattering eulogies upon him.

Turning to greet a fresh delegation who had just joined the group around him, he saw Esther standing a short way off. As their eyes met she beckoned him and he went to her.

"You must let me have him now," she said, smiling upon the admirer who had followed him. "He is my discovery, you know, and there are many things I want to say to him."

"Bring him back soon, Esther," called one of the men—a blot-

skinned, yellow-haired giant called Nikolay. "I want to give him literature." She nodded brightly over her shoulder, and led her captive from the stage and into an adjacent room. Once alone with him she seized his hands and raised her face, eager and radiant, to his.

"I knew you could do it—I knew it! And there's something else I know." "Well, let's have it," he said a trifle brusquely. "What else do you know—about me?"

"I know that you can be a great man." She had waxed suddenly very earnest. "You have it in you. You must take what is yours! You owe it to yourself!"

"Give me your address," said he, "and I'll come to you."

She hurriedly wrote something on a slip of paper and handed it to him.

"Come—any time," she told him, and turned toward the door.

"Isn't there another way out?" he asked, detaching her. "I don't care to run the gantlet of that hand-shaking brigade again."

She unbolted a door at the end of the room and disclosed a rickety wooden staircase leading to a back alley. He pressed her hand, murmured a word about a future meeting and was gone.

On a fine spring day the finest promenade in Chicago and the loneliest is the Lake Shore drive. Theoretically it is the Champs Elysees of the western metropolises; ordinarily it is as silent, as deserted as an isolated country road. On this particular morning it was very attractive and very desolate. The only sign of life in the nabobs' thoroughfare (if one excepts the sparrows) was a penniless young man. Under his arm he carried a newspaper parcel. There was a singular glint in his eyes, a singular expression on his face, as well there might be, for, indeed, it was a preposterously reckless thing he was contemplating. Subconsciously his thoughts were of the dark-haired Russian woman and an early sight of her; and it was this, no less than his inordinate passion for the theatrical and spectacular, that gave birth to the extravagant notion that occupied his mind.

"In any event," he told himself, "I can do no worse than lose. And look



"Ten Thousand Dollars, or I Hurl It at Your Feet!"

what I stand to win! Because it has never before been successfully done is no reason why I cannot do it."

He stopped before a gray stone mansion of flamboyant architecture surrounded by a twenty-foot cast-iron fence, both of which plainly exploited the idiosyncrasy of some millionaire. One of the lower windows was raised, and through the shrubbery he saw silhouetted therein an elderly man, white of face, patrician of aspect, lean of face, reading a newspaper. Fitzhugh, peering between the iron rails of the Brobdingnagian fence, regarded him a minute, walked on a few paces, returned, and watched him again, not unlike some Indian chieftain gloating over a helpless captive.

Of a sudden, as one who plunges into a cold shower on a frosty morning, he laid hold of the mammoth gate, which seemed to weigh tons, swung it back on its huge hinges, walked to the front door and vigorously worked the knocker.

After an appreciable wait the door was opened. "What is it?" inquired the butler, who in one brief glance seemed to appraise the caller's financial status and social standing.

"Many things. First the name of the gentleman who is sitting in the room to my right engrossed in the morning news."

"What is your business?"

"Answer me first!" ordered Fitzhugh sternly, and with such an air of hauteur and authority that the sapient menial was almost in a panic for fear he had misjudged his man.

"That is Mr. Symington Otis, sir." "I wish to see him. Be so good as to tell him so."

"Who shall I say, sir?" Fitzhugh hesitated a moment, and, like a lightning panorama, there flashed across his mind telegraphic pictures of myriad hands applauding him, of the warm-blooded Russian, whose eyes bespoke her love for him, of the dark-skinned "reds" voicing their iconoclastic views. And a whimsical idea came.

"Tell Mr. Otis," said he, "that an emissary of the Cause desires to speak with him."

The butler, though not understanding, was instantly suspicious.

"I am afraid," he demurred, with a firm shake of his head, "that Mr. Otis is very busy and will be unable to see you."

Fitzhugh thrust his foot between the closing door and the wall; and at that moment Mr. Otis stepped into the hall.

"Well, Noonan?" "This man, sir, is trying to force his way in. I am just about to eject him, sir."

Fitzhugh laughed merrily. "Oh, no, you're not, Noonan." And before the corpulent Noonan could say a word or move a muscle he was seized in a grip of steel and thrust speechless against the wall.

The master looked on as though uncertain whether to be amused or indignant. While he was deciding Fitzhugh confronted him.

"Mr. Otis," said he, "I want a few minutes' talk with you."

Otis smiled. "I think you've earned an audience with me. Nerve like yours should not go unrewarded." They entered the shadowy room, ostensibly a library.

"What can I do for you?"

"Just a moment." Fitzhugh drew the sliding doors, which led to the hall, together and fastened the clasp, having first deposited his newspaper parcel very carefully upon the floor. He looked around the room, and, satisfied they were free from interruption, picked up his parcel and took a seat opposite his host, who watched all these movements with a frown of suspicion and annoyance.

When Fitzhugh spoke his voice had the deep, resonant ring it always acquired whenever he was "acting" a part or exercising his oratorical gift. "Mr. Otis," he began, leaning forward in his chair and looking his auditor steadily in the eye, "you are a millionaire, are you not?"

Otis' frown deepened. He glanced impatiently at his watch. "I can spare you but little time this morning," he said, with polite curtness. "I must ask that you state your business as briefly as possible."

"But you are a millionaire?"

"Yes, yes. What of it?"

"And I am a pauper. At this moment I could not buy this newspaper." He took from the library table the morning paper Otis had been reading. It was folded in such wise that a large flashlight photograph immediately caught his eye. He recognized it instantly—recognized the tall, straight figure in the white sweater standing above the blur of faces, arms thrown upwards and outwards, head back, eyes closed. He lived over again that brief moment of glory, and the exaltation he had felt returned twofold. He cast the paper aside and threw himself into the role he was playing with redoubled zest.

"Mr. Otis"—and he pointed two rigid fingers within an inch of his hearer's face—"you must lend me ten thousand dollars!" He seized the newspaper parcel, which had been resting on his knees, and stood up, holding it high above his head. "Mind, I say must!" His voice rang out ominously. His eyes were cold, merciless. "In these hands, Mr. Otis, I hold sufficient dynamite to blow this house and all it contains to ten million atoms. Quick, sir!" he thundered, and made a terrible gesture with the parcel. "Ten thousand dollars, or I hurl it at your feet!"

Although Otis' face had turned deathly pale he had not grown excited or betrayed a sign of fear. He sat quite still, his thin hands resting lightly on the arms of his chair, his gray eyes fixed unwaveringly upon the black ones above him, his mind working with the cool precision of a perfect mechanism. "He's either mad or an assassin," ran his thought—"probably mad; and the only way to deal with a madman is to humor him. Perhaps, though, he's only bluffing. In any event I'd best take no chances."

Otis made a caressing movement with his fingers along the arm of his chair; his head rested on the back of it the better to keep his eyehold on the supposed maniac.

"Ten thousand. Er—won't you please sit down?"

"I will not. I could not explode the dynamite sitting down."

"Quite so, quite so!" The caressing movement increased. His voice was silky. "Ten thousand—h'm. You do not, of course, suppose I have that much money in the house?"

"No. You must write me a check."

"Very true, so I must. But"—he held a finger beside his eye and smiled waggishly—"might I not stop payment on the check?"

The pretty girl again.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Proper View of Peace. Peace is our proper relation to all men. There is no reason why, as far as we are concerned, we should not be at peace with everybody. If even they are not at peace with us, we may be at peace with them. Let them look to their own hearts, we have only to do with our own.—J. B. Mosley.

LAURA'S HEEL

By JANIE OSBORN

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If you had happened to be buying shoes on a certain May morning in Dawson's smart shoe shop you might have seen a prepossessing young shoe salesman with his footstool drawn close to a bewitching young customer, and you would have thought their conversation was more heated and more intimate than the purchase of a pair of shoes or so would usually warrant.

If you had overheard you would have got this:

"But I think it was extremely underhand of you," from the girl. "You told me you were learning your father's business in every detail and I knew he was in the shoe business but I never dreamed that you were actually waiting on people, selling women's shoes."

"I shouldn't think you'd want to. And you didn't want me to know, I am sure, or you would have told me so right out. If I just hadn't happened to walk right up to you before I even recognized you I never would have found it out. Of course, I didn't know that your father was really at the head of Dawson's."

"I had nothing to be ashamed of," said young Dawson, with considerable asperity—asperity that set very well on his well-molded, forceful features. "In my letters I did not go into details because I didn't know you would be interested. I told you what I thought would be of most interest to you. I told you that I would soon be promoted to the post of vice president of the concern with a quarter interest in the business. I told you what my income would be within a few months. I told you because I thought it only fair for you to know these things in considering my proposal." Then followed an awkward pause.

Poor little Doris seemed to be blushing with intense embarrassment and there was nothing for her round blue eyes to do but to glance down at the white buckskin pumps that young Dawson had showed her before she realized that he was young Dawson at all. For Doris, in fact, had been too preoccupied thinking of the letter of proposal that had come that very morning from young Dawson to notice the young shoe salesman who waited on her, even though he was as obviously good to look upon as was Dawson.

"Well, I suppose I might as well get the shoes anyway," she said lamely. "Yes, I think that those will do."

"Not if I have anything to say about it," came from Dawson, and he was surprised at his own temerity. Perhaps he had a sort of caveman desire to subject the little blue-eyed girl to even more embarrassment than she already felt, to punish her in part for the opinion she had expressed concerning his present humble calling.

"If I am going to have anything to say about what you do and don't do, I am never going to let you wear shoes like that—I guess I know from my experience here as salesman. Heels like that just ruin the shape of women's feet. Oh, perhaps they are all right for dances and parties, but you want these shoes to walk in. I wouldn't talk to any ordinary customer that way, but I've got to talk to you straight from the shoulder. I never imagined women tortured their feet the way they do, and it's something that every shoe manufacturer and retailer ought to know. That's why I'm glad I am spending these weeks selling shoes."

"But I think I have a right to buy the sort of shoes I wish. Besides you don't know how I am answering your letter." As a matter of fact the letter was on its way containing an answer unequivocally in the affirmative. Doris had planned to get these delectable shoes for a spring house party to which they were both invited the next week-end. High-heeled white buckskin pumps were essential to producing the picture that she contemplated.

"Look at the shoes you've got on now," ruthlessly went on young Dawson, holding up a dainty high-buttoned boot with exaggeratedly long-pointed vamp and the extreme of high heel. "That's ridiculous. It'll ruin your health and it'll bet it's fendshly uncomfortable."

Doris did not relish this frankness. "I think I've stood all I am going to stand from you," she said. "You are taking a very unfair advantage of me to get down and say things about my shoes and my feet." She was trying desperately to tuck a little silk-covered foot under an abbreviated skirt. "Please put my shoe back on and let me go."

The shoe was eventually buttoned up and Doris rose. "Forgive me," whispered the shoe salesman looking up pleadingly from his stool. "I only said it for your own good. I wanted to show you some of the sort of shoes I think a girl like you would like better. They're lots niftier than these. With your little foot they'd look wonderful, and they'd be so much better for you."

But Doris was obdurate. She was miserable but she was taking a strange youthful feminine delight in torturing the man she knew well enough she loved to distraction. She knew she would be filled with fearful remorse as soon as she was home and had time to think of it, but now it gave her a strange sort of pleasure to

torture him. She minced her way on her high heels out of the shop without even turning to bid him good-by and Dawson was left to gather together the array of high heeled white buckskin pumps he had got out for her inspection.

About a half hour later young Dawson was hurrying along the avenue, bent on getting to his rooms to see whether a letter had yet arrived from Doris and back again within the hour allowed salesmen at Dawson's for lunch. His interview with Doris herself had left him without the slightest appetite for that repast. If she had actually written a letter of acceptance then this little difference might be made up. He could hold her to her decision, send her five or six, ten dozen if necessary, American beauties, ten pounds of the best candy and perhaps she might still be his.

Because of his haste he was especially annoyed midway of a busy block. A crowd had gathered that stretched to the curb. Abstracted as he was his ears were not deaf to comments he heard.

"Smatter? Somebody hurt?" asked one of the crowd trying to push his way through for a better view.

"Naw," came the rejoinder from some one in a more advantageous place. "Lady stuck."

"What you mean, stuck?" came from the first.

"High heel in a iron grating," was the reply. "Swonder more don't get caught that way."

Then came a suppressed chuckle from the crowd. But young Dawson had heard enough. Eager as he was to get to his rooms, he took time to push up to the crowd and, being of more than average height, he did not have to push very far before he saw the center of that good-natured gathering of lunch hour pedestrians. It was Doris, the dainty blue-eyed girl of his dreams and stuck she was with one high buttoned boot within the bars of a basement grating. A fat but obliging man was down on hands and knees trying to pry the shoe loose with a flat key. Some one was suggesting that they had better let him cut the heel off with his pocket knife and others were suggesting that the lady unbutton her shoe and walk out of it, when it could be twisted about and loosened from the grating, but as the lady had no button hook that suggestion did not meet the favor of the crowd.

"I have a button hook," interrupted Dawson's clear voice as he pushed his way boldly into the crowd. "Salesman from a shoe store," sneered an observer. "They always carry button hooks in their pockets." By this time Dawson's muscular arms were moving definitely from side to side with a definite aim to disperse the crowd. And the loiterers knew from the expression on his face that he meant business.

"Stand back," he commanded, "the lady will faint if you don't give her any air. Haven't you men anything better to do than to stand laughing at a lady in a predicament like this?" "Serves her right for wearing those high heels," threw back one of the last to leave Doris and young Dawson. It was a simple matter unbuttoning the high shoe, and once Doris had stepped out of it Dawson easily worked the heel loose from the iron grating. But he did not wait to button it back on. He hailed a passing taxi cab and bundled the poor, speechless Doris therein, and, stepping in beside her, ordered the taxi cab to go to the uptown home of his married sister.

"I can't take you to my own place, obviously, and just as obviously you can't go all the way out to your country place. And I know you'll want to rest up a bit after that ordeal. It will at least be perfectly proper to take you to my sister's and we can do your shoe up there."

"But I don't like to take your time," came weakly from Doris, who was making a very plucky effort to fight off the faintness that she felt as a result of her pivotal position in the street crowd. "You oughtn't to take so much time for me. Weren't you going somewhere important?"

"Yes, I was," said Dawson. "I was going home to see if you had sent an answer to the letter I sent you, but maybe you will tell me if you had written one and what the letter said."

"I said yes, of course," said Doris with a little perplexed smile as she looked up at young Dawson beside her in the taxi. "And, honestly, I'm never going to wear those silly heels in the street again. I knew I wasn't going to anyway, after what you said."

But Dawson wasn't thinking about heels at that memorable moment when it was revealed to him that this most charming of girls in the world had actually accepted his heart and hand.

But He Won.

I am engaged in a work which gives me great pleasure, and the tracing of language through more than 20 different dialects has opened a new and before unexplored field. I have within two years past made discoveries which, if ever published, must interest the literati of all Europe, and render it necessary to revise all the lexicons—Hebrew, Greek and Latin—now used as classical books. But what can I do? My own resources are almost exhausted, and in a few days I shall sell my house to get bread for my children.

—Noah Webster.

Insuring a Welcome.

"Are you going to deliver many campaign addresses?"

"I dunno," replied Senator Sorghum. "Maybe I'll try a new plan. Everybody is making speeches out my way and I might make myself more popular by sending word on ahead that I'll be the audience."

CUT MEAT COSTS BY MARKETING RABBITS

Family Table Supplied With Excellent Cheap Food.

Department of Agriculture Recently Issued Bulletin on Rabbit Raising—Care and Feeding Is Fully Explained.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

One resident of Kansas City, Kan., raises every year 300 to 400 pounds of rabbit meat for his own table. It costs him only 8 to 10 cents a pound. There are an increasing number of people in this country who, to a greater or lesser degree, are cutting the high cost of living in the same way. Besides furnishing the home table with plenty of cheap meat, the rabbit grower can make money by marketing the surplus animals.

A high-school boy in Iowa who breeds registered rabbit stock raised and sold enough rabbits in 1918 to clear more



Belgian Hare.

than \$1,200. An Ohio farmer sends 400 pounds of rabbit meat a week to city restaurants, yet is unable to meet the demand.

Rabbit raising, either to supply the home table or the market, is steadily increasing in the United States. In the older countries rabbits have long been a valued source of cheap meat. The bureau of biological survey, United States department of agriculture, has recently issued a bulletin on rabbit raising in which the various breeds and their care and feeding are discussed. Recipes for the use of rabbit meat are also given. This Farmers' Bulletin, No. 1000, may be had free from the division of publications.

GOOD WHITEWASH FOR BARN

Not Difficult to Apply Where Liquid Is Carefully Made—Government Recipe Given.

Whitewashing should form a regular part of the care of all buildings where animals are kept and should be done twice a year at least. If whitewash is carefully made and strained, and applied with a spray, it is not a difficult job, and is a necessary, sanitary measure. This recipe has been published by the government:

Slake half a bushel of unslaked lime with boiling water, covering it during the process to keep in the steam. Strain the liquid through a fine sieve or strainer. Add to it a peck of salt previously dissolved in warm water, three pints of ground rice boiled to a thin paste. Stir in these ingredients while the liquid is hot. Add five gallons of hot water to the mixture, stir well and let stand for a few days, covered as nearly air-tight as possible.

SUN BEST OF DISINFECTANTS

Even on Brightest Days It Is Impossible to Apply It to All Portions of Stable.

Direct sunlight is one of the most important disinfectants known, and should be taken advantage of wherever possible. The disadvantages of relying upon it solely for practical disinfection are, however, that its supply is beyond control, and that, even in the brightest days, it is hardly possible to apply it to all parts of a stable or other building.

Disinfectants in a liquid state are most effectively used on the inside of buildings in the form of spray and applied by means of a force pump.

Disinfectants that will not destroy germs are useless.—Dr. W. H. Dalrymple.

WATCH FOR CURRANT WORMS

Mixture of Paris Green and Airlaked Lime Is Effective—Arsenate of Lead Also Good.

Watch for currant worms on currants and gooseberries. When they appear mix enough paris green with fine, air-laked lime to give it a greenish tint, and then when the foliage is moist, dust it over the plants. Arsenate of lead sprayed on the same as for potato bugs is also effective.

DOLLARS IN STABLE MANURE

That Which Has Accumulated in Barnyard Should Be Spread at Earliest Moment.

Dollars in farm manure represent money just as much as dollars in the bank. The manure which has accumulated in the barnyard should be spread on the fields at the earliest possible moment. Warm rains reduce its fertilizer value rapidly.