

The City of Purple Dreams

By Edwin Baird

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"WHAT IS SHE TO YOU?"

Synopsis.—Typical tramp in appearance, Daniel Randolph Fitzhugh, while crossing a Chicago street, causes the wreck of an auto, whose chauffeur disabes 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 and in a spirit of bravado makes a speech. Esther induces Fitzhugh to address the radical meeting. He electrifies the crowd, and on parting the two agree to meet again. A few days later Fitzhugh visits Symington Otis, prominent financier, and displaying a package which he says contains dynamite, but which is merely a bundle of paper, demands \$10,000. Otis gives him a check. At the house he meets the girl who had given him the dollar, and learns she is Kathleen Otis. She recognizes him. Ashamed, he tears up the check and escapes, but is arrested. Esther visits Fitzhugh in jail, and makes arrangements for procuring legal advice.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

"You're not insane. Nobody said you were. But for a while you've got to act insane. It's your only hope, and I'm pretty sure you're equal to the acting. If you plead crazy—and act and talk and look crazy (it'll be easy for you)—it's more than likely you'll get off lightly. It's your only chance. Absolutely the only one. I'm not saying it's a fat one or a soft one. I only say it's your only one. Good say!"

The case occupied little time. The prisoner was adjudged insane and committed to the Dunning Insane asylum until declared cured. Two stalwart officers, neither of whom was as muscular as he, escorted him to the street.

Upon Fitzhugh's arrival at Dunning he was taken to the superintendent's office, and there, questioned about his family, gave the same fictitious replies that had satisfied the police. Next he was examined by a physician. It was the second time he had enacted the part of a lunatic, and his personation must have been done with some success, for his "disease" was diagnosed, and he was classified and assigned to a ward. After the customary routine of bathing and donning the regulation garb he had leisure to sit down and plan his escape. This seemed so ridiculously simple that he almost regretted there need be nothing spectacular about it, that there was no necessity for overpowering a guard or breaking bars, or for any other kind of heroics.

While entering the grounds he had kept his eyes open, with the result that he had a rough mental picture of Dunning's topography, and after the first night he was positive he would be free before the dawn of another day.

He lay awake until broad daylight, hoping the next night would be a cloudy one, listening to the unearthly sounds that came at intervals from the violent wards—and thinking, thinking. He thought mostly of the future, and the more he thought of it the more wide awake he became. Sleep was out of the question.

Before noon that day came Esther. She had brought him a basket of edibles, and as she placed it on a table beside him he detected in her manner a disquieting suggestion of constraint. But her first words were commonplace enough.

"How are you?" she asked.

"Oh, about as well as I look, I suppose."

"I never saw you looking better," she admiringly observed.

"You must remember you haven't seen me very often," he reminded her. "Let me see—Is it twenty or twenty-five days since we first saw each other?" He laughed and started to remove the napkin from the basket of food.

With a quick movement her hand flashed out and seized his. She glanced swiftly around.

"Don't open it till you're sure nobody's looking."

He was not slow to surmise that a file or some such instrument was concealed in the basket, and though he could scarcely repress a smile at the innecness, he replaced the napkin and said quite soberly: "All right. I'll take care."

"When do you expect to escape?" she asked, speaking in a cautious whisper.

"Tonight, if it's dark."

"And you'll come to me? You'll let me hide you?" She searched his face eagerly.

He did not answer at once. During the long, wakeful hours last night, when he had renewed his glorious past building, this woman had not figured in the dreams. As she noted

his hesitation the unreasoning jealousy which she had been striving to keep in check the past five minutes broke forth in a furiously blind torrent.

"Never mind!" she blazed. "Don't come! I know you care nothing for me. You ungrateful!"

"Wait! Let me explain—"

"Don't speak to me! I hate you. I shouldn't have come. I hate you!" Her voice had risen louder and louder as her jealousy-inflamed passion mastered her prudence.

"Will you be quiet?" demanded Fitzhugh, his own voice none too gentle. "Of course I'm coming to you. Where else should I go? I was only wondering how soon it would be."

"Why did you smile at that girl?" she rushed on, heedless of his promise. "Why did she shield you in court? What is she to you?"

He wondered what this woman would be were her jealousy given serious provocation, and shook his head hopelessly.

"She's nothing to me," he said, willing to do anything for the sake of peace. "I don't know why she testified that way. Don't ask me. You're still living in the same place, aren't you, Esther? If you are—and nothing goes wrong—I'll be there tomorrow morning before breakfast."

The earnestness and sincerity with which he said this seemed to reassure her. Besides she was beginning to regret her outburst and was glad to be quieted. When after a while she left him there was in her heart only a trace of doubt and a deep humiliation. She was burning with shame for having bared her most unlovely side to the eyes of the man she loved.

In a secluded corner Fitzhugh opened the lunch and beneath the chicken sandwiches and chocolate cake he



"You've Got to Act Insane."

found a heavy file and a coil of rope. He managed to conceal them in his coat without detection.

When he retired it bade fair to be a clear night, but before one o'clock the moon was obscured by clouds, and the muttering of distant thunder heralded a storm. Although he had not slept for the last forty hours he had successfully battled the temptation to close his eyes and was therefore awake when the first shadow crossed the moon. He hustled into his clothes, stuck the file into a pocket, buttoned the rope under his coat and felt his way through the inky blackness to a western window. He slipped his legs over the sill, gripped it with both hands and lowered himself into the black pit yawning ominously below.

He landed safely, and guided by the forked streaks of lightning and accompanied by the rumble and crash of giant thunder chords, he struck off across the prairie through the driving rain, made a detour and turned his face toward Chicago.

CHAPTER IV.

Esther Strom lived in one of those three-story, painted-brick buildings, fallen upon evil lodging house times, which look as though they never were new. For three dollars a week Esther rented a basement room, with light housekeeping privileges, the window of which came level with the pavement. To reach this room with greater facility one descended two crumbling stone steps, passed under the wooden stairway, and—if one were a person of average height—stooped to enter a misfit door found there. As the sun rose on the morning following Fitzhugh's escape from the asylum it found Esther standing outside that misfit door. She had been there, intermittently, since dawn.

Suddenly Fitzhugh turned the corner. His appearance was not prepossessing. His hat was gone, as was his collar. His hair was tousled and matted, his face covered with a dark

growth of beard; his shoes and trousers were caked with mud, and as he carried his coat under his arm his shirt was seen to be little more than a rag which clung to him damply.

For two days and nights he had not known sleep, and in the past five hours he had tramped three times as many miles. Only a constitution of steel could have stood up under this, but Fitzhugh had one. As he turned the corner and swung down the street with vigorous strides he seemed far from exhaustion.

The moment the woman saw him all the love and pity and tenderness of her emotional nature welled up in her bosom, and with a little low cry of "My boy!"—more maternal than amorous—she ran to meet him. He took her outstretched hands, and holding them wide apart smiled at the anxiety in her face.

"Am I on time? I was delayed a little at the start."

"And you walked all the way!" she exclaimed pityingly.

"No. I ran part of the way—the first part." He thought of his empty pockets. "I couldn't very well ride," he ended dryly.

"I'm sorry! I should have given you—"

His smile vanished. "No, you shouldn't," he interrupted.

"You must be ready to drop. Your breakfast has been waiting for an hour, for I expected you earlier, and I know you're starving."

In her basement room—which, though cheaply furnished, was spotlessly clean—she bade him sit down while she warmed over his breakfast on the coal-oil stove. When he had finished the meal to the last drop and crumb he sat back in his straight-back chair and felt through his coat pockets. His quest finished, he stared ruefully at the moist lump of tobacco in his palm. She sprang up, ran to a cupboard, and in a second was back with a package of smoking tobacco and a book of cigarette papers.

"I thought of it last night," she said simply. "I knew you would want to smoke."

He rolled and lighted a cigarette, took a heavy inhalation and sent the smoke swirling ceilingward. Then, lowering his head, he looked steadily from beneath his thick, jet-black brows at the starry-eyed woman sitting opposite him. He felt no love for her, but a gratitude too deep for words tugged at his heart. He began to be uncomfortable.

She walked to the sink with the stack of dishes, deposited them and returned to where he was standing.

"I—I told the landlady," she faltered without looking at him, "that I—that you were my brother."

"No great harm in that, I hope. Besides there is a sort of family resemblance. And I certainly have a most commendable brotherly love for you."

She became silent. Her dark-skinned hands relaxed; her shoulders drooped. After a few dumb moments she turned away and opened a door leading into a dark hall. "Would you like to go to your room now?" Her voice sounded spiritless. "I'll show you the way."

He followed her down the subterranean passage to a narrow stairway at the rear, up which they climbed four flights. His room was at the rear of the top floor. There was but one window, which gave upon an alley and commanded a fine view of a brick wall. He raised it and leaning out found the cornice of the house was less than six feet above the sill.

"I may need that some time," he remarked, turning back to Esther. "I'll get the lay of the roof tonight."

She had apparently forgotten her depression, for she was all tenderness now and, apologizing for the bareness of his abode, she left the room.

After locking the door Fitzhugh stripped to the skin, hung his damp garments out of the window in the hope that a chance ray of sunshine might discover them and curled up on the bed, which was never intended for a man of his stature. In less than three minutes he was slumbering soundly.

It was dusk when he awoke. Feeling greatly refreshed, he put on his clothes, which were almost dry, and walked downstairs, where he was greeted by Esther.

"It must be pretty late," he remarked.

"It's nearly nine."

"Nine! Why, I have had ten hours' sleep!"

"But you hadn't slept for two nights."

"It's a larger dose than I've taken in years. I almost never sleep more than five hours out of the twenty-four. I feel as though I'm wasting time if I do. I know that's an astonishing statement for a tramp to make, but there's so much in life, even for a tramp—"

"Please don't say that. You are not a tramp, and I don't like to hear you say you are."

"Don't you want to know who I am?" he asked, suddenly very earnest. She shook her head. "No—at least not until you wish to tell me. It doesn't matter to me what you are, or what you have been. Look at it the other way about; how much do you know of me? You know I am a radical, you have probably surmised I am of foreign parentage, and that is all. I think I shall tell you something about myself, for I can see you want to know."

The way of a maid.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A wise man shuts his eyes when he looks at a woman's faults.

Peace

By GEORGE MATTHEW ADAMS

IF YOU would look into the face of a strong man, search out him who is at Peace with himself. For it is during the time of Peace, both in the life of an individual and a Nation the growth and power accumulate.

Live in Peace.

Peace is always constructive. For where there is mutual co-operation between every one of your faculties, there is team work. And team work means that you get the biggest results from your combined efforts.

Live in Peace.

Where there is no Peace, there is no happiness and no time for taking up the things that count for the most. We are greatly influenced and inspired by the lives of people with whom we come in contact most. And if there is continual Peace among all, there is sure to be continual helpfulness among all.

Live in Peace.

Keep your mind in Peace. For the Mind houses the "Headquarters Staff" from which all the important orders in the game of Life proceed. Peace originates in the Mind. Let Peace rule your great Nervous System. Let Peace guide your day. For out from its application comes Power and Plenty.

Live in Peace.

July is just in the nick of time—
Hay weather, hay weather;
The midsummer month is the golden prime
For haycocks smelling clover and thyme;
Swing all together!

July is just in the nick of time.
—Myron Denton.

Seasonable Dishes.

When the family enjoys a few nutty doughnuts try this simple recipe which makes a dozen and a half the size of an egg:

Drop Doughnuts.

Take one-half cupful each of sugar and milk, one and one-half cupfuls of flour, one egg and one teaspoonful of baking powder, salt, ginger and grated lemon rind. Beat the egg white, add the sugar gradually, then the beaten yolk, a grating of lemon rind, a pinch of ginger and a quarter of teaspoonful of salt, milk and flour sifted with the baking powder. Drop by teaspoonfuls into hot fat and roll in powdered sugar.

Egg and Sardine Salad.

Cook three eggs until hard, cut in two lengthwise and remove the yolks. Rub the yolks through a sieve with four sardines, season with salt, pepper and add enough cream or oil to make a paste. Shape into balls. Shred the whites of the eggs with a sharp knife and mix twice the quantity of finely cut celery. Arrange on a nest of lettuce and drop the balls of egg paste upon the salad. Serve with mayonnaise.

Normandy Salad.

Cut three cucumbers and three hard-cooked eggs in dice, add a cupful of minced olive, half a cupful of pecans or walnut meats broken in bits and mayonnaise. Serve on lettuce.

Coffee Blanc Mange.

Take two cupfuls each of coffee and milk. Add four tablespoonfuls of corn starch, four tablespoonfuls of sugar to a little of the cold milk. Cook until it thickens, then pour into a wet mold and chill. Serve with whipped cream.

Celery and Pineapple Salad.

Use equal parts of celery and pineapple, cut fine. Sprinkle with French dressing and chill. When ready to serve add a few pounded almonds to a mayonnaise dressing and serve garnished with shredded almonds on lettuce.

Egg and Cheese Salad.

Slice half a dozen hard-cooked eggs, line a salad dish with lettuce and arrange a layer of eggs on the lettuce, then sprinkle thickly with grated cheese. Add cream to mayonnaise and spread a layer over the cheese, then a finely minced cucumber and the remainder of the eggs. Cover with mayonnaise and sprinkle with cheese. Serve cold.

Nellie Maxwell
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Watermarks in Paper.

Watermarks in paper have been used from the earliest times. John Tate, papermaker of Stevenage, in 1494 used an eight-petaled flower for his watermark.

MILITANT MARY

My morale's pretty poor just now, I've got the chronic BLUES. I don't want marriage, but I WANT SOME CHANCES TO REFUSE!

PUREBRED P.G.S ARE HIGHLY PROFITABLE

Virginia Farmer Gives His Experience With Scrubs.

Used to Raise Scrubs, but Made Very Little Money—Purebreds Go to Market Much Earlier While Prices Are High.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

How a Virginia farmer marketed pigs heavier and more profitable than he had raised in the past is told in a circular, "Better Sires for Virginia," recently issued by the extension division of the Virginia Agricultural and Mechanical college.

"I used to raise scrub pigs," the farmer declares. "I didn't think there was much money in the hog business because I didn't make much. Since using purebred sires I have changed my mind. As a result of using purebred sires my pigs weighed 215 pounds



Purebred Poland Chinas.

last fall, when the average scrub pig would hardly weigh 150 pounds. Consequently my pigs went to market early, while prices were high, while the man with scrub pigs had to keep his longer and feed them high-priced grain while prices kept going down."

The account is accompanied by a picture of purebred boars which are described as having "a good father, a good mother, and no poor relations."

IMMUTABLE BREEDING LAWS

Use of Good Sires, Care, and Management Are Essential in Building Up Herds.

There is no disputing the absolute fact that the laws of breeding are just as immutable as they have ever been. The use of good sires is necessary in breeding up good herds and this alone will not do; good care, feed and management must be given calves, heifers and cows and where these rules are followed, men usually succeed and prosper with greater certainty than though they depend too largely upon the co-operation of the butcher.

PUREBRED

A purebred animal is one of pure breeding representing a definite, recognized breed and both of whose parents were purebred animals of the same breed. To be considered purebred, live stock must be either registered, eligible to registration, or (in the absence of public registry for that class) have such lineage that its pure breeding can be definitely proved. To be of good type and quality, the animal must be healthy, vigorous, and a creditable specimen of its breed.

MANURE ON CONCRETE FLOOR

That From Steer Valued at \$24.85, While on Earth Floor It Is \$4.51 Less.

The manure produced by a 1,000 pound steer in six months on a concrete floor has a value of \$24.85, while on the earth floor the manure is worth only \$20.34, a difference of \$4.51 in favor of concrete. In eight months' time this saving is sufficient to pay the animal's share of the cost of a concrete floor. All further saving is clear profit, which amounts to \$9 a year for a 1,000 pound steer.

CONTROL OF WEEDS IN CORN

Good Harrowing at Proper Time Is Most Effective Way of Checking Growth of Plants.

A good harrowing at the proper time is often the cheapest and most efficient way of controlling weeds during the first stages of growth of the corn. The harrow or the weeder also can be used to advantage in breaking up a crust caused by a heavy, dashing rain.

PLANT SOY BEANS ANY TIME

For Hay, Pasture, Green Manure or Soiling Crop Sow Any Time Up to August 1.

Soy beans may be planted any time from early spring until midsummer. For a grain crop they should be planted early, but for a hay, pasture, green manure or soiling crop they may be planted as late as August 1. The choice of a variety must be made by the farmer himself.

POULTRY

FOWLS FOR BACKYARD FLOCK

Not Necessary to Have Hens of Extra Good Standard Quality for Egg Production.

For the backyard flock, kept to produce eggs only, it is not necessary to have hens of extra good standard quality. What breeders of standard poultry call choice utility hens are as good as any for egg production, and cost but little more than ordinary mongrels. Hens of this grade in the medium-sized breeds are usually a little under standard weights, and have superficial faults—as unsoundness of color, or irregularity of markings or of the shape of the comb—which in no way affect their laying capacity, but make them unfit for exhibition and undesirable for breeding purposes.

When buying hens in person, particular attention should be given to



Good for Producing Eggs.

the general condition—whether the bird seems vigorous and lively—and to the appearance of the comb and the condition of the feet. Healthy hens have bright red combs and bright eyes, assert poultry specialists of the United States department of agriculture. A slight paleness of the comb is simply an indication that the hen is not laying at the time; but a bird whose comb has either a yellowish or a bluish cast should be rejected, for these are symptoms of internal disorders. The skin and scales of legs and toes should be smooth, and the soles of the feet soft and free from corns.

DUST BATH VERY ESSENTIAL

Best Results Cannot Be Expected If Hens Are Permitted to Become Overrun With Vermin.

If the best results are to be expected from the flock, the hens must not be allowed to become overrun with lice or the house with mites. Usually, there will be a place in the yard where the hens can dust themselves in the dry dirt. In the absence of such a place, a box about 2 feet square and containing ordinary road dust or fine dirt should be placed in the house.

A dust bath aids the hens in keeping lice in check and therefore adds to their comfort. If they are not able to keep them in check by dusting themselves, other measures can be taken.—United States Department of Agriculture.

SELECTING GOOD LAYERS

Keep as good layers:
1. Hens which have been the best layers during the past year should be kept over for breeders for next year.
2. Hens which have not started to molt.
3. Hens that have bright red combs and wattles and bright eyes.
4. Well spread pelvic bones, good depth from lay bones to keel bone and vent soft and pliable.
5. Pale shanks, beak and vent on all breeds which have yellow shanks and skin. Use all of the test to be sure you get the good layers.

SEXES SHOULD BE SEPARATED

As Soon as Young Males Begin to Crow They Should Be Fattened for Market.

The young stock should not be reared among a flock of old birds. They should be kept separate. As soon as the young males nag and worry the females (which is about the time they start to crow) the sexes should be separated, and the males fed an extra allowance of food. The cockerels can be mated to the hens without fear of bad effects from inbreeding.

FURNISH SHADE IN SUMMER

Chicks, Poults, Ducklings and Goslings Must Have Ample Shade During Hot Weather.

If the ground that the chicks, poults, ducklings and goslings range over during the summer is grass land browned by the heat of the sun and affording no tender green food, be sure that the youngsters have ample shade and one good feed of fresh, tender green food every day.