

The City of Purple Dreams

By Edwin Baird

"YOU LOVE HIM!"

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 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. Fitzhugh visits Symington Otis, prominent financier, and displaying a package which he says contains dynamite, 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. His trial is speedily completed and he is found insane and committed to an asylum, from which he easily makes his escape. Fitzhugh takes refuge in Chicago with Esther, who has become infatuated with him, but with the thought of Kathleen in his mind he gives her no encouragement. His one idea is to become rich and powerful, and win Kathleen. While hiding in Esther's house he grows a beard, which effectually changes his appearance.

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

And, heedless of his protestations, she told him. She was a widow. Her husband had been a Russian nihilist and was killed in Petrograd. After his death she had fled to America.

"Now, of course, you want to hear my story," he decided, when she finished. "Don't you?"

She noted the unwillingness in his voice. "Some other time," she answered.

"I'd better get you something to eat," she reminded herself presently, and rose and started toward the door. "You must be hungry." She paused with her hand on the knob. "Isn't there something else I can get you?" she asked.

"Yes; I wish you'd get me some evening newspapers." He ran his hand, first in one trousers pocket, then in the other, before remembering their emptiness. "Never mind," he told her. "I'll do without."

"I'll get them all," she promised soothingly. "It's only a few cents," she added as she went out.

When she returned, bearing a tray of food and a bundle of newspapers, Fitzhugh had made his toilet and looked a little more presentable—or, rather, a little less unkempt.

He threw aside the more conservative journals, which announced his escape in staid paragraphs, and read first those saffron-colored ones, which told the news with huge black type against pink and green backgrounds. The first one shrieked at him:

**MANIAC ESCAPES!
OVERPOWERS GUARD AND FLEES
IN STORM!**

He smiled and turned to the next one. Then he started and sat up very straight. Lavishly smeared over the damp front page, smelling of printer's ink, this is what he saw:

**MADMAN MISSING!
\$10,000 FOR CAPTURE!
SYMINGTON OTIS OFFERS REWARD!!**

He read it again and again, enjoying the notoriety to the full. He had come into the limelight.

When Esther knocked at his room next morning about eight, Fitzhugh had been up an hour.

"Come to my room as soon as you're dressed; I've a surprise for you."

He listened until he could no longer hear her footsteps on the uncarpeted stairs, then opened the door and found, just without, a parcel. Opening it, he disclosed a complement of underwear, socks, shirt, collar and tie. There was also a cap. Again he experienced an uncomfortable feeling of gratitude and shame for accepting, perforce, so much from a woman. In a closet at the end of the hall he had unearthed an old wooden clothes-tub. He filled it at the hydrant, carried it to his room, and stripped and enjoyed a cold bath. Then, arrayed in his new haberdashery, he went to his benefactress.

"You have three guesses," she cried gayly, holding her hands behind her, her face radiant. She fumbled with what she held behind her, shifting it to one hand, reached up, playfully tweaked his unshaven cheek and rubbed her palm against its stubby grain. "Now can you guess?"

He nodded, smiling. "You've bought me a shaving outfit," he said soberly. "I'm sorry. I'm not going to shave."

I'm going to grow a beard—a Vandike."

She fell strangely silent; and when she spoke her voice sounded hard, unnatural. "I see. A disguise. How stupid of me not to think of it. That means, of course"—she picked up the shaving mug and appeared to be interested in its contour—"that means you will be leaving here."

He was in a quandary. He knew not how to answer. Deep down in his heart he knew he was going to leave her, was going to shut her out of his life. He had decided that again last night when drawing up his plans. But he could not tell her so now—not while she stood there questioning him, with such accusation, such bitter reproach.

"You will, won't you?" she demanded, her face reddening.

He chose the path of least resistance. He took the shaving mug from her hands, replaced it on the table, and put his arms around her and kissed her on the lips. It was probably the most prudent answer he could have made; and when, upon her repeating her question, less insistently, he said, "Don't think about unpleasant things," she promised to try, and lighted the oil stove and bustled herself with breakfast preparations; and as she went about her work she hummed to herself almost happily.

During breakfast, however, she returned to the troublesome topic.

"Daniel," she began, refilling his coffee cup, "I want you to tell me what you intend doing. I don't like you to have secrets from me."

"Really, I am surprised and saddened. I never suspected I was so transparent."

"I'll tell you what I'd like, Daniel," Her voice was low and serious. "I'd like to have you go back to Russia with me. There's work to be done in Russia—Oh, such quantities of work!—and you and I could do so much. Oh, Daniel, I don't know what it's like



"Symington Otis Offers Reward!" He read it again and again, enjoying the Notoriety to the Full.

In Russia—the poverty, the misery, the millions cowed by tyranny. They are groping in the darkness. They need light. They must be taught that all workingmen are their comrades, all the rich their foes. They must be taught to strike back when they are struck—"

"See here, Esther!" Fitzhugh's clenched fist struck the table a ringing blow. His quiet demeanor had radically changed. "I've something I want to tell you. Henceforth my brain, my energy, every particle of me, will work toward but one end—Material Success. Money means Power, and Power is my goal. I've known all along I could reach it. I shall have to be cold, heartless, selfish. There's no other way. The poor!—pooh! What are the poor but beasts of burden to pack and carry for their masters, who are the rich and intelligent."

As he talked Esther crouched back in her chair, cringing from him as though each word he spoke was a whip-lash across her face.

"Naturally, you hadn't thought of me," she murmured, when he paused.

"On the contrary," he said, and there was a hidden meaning in his words, which, keen as she was, escaped her, "you are the person of whom I'm thinking most just now."

A glad light sprang into her eyes. "Then you are going to take me up with you! With your money—you see, I take it for granted you will become wealthy—how much we could do for the underclasses!"

He tossed away his cigarette, took a swallow of coffee, put down his cup abruptly. "I'll do the square thing by you—remember that. Perhaps money cannot compensate you for all you have done for me—I doubt very much if it can—but if it can, Esther, I shall repay you a hundredfold."

She sprang up. Her brief gladness had fled. Her face was very white.

"Then you are going to throw me over!" she blazed at him. "I thought so!"

"Have I ever shown any wild desire for your company?" he asked icily. He also was standing. His face was white, too. "In our short friendship has it not always been you who took the initiative?"

"But the first time we met you had no money, no place to sleep."

His brow darkened. "I thought I was going to have trouble with you. But never mind. I'll settle in full my account with you, and we'll quit even."

A furious torrent of words rushed to her tongue, but before she could loose it something occurred which, even in that tempestuous moment, damned its flow. A shadow obliterated the sunlight, and she turned in time to see what cast it. A second later a peremptory knocking rattled the street door.

"Go to your room and lock yourself in!" she ordered, and pushed him before her toward the hall door. "It's Nikolay—the big Russian you met at Smulski's. He mustn't find you here. He's ready to kill you, almost. Do hurry! Run all the way to your room and lock the door!"

He tarried no longer. Yet the excitement of the moment did not banish his diplomacy, for he pressed her hand and kissed her before going.

After his departure she composed herself at the breakfast table. The battering at the door swelled louder with every second.

Fitzhugh gone, Esther unbarred the door and admitted her visitor.

"Come in Nikolay," she invited.

He entered, glowering, and sat in the chair Fitzhugh had vacated.

"Why did you keep me waiting?" he asked sullenly.

"Because," she replied evenly, "I was trying to decide whether or not I wanted to see you."

"And did you decide?"

She lifted one shoulder, with eloquent indifference, and stirred her coffee. "I had to let you in. Another minute, and you would have torn the house down."

He turned his massive head this way and that, sniffing the air very audibly. "I take it you care more for your friend who rolls his own cigarettes," He opened a box of Russians and lighted one.

She did not speak, and he went on: "You've taken quite a fancy to this young spellbinder, haven't you?"

"If you mean the boy who left just as you came—his my brother."

Nikolay threw back his head, and gave a loud, mirthless laugh. "Brother! What a liar!"

She caught her breath sharply and sat very erect, a crimson spot burning vividly in either dark cheek. Her bosom rose and fell stormily.

"Be careful what you say to me," she warned him; but the anger in her low voice seemed only to fan his jealousy to a fiercer flame.

He ground his teeth as he frowned at her, and the great hairy hand lying on his knee opened and closed. "You will equivocate, won't you? As if you could hoodwink me for one instant! Don't try it, you Esther. You know well enough why I loath this—"

"Randolph Fitz," she supplied swiftly. So he did not know Fitzhugh's real name. That was good.

"You know well enough, I say. It's because you love him."

He jumped up, kicked his chair out of the way, and began pacing the floor savagely.

"You can't be serious, Nikolay!" She made a brave effort at gaiety. "I care for him? Surely you are jesting." She tilted back her chair, as he stopped and towered over her, and smiled up at him coquettishly.

"Why will you torture me so?" he cried, holding out his great arms to her. "Can't you see how I love you? Don't you know I've loved you for years? And this Fitz!"—he spat the word out—"this vagabond of a Fitz! You've known him but a few weeks, yet you're—Surely you cannot love him! Tell me that you don't. Tell me—tell me, Esther, that you love only me!"

The woman knew how to act. She hesitated, smiled up at him demurely; then, breathing to herself the name of the man she loved, she rose, and, with her eyes closed tightly, held up her lips to the man she despised.

Some while later Nikolay took his departure.

Nikolay, the big Russian.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Ski Jumping in Summer.

Since the first cave men slid down a glacier, skiing has been considered a cold-weather sport. Among the snowclad hills of the cold north countries skiing has developed until it is the national sport of Norway. But now comes an expert ski jumper who established his own precedent, in good American fashion, by skiing on the hottest summer day. Of odds and ends he has built a slide, approximately 100 feet long and terminating at a gap of 25 feet, beyond which is a landing incline of heavier, broader construction and surfaced with canvas. This is kept slippery by applying soap and lard.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Had Preferred Position.

Walford came home from the neighbors and his mother inquired what he was doing. He said they had been playing war and were knocking the boys down. His mother then inquired if he wasn't afraid of being hurt. "Oh, no; I was one of the knockers," he replied.

LUCY M. FOX



This is Miss Lucy M. Fox, a charming "movie" star, who recently arrived in New York on the S. S. France. She has just completed her part in a startling screen serial which had its setting in many of Europe's foremost resorts, including Nice and Monte Carlo.

Beauty Chats

By EDNA KENT FORBES

THE HOME SHAMPOO

MUCH of the effectiveness of a shampoo depends upon where and how the hair is dried. If it is possible to dry the hair in the sun and air outdoors, it will do the head three or four times as much good as though the whole operation were completed inside the room.

For this reason, the home shampoo should be better than the professional sort which costs anywhere from a half dollar to two dollars. Professionals dry the head with a hot-air machine that blows the hair into snarls and dries out much of the new oils that the massage and the hot water have already sent into the tiny hair-shafts. The chief trouble with the home shampoo is that women do not realize that it takes an awful lot of soap to make the head thoroughly clean.

Tar soap or liquid castile is best, the hair should be wet all over with hot water and the soap rubbed in. The lather should be rubbed hard with the fingers till every bit of the hair has been gone over again and again with the cleansing suds. Then it should be rinsed off in water even a trifle hotter than the first water. And then comes the important part of the shampoo. The whole head should be gone over a second time with soap and hot water, the new



The Hair Must Be Kept Antiseptically Clean—Use Soap Twice at Every Shampoo.

lather rubbed into the scalp, and rinsed again in hot water. See the amount of dirt that comes off in this second rinse and see how much glossier your hair is afterward, and you will realize that one soaping is not enough.

For the head must not be just clean, it must be antiseptically clean, to avoid dandruff and falling hair. And there is a difference between them.

Of course, every woman knows how carefully the hair must be rinsed and dried, and that a tonic rubbed on immediately after is always advisable.

Catching the Sun at Home.

Jimmy was just recovering from a spell of sickness and aunt was to take him out of doors on the first bright day. It happened to be cloudy day after day for over a week. One morning upon looking anxiously out of the window he was overjoyed to see the sun shining. "Oh, aunt, you're eagerly shouting, 'come and take me out, quick, 'fore the sun gets ready to leave town again!'"

The SANDMAN STORY

BLACK FOX OBEYS

BLACK FOX ran all the way to the farm on the other side of the forest, there to hide until it was light and then change himself into a turkey, for once in this form he could run along with all the turkeys and fowl until he could entice them far enough from the farm, and then he would change into his own form and catch some of them for his breakfast.

Black Fox could not wait for the day to break to try his enchanted spell, so he wished three times to be a turkey, thinking it would be just as well to be ready when the turkey awoke.

An old witch had kept her promise just as Black Fox had kept his. She gave him the power to change his form, but not into that of a turkey.



Instead, when he had wished three times he found himself a big green frog.

Black Fox began to hop about, trying to find a place to hide while he thought what he should do.

Under a low bush he hopped, but he found he was longing for water as he never had before. Not a drop was there to be seen. The only thing to do was to hop along until he found some.

It was not so easy to get over the ground as it was when he was a fox, and while he was stopping to rest Black Fox remembered he had asked for power to change into his own shape again, so he wished three times to become a fox.

The old witch had not kept this part

of the promise, for, wish as hard and as often as he liked, he still remained a frog.

It was a long time before he came to water, and when he did, in he hopped, and, being refreshed, he began to think about the witch.

"She must have made a mistake and have given me the wrong drink," thought Black Fox.

"I suppose the only thing to do is to get to her cave and ask her to change me back again."

All day and all night he hopped over stones and through brush until, when he finally did reach the cave of the old witch, he was so tired that he fell over on his back in front of the cave door.

The Black Cat found him and began to poke him with her sharp claws and meow so loudly that out came the witch. When she saw the frog on the ground she began to laugh in a shrill, cackling tone and dance about the poor frog, while the cat joined with her mistress, and every once in a while would poke froggie with her claws.

By and by the wild dance stopped and the witch gave him a tap with her magic stick, which made the frog sit up and listen to what she said.

"You thought you could deceive a witch, did you, Black Fox?" she said.

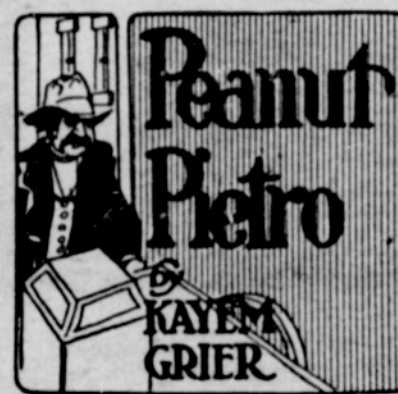
"You see now that you couldn't. I knew the stone you brought as I told you to bring to me was not from the bottom of the pool and I kept my part of the bargain just as you kept yours."

"Give me back my own form again and I promise to bring the stone you wish," said the frog.

"There is only one way in which you can regain your own shape," said the witch, leaning on her stick and looking at poor froggie, "and that is to hop to the forest pool each day and bring me a stone from the bottom of it. When I have all I want you will have your own shape again, and not before. Will you go or will you remain a frog?"

"I'll go to the pool and return with a stone," mournfully replied the frog as he hopped away.

(Copyright.)



I GOTTA plenty trouble other day for buy da new suit. I see da advertise een da paper so I go one store for geeva look. Man putta streeng weeth numbers on rounda my waist and say "bout 42, huh?" I dunno eef he gueessa my birthday ees 42 or eef da suit is 42 bucks. Both ees too mooch, so I tink mebbe I buy da leetle suit and wait for grow up so weel fita me.

Dat man wot sella da suit aska me, "You wanta Engleesh cut suit?" I say I no care eef ees Engleesh, Irish, United States or wot kinda nationality, but I wanta whole suit and not one wot's cut up alla ready. I no care wot ceetreen ees da suit so longa ees no German.

But he say I gotta wrong idee. He tella me Engleesh ees tighta fit and Conservative no toucha so close alla round. I dunno wot Conservative ees—mebbe some relash to Bullshevek, I dunno—so I feegure Engleesh ees besta one.

"You wanta peench back?" he aska me.

Now wot a devil I wanta suit wot peench da back for. I never gotta peench once before only driva da fleever too moocha hurry, so I no like to getta peench when buy da new suit. But he tella me everybody gotta peench back clothes. Well, I lika be leetle swell guy, too, so I decida mebbe splitta deefrence—getta one dat jusa scratcha da back and no peench. But when I aska has he gotta scratch back suit he wanta know eef I gotta cootie.

He aska eef I wanta two or tree piece suit. Mebbe he tink I am da peace commish, I dunno. I no understanda wot suit gotta do weeth da peace, but I say I am favor da league for nations and eef gotta have more as one pece I wanta fourteen point peace lika President Weelson.

Wot you tink?

What the Sphinx Says.

By Newton Newkirk.



"The man who gets stung in a horse—swap generally regards himself as considerable of a jackass."

Lines to Remember.

Some folks give according to their means, and some according to their meanness.—George Elliot.

Off Again, On Again

STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN

(Copyright.)

The Little White Restaurant.

We have visited places of wondrous repute for feeding you viands delicious and rare.

We've been bowed to by flunkies, have had them remove our topcoat and hat as we entered their lair;

We've been furnished with fingerbowls, stylish delay, with silver superfluous, solid and good.

But mostly we sneak to a different place—the little white room where you pay for mere food!

For mostly at meal time when we would inhale some yearned-after substance, wholesomely cooked.

The feeding itself is the thing we require—we often forget how the eating-place looked.

And how to secure what the stomach requires without being robbed (to be afterwards rue'd).

Is always our problem; and so we seek out the little white place where they charge for mere food.

As clean as the soul of a newly-born babe we always have found the accompaniment there;

The "overhead charges"—there wasn't a sign of that bugaboo that one meets everywhere!

You pay half the price of the stylish "caffays" for food just as fine, and no flunkies intrude—

There's peace for the soul in the plain little room—the little white place where they charge for mere food.

Exceptions to All Rules.

"Father, are people always known by the company they keep?"

"Not always, son. If some people were to become known by the company that's been with them, the company would make a quick getaway."

FINNIGIN FILOSOFY.

The smart aleck is th' finest ca-se of arrested development that annybody kin imagine.

CROSBY'S KIDS

LOOK HERE, BOY! HOW LONG ARE YOU GOING TO STAND THERE ASKING ME QUESTIONS?

