

The City of Purple Dreams

By EDWIN BAIRD

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"DESTROY THIS LETTER!"

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 \$1000. 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. Nikolay, a big Russian, becomes jealous.

CHAPTER V.

It was ten days since the reward for Fitzhugh's capture had been offered, and though detectives, city, amateur, and private, as well as the police, had kept hot an unremitting search, not a trace of the fugitive could they find. "Clues," they had by scores, but they led nowhere. This tenth day fell on a Thursday in April—a cold, dark day of incessant rain. Nikolay invariably called upon Esther every Friday, but on this particular Thursday night, happening to be in her neighborhood, he decided to take advantage of the opportunity, and drop in on her for a pot of hot tea and a word of good cheer.

He was about to pass under the wooden staircase, and so to her door, when suddenly, just opposite the window he stopped still and stood as though hewed from stone.

What he saw was this: In the center of the room, her back toward him, stood Esther; arms held out, her head back, she had the unmistakable posture of a woman waiting only for the One Man. The next instant a very tall man, young-looking despite the short, untrimmed beard on his lean face, stepped from some point outside Nikolay's range of vision, and took her in his arms and kissed her.

His pimply face livid with fury, yellow hair seeming to stand on end, Nikolay burst into the room.

Fitzhugh sprang from his place and vaulted the table, bringing it between himself and the door. "Get out, Esther," he ordered quietly, rolling up his shirt-sleeves. "I'm going to slaughter this beast."

She made no move to go, however, but drew to one side, and with hands pressed to her cheeks, watched the



Rushed Like an Infuriated Bull.

two gladiators with mingled horror and fascination. Nikolay had the advantage of some forty pounds in weight, but Fitzhugh was vastly his superior in stamina, fistic skill and quickness of eye and movement. To win the fight he judged he had to do out one thing: to keep free of the other's clutches. Once the big Russian got those tremendous arms around him the combat would be unequal.

Nikolay rushed upon his foe like an infuriated bull, and Fitzhugh ducked and sidestepped like a lean panther, springing in quickly to deliver two

blows in rapid succession, the last of which brought blood. In the next rush, however, a sledge hammer seemed to swing upon the point of his chin, and he spun dizzily backward, unable to regain his balance, and fell heavily against a fender. But Nikolay was not quick enough to follow up his advantage, and when next he charged, Fitzhugh had recovered, and was dancing around him as before, his lip drawn back from his gleaming teeth in a taunting smile.

The blood was streaming from a dozen cuts on the Russian's face, its crimson blot in his eyes; and ever that smiling, white-and-black face swam before him like a pirouetting phantom.

Knowing his endurance to be his strongest, and the other's weakest, point, Fitzhugh desired chiefly to wear his opponent down until such time as he could rush in and finish him.

Nikolay was fast becoming exhausted. Ten minutes of this mad pace was more than he could stand. His breath came shorter and shorter. At last he stopped and allowed his arms to dangle limply at his sides.

For a little while, coughing and spitting blood and catching his breath in wheezy gasps, he stared drunkenly. Then, seizing a heavy water pitcher from beside an overturned chair, he hurled it, with a vile word. Fitzhugh dodged the missile and leapt for his foe. He put every atom of his vigorous young strength into the blow he landed under Nikolay's jaw, and the man went down like a clubbed ox.

The conqueror walked to a corner, picked up his coat, and slung it over his shoulder. He came back to Esther, crouching against the wall like one awakening from some horrible dream. He smiled, but in the neutral light the smile was ghastly.

"I'm sorry you had to see it. I told you I'd slaughter him." The next moment the woman was sobbing hysterically in his arms. "I can't let you go! I can't—I can't!" She clung to him as a drowning person, clutching his hands, his arms, his neck.

"You must, Esther." He stroked her hair tenderly. "The police may be here at any moment. Get away as quickly as possible. Never mind about him—he'll be all right presently. I'll write you care of the post office. You write me, too, Good-by, dear, good-by."

With these words of parting he turned and left the house. Fitzhugh entered a saloon and laved his hurts and washed up, afterward surveying his face very critically in a mirror. He concluded he was effectually disguised against anybody who had not seen him during the past four weeks. He left the saloon and continued northward.

In State street he stopped before an alleged restaurant—one of those discolored, unwashed places that can be scented a hundred yards off on a warm day, and where a "full meal" may be had for twenty cents—and read this sign hanging from a nail on the door-post:

"DISHWASHER WANTED."

He removed the sign, walked inside and handed it to the chemical-blonde cashier perched on a high stool between a cash register and a pyramid of toothpicks.

"I'm it," said he, favoring her with an engaging smile.

It was a sweltering, filthy place, reeking with multitudinous odors and overrun with cockroaches. The soiled dishes came in a never-ending torrent, and all day, with three respites for food, he bent at the wash-bench, his arms immersed to the elbows in black, soapy water. At eight came the night man, and he drew a breath of relief and a dollar on his weekly wage, and started home. Or, rather, he started to look for a home. He found one for two dollars a week—a depressing room, little larger than a coalbox, tucked away in the upper regions of a shoddy lodging house. He paid the grim-faced landlady half of his capital, bought a packet of tobacco and an evening newspaper, and went to his room.

He disrobed to his underclothing, and with the newspaper and a cigarette, stretched himself on the couch-bed, allowing his feet to rest on a chair. He inhaled a satisfying cloud of smoke and unfolded the news sheet—and his fingers closed rigidly on the paper; his heart seemed to stand still. What he read at a glance stretched across four columns of the front page:

**MURDER MYSTERY AMONG REDS!
OLAF NIKOLAY, RUSSIAN Nihilist, FOUND DEAD IN SOUTH SIDE BASEMENT!
WOMAN SUSPECT GONE!**

The story so shriekingly heralded was told in a few paragraphs, and Fitzhugh breathed easier as he read. Substantially, it related that Nikolay had been found that afternoon by Esther's landlady, who, thinking the man drunk, had called the police. An examination showed that he was stabbed to the heart and had been dead for hours. Esther had disappeared, leaving no trace behind her.

Fitzhugh dropped the paper to the

floor and stared thoughtfully at the ceiling, crushing his cigarette slowly between his fingers. Suddenly he jumped up and began pacing the floor restlessly.

"Pshaw!—she'll get away all right. Yes, yes, she'll get away all right."

On his way to work next morning he called at the post office and found, as he expected, a letter from Esther. It was written on a scrap of wrapping paper with a lead pencil, and began without preface:

If I've sinned it was because I loved you so. I did it for your sake. I am praying God that your desire for wealth may be granted you. Even though your ambition is one of which I do not entirely approve, I would willingly die that you might achieve it. That is how I love you. It may be a long while before you hear from me again, because I am going far away. Destroy this letter.

Your adoring

ESTHER.

He burned the letter in the kitchen range and knuckled down to his opprobrious toil as on the previous day.

Fitzhugh had a clearly defined reason for doing scullery work in a restaurant. It provided a steady, if small, income; it facilitated economy, and, above all, it afforded him a secure hiding place during the day. He intended to stay there six weeks. By that time his beard would be suffi-



Then, Seizing a Heavy Water Pitcher From Beside an Overturned Chair, He Hurled It With a Vile Word.

ciently long to be shaped into a Vandike. Also, for he practiced the most rigorous frugality, he expected to have thirty dollars with which to buy some presentable clothes. From that point on he felt positive that somehow his soaring aloft would be swift and sure.

Only once was the monotony of that month broken. By one of those anomalous conditions peculiar to some cities, the street restaurant was on a miserable, poverty-stricken thoroughfare, less than ten minutes' walk from Chicago's wealthiest residential section. This incongruous juxtaposition accounted for the break in Fitzhugh's routine. It was late one warm night in June, and he had walked a few streets from his boarding house and was taking the air along the Lake Shore drive, when he saw Kathleen Otis. A shining limousine stopped before the iron gateway through which he had twice passed, and as he drew back into the shadows of some shrubbery she sighted with her father. How exquisite she was—how desirable!

Every night after that Fitzhugh promenaded the drive. But he never saw her again. He read later that she had sailed for France with her mother and would not return until the autumn.

From dishwasher to—

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Bird Deadly Enemy of Flies.
The Wilson warbler is the champion fly-catcher of the United States. His method of getting most of his food is to dash out from the limb of a tree and snatch passing insects on the wing. He catches other insects which are flitting about or sitting on the foliage or blossoms of the trees. You will often find these little birds in apple trees when in bloom. Their olive green and yellow plumage harmonizes with the green leaves of the trees. The male bird has a black crown patch on the top of its head, while on the female this cap is greenish like the back. This bird is found throughout the eastern United States, but winters in Central America.

Free Hot Water.

Free hot water for hot drinks at picnics or for any other use is served to the public at a recreation park in Toronto from a gas water heater placed on the grounds by the city authorities. A wooden shed houses the heater and a sign on the building calls attention to the fact that hot water is free.

Last Night's Dreams

—What They Mean

SHROUDS.

A PERSON unfamiliar with dream lore might wake up after dreaming of a shroud with a feeling that he had seen an evil omen and be, consequently, depressed in spirits. He would be quite wrong. A shroud may not be altogether a pleasant thing to see in one's dreams, but it is accounted by nearly all the soothsayers to be a favorable omen to dream of that gruesome object. For one thing such a dream signifies that you are to inherit some money. It is true, though, say the wise ones, that seeing a shroud in a dream is a warning to the dreamer to take better care of his health or he will have a fit of illness which will interfere with his business. But it is merely a tendency to illness which is predicted and not illness itself. If you are careful of your health your business will prosper and your fortune increase.

If you dream that you see a shroud removed from a dead person you might wake up with a fright at the ghastly sight. But really there would be no evil omen in the dream which would call for any worrying. The worst that it could mean would be that you are going to have some little strife and contention with a person with whom you least expected to have trouble. But the difficulty will be of short duration; you will get the best of the argument and all will be smooth sailing again. In looking over many hundreds, or rather thousands, of dream interpretations which have been handed down from generation to generation it is found that the saying "Dreams go by contraries" does not apply so frequently as is generally supposed. But the dream of a shroud is one of the cases where it does. So cheer up if you have this disagreeable dream. Think of the coming legacy and the flourishing of your business.

(Copyright.)

Just Folks

By EDGAR A. GUEST

WHEN NELLIE'S ON THE JOB.

The bright spots in my life are when the servant quits the place. Although that grim disturbance brings a frown on Nellie's face; The week between the old girl's reign and entry of the new Is one that's filled with happiness and comfort through and through. The charm of living's back again—a charm that servants rob—I like the home, I like the meals, when Nellie's on the job.

There's something in a servant's ways, however fine they be, That has a cold and distant touch and frets the soul of me. The old home never looks so well, as in that week or two That we are servantless and Nell has all the work to do. There is a sense of comfort then that makes my pulses throb And home is as it ought to be when Nellie's on the job.

Think not that I'd deny her help or grudge the servant's pay. When one departs we try to get another right away. I merely state the simple fact that no such joys I've known As in those few brief days at home when we've been left alone. There is a gentleness that seems to soothe this selfish elf And oh, I like to eat those meals that Nellie gets herself!

You cannot buy the gentle touch that mother gives the place, No servant girl can do the work with just the proper grace. And though you hired the queen of cooks to fashion your croquettes Her meals would not compare with those your loving comrade gets. So, though the maid has quit again and she is moved to sob, The old home's at its finest now, for Nellie's on the job.

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MILITANT MARY

I've tried to be an altruist, but in Life's grilling SCHOOL I've learned that folks don't understand: THEY THINK I'M JUST A FOOL!

—E. Fitzhugh

Knew What Was Coming.
"You remember the real estate men who used to advertise that buying your own home was better than paying rent."
"Yes."
"Well, they certainly knew what they were talking about, didn't they?"—Detroit Free Press.

SCHOOL DAYS



Rann-dom Reels

By HOWARD L. RANN

THE SLEEPING PORCH

THE sleeping porch is something which is added to a house in order to provide more room for fresh air and feet. Every night during the heated term thousands of new, expensive sleeping porches are crowded with feet which protrude carelessly from the coverlets, instead of having to be run out of a hall bedroom window in the effort to cool off. All over the middle West, at this time of the year, myriad number of faithful feet wearing patent corn pads are led into sleeping porches by their owners and put where the mild evening zephyr and the stray lightning bug can roam over their surface.

Nine times out of ten the sleeping porch is an afterthought. It is one of the most high-priced thoughts a man can have, if he is going to keep up with some neighbor who started his sleeping porch immediately after the cisterna was dug. It costs more to tie a 12 by 18 sleeping porch to the second



Nine Times Out of Ten the Sleeping Porch is an Afterthought.

story of an old house than it does to build a bungalow from the ground up, including a hot-air furnace and open-work plumbing. This is because the work is never started until a hot night comes along and parboils the entire family to a delicate pink hue.

Most people never use the sleeping porch except when it is necessary to save human life. It is sad to see men put hundreds of hard-earned dollars into a capacious, hard pine sleeping porch and allow it to stand idle and collect dust and autumn leaves. It is equally sad to see a large family troop into one of those porous porches on the first hot evening and discover that the beds have not been made up since the 31st of the preceding August. This causes much discontent on the part of husbands who were led to expect different treatment prior to the wedding morn.

Some enthusiasts use the sleeping porch the year around, retiring in the dead of winter with a soapstone, a set of earlaps, a fur bon and four pairs of woolen underwear. This gives them plenty of fresh air and also encourages the growth of the unobtrusive chibblan. After a while they get so accustomed to it that they can remove one layer of underwear and substitute a hotwater bag, located in the small of the back. Those who think that all of the heroes and heroines were in the European war should try this next winter for one week, and jot down their impressions after coming out of the hospital.

(Copyright.)

Very American-Like.

Before she would consent to marry the marquis of Cellani of Italy, Inez Sprague Stines of New York required an ante-nuptial contract that required he install modern bath rooms in his twelfth century mansion in which she was going to live.—Ohio State Journal.

Mother's Cook Book

"Is something great to be a queen. And bend a kingdom to a woman's will; To be a mother such as mine, I ween, Is something better and more noble still.

—May Riley Smith.

Summer Salads.

With head lettuce in every garden and an abundance of the leaf lettuce, pens, onions, and other crisp flavor vegetables, one need never want for salad material.

A salad bowl of crisp fresh lettuce served with French, mayonnaise, Thousand Island dressing, or even the common variety of boiled dressing, makes a palatable salad.

A small bed of mustard (the small black-seeded variety) makes a most excellent salad plant and a fine dish of greens. The leaves may be picked and served alone with salad dressing or mixed with lettuce. The pungent taste and good flavor is most appetizing. Added finely minced to any vegetable salad from potatoes to peas, it adds to the flavor.

Salads rich with mayonnaise will be sufficiently nourishing to serve as a main dish at luncheon.

Cabbage Salad.

Select a small heavy head of white cabbage. Cut a slice off the top and scoop out the interior, leaving a thin shell. Shred the inner portion and chop fine in a chopping bowl, mix with an equal portion of celery, also chopped, add a few nut meats, mix with mayonnaise and fill the shell. Serve garnished with lettuce.

Cherry Conserve.

Cover pitted cherries with good vinegar and let stand overnight. Pour off the vinegar and add to the cherries an equal weight of sugar. Stir until the sugar is dissolved. Place in a jar covered with cloth and plate and keep in a cool place.

Tomato and Cucumber Salad.

Arrange overlapping slices of peeled and uniformly sliced tomatoes on a chop plate. Alongside of the tomatoes arrange peeled sliced cucumbers. Garnish with lettuce or parsley and serve with the dressing passed in a bowl.

Nellie Maxwell
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Brain Youth

By GEORGE MATTHEW ADAMS

SOMEONE has given to us the striking sentence: "To the young, Nature does nothing but give; from the old she does nothing but take away." Your brain is the only Power in your entire body that may not age.

Keep Youth alive in Your Brain. To your Brain your Will may say: "Life at its longest is but like the looking back and reviewing of a single day." For Youth never returns to your muscles and to your bones and to your arteries—but Youth trots along with your Brain—if your Will says so.

Keep Youth alive in Your Brain. William E. Gladstone, past eighty, chopping down trees, translating the Classics anew, tramping the fields and solving mysteries—stands out as one of the most striking examples of those who kept their Brains young as their bodies grew old.

Keep Youth alive in Your Brain. It is interest that puts Youth into your Brain and drives away age. Just so long as you are interested in the things you are doing, just so long work will grow upon you, strengthening your loyalty and enthusiasm and every ounce of your effort.

Keep Youth alive in Your Brain.