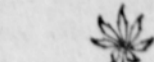


The City of Purple Dreams

By EDWIN BAIRD



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FITZ, MAX AND QUIGG.

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 he meets Esther Strom, a Russian anarchist, who induces Fitzhugh to address a meeting. 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. With the thought of Kathleen in his mind, 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. In a fight with Nikolay, jealous admirer of Esther, Fitzhugh wounds him, leaving him unconscious, and escapes. Securing mental employment he learns that Nikolay has been found dead in Esther's house, and in a letter to him she admits the killing, telling him she did it for his sake and that she has gone away. He sees Kathleen from a distance, and is strengthened in his determination to win her.

CHAPTER VI.

Fitzhugh began to fret and fume at his lonesome employment. He was coming to believe he had made a mistake in adopting such slow means to an eagerly desired end, when, in the fifth week, something occurred that dispelled his growing pessimism. It was a warm Saturday night, and when he came from the broiling kitchen with his coat under his arm, dripping with perspiration, his employer met him and handed him eight dollars, five of which he promptly placed between the leaves of his savings bankbook, which now showed a balance of twenty dollars.

As he nodded good-night to his employer he noticed a hatch-faced man in a checker-board suit on one of the lunch-counter stools. Before Fitzhugh reached Van Buren street this man confronted him and, smiling as cordially as his hard face would permit, asked:

"How much does the Greek pay you?"

"According to my desert, my solicitous friend. I draw the munificent salary of eight dollars each week."

The questioner pushed back his hat and chewed his cigar. And his head bobbed up and down as he scanned the dishwasher from top to toe.

"I s'pose you'll do," he finally decided. "Come 'long to the next block. Got some'n I want to show you."

He led the way up State street, and near Jackson boulevard stopped before a gold-and-white restaurant, glittering with electric lights, brand new and spick and span. Across the plate-glass window in letters three feet high was the name, "MAX'S."

"See that? That's me. I'm Max." He tapped his chest proudly. "You've got to make that name famous. Understand me? Famous! Come! Come! 'long inside and I'll tell you all 'bout it."

They went in, and Mr. Max outlined his plan. Briefly, it was this: Fitzhugh, after a visit to a barber, was to apparel himself in distinguished garb, and with an aristocratic demeanor, was to promenade State street for five hours daily. Painted in white letters on the back of his frock-coat would be the name "MAX'S."

"Um-hum," observed Fitzhugh, drawing reflectively on his cigar. "How much do I get for this?"

"Well, let me see—say fifteen a week. How's that strike you?"

"Not favorably. Make it thirty and the deal's closed." And even as he spoke Fitzhugh was wondering if his beard sufficiently disguised him. He decided it did. Besides, there were the theatrical possibilities of the thing, and this appealed strongly to his love for make-believe.

After some further bargaining it was agreed he was to receive twenty dollars the first week and, if employed longer, thirty dollars each for all subsequent weeks.

He reported for work Monday morning. Accompanied by Max, he went to a barber's shop and afterward to a clothing establishment where ready-made apparel of the better class was sold. About eleven o'clock he stepped from the restaurant, paused in the vestibule, took a pair of new chamois gloves from a pocket and began drawing them on. When he stepped out into the morning crowd and strolled up State street, swinging a gold-headed cane, his glistening hat towering high above the mass of heads, he

started a furore far greater than his sanguine employer expected.

When he reached Adams street there was in his wake a jostling number of more curious ones, anxious to keep him in sight, yet loath to betray their eagerness. He stopped at the corner, mounted a metal refuse box near the curb and, removing his silk hat with a sweeping gesture, shielded his eyes with his hand and stared straight into the zenith. A minute or more he remained thus, the human jam thickening about him with every second. The sidewalk became speedily choked. A policeman shoved his way through the congestion, reached up, jabbed his knuckles in Fitzhugh's side.

"Come out of it, professor," advised he. "It's the closed season for star gazin'."

Fitzhugh put on his hat, stepped down from his pedestal, nodded silently to the officer, and with the pomp and dignity of a lord mayor, retraced his steps down the street, the crowd following.

In the afternoon he again sallied forth and the success of the morning was repeated. He stopped this time



"Come Out of It, Professor," Advised the Officer. "It's the Closed Season for Star Gazin'."

at Monroe street for his skyward gaze. Again the crowd surged about him, and again his poise was jarred by a heavy hand. Instead of a policeman, however, he turned to find a man of his own height, but of larger bulk, regarding him with favor rather than of ill-will. He was fashionably attired and there seemed to envelop him an atmosphere of Cash.

The stranger placed his hand on Fitzhugh's shoulder and lowered his voice to a whisper. "I've something for you, friend, that'll make life worth living."

Fitzhugh whispered back: "Lead on, major. I'll follow straight."

In a little while they were seated in a cool place, where large fans whirled softly overhead and where dark bottles and tall glasses were placed before them. The breezy one flipped a card across the table, with the cryptic remark:

"I'm Quigg."

The card fell face up. Fitzhugh read:

QUIGG & PEEVY,
STOCKS—BONDS—GRAIN,

and then briefly intimated:

"And I'm Fitzhugh."

"Greetings, Fitz! Greetings and salutations! What does this sandwich-man stunt bring you in?"

"Such impertinence, Quigg, merits a reprimand, but I'll give you a truthful answer: thirty dollars a week. Commencing next week."

Mr. Quigg placed his glass on the table with elaborate precision. His puffy eyes narrowed.

"Fitz," said he, "I'm going to take a chance. I've watched you twice today, and I think I've found the man I want. I'm no bad judge of a man, either."

He produced a fat morocco wallet and slipped therefrom a treasury note which he passed across the table. "There's your first week's salary in advance. When you're ready for work I am."

Fitzhugh glanced at the bill, and saw it was of a hundred-dollar denomination. He rested both arms on the table and, leaning across, looked his vis-a-vis steadily in the eye.

"Would you mind telling me," he inquired pointedly, "what sort of a game you're playing?"

Quigg chuckled and raised a fat, gloved hand in protest. "I beg to be excused until I've seen my attorney. Here, boy!" A waiter came hurrying.

"Get me a taxi. I've twenty minutes to spare. We'll hustle over to my tailor. That's a bum outfit you're wearing."

Fitzhugh, in accordance with prior arrangement, reported to his new employer at nine-thirty Wednesday morning. He had given up his room in Illinois street, and had taken an unpretentious apartment in a pretentious hotel farther north.

His correct morning attire, faultless, well-tailored, expensive; his finely pointed beard and mustache brushed away from his lips in a French fashion, even the red flower in his button-hole, lent to his inches an air of distinction foreign to Chicago's higgledy-piggledy financial district. He was acting perfectly the popular conception of a "gentleman of leisure," and quick, sidelong glances of surreptitious interest were cast his way by the hurrying clerks and traders, pressing down La Salle street toward the board of trade, as he entered the building where was the abode of Quigg and Peevy.

On a narrow platform before the blackboard which extended the length of the "customers' room" a phlegmatic youth walked up and down chalking mystical figures, while the telegraph instrument in a little box at one end chattered its interminable tale. In the three rows of chairs, also spanning the room's length, sat men, well-dressed and nondescript, the latter jotting in dog-eared memorandum books with stub pencils, the former watching the blackboard and conversing earnestly about "market conditions." Messenger boys scuttled to and fro across the floor, clutching at their caps, slapping their books shut, entering and leaving some inner office whence issued the clackety-click-click of a battery of typewriters.

And in all this feverish animation there was something vaguely artificial—too subtle for the casual onlooker, perhaps, but there nevertheless.

As Fitzhugh entered, casting a bored glance around the place, he was met by a uniformed negro, who said: "Mr. Quigg says tell you please, suh, stop inter his private office at once, suh."

The preceding night, in Quigg's rooms in a hotel, Fitzhugh had been thoroughly apprised of the nature of his post. There had even been "rehearsals." He was therefore not unprepared for what followed his entrance into Quigg's sanctum.

Mr. Quigg, large and prosperous, held a large cigar in a large hand, and occupied a large chair before a large desk, near which sat a colorless, commonplace, inconspicuous man whose weak face was at once inquiring and impressionable. Near by a stock-ticker unwound its tape into a wicker waste-basket, and from a partly-open door came the furious clattering of many typewriters. And here, as in the outer room, there was an unnatural note—faint, almost indistinguishable, but discordant all the same.

As Fitzhugh entered Quigg glanced up, then leaned toward the colorless one and said something in a low voice. Not so low, however, but that Fitzhugh caught some fragments: "Pattington . . . Eastern capitalist . . . Worth ten millions if he's worth a nickel."

This was Fitzhugh's cue. Instantly his bearing changed. His tired air vanished. His eye, languidly supercilious a moment before, became cold, arrogant, alert. He was no longer the blase aristocrat. He was now the high-tensioned financier, whose minutes were diamond-studded. He stood at the door, a slight scowl gathering between his brows, his right thumb and second finger snapping impatiently. Thus until he received his next cue.

"Ah, good-morning, Mr. Pattington," Quigg rose, smiling deferentially, and motioned to a chair. "Won't you sit down? I shall be at leisure presently."

Fitzhugh's frown grew a little heavier, his eye a little harder. "I was told I could have an interview with



"I Was Told I Could Have an Interview With You at Once."

you at once. My time is extremely limited. Our transaction must be consummated this moment, or not at all."

Actor—and swindler's decoy.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

POULTRY

KEEP POULTRY HOUSE CLEAN

Excrement Harbors Parasites, Contaminates Air and Breeds Contagion of Many Kinds.

Everything about a poultry house should be kept reasonably clean. As a rule droppings should be removed daily, for the accumulation of excrement harbors parasites, contaminates the air, and breeds contagion. After the dropping boards have been cleaned they should be sprinkled with road dust, coal ashes, or land plaster, to absorb the liquid excrement, the poultry division of the United States department of agriculture suggests. Nests in which straw or other similar material is used should be cleaned ev-



Handy for Spraying Interior of Hen House.

ery three or four weeks, or oftener if it becomes damp or dirty.

The quarters should be thoroughly whitewashed at least once a year, late in summer or early in the fall. The whitewash can be made by slaking lime in boiling water and then thinning to the proper consistency for applying. The addition of four ounces of carbolic acid to each gallon of whitewash will increase its disinfecting power. The runs should be plowed occasionally in order to bury the accumulated droppings and also to turn up fresh soil.

KILL DEVITALIZING INSECTS

Paint Roosts With Kerosene Oil to Get Rid of Mites—Use Blue Ointment for Lice.

The protection from mites means simply to paint the roosts about once each week with kerosene oil and the lice can be killed off for the summer by giving each bird the blue ointment treatment at the beginning of hot weather. This has been told many times by poultrymen and probably there is no poultry fact that needs more frequent repetition than the best method of killing these devitalizing pests.

CULLING POOR LAYERS

Cull all hens that show:

1. Well along in the molt with combs and wattles dried up.
2. All that have lay bones less than two fingers apart and small capacity.
3. Abdomen and vent dry and puckered.
4. Yellow shank and beak.
5. Apply all the test; don't apply just a part of it—do it right.

DRY MASH FEED FOR CHICKS

Animal Food in Some Form, Preferably Buttermilk, Should Be Kept Before Fowls.

A dry mash feed should be kept before the chicks continuously—a mash feed containing animal protein in some form, preferably buttermilk, meat scraps or fish scraps. These elements of animal protein in prepared mash feeds are scientifically dried and do not easily decompose.

GET EGGS FROM TURKEY HENS

Increased Production Can Be Obtained by Feeding Ground Oats, Corn and Other Cereals.

Increase of egg production in turkey hens can be done the same as with chickens, by feeding ground oats, ground corn, kafir meal, barley meal, wheat middlings, linseed meal, and sunflower seed, in equal quantities. This can be fed dry in hoppers, or mixed with milk or water.

MITE IS ENEMY OF CHICKEN

Insect Does Not Bother Other Fowls to Any Extent—Carried About in Empty Crates.

Chicken mites do not feed to any great extent upon other hosts when chickens are at hand. They are carried about chiefly by the interchange of poultry and in crates and boxes in which fowls are shipped.

Mother's Cook Book

All silent she steals in among quiet, dreamy August, following close on the footsteps of delay-crowned July. The poppy blossoms in the sunshine, the grain-fields are ripening into golden splendor, and the butterflies and humming-birds seem to have gathered the gorgeously of Nature's loveliest hues and imprisoned them within their folded wings.

Food for the Family.

For those who cannot eat the fresh crisp cucumber they will enjoy them when cooked.

Cucumber Piquant.

Pare large but not over-ripe cucumbers and slice in half-inch slices. Salt and pepper them and dip in beaten egg which has been diluted with two tablespoonfuls of water, then roll in fine crumbs and fry in deep hot fat until tender and brown. Lay on a serving dish and pour over the following sauce at the last moment: To one cupful thick seasoned tomato sauce add a teaspoonful of prepared mustard, a tablespoonful of lemon juice and a tablespoonful of grated onion.

Summer Squash Soup.

Cut three or four squash into small pieces, mince two onions, add to the squash with two tablespoonfuls of fat, cook until the fat is absorbed. Add a tablespoonful of flour, two stalks of minced celery, two strips of parsley, two cloves, two strips of green pepper and enough water to cover. Simmer until all are tender, adding a teaspoonful of salt during the last cooking. Rub all through a sieve, add milk, depending upon the size of the squashes, thicken with two tablespoonfuls each of butter and flour. Cook ten minutes, season highly, adding cayenne, a little ginger and sugar. Just before serving beat well with an egg beater. Serve with a spoonful of whipped cream on each serving.

Buttered Beets.

Cook beets until tender, remove the skins and chop. Reheat, adding a little butter, a teaspoonful of sugar and a dash of vinegar. Serve hot. Olive oil may be used in place of butter.

Savory Potatoes.

Cook potatoes with a beef stew, enough to have some left over for frying or for potato salad. The seasoned potatoes make a much nicer salad and if fried with a little butter are a most savory dish.

Nellie Maxwell
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Just Folks

By EDGAR A. GUEST

THE OLD DAYS.

Time was that life was partly play and man could rest a little while. Could find the time along the way to visit with his friends and smile. And he could go on fishing trips and never miss the coin he'd lose. But that was in the days before his wife wore fifteen-dollar shoes.

Time was the evening brought repose unto the weary soul of man. He dropped his work at close of day, untroubled till the next began. And he could play an hour or two; the books he loved he could peruse; But that was in the days before his wife wore fifteen-dollar shoes.

Great riches were not needed then, in those glad days of long ago; A man could find contentment then with what was given him to know. And there were joys on every hand from which his soul could pick and choose; But that was in the days before his wife wore fifteen-dollar shoes.

There is no rest for man today, he's forced to serve the gods of gold; He dare not linger by the way, as once he did in times of old. He must forego his fishing trip and shun all things that may amuse Because the women folks today are wearing fifteen-dollar shoes.

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Lifting Oneself Aloft.

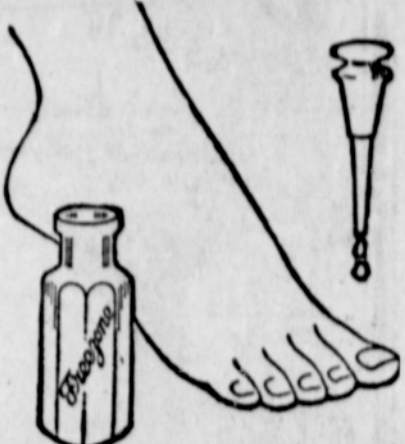
An interesting scientific problem is involved in building a steel mast 300 feet in height. The erection of high powered, long-distance wireless telegraph stations has led to many interesting experiments in such construction. To build such a mast on the ground and then raise it to a perpendicular position would involve an immense amount of work. A common plan is to construct the mast of a series of hollow cylinders about twenty feet in length. A steel rod is fastened inside a cylinder from which is suspended a platform on which the workmen stand to fasten the cylinders together. When a joint is completed the rod is raised about twenty feet and the platform pulled upward to the desired height. A single mast may consist of as many as fifty such cylinders. When the last one is put in position the workmen find themselves swinging some 300 feet in air—Boys' Life.

Jap English.

Japanese laundry circular: "Contrary to the opposite company, we must cleanly and carefully wash our customers with possible cheap prices, as follows: Ladies 2 dols per hundred; gentlemen 1½ dols per hundred."—Boston Transcript.

Lift off Corns!

Doesn't hurt a bit and Freezone costs only a few cents.



With your fingers! You can lift off any hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the hard skin calluses from bottom of foot.

A tiny bottle of "Freezone" costs little at any drug store; apply a few drops upon the corn or callus. Instantly it stops hurting, then shortly you lift that bothersome corn or callus right off, root and all, without one bit of pain or soreness. Truly! No lam-bug!

Dangerous Alarm Clock.

To prevent oversleeping, and thus risking the loss of their employment, the mail carriers of Morocco resort to a unique and perilous scheme. They tie a string to one foot, and, as they know how long a yard or two will burn, they regulate the length of the string by the time they have to sleep. They light the string, which burns slowly, and, when the fire comes to their foot, they are painfully reminded that it is time to arise.

What a Woman Can Do.

It is not only wicked to swear; but it is so needless, and a woman can put all the rage and contempt that any possible circumstances could call for into the simple and perfectly moral exclamation: O, you!—Ohio State Journal.

Shave With Cuticura Soap

And double your razor efficiency as well as promote skin purity, skin comfort and skin health. No mug, no slimy soap, no germs, no waste, no irritation even when shaved twice daily. One soap for all uses—shaving, bathing and shampooing.—Adv.

What Mother Forgot.

One day I was overtired and spoke crossly and really without much reason to my small son. "There," he exclaimed, "I bet you forgot you was a mother that time and thought you was just a child."—Exchange.

Optimistic Thought.

Rule your temper and temper your tongue.

ASPIRIN

Name "Bayer" on Genuine



"Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" is genuine Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for over twenty years. Accept only an unbroken "Bayer package" which contains proper directions to relieve Headache, Toothache, Earache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Colds and Pain. Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell larger "Bayer packages." Aspirin is trade mark Bayer Manufacture Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.—Adv.

"Cowboy."

The term "cowboy," first used during the American revolution, applied to a band of Tories who infested the neutral ground of Westchester county, N. Y., stealing cattle from both parties and doing other mischief.

HAVE YOU A SWEETHEART

Son or Brother in camp or training for defense? If so, mail him a package of Allen's Foot Ease, the antiseptic Powder for Tired, Aching, Swollen Feet, and prevents blisters and sore spots. Makes walking easy. Sold everywhere, 25c.

Daily Thought.

One of the best methods of rendering study agreeable is to live with able men, and to suffer all those pangs of inferiority which the want of knowledge always inflicts. — Sydney Smith.

Cuticura Soap

SHAVES Without Mug

Cuticura Soap is the favorite for safety razor shaving.

Are You Satisfied? BENJAMIN WALKER BUSINESS COLLEGE is the biggest, most perfectly equipped Business Training School in the Northwest. Fit yourself for a higher position with more money. Permanent positions assured our Graduates. Write for catalog—Fourth and Yamhill, Portland.

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