

The City of Purple Dreams

by Edwin Baird

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CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

These were busy days for Fitzhugh, days filled with suspense and excitement and acute money fever. By the end of the year his entire capital was tied up in spring wheat, which was lurching and plunging like a sinking ship; and every downward swoop drove his fortune upward. Though Fitzhugh's money was all on paper he was growing rich with galloping leaps, and already he was planning a deal to follow that might send his fortune soaring toward the million mark.

It was in the beginning of March, while the Metropolitan Opera company was playing a two weeks' engagement at the Auditorium, that he received (through Artie) at his club an invitation to a box party given by Mrs. Otis.

"Well, well, tell us how you managed it."

"I told her," sputtered Artie, choking with mirth, "I told her I had a frightfully aristocratic fellow putting up at my place who was all the talk of Lunnion. Mondays and Wednesdays are her opera nights, don'tcher know, and she'd just been telling me that a chap who was to have rounded out her party tonight had fallen her at the last moment, and then I mentioned this frightfully aristocratic fellow, and I saw her prick up her ears, and before I left she told me to bring him along. She doesn't know, don'tcher know, it's you, and she'll be dreadfully—"

"Her daughter will be there?"

"Oh, yes, indeed. She was in the room at the time. She'll be dreadfully surprised, too."

"No doubt. Sparkle, you've got the brain of a Napoleon. Going home? Then I'll take you out in my car."

They left the Union League club together and entered Fitzhugh's new 60-horse power automobile glistening at the curb.

The perennial favorite, "La Boheme," was sung that evening. In spite of Mrs. Otis (who had borne Artie's "surprise" with commendable composure, sending only one terrifying glance at that rash joker), Fitzhugh contrived to sit near Kathleen, and by the time "Rodolfo" and "Mimi" had chorused "Amore" he was subtly making love to her, saying little by word of mouth but speaking volumes with eye and mien.

It was near the end of act two, and he did not know whether "Mimi" was making merry with the Bohemians in the Quartier Latin or dying of starvation in "Rodolfo's" attic, and he did not know whether Mrs. Otis was watching him or discussing with the lady next her a corset display in Michigan avenue, that his hand found Kathleen's and smothered it in a burning pressure.

"I have loved you," murmured he, very close to her ear, "for three years. Today, in fact, is the anniversary—the second of March. Three years ago today I found this—from under his cuff he slipped a dainty handkerchief of exquisite lace and dropped it in her lap. 'I loved its owner then. I love her now. I have always loved her. I always shall love her. Everything I have I owe to her.'"

She picked up the bit of lace, bent her eyes on it. The warm color had crept from her cheeks, leaving them, if he could have seen, as white as her arms and shoulders—an exquisite, fine-grained white as pure and as beautiful as the petals of a milk-white rose.

The act was nearing its close. The ocean of melody had touched high tide. "I am waiting for my answer," he whispered.

She made no sign that she heard. "If there's any hope, if I've a ghost of a chance, smile when you look at me again. You needn't speak. Only smile."

Some friends of Mrs. Otis, making an entr'acte call, had peeped in her box to say "how do," and Mrs. Otis, dimpling and gracious and stout (and watching her daughter from the corner of one eye) stood gossiping with them a few moments in the corridor entrance.

As the lights came on Kathleen had leaned back in her chair, pressed her lovely shoulders against the cushions and breathed deeply. Now she very deliberately walked to the seat her mother had vacated, and, with her back partly toward Fitzhugh, she engaged herself in airy conversation with Artie Sparkle and the third man of the party, a middle-aged bachelor named Chickering. Not once had she glanced Fitzhugh's way. Not once did she notice his existence.

There is one thing at which even the most determined of lovers will stop, and that thing is indifference. Indifference raises a wall there is no scaling.

"Fool! . . . Fool that I was ever to imagine she cared! . . . A girl like her—what idocy!"

He determined that when the act ended he would excuse himself on

some pretext and rush into the streets, and walk and walk, as he had walked on this same night three years ago.

He did not look very far beyond that. Only he repeated to himself that for him everything was over. All his ambitions, all his dreams and aspirations had gone for naught. He thought of Esther.

But all at once he sat up very straight, and his deep-brooding melancholy slipped away from him. His sinewy fingers spread, then clenched quickly—his familiar battle sign. Was he, Daniel Randolph Fitzhugh, to be lashed into oblivion by a girl's indifference?

He was not aware act three had closed until the roar of hand-clapping apprised him of it. Automatically he joined in. As the lights came on he heard Artie's voice:

"I say, Miss Otis, won't you come for a stroll in the corridor? It's frightfully warm here."

"I really prefer staying here, thank you, Mr. Sparkle, but you go."

When he knew Artie had gone Fitzhugh walked over to say goodbye.

But as he drew near she rose hurriedly and hastened toward the curtains at the rear of the box, leaving him with her mother, who, with her lorgnette to her eyes, was placidly and studiously ignoring him. Kathleen vanished into the corridor, and, turning, drew the curtains together so that her face and neck and shoulders were framed in the aperture. And for a long moment her soft pensive eyes gazed into his leaping black ones.

And the smile on her lips was heavenly. And the light in her eyes, afraid yet glad, spoke with an eloquent tongue.

Then the curtains fell together, and he was alone with Mrs. Otis.

CHAPTER X.

The following October Fitzhugh bought a seat on the Board of Trade. His Golden Goddess, Luck, ever beamed upon him, and this, no less than his breadth of grasp on the market, and all its wealth of tentacles, swelled his fortune with tremendous booms. His speculations in May and



"I Have Loved You," Murmured He, Very Close to Her Ear.

July wheat had alone netted him two hundred thousand dollars. Winter wheat had increased his capital by two more similar notches. It was now well past seven hundred thousand dollars, and was rushing on toward the million mark.

All this within four years! Yet whenever he caught himself being awed by the magic he had wrought he would quell his rising ego by severe self-admonition: "Don't get too confident. Remember it's all gambling. Once your luck changes it will go as fast as it came—maybe faster. You're liable to lose the whole pile in one swoop."

Esther and the thought of her gave him bad moments. Directly she left the hospital she had come again to him, and he had been forced to the ignominy of lying to placate her. This angered him. Soon afterward she had gone to Paterson, N. J., where from time to time he heard from her. He tried repeatedly to give her money, but always unsuccessfully. She repulsed every effort he made. Her unspoken reproach, her silent refusal of his checks, for she returned them without a word, worried him more than anything else she could have done.

What Fitzhugh could not understand was Otis's unrelenting bitterness. He never planned a venture, never made a move, but some hidden hand was against it. He was not slow to discover whose hand it was. Nor was he long in discerning that its owner had nothing save enmity for him. Since Kathleen's return from abroad he had taken eager advantage of every op-

portunity to be with her. And here, too, he had encountered that same opposing force. At first he never suspected Otis. He had thought Otis a man who disdained society as a frivolity only for women to amuse themselves with. He was soon to learn, however, that it is often those who jeer the loudest at smart society who secretly revere it most. Hypocritically a snob, the flinty old capitalist was as well versed in all those little tricks and artifices and petty subterfuges of socially disparaging a person as the most sophisticated dowager.

Fitzhugh's perplexity became a torment. One evening (it was at a charity ball) he reminded Kathleen of the "La Boheme" evening one year before.

"I shouldn't bring it up," he ended, "only this is our anniversary, and anniversaries are always the time for recalling things."

She lowered her eyes to the cluster of violets on her corsage. They were his violets. He had long ago learned her passion for the flower and seldom the day passed but he showered her with them.

"You do care a little? Don't you—Kathleen?"

"I—you know I like you."

He said tensely: "I don't want you to like me."

"I'm sorry."

"I want you to love me. You know I love you. Can't you—don't you love me, Kathleen?"

The violin sobbed with its delicious melody. She began toying with the violets. Her fingers were unsteady. The violets fell to the floor.

"Don't you?" he insisted, as he recovered and returned them.

"Don't I what?"—planning the flowers to her corsage.

"Love me."

Having finally arranged the bouquet and stilled her trembling fingers, she permitted her arms to rest beside her on the chair. Instantly she felt her hand close upon hers. The sobbing of the violin increased. It was some wild thing of Mozart's.

"Kathleen! Kathleen!"

She was overpoweringly conscious of his nearness. The flesh of his hand seemed to burn into hers. Every nerve in her body throbbled to its pressure. All the restraint of years of breeding and tradition, which thus far had held her back, were now snapping asunder; and she felt herself being swept on toward that which she feared yet longed to attain. She could no longer resist. She gave herself utterly to the half-frightened deliciousness of surrender.

"Ah . . . I love you. . . . I do love you . . ."

They were snugly ensconced behind the shielding palm. The violinist was in a poetic frenzy. The attention of all was held by him. Nobody saw them. The shadows of the March afternoon were thickening, and the room was in semi-darkness.

After a while he spoke, very softly.

"So we are engaged," he said, and in spite of him his voice trembled.

"Yes," she murmured, unclosing her eyes. Still leaning against him, she asked wistfully: "And are you very, very happy?"

He held her close.

"I never dreamed," said he, "that any man could be so divinely happy, least of all myself."

Presently she sat up, with a start, and removed his encircling arm.

"You must remember," she said hastily, "it is only between ourselves. We mustn't announce it yet."

He detected a strange note in her voice.

"I understand," he answered quietly.

"You see, if I promise to marry you—"

"If you promise?"

"I mean when we announce our engagement. I shall have to oppose father and mother. I've never breathed a word to them, you know. When I found you had said nothing to mother that night I—I thought it best, all round, to wait a little while. So I've never spoken. But now . . . I shall have to fight for you. I shall have to defend you. You must help me all you can, and always remember if I seem severe or exacting it is because I care for you so."

"Once," he mused, looking down at her with the unutterable joy of possession, "you spoke rather strongly of my egotism. I think, sometimes, I have a right to be egotistical."

"Indeed, you have!" she exclaimed, purposely misunderstanding him.

"Your success is the most wonderful thing in the world."

"I didn't mean exactly that," he smiled. "But go on: tell me I've accomplished wonders."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Simple Cure for Hiccoughs.

This is the method of treating obstinate hiccough that Dr. D. Francisco Vanegas employs. He describes it in the Revista de Medicina Cirurgia Practicas (Madrid). The patient lies down and draws up his knees until his thighs are pressed tightly to his abdomen, the lower part of the legs being pressed against the thighs by bending the knees. The position is held for several minutes. The effect of this is to press the abdominal organs up against the diaphragm and to sustain the pressure until the diaphragm ceases its spasmodic contractions.

Green Is Nature's Color.

Green is a restful color. Oculists say that of all colors green is the most friendly to the optic nerve. In lands, where eternal snows or eternal white sands flash up their glaring reflections, men have to shade their eyes or go blind. But green grass never bothers the eye. One can stare a forest in the face all day with impunity. Nature's greens never get on our nerves.

Dorothy Gish



This is Dainty Dorothy Gish, the popular "movie" star, who recently sailed on the "Imperator" for a vacation abroad. Miss Gish's work on the screen is familiar to millions who rely on motion pictures for their chief amusement.

THE ROMANCE OF WORDS

"JAZZ."

LIKE many another word, "Jazz" has slipped into the English—or rather, into the American—language like the mule of which Mark Twain wrote that it was "without pride of ancestry or hope of posterity."

Jazz is not a derived word. It was coined and, according to Lieut. James Reese-Europe, U. S. A., who conducted one of the jazziest jazz bands, it owes its origin to a man named Razz, whose musical organization was famous in New Orleans some 15 years ago. Razz is reputed to have been the first to realize the harmony and appealing quality which resides in saxophones, trombones, snare drums and the like, when played with a snap and dash. So he specialized in this kind of syncopated music and his fame spread throughout the South, imitators springing up in various sections. One of these which toured Missouri and the middle West, styled itself the "Jass-band"—slightly altering the name of the original leader.

In the course of a year or so the final "ss" were changed to "zs." Jazz-bands made their appearance from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and "jazz" slipped into the language and even into the dictionaries.

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Off Again, On Again

STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN

(Copyright.)

SHAMELESS CONFESSION.

We're bound to own the truth, although it makes our pride rise up and fret; We've knocked about a lot, and no woman has tried to steal us yet.

Why a Bachelor Is.

"Why did you never marry?" "Well, you see, whenever I bought anything I always saw something I liked better, right afterward. I was afraid it would be that way in marriage, so I just didn't."

THE SCIENTIFIC FARMER

"Marry, you've simply got to keep our children in better health or not let them play around my sanitary dairy barns!"

He Wanted to Know.

"Paw?" "Yes, Gervase." "Is having a crick in your back anything like having a stream-lined body?"

FINNIGIN FILOSOFY

If yez let to-morra go by wid-out havin' added a particle aw joy to annywan's life, I niver want yez t' shpake t' me agin!

Hung, Nothin'!

"Did young Daubsligh ever get any of his paintings hung?" "Hung? I should say so. His cigarette advertisements are hanging in every tobaccoist's in the country."

What the Sphinx Says.

By Newton Newkirk.



"Every employer pays his employees for knowing certain things which they ask him about."

WRIGLEYS



aids to good looks, sound teeth, eager appetite and digestion are only 5¢ a package

SEALED TIGHT—KEPT RIGHT



The Flavor LASTS

After every meal A-152

"Pape's Diapiesin" Corrects Stomach.

"Pape's Diapiesin" is the quickest, surest relief for indigestion, gases, flatulence, heartburn, sourness, fermentation or stomach distress caused by acidity. A few tablets give almost immediate stomach relief and shortly the stomach is corrected so you can eat favorite foods without fear. Large case costs only 60 cents at drug store. Absolutely harmless and pleasant. Millions helped annually. Best stomach corrective known.—Adv.

Mummies Should Be Confined.

A professor of bacteriology in the Northwestern university found that mummies are a source of germ incubation, and death and destruction is likely to lurk in the household that has a mummy in its bric-a-brac department. Keep your mummies incased.

Cuticura for Pimply Faces.

To remove pimples and blackheads smear them with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Once clear keep your skin clear by using them for daily toilet purposes. Don't fail to include Cuticura Talcum.—Adv.

Steam Never Visible.

Actual steam is not visible. The visible white vapor which is frequently referred to as steam is in reality a collection of fine moisture particles which are formed by the condensation of true steam.

Naming No Names.

Reading some of the present day effusions, one reflects that it is possible for a poet to make dollars out of lines that others can't even make sense out of.—Boston Transcript.

The Useful and the Beautiful.

The useful encourages itself: for the multitude produce it and no one can dispense with it; the beautiful must be encouraged, for few can set it forth, and many need it.—Goethe.

Ancient Perfume.

It seems strange to us today to read of saffron as a perfume; one of the romances about it lies in the story by Hakluyt of a pilgrim smuggling, at the risk of his life, from the Levant, a head of saffron in a hollow made in his staff.

Only Evening Up.

After all, what if we do overpraise a man when he is dead, doesn't he get lots of undeserved adobe while he is living?—Boston Transcript.

Immunity From Second Attack.

The United States public health service says that it is well known that an attack of measles or scarlet fever or smallpox usually protects a person against another attack of the same disease. To some extent this appears to be true also of influenza. Just how long such protection lasts is not known.

10 Billion Potatoes From One.

If there were but one potato left in the world a careful cultivator might produce 10,000,000,000 from it in ten years and thus supply the world with seed again.

When Spiders Retreat.

Spiders hide themselves in threatening weather. This is because they know insects do not fly about in the damp atmosphere preceding rain, and not because they lack umbrellas.

Olive Oil Essential.

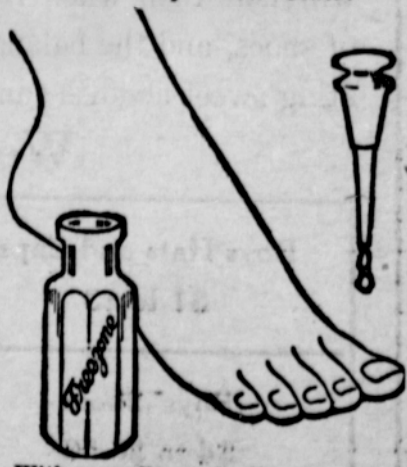
Although olive oil as a food and medicinal oil can be replaced very largely by other vegetable oils, there are one or two technical uses, wool spinning, for instance, for which no entirely satisfactory substitute has yet been found.

Kissing Once Custom at Dance.

Down to the middle of the Victorian era it was considered quite the proper thing in England for a man to exchange kisses with his fair partner at the end of a dance.

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 humbug!

MURINE Resists, Refreshes, Soothes, Heals—Keep your Eyes Strong and Healthy. If they Tingle, Smart, Itch, or Burn, if Sore, Irritated, Inflamed or Granulated, use Murine often. Safe for Infant or Adult. At All Drug Stores. Write for Free Eye Book. Murine Eye Remedy Company, Chicago, U. S. A.

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