

The City of Purple Dreams

By EDWIN BAIRD



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CHAPTER X.—Continued.

The luxuriant-haired Pole was soaring toward his finale. In a few minutes they might be discovered. She spoke rapidly. "You can accomplish more wonders—looking eagerly at him. 'I even believe you can make father like you. Once you have shown him you can be a master of finance it is possible his feeling toward you will change. He thinks you a nobody now,



She Clapped Her Hands. Her Eyes Were Radiant. "We Will Announce Our Engagement the Day You Are Worth a Million Dollars!"

but if you—I have it!" She clapped her hands. Her eyes were radiant. "We will announce our engagement the day you are worth a million dollars!"

The violinist swept his bow across the strings in a triumph of Mozartian climax, and they drew apart and joined in the applause. And none in the room was more enthusiastic.

CHAPTER XI.

Thanks to the dexterity of his French chauffeur, Fitzhugh was attacking his morning mail at twenty minutes past ten. When running through the fourth letter of the heap his secretary had opened and laid out for him he paused suddenly, then sat violently back in his chair.

"Now, how in Hades," wondered he, "could I forget that?"

He meant the first million. While with Kathleen that morning the thought of it had occurred and re-occurred to him, but always at inopportune moments, and when finally the right time had arrived it slumbered in the meshes of his mind.

"I'll tell her on Wednesday," he concluded; and promptly was swallowed up in the rush of the day's business.

The boy handed him a scrap of paper on which was written with a lead pencil:

"I must see you at once.—Esther." "Tell her I can't see her!" and he crunched the paper between his fingers and shot it angrily out an open window. Before the lad reached the door he checked him, less harshly, with: "Explain to her, Tommy, that I am extremely busy, and ask her to call again."

Dismissing the incident completely from his mind, he gathered up the sheaf of letters. An altercation arose in the outer office. The door was flung open. Esther entered.

Seeing the stenographer, she held the door open.

"I want to see you alone, Daniel," said Esther quietly.

Fitzhugh motioned to his employees to go, and closed the door after him.

"Well? What is it?" He remained standing near the door, the sheaf of letters clutched with an iron grip in his right hand. He was striving hard to control his mounting temper.

Unbidden, she sat down. He did not resume his seat. There was an awkward pause.

"This may be the last time," she began, choosing her words carefully, "that we shall see each other. I am going away tonight. I came all the way from Paterson. I thought I would tell you—good-by."

She stood up so that she faced him. She looked at him fixedly. "Night before last, Daniel, in Paterson, I walked my room for hours. I was trying to decide something, Daniel. Something very hard. A secret—a terrible secret—and I wanted to tell you. But I couldn't decide."

"Have you decided?"—impatiently. "Quite. I shouldn't tell you. I have reasoned it out again and again. You shouldn't know. But I want you to know! And, Daniel—reaching up suddenly, she rested her hands on his shoulders, and when her large, sad eyes lifted to his it struck him afresh how like a martyr she seemed—"Daniel, I have been chosen to remove our ambassador."

He tensed, with a quick intake of breath. "You mean—what d'you mean? You're not—you don't intend—" "It is decreed he must die tomorrow.

His living is inimical to the Cause. He is false to Russia."

"And you intend doing it?" "I will do it."

He seized her wrists, gripped them till she winced. His voice was as steel when he said: "You shall not. Understand that once for all. You shall not! It is madness. Nothing less."

"You can't understand. I hardly expected you to."

He strode violently to the door to still somebody's knocking, then came back to her.

"What price do you want? Name it!"

She shook her head. "There is no price."

"I say there is! Why else would you be here? Speak up! What do you want?"

She lowered her gaze, a little startled. "Yes, there is one for whom I would renounce even the Cause, turn traitor—" She flung her arms out to him in a rush of abandon—"Oh, Daniel, you know, you know!"

He loosened her hands from his neck.

"That," said he, "is impossible. I am engaged to be married."

She recoiled as though he had struck her. Her foot struck a chair as she stepped back. She sat down very slowly. For a few moments she seemed stricken dumb. Then:

"To—to that?"

"To her you saw me with at the opera."

"When?" she asked. "When?"

"We became engaged last March. The second of last March."

"The second of last March." She repeated the words dully, pressing her hand to her forehead. "The second of last—why, D-Daniel, don't you remember? That is the day we first met each other. Don't you remember, Daniel?"—laughing shrilly—"the crowds, and how I was swept into your arms, and the speeches you made, first in the street, and then—"

"Esther! Esther! Do you realize where you are? Twelve or fifteen persons are waiting outside to see me, and their time and mine means money."

Her reminiscences trailed off into silence.

"Money!"

Then all at once a terrific change came over her. She sprang up tighly, swept the chair aside, rushed toward the door.

He was there first, however, and stood with his back against it, barring her way.

"You will not leave this office," he declared, "until—"

"Open that door!"

"—until you listen to reason."

"Open that door, open that door! I'll scream!"

"You may go when you've promised me—"

"Open that door!"

Out of all patience, angry and humiliated, he threw the door open, and saw her run the gaudy gauntlet in the outer office. He closed the door quietly and summoned a messenger. His nostrils were dilated, his face white, his lower front teeth were locked firmly over the upper ones. He sat at his desk, took a pad of telegraph forms from a drawer, and with a hand as steady as the mahogany on which it rested he wrote the following, addressing it "Secret Service:—" "A demented woman who imagines she has been wronged by the Russian ambassador will arrive in Washington from Chicago. Watch all trains for her. She is slightly built, has dark hair and eyes and is dressed in black. H. D. F."

Some while after five o'clock Fitzhugh sat at the telephone on his locked desk, his hat on, an unlighted cigar between his teeth, delivering the customary order for violets. With a final admonition to the florist to send nothing except the best, he "hung up." As he lighted his cigar and swung out of his office he met a messenger, who handed him a square envelope. Embossed on the back was "One Thousand Lake Shore Drive," and it contained a very brief and formal request for an immediate call from him at that address.

The chauffeur was waiting with the car in Adams street. Fitzhugh settled back comfortably in the cushioned seat as the chauffeur picked his way through the mass of traffic, and all the cares and worries of that busy day slipped gratefully from him, leaving him serene with contentment.

He was received in the library of Mr. and Mrs. Otis. There was no sign of Kathleen; and a glance at her parents sufficed to apprise him he was in for a disagreeable time. They remained standing after he entered; nor was he asked to sit down. Mrs. Otis, haughtily stationed as far from him as the large room would permit, had appointed herself spokeswoman.

"Our daughter," said she, lifting a formidable lorgnette to her eyes and staring at him as though he were the garbage man, "has informed us of her unfortunate alliance with you."

He bowed respectfully.

"I need hardly say to you"—and her head raised higher, her hauteur waxed stiff—"that you must consider this engagement broken. Furthermore, you will regard your underhanded ac-

quaintance with our daughter as though it had never been. All communication with her of whatever nature must cease instantly. That, I believe, is all."

If Mrs. Otis had expected to inflict a shock she triumphed amply. If she had hoped to witness its manifestation she was woefully disappointed. The crash struck its victim as a thunderbolt; but beyond a sudden tension that gripped every muscle of him, he betrayed never a sign of the impact. Outwardly he was almost if not quite as self-possessed as when he entered the house.

"Miss Otis—does she know this?"

"What a question!" she gasped. "Why, it is she who—"

"Don't!" He started forward impulsively, the blood mounting hotly to his face. But ere his composure departed irrevocably—"I beg your pardon. May I know the reason?"

"The reason," she said icily, wishing his discomfiture were more pronounced, "is disgraceful. Most disgraceful"—lunging with the superlative. "Today—this very afternoon, in fact—your—I—" She floundered helplessly in a muddle of words. The starched formality she had deemed sufficient to crush the presumption of any man wilted before his steady gaze, his calm sternness. She turned appealingly to her husband, who, having held a very unwilling silence at her prior behest, came gladly to the rescue.

"I had best deal with this man alone, Elizabeth." He waited until she left the room; then he blazed at Fitzhugh: "Your wife, whom you deserted, was here today."

"The woman is not my wife."

"Not your legal wife, you mean."

"Nor any other kind."

Scarcely had Fitzhugh uttered the words, advancing with he knew not what rash design, then he stopped, turned back, and stood listening intently. Otis, thoroughly alarmed, rang frantically for a servant.

Fitzhugh crossed to the hall-door and listened.

From somewhere above, unbridled and spasmodic, though faint by the distance, came the hysterical sobbing of a girl. Kathleen!

With an imprecation on his tongue, he bounded up the staircase—just as Noonan appeared in answer to the summons. His coat clutched from behind, Fitzhugh turned, jerked free and, with a single push of his flat hand, sent the butler reeling backward to the hall below. He leaped up the few remaining steps to the second floor, strode to a door standing ajar and knocked. The girlish weeping in the room beyond was muffled. He knocked again. The sobbing abated, stopped. A third time he knocked and, receiving no response save silence, thrust the door open, entered, closed the door behind him.

It was Kathleen's boudoir. She was seated in a chair, weeping, with her hands hysterically covering her face; but immediately on seeing him she jumped up and started for an adjoining room, calling hastily to her maid.



He Seized Her Wrists, Gripped Them Till She Winced.

And the next instant she was held, struggling, palpitating, in the hot embrace of his arm, and his kisses showered upon her lips with a delicious passion that seared as heated metal.

"Kathleen—sweetheart, you don't believe—You don't want me to go—" She squirmed in his arms, striking at him with her fists, uttering incoherent words, her face scarlet with shame. The note of hate in her voice cooled his madness. He released her.

"So you do believe it." And he became aware that her father, at his wits' end how to handle the outrage, was pelting him with blows and kicks. He shook off the man as a Newfoundland would a Pomeranian.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Contrary Means.

"That doctor is very successful with insomnia cases. How does he do it?" "I guess it is by his wideawake methods."

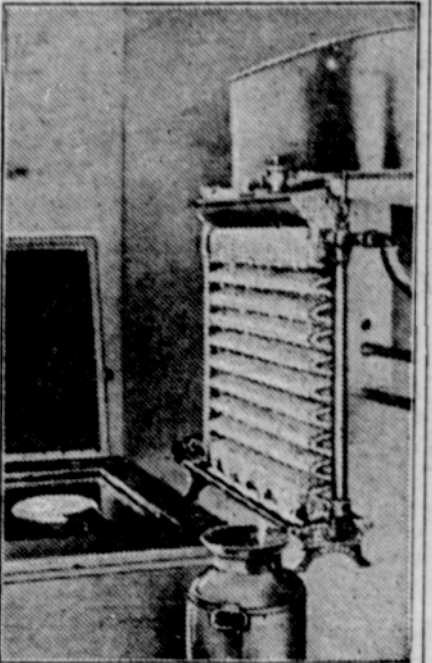
DAIRY POINTS

KEEPING MARKET MILK COOL

Product Held for Several Hours Without Proper Refrigeration Shows High Bacterial Count.

Generally, the larger numbers of bacteria found in market milk when it reaches the consumer are due more to the multiplication of the bacteria than to the original contamination. This great multiplication occurs because the milk is not properly cooled during storage, transportation and delivery. Just now this fact is of particular importance to the person having milk to sell.

Commercial experience confirms the results of experimental work. Milk which has been held for several hours without proper refrigeration nearly always shows higher counts than fresh milk from the same source. At a



Improved Apparatus for Cooling Milk.

certain creamery, milk received in the morning consisted of the previous night's milk and fresh morning's milk which were kept separate. During six summer months, from April to September, inclusive, 478 samples of the morning's milk showed an average bacterial count of 800,026, while 355 samples of milk which had been held overnight on the farms had an average bacterial content of 2,406,357 bacteria per cubic centimeter.

DRUGS DETRIMENTAL TO COW

Experiments at Iowa State College Show That Alcohol, Aloes, Etc., Are Harmful.

The use of drugs with the idea of increasing the fat production of test cows has been tried out by Iowa State Agricultural college dairy section. In most cases it was found that drugs decreased rather than increased the fat production.

Such drugs as alcohol, castor oil, pituitrin, aloes, magnesium sulphate, nux vomica and sodium chloride were tried and in all cases they were detrimental to the cows. All cows used were in good normal condition at the start of the tests and various sizes of doses were used.

In some cases it was found that the flow of milk and butterfat was increased slightly, but this soon fell off and in the end a decrease was noticed.

Up to date no drug has been found that will increase the butterfat. Dairymen are strongly advised not to resort to this method as it injures the cows and is not a fair way to gain a record.

BEST TEMPERATURE OF MILK

Only Way to Insure Accuracy in Feeding Calves Is Thorough Use of Thermometer.

Milk as it comes from the cow possesses a temperature near 100 degrees Fahrenheit. When feeding young calves it is well to be very particular in regard to this matter. The only way to insure accuracy in determining temperature is through the use of a thermometer. As calves grow older, eight to ten weeks of age, the temperature may be reduced to 90 degrees Fahrenheit. However, it is always desirable to warm the liquid ration slightly, even for calves six months of age.

FEED COW QUITE LIBERALLY

Silage, Mangles, Rutabagas and Other Root Crops—Should Have Abundance of Feed.

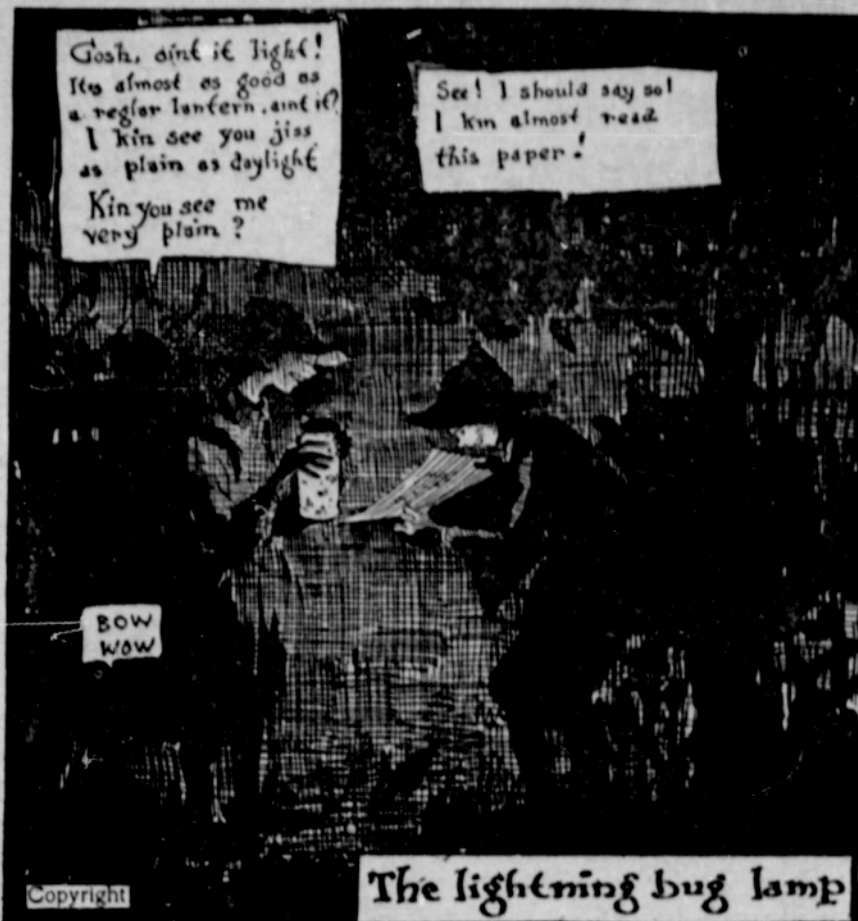
The cow should be fed liberally on succulent feeds, as silage, mangles, rutabagas or other root crops. They induce the cow to consume large amounts of feed, which is desirable. Then, too, feeds of this kind are very palatable and easily digested.

CALVES DO WELL ON PASTURE

Most Economical Manner of Caring for Them, but They Must Have Additional Attention.

Calves do very well on pasture and can be cared for in this manner more economically than in any other way. Care must be taken, however, to see that they receive what additional care is necessary. The calves of today are the herds of tomorrow.

SCHOOL DAYS



The lightning bug lamp

Rann-dom Reels

By HOWARD L. RANN

THE ELECTRIC BELT

THE electric belt is a substitute for the mustard plaster and can be removed without taking any of the patient with it.

From the earliest days of this republic the mustard plaster has been relied upon to extract shooting pains from the interior of man's anatomy. It was always applied by some faithful wife who mixed the plaster with her own hands, in order that there might be plenty of mustard therein, and all that a suffering husband had to do was allow the plaster to sit down on his stomach and draw the pain to the surface. It is an uncanny sensation to have a stout mustard plaster with long teeth grasp hold of a vital organ and maul it into a state of helpless submission, and many a patient has preferred to die with his cuticle intact rather than pass through such an ordeal.

The electric belt, however, has forever done away with the mustard plaster and its murderous instincts.



One End Is Attached to an Electric Meter.

It is no more trouble to wear an electric belt than it is to make percolator coffee when everything is perking right. The belt is strung carelessly about the waist of the patient and one end is attached to an electric meter, which keeps a careful record of the current consumed and turns it into the head office at the end of the month. As soon as the meter begins to turn over and discharge kilowatts at the patient, a warm, restful feeling appears which increases in intensity until the patient glances at the meter.

When an electric belt is properly applied a sick person can turn over on his face and go to sleep without fear of having his backbone reduced to ashes. This cannot be said of the mustard plaster, which never knows when to stop its triumphant progress and is liable to cremate a sleepy patient right in the presence of his wife and children. The electric belt can be set so that it will operate at one mile per hour on high, but by a providential arrangement the speed of the meter is not affected.

(Copyright.) Economy. Economy is of itself a great revenue.—Cicero.

MILITANT MARY

To raise ideals is just about the gamest stunt I know—You can't put fences round them AND FOLKS TRAMPLE ON THEM SO!

Take one pint can of cherries, drain and cut in small pieces. Add one cupful of water to the juice, cook five minutes and add a tablespoonful of gelatin that has been softened in a cupful of cold water. Add the cherries and four egg whites beaten stiff. Freeze and serve in glasses, garnished with candied cherries.

Candy Without Sugar.

Take two cupfuls of raisins and one cupful of nuts, put them through the meat chopper, mix with one-fourth of a cupful of honey; pack under weight for a day, then cut into bars.

Nellie Maxwell
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