

The City of Purple Dreams

By EDWIN BAIRD

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"NOT GOODBY, BUT AU RE-VOIR."

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. Fitzhugh visits Symington Otis, prominent financier, and displaying a package which he says contains dynamite, demands \$10,000.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

"You might, but you won't. You will accompany me to the bank; you will stand at my elbow while I cash it; you will then enter a motorcar with me and drive to some deserted spot outside Chicago; you will leave the auto, and thus give me a chance to escape. All this while I shall have the dynamite; one false move and I'll blow us to kingdom come. Your life is worth ten thousand dollars, I take it. Mine's not. Do I make myself clear?"

"Excessively. And now for the check." Without moving his head from the back of the chair Otis produced a private check book and a fountain pen, and, feeling the way with his fingers, filled out a check for ten thousand dollars. "What name?" he asked.

"Make it payable to bearer."

"Very well—"

"Father!"

A pair of portieres at the rear of the room were held far apart, and in the aperture stood a girl. Without turning—his back was toward her—Fitzhugh knew who she was. He had heard her voice before. As she spoke his uplifted hands dropped swiftly and concealed the newspaper package beneath his coat. Then he turned, and, even as he knew he would, looked into the pansy-blue eyes of the girl with the Titian hair.

There was a dramatic tableau. Fitzhugh, every nerve and muscle tense, stood looking at the girl. Otis, who had not moved, watched him. The girl looked from one to the other inquiringly. She seemed to know intuitively that something very unusual had occurred.

Otis was first to speak.

"Will you excuse us, Kathleen? This gentleman and I have a little business to transact."

"I did not intend to interrupt, father. I thought you were alone."

She went out, closing the portieres behind her. Otis wrote "bearer" on the check, snipped it from the book and stood up. He held out the check without saying a word.

Fitzhugh took the slip of paper, studied it reflectively. There was no questioning its genuineness. It called for ten thousand dollars, and the call was as authoritative as a government bond. Suddenly he drew a deep breath, folded the check, and deliberately tore it twice across. He dropped the pieces on the table, picked up his hat, and without a further word walked from the room.

In the hall he found Kathleen Otis.

"This is not the first time," said he in his best dramatic manner, "you have saved me from myself. I thought I'd tell you."

She stepped back, looking at him curiously. "I—I'm afraid I don't understand you. I don't think I even know you."

"It's hardly possible—"

"What were you doing in there?" she interrupted. "I know something was wrong; and—" She broke off, and with impulsive courage fairly shot a question at him. "Were you trying to blackmail my father?"

lunatic taking the unthinkable liberty of addressing his daughter Otis' coolness had vanished, his restraint snuffed.

"What did that man say to you?" he demanded.

"Why, n—nothing of any importance. Why?" She laughed nervously, like a child caught in some petty misdemeanor.

"Go to your room. That man was a maniac. He might have killed you. Where's Noonan?" He rang a servants' bell, ran to the hall telephone, rustled through the telephone directory, and got the Chicago avenue police station on the wire.

"Police headquarters? . . . This is Symington Otis, Lake Shore drive. Crazy man just left my house. He's got a bundle of dynamite, so be careful how you handle him. . . . How'll you know him? Well, he's dark, very tall, well built, and about twenty-four or five years old; he wears a soft gray hat, tan shoes and a blue serge suit. The dynamite is wrapped in a newspaper. I'll have my butler and another servant follow him and keep him in sight. Goodby."

When the big iron gate clanged behind Fitzhugh it was upon a very different young man from the one who had entered it, fired with anarchy and



"Were You Trying to Blackmail My Father?"

evil thoughts; he came out, fired with aspiration and good thoughts. Already his mind was busy with plans for the future. He must not see Esther again. He must forget her. He would do something big, place himself on an equal plane with the girl he had just left. There must be no more wildness, no more idleness, nor things forbidden by law. Ambition again throbbed in his veins, but it was the antithesis of last night's ambition: that had been the kind which tears down—this was the kind that builds up.

He turned south on the drive, his brain reveling in golden dreams. In his wake skulked the stout butler and a second servant, who, mindful of the telephoned word, "dynamite," took especial pains to keep a discreet distance between themselves and their quarry. Near Chicago avenue he saw a man dodge into an alley a short way ahead, and though he caught but a glimpse of the man's face, he recognized Detective Kelly. He turned swiftly, started back—and walked into the arms of two detectives, who seemed to appear from nowhere.

"What were you doing in there?" she interrupted. "I know something was wrong; and—" She broke off, and with impulsive courage fairly shot a question at him. "Were you trying to blackmail my father?"

"Some people might have called it something worse," he replied easily; and he was thinking: "She's beautiful—beautiful! This must be the sort men go crazy over. The sort men do things for."

"What were you doing?" she insisted.

"Why so inquisitive?" he countered. She looked annoyed. "Would you mind telling me your name?"

He asked pointedly: "Can you recall the 'diries' young man you ever saw?"

She bit her lip and stepped back from him. She was scarlet to her temples. "Yes—yes, I remember you now. You are the one I gave a dollar to yesterday. I believe you said your name was Fitz—Fitz something or other?"

"Fitzhugh."

"Oh, yes—Daniel Fitzhugh! I remember perfectly now."

"I'm glad you do."

"I don't know what passed between you and this fellow," he said, speaking very slowly, "and I don't know what you expect to see, but this is what he had on 'im." And the sergeant held up a gymnasium sweater, once white and fresh but now soiled. "This is what he had wrapped in the newspaper, and 'is pockets was not burdened with so much as a match. If he had any dynamite on him it was inside of 'im, sir."

Otis' lips came together in a hard line and his steel-gray eyes acquired the flinty glint which his subordinates and opponents in the wheat pit had long ago come to know and fear. The thought that he had been made a fool of by a brazen impostor was galling—far more galling than if the same impostor had really robbed him of the ten thousand dollars. All the rage, all the anger and contumely of the outraged man of money power boiled within him as he whispered savagely to himself: "I'll fix him!" And yet again: "I'll fix him!"

CHAPTER III.

The first person besides the newspaper men to visit Fitzhugh was Esther Strom. He shook hands with her through the iron grating of his cell.

"Welcome!" he cried gaily. "But how'd you know?"

"I came as soon as I saw this," she replied, taking a newspaper from under her cloak and holding it between the bars to him. His eye caught a front-page headline:

"MADMAN RUNS AMUCK!"

Turning the page he found a group of snapshots of himself in diverse attitudes.

"Here's progressive journalism!" he laughed, snapping the paper with the back of his hand. "These things were taken less than two hours ago. Not bad work, either." He regarded them critically. He gloried in the notoriety. She pressed closer to the bars, and there was a troubled expression on her face. "We must get you out of this some way; and you mustn't treat it so much as a joke, for it's not. I've a friend who's a lawyer. I'll send him to you. I'll manage to pay him somehow, some time."

"But why?" he asked. "Why bother about me at all? I'm nothing to you."

"I'll send him right away," she promised. "Goodby." She pressed his hand and was gone.

Barely an hour after Esther's departure the guard led into the cell a round, sleek-looking man who introduced himself by printed card as Roger Merton, attorney and counselor-at-law, Ashland block, Chicago, hours nine to five. He sat down beside his client on the foul bunk, and behind his plump hand gave a genteel little cough.

"My boy," he said, "you have only one defense. It's insanity—don't get excited!"

Fitzhugh laughed. "Do I look excited?" he asked easily, and added, "or insane?"

In hiding with Esther.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Safe.
On the occasion of a slight fire and much smoke behind the curtain a vaudeville manager was trying, unsuccessfully, by suave, assuring statements to quell an incipient panic in the audience. A leading comedian rushed out and, pointing a finger of scorn at the manager, appealed to the audience thus: "Sure, do you think he would be such a fool as to stop here if there were any danger?"

Crocodile's Record Swim.
Row far can a crocodile swim? Perhaps it would be more practical to ask how far crocodiles do swim? J. Stanley Gardiner claims the record for a crocodile (Crocodylus porosus) that recently landed in the Fiji Islands, where he took its photograph. No crocodiles of this species inhabit the Fiji Islands, and the nearest spot where they are known to live is the New Hebrides, 683 miles distant. Therefore, this crocodile must have swam 683 miles in the open sea.

Scored a Success.
My four-year-old nephew was perfectly delighted with his grandfather's car and always cranked all his toys, and even himself, when sent on errands. He is particularly interested in anything mechanical and never misses any such conversation. One day he cranked the car's tail, and was delighted when it turned and spat at him, for, he said, "There, I got an explosion that time."—Chicago American.

To Get Rid of Mildew Stain.
Mildew is an obstinate discoloration, but will yield if rubbed with lemon juice, followed by salt, and exposure to the sun. For mildew on other materials than linen a mixture consisting of two tablespoonfuls of turpentine, blended with the juice of a lemon, is recommended.

MANY STYLES IN PARTY FROCKS



THERE is almost as much variety in party frocks as in the people who wear them—which makes an assemblage of dancers immensely interesting. It is here that well-dressed women match up their taste in party frocks, and have most opportunity to indulge in individual fancies; they have given themselves the benefit of much latitude in style. On any dancing floor there are draped gowns so long that they only reveal the toes, and other frocks so short that they barely conceal the knees.

Materials influence the designers in their choice of styles. The heavy brocades and rich materials in heavier silk weaves, are chosen for the draped gowns that follow the lines of the figure, and many net and lace frocks are made in this style. Lighter-weight and supple silks are chosen for straight-line dresses, as crepe de chine, georgette and soft satins. Taffeta and organdie lend themselves to the bouffant draperies that widen the hips

or suggest the bustle dress. Taffetas over lace petticoats are particularly pretty, caught up at the sides, or in the back, revealing the dainty petticoat below their hems. Georgette and lace dresses are wired to give the broadened hip line and on these, silk or artificial flowers are placed so as to emphasize the style.

One of the latest arrivals among party frocks takes advantage of the wired hip line and velvet ribbon to achieve a novelty. This pretty and fanciful frock is shown above, with bodice and skirt of plain satin and short sleeves of net. The skirt is wired rather close to the waistline. Long ends of velvet ribbon, fastened at the top of the low bodice, are looped about the hips and fall nearly to the hem. Each is finished with a point and weighted with a silk-covered ball. The frock has a folded belt of metallic silk. It is very pretty on the dancing floor with its flying ends.

Masterpieces in Wraps



THE splendid open coat which appears here has not been chosen because it is representative of the outer garments worn by women for evening dress; for it is not representative. Beautiful but less magnificent is the story of evening wraps in general. This, being a costly affair, is interesting as revealing the ample, mantle-like lines that are required of outer garments for evening, and the fact that fur and brocades are more or less lavishly used in many of them.

Capes and mantles divide hon-ors as favorites in this kind of wrap. Capes, with deep yokes of brocade, having plain velvet gathered on to the yokes, are often finished with narrow bands of fur, set on where velvet and brocade are joined, and about the collar.

One of the new capes of taffeta has a deep fitted yoke of the silk with the cape gathered to it. Chantilly lace, about three inches wide, and silk net on point d'esprit in alternating ruffles

cover the cape portion. This garment is made in black and lined with a colored satia. Another new and lovely wrap of taffeta is cut in long panels, pointed at the bottom. These panels reach from the neck down, the entire length of the wrap and have corded, overlapping edges. The collar is a huge puff of taffeta and the lines of the wrap are much like those of the coat shown in the picture, except that the taffeta coat is caught in loosely at the waistline. At the front, where it fastens, there is a very large, flat rose, made of silk, posed at the waist. However splendid brocades or rich furs may be they cannot outshine a work of art in silk like this; for it is a masterpiece of designing and its cleverness vies with their resplendence.

One of the new capes of taffeta has a deep fitted yoke of the silk with the cape gathered to it. Chantilly lace, about three inches wide, and silk net on point d'esprit in alternating ruffles

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