

#### "WHAT IS SHE TO YOU?"

Synopsis.—Typical tramp in ap-pearance, Daniel Randolph Fitz-hugh, while crossing a Chicago street, causes the wreck of an auto. whose chauffeur disables 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 \$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.

#### CHAPTER III .- Continued.

"You're not insane. Nobody said you were. But for a while you've got to act insane. It's your only hope, and I'm pretty sure you're equal to the acting. If you plead crazy-and act and talk and look crazy (it'll be easy for you)-it's more than likely you'll get off lightly. It's your only chance Absolutely the only one. I'm not saying it's a fat one or a soft one. I only say it's your only one. Good

The case occupied little time. The prisoner was adjudged insane and committed to the Dunning insane asylum until declared cured. Two stalwart officers, neither of whom was as muscular as he, escorted him to the

Upon Fitzhugh's arrival at Dunning he was taken to the superintendent's office, and there, questioned about his family, gave the same fictitious replies that had satisfied the police. Next he was examined by a physician. It was the second time he had enacted the part of a lunatic, and his personation tust have been done with some success, for his "disease" was diagnosed, and he was classified and assigned to a ward. After the customary routine of bathing and donning the regulation garb he had leisure to sit down and plan his escape. This seemed so ridiculously simple that he almost regretted there need be nothing spectacular about it, that there was no necessity for overpowering a guard or breaking bars, or for any other kind of heroics.

While entering the grounds he had kept his eyes open, with the result that he had a rough mental picture of Dunning's topography, and after the first night he was positive he would be free before the dawn of another

He lay awake until broad daylight, hoping the next night would be a cloudy one, listening to the unearthly sounds that came at intervals from the violent wards-and thinking, thinking. He thought mostly of the future, and the more he thought of it the more wide awake he became. Sleep was out of the question.

Before noon that day came Esther. She had brought him a basket of edibles, and as she placed it on a table beside him he detected in her manner a disquieting suggestion of constraint. But her first words were commonplace enough.

"How are you?" she asked. "Oh, about as well as I look, I sup-

"I never saw you looking better."

she admiringly observed. "You must remember you haven't seen me very often," he reminded her. "Let me see-is it twenty or twentyfive days since we first saw each other?" He laughed and started to remove the napkin from the basket of

With a quick movement her hand flashed out and seized his. She glanced swiftly around.

"Don't open it till you're sure nobody's looking."

He was not slow to surmise that a file or some such instrument was concealed in the basket, and though he could scarcely repress a smile at the unnecessity, he replaced the napkin and said quite soberly: "All right. I'll take care."

"When do you expect to escape?" she asked, speaking in a cautious whisper.

"Tonight, if it's dark."

"And you'll come to me? You'll let me hide you?" She searched his face

He did not answer at once. During the long, wakeful hours hast night, when he had renewed his glorious estle building, this woman had not gured in the dreams. As she noted matted, his face covered with a dark looks at a woman's faults.

his hesitation the unreasoning jeal ousy which she had been striving to keep in check the past five minutes broke forth in a furiously blind tor-

"Never mind!" she blazed. "Don't come! I know you care nothing for

me. You ungrateful-" "Walt! Let me explain-"

"Don't speak to me! I hate you I shouldn't have come. I hate you!" Her voice had risen louder and louder as her jealousy-inflamed passion mastered her prudence.

"Will you be quiet?" demanded Fitzhugh, his own voice none too gentle. "Of course I'm coming to you, Where else should I go? I was only wondering how soon it would be." "Why did you smile at that girl?"

she rushed on, heedless of his promise. "Why did she shield you in court? What is she to you?"

He wondered what this woman would be were her jealousy given serious provocation, and shook his head hopelessly.

"She's nothing to me," he said, willing to do anything for the sake of peace. "I don't know why she testifled that way. Don't ask me. You're still living in the same place, aren't you, Esther? If you are—and nothing goes wrong-I'll be there tomorrow morning before breakfast."

The earnestness and sincerity with which he said this seemed to reassure her. Besides she was beginning to regret her outburst and was glad to be quieted. When after a while she left him there was in her heart only a trace of doubt and a deep humiliation. She was burning with shame for having bared her most unlovely side to the eyes of the man she loved.

In a secluded corner Fitzhugh opened the lunch and beneath the chicken sandwiches and chocolate cake he



"You've Got to Act Insane."

found a heavy file and a coll of rope. He managed to conceal them in his cont without detection.

When he retired it bade fair to be clear night, but before one o'clock the moon was obscured by clouds, and the muttering of distant thunder heralded a storm. Although he had not slept for the last forty hours he had successfully battled the temptation to close his eyes and was therefore awake when the first shadow crossed the moon. He bustled into his clothes. stuck the file into a pocket, buttoned the rope under his coat and felt his way through the inky blackness to a western window. He slipped his legs over the sill, gripped it with both hands and lowered himself into the black pit yawning ominously below.

He landed safely, and guided by the forked streaks of lightning and accompanied by the rumble and crash of giant thunder chords, he struck off across the prairie through the driving rain, made a detour and turned his face toward Chicago.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Esther Strom lived in one of those three-story, painted-brick buildings, fallen upon evil lodging house times, which look as though they never were new. For three dollars a week Esther rented a basement room, with light housekeeping privileges, the window of which came level with the pavement. To reach this room with greater facility one descended two crumbling stone steps, passed under the wooden stairway, and-if one were a person of average height-stooped to enter a misfit door found there. As the sun rose on the morning following Fitzhugh's escape from the asylum it found Esther standing outside that misfit door. She had been there, intermittently, since dawn.

Suddenly Fitzhugh turned the corner. His appearance was not prepossessing. His hat was gone, as was his collar. His hair was tousled and

growth of beard; his shoes and trousers were caked with mud, and as he carried his coat under his arm bis shirt was seen to be little more then a rag which clung to him damply. For two days and nights he had not known sleep, and in the past five hours he had tramped three times as many miles. Only a constitution of steel could have stood up under this, but Fitzhugh had one. As he turned the corner and swung down the street with vigorous strides he seemed far

from exhaustion. The moment the woman saw him all the love and pity and tenderness of her emotional nature welled up in her bosom, and with a little low cry of "My boy!"-more maternal than amorous-she ran to meet him. He took her outstretched hands, and holding them wide apart smiled at the anxiety in her face.

"Am I on time? I was delayed a little at the start."

"And you walked all the way!" she exclaimed pityingly.

"No. I ran part of the way-the first part." He thought of his empty pockets. "I couldn't very well ride," he ended dryly.

"I'm sorry! I should have given

His smile vanished. "No, you shouldn't," he interrupted.

"You must be ready to drop. Your breakfast has been waiting for an hour, for I expected you earlier, and I know you're starving."

In her basement room - which, though cheaply furnished, was spotlessly clean-she bade him sit down while she warmed over his breakfast on the coal-oil stove. When he had finished the meal to the last drop and crumb he sat back in his straight-back chair and felt through his coat pockets. His quest finished, he stared ruefully at the moist lump of tobacco in his palm. She sprang up, ran to a cupboard, and in a second was back with a package of smoking tobacco and a book of cigarette papers.

"I thought of it last night," she said simply. "I knew you would want to smoke."

He rolled and lighted a cigarette, took a heavy inhalation and sent the smoke swirling ceilingward. Then, lowering his head, he looked steadily from beneath his thick, jet-black brows at the starry-eyed woman sitting opposite him. He felt no love for her, but a gratitude too deep for words tugged at his heart. He began to be uncomfortable.

She walked to the sink with the stack of dishes, deposited them and returned to where he was standing.

"I-I told the landlady," she faltered without looking at him, "that Ithat you were my brother."

"No great harm in that, I hope. Besides there is a sort of family resemblance. And I certainly have a most commendable brotherly love for you."

She became silent. Her darkskinned hands relaxed; her shoulders drooped. After a few dumb moments she turned away and opened a door leading into a dark hall. "Would you like to go to your room now?" Her voice sounded spiritless. "I'll show you the way.'

He followed her down the subterranean passage to a narrow stairway at the rear, up which they climbed four flights. His room was at the rear of the top floor. There was but one window, which gave upon an alley and commanded a fine view of a brick wall. He raised it and leaning out found the cornice of the house was less than six feet above the sill,

"I may need that some time." he remarked, turning back to Esther. "I'll get the luy of the roof tonight." She had apparently forgotten her depression, for she was all tenderness now and, apologizing for the bareness of his abode, she left the room.

After locking the door Fitzhugh stripped to the skin, hung his damp garments out of the window in the hope that a chance ray of sunshine might discover them and curled up on the bed, which was never intended for a man of his stature. In less than three minutes he was slumbering soundly.

It was dusk when he awoke. Feeling greatly refreshed, he put on his clothes, which were almost dry, and walked downstairs, where he was greeted by Esther. "It must be pretty late," he re-

marked. "It's nearly nine."

"Nine! Why, I have had ten hours'

sleep? "But you hadn't slept for two nights."

"It's a larger-dose than I've taker In years. I almost never sleep more than five hours out of the twenty-four. I feel as though I'm wasting time if I do. I know that's an astonishing statement for a tramp to make, but there's so much in life, even for a tramp-"

"Please don't say that. You are not a tramp, and I don't like to hear you say you are."

"Don't you want to know who I am?" he asked, suddenly very earnest, She shook her head. "No-at least not until you wish to tell me. It doesn't matter to me what you are, or what you have been. Look at it the other way about; how much do you know of me? You know I am a radical. you have probably surmised I am of foreign parentage, and that is all. 1 think I shall tell you something about myself, for I can see you want to

### The way of a maid.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A wise man shuts his eyes when he

# APPROVED WRAPS Kansas Women Who Testi -:- FOR SUMMER -:-



SUMMER time will see some of a deep yoke that reaches to the the most beautiful wraps that waistline in front. The skirt of the have ever been made under the in- coat is cut in long pointed panels spiration of its sunny skies. Design- that overlap, and there is a large and ers must be dreaming of it when they very becoming collar with silk cord begin, in the heart of winter, to fashon cloaks and coats to be used months afterward, but destined to that ties about it. Huge, embroidered have their first afrings at the fashion- roses, set in leaves cut from black able winter resorts. The styles favored satin and outlined with gold thread, by women of trained judgment, are make a decoration that measures up promoted, and they become the fash- to the excellence of the design. They lons of the summer season.

such masterpieces of superb designing | Another wrap of taffeta has a deep outlining the sleeves and simulating the wrap pictured.

and tassel in the color of the cloak are placed at each side on a panel Among the taffeta wraps there are and at the waistline on one side.

as that which compels our homage in yoke with a full cape gathered to it the garment shown in the picture, under a band of embroidery. Black You must imagine it in peacock blue taffeta was chosen for this cape with silk, with wide black satin ribbon embroidery in sapphire blue and blue having a line of gold along the edges, satin lining. It was shorter than

### FOR THE YOUNGER GIRLS



THE outstanding excellence of chil- It is a one-piece dress with plain body, mostly in their simplicity and their is fitted with a deep vestee and white neatness, and neatness in children's collar and cuffs, these edged with a apparel is another name for smart- very narrow braid or lace that look ness. Leaving furbelows to party like tatting. The plain belt, with flat frocks, designers have taken blue pockets set over it at the sides, is serge, plaid woolens and many substantial cotton goods and turned them into enchanting things for little girls to spend their days in.

For the younger girls serge dresses with bloomers to match or with bloomers of plaid material leave nothing to be desired in dresses for everyday wear. Detachable white collars and low with collar, pockets and sash of cuffs of linen or heavy cottons or flannel, start the little maid off in the of these dress-up frocks as pictured morning properly freshened up for above. It is as dainty as can be and school. When the weather is warm a has a hat of white organdie to match. pretty chambray or gingham dress replaces serge for daily wear. The care and the success with which they have been designed is convincingly shown in the box-plaited school dress of chambray pictured above at the right.

dren's clothes for spring lies elbow sleeves and box-plaited skirf. It made of the chambray.

> But school and play do not fill all the time and small girls must sometimes be daintly dressed for other affairs-as visits and parties. They have been provided for with frocks of pretty cotton goods, like organdle .r dimity or lawn. Plain organdle in yelwhite organdie are displayed in one

ulia Bottomley

### Who Testify



Pierce's Favorite Prescription for wo-man's trouble and man's trouble and
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with the benefit I
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''Dr. Pierce's
Pleasant Pellets are
well known to me
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anything but a bad breath? All of these stomach disorders mean just one thing—Acid-Stomach.

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