

# The City of Purple Dreams

Edwin Baird

## A CHECK FOR \$28,500.

Synopsis.—Typical tramp in appearance, Daniel Randolph Fitzhugh, while crossing a Chicago street, causes the wreck of an auto, whose chauffeur disposes of it trying to avoid running down. In fifty 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, a Russian anarchist, and in a spirit of bravado makes a speech. A few days later Fitzhugh visits Springton 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. His one idea is now to become rich and powerful, and win Kathleen. In a fight with Nikolay, jealous admirer of Esther, Fitzhugh works his way. 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. Fitzhugh attracts the attention of Quigg, dealer in bogus stocks. Fitzhugh acts as a decoy for gullible investors. Staked by his employer in a poker game for high stakes, he meets a wheat pit speculator, Henry Hunt, who believes him to be a New York man of wealth.

## CHAPTER VI—Continued.

Fitzhugh did not speak, and the other rushed on:

"Every cent I've been able to rake, scrape, steal or borrow goes into this. I'm going to have Burton sell half a million September at the best price he can get. How much do you want, Fitzhugh? Remember, it's not speculating, exactly. It's more like picking up money in the street."

"I'm sorry, Hunt, but I'm afraid I shan't be able to go into this with you. There's no necessity for details, is there?"

"By George, that is too bad! It's not every day you get a chance like this. Sure you can't come in?"

"Quite sure."

"I'm mighty sorry. Well, it can't be helped—excuse me a moment." Hunt turned and started on a half-run toward the office of the senior Burton.

"I say, Hunt!" As though struck by a sudden afterthought Fitzhugh hur-



"Got it!" Fitzhugh laughed. "Why, Lord Bless You, Quigg, I haven't got the price of a Ham Sandwich!"

ried after the speculator and caught him by the shoulder. His eyes were twinkling. "I won a little money last night, you know, and—just for a joke—I'm going to make that little make a little more. My poker winnings are at your disposal, Hunt. Do with them as you will."

"Good boy! What's the figure, Fitzhugh?"

"Oh, somewhere between eighteen and twenty thousand, I believe."

"Suppose I sell twenty September for you, then? It's hardly worth the bother, of course; but I'll attend to everything for you."

Fitzhugh took out his wallet and began counting checks and currency into his companion's hand. While his lips were speaking the denominations on the checks and bank notes his mind was doing a different notation: "Twenty thousand bushels at ninety-eight and a quarter cents a bushel—nineteen thousand, six hundred and...

dred cash from Quigg—total winnings, eighteen thousand—total due Quigg, eleven thousand five hundred—total capital on hand, twenty thousand, six hundred and fifty dollars.

"There you are, Hunt—nineteen thousand, six hundred and fifty dollars."

## CHAPTER VII.

Two days had passed before Fitzhugh and Quigg met again. Late in the evening Fitzhugh, immaculately dressed, entered the private office of Quigg, who was alone and in a black mood. The fraudulent speculator swung round in his chair as Fitzhugh entered, growled a sullen "Hello!" and after a momentary silence growled an unpleasant "Well?"

Fitzhugh sat down and fanned himself leisurely with his Panama hat.

"It bids fair to be a warm day," he observed.

"You know what I want," snarled Quigg, rapping his desk with his knuckles. "Where's my money?"

"Oh"—Fitzhugh stopped fanning, put down his hat—"you mean the poker money?"

"What about it? Where is it? What have you done with it?"

"Naturally, Quigg, I played poker with it."

"And you doubled it too!" The grafter leaned suddenly forward and pointed one of his short fingers in Fitzhugh's face. But if this maneuver was calculated to frighten or confuse its mission failed.

Fitzhugh smiled easily. "I more than doubled it. I more than tripled it. I won eighteen thousand dollars."

Quigg jotted a few figures on a calendar pad and held out his hand. "There's eleven thousand five hundred coming to me. I'll take it now."

Fitzhugh shook his head smilingly. "I'm sorry," said he; "but I'm afraid you'll do no such thing."

"What d'you mean?" Quigg half rose from his chair, his puff eyes blinking rapidly. "You've got this money, haven't you?"

"Got it!" Fitzhugh laughed. "Why, Lord bless you, Quigg, I haven't got the price of a ham sandwich."

"What'd you do with that money?" roared Quigg, smashing his fist against the arm of his chair. "How could you spend over twenty thousand dollars in two days? You're lying to me!"

Fitzhugh's breath whistled through his nostrils. He stood up quickly. His face was very white. For the first time he seemed in deadly earnest.

"Don't talk too much," he advised quietly. "There are some things I won't stand, and if you anger me I'm liable to make that fat head of yours look like a plum pudding. The money's tied up in speculation, if you want to know. You have the choice of two things: you can either take an equal chance with me in the speculation, or you can take my note for what I owe you. Which do you want?"

"Neither!" exploded Quigg. "I wouldn't give a cent for any speculation you'd make, or for your note either. There's only one thing to do with you. You've played me a dirty, low-down trick, and I'm coming back the best way I can. You're going to work for me two months longer, and you're going to work for nothing. I'll see that you have a place to eat and sleep, but I won't promise more. At the end of those two months you're going to clear out of my sight, and Lord help you if I ever see you again!"

"Gentleman to see you, suh," announced the unformed negro.

"What name?" growled Quigg.

"Didn't give none, suh. Said he wanted to see you about some Florida orange groves."

"Tell him I am very busy but will see him in five minutes."

"Yes, suh." The negro touched his cap and departed.

The moment the door closed Quigg, keenly animated, swung round in his revolving chair and spoke in a quick voice to his lieutenant: "You're a Fifth avenue resident. Newport. Villa in France. Cotillon leader, society swell—all that."

"They lunched at Hunt's club. Or, rather, Fitzhugh did. Hunt ate nothing. He was too ebullient. He elaborated his plan, going extensively into details, producing endless data from his pockets, while the untasted food grew cold before him."

These were frenzied days in the

wheat pit. Under the terrific, unremitting pounding of Springton Otis and his associates September wheat descended with invincible force. With every titanic swing of the bears' tremendous hammer the foundation of the bulls rocked and swayed beneath their feet—and the dollars piled up for Daniel Fitzhugh. Yet he knew he was nothing in that mighty conflict. He was unseen, unfelt, unknown—the veriest pigmy in a battle of giants.

Down, down went the price of wheat, with a dizzying velocity that made the pit tatter. It touched 85, 84, 80. It fell to 75, 73, 69. And then, in one gigantic crash, as the bears put forth their last, supreme effort, the bottom dropped from the market and September wheat went to 55 cents.

It was on this day that Fitzhugh severed his connection with Quigg & Peavy. Quigg, repenting his unwise bargain made in a hot-headed moment of anger, endeavored to retain his "star" with alluring promises. But Fitzhugh was obdurate. He held the grafter rigidly to his word. When he left the building and walked down La Salle street he possessed nothing save the clothes he wore. He had not a cent in his pockets. He had not even a place to sleep. The intemperate Quigg had seen to that. Yet, entering the portals of the Board of Trade, he felt again that exaltation he had experienced when cutting his ties with Esther. Once more he was free—free to go his own way, free to mount to the pinnacle he had set himself, unhindered by an alien hand.

The gallery was crowded, for news of the upheaval had spread abroad, but Fitzhugh's height enabled him to see over the heads of those in front



"You're a Fifth Avenue Resident. Newport—Villa in France, Cotillon Leader, Society Swell—all That."

and so into the arena where waged the thunderous combat. The wheat pit was in a paroxysm, ungovernable and volcanic. The bulls, all but routed, were making a desperate stand. But it was hopeless. The ground tottered beneath them. Their frenzied rushes were met by the imperturbable, unconquerable bears, and they were over forced to retreat, snorting, belching, but unquestionably beaten.

At the height of the conflict, when the battle din shrieked its loudest, the closing gong sounded and the day's session was over. The indicator on the wheat dial pointed to 55 cents.

Fitzhugh rushed from the gallery, shoving people right and left, and took the stairs five at a leap, figuring his profits as he ran. In the office of Burton & Burton he found Hunt, who seized his arm, clapped his shoulder, hustled him into the street, rejoicing, congratulating and boasting all in the same breath.

"Didn't we lick 'em, though!" he rattled on. "I've made two hundred and twenty-five thousand, and you—well, not quite so much, of course, but, considering the investment, very fair, Fitzhugh, very fair."

With these encouraging words he handed over a check for \$28,500. Fitzhugh very calmly inclosed it in the empty morocco wallet, returned the wallet to his pocket, and buttoned the flap over the pocket.

"Yes, very fair," he concurred, without smiling. "Very fair, as you say, Hunt." His coolness, however, was all assumed. Beneath, he was trembling with excitement.

"But, Daniel Fitzhugh, let me tell you something," Hunt stopped shortly and "buttonholed" Fitzhugh. "There's another plum on our little tree," he went on enthusiastically, while the passersby bumped and jostled them from side to side, "that's just about as juicy as this one was. It's—but come on to lunch and I'll tell you all about it."

They lunched at Hunt's club. Or, rather, Fitzhugh did. Hunt ate nothing. He was too ebullient. He elaborated his plan, going extensively into details, producing endless data from his pockets, while the untasted food grew cold before him.

## Letters from Esther!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Helpmates at Reasonable Prices. In Mongolia there are only two modes of marriage—capture and purchase. The cost of a wife varies from five camels for a young girl to thirty or forty camels for an old widow, the latter being quoted higher than all other classes. In statements relative to price obtained in Mongolian society it was brought out that a wife may be bought for five pounds of rice in that country.

## ATTRACTIVE FROCKS FOR LEISURE HOURS



THE two very attractive afternoon frocks which present rival claims to admiration in the picture above, employ the two most favored silk fabrics, georgette and taffeta, and each makes the most of this advantageous start. In spite of the disparity in these materials the two frocks have several features in common; both are made with a tunic, both achieve the widened hip lines which fashion encourages, and both show the bodice extended over the waistline at the front, forming a straight-line, girder-like effect. These are all important style features, and each of these frocks is distinctive enough to answer for somewhat more formal dress than the average afternoon frock is equal to.

Taking note of the small items that go to make up the success of the georgette frock, it appears that the straight underskirt has no hem, but is finished with a pleated edge. Its tunic is long and full, draped and shortened at the sides and embellished with handsome embroidery in silk at the front and back. There are three-quarter-length sleeves having a narrow band of embroidery at the bottom, and, lest we overlook the original management of the bodice at the front, embroidery emphasizes it and calls attention to the narrow collar. Four small, silk-covered balls fall from the ends of the unnecessary but pretty pretense in collars.

In the taffeta frock the tunic becomes an apron drapey at the front and back, edged with a flounce of the silk that joins the draperies and widens the hips at the same time. This flounce has three narrow cordings along its edge and is set on to the drapey with a cord, insuring it considerable flare. This frock has an underbodice cut with short kimono sleeves and these sleeves are corded near the edge. Below the cords narrow tabs made of folds of taffeta carry a narrow ribbon run through them as a finish. The round neck is finished in similar fashion. Sleeves as short as these are infrequent in American frocks, but there is plenty of authority for them in French im-

portations.

portations.

## The Etiquette of Weddings

OF ALL things that must be accomplished according to set customs a wedding requires the closest following of accepted rules. In order that the celebration of the ceremony and all the incidental events may move smoothly and successfully, minute attention must be given to all the details of preparation for the occasion, from the assembling of the wedding party to the departure of the bridal pair on their honeymoon. Leaving out the matter of the trousseau—which is a separate affair—there are many other things that must be considered and adjusted.

To begin at the beginning—there are the invitations. At least three weeks and even a month before the day of the ceremony, these are to be sent out to lists of names which include those furnished by the groom whose mother or sister assists in making up his list. The bride's parents furnish the invitations and announcements and the latter are to be mailed immediately after the wedding to friends who have not been invited to attend the ceremony. No near relative or close friends are to be overlooked, even though they live too far away to come conveniently. The wedding invitations and announcements are to be engraved on heavy white paper, in script or shaded Roman letters, and cards to the reception and "at home" cards enclosed. If the wedding is to take place out of town, train cards are also necessary and if in a large city cards for admission to the church may be required.

"At home" cards are enclosed with announcements. If a limited number of people are to be asked to the reception, the card to the reception will be left out of invitations to others. The invitations are enclosed in two envelopes, the inner one bearing the name of the recipient without any address and without first names, except when they are necessary to distinguish between members of the same family. The outer envelope carries the name and home address of the recipient and the names of the street and state are spelled out. Invitations are issued in the name of the bride's parents, if only one of them is living, in the name of that one, or if the bride is an orphan, in the name of a senior relative. A widow without a near relative to announce her marriage issues a joint announcement with the groom. Upon receipt of a wedding invitation and card to the reception, an acknowledgment is made immediately, written in formal style.

Besides furnishing the invitations the parents of the bride assume all other expenses—the decoration of the

church, the fees to the sexton, the awning at the church door, the music, the expenses of the reception, furnishing motors for the bride and her attendants. If the bride is an orphan with no close relatives and is married under the chaperonage of a married friend, she assumes these expenses herself. The bride decides upon the gowning of her attendants, her maid or matron of honor, maids and flower girl deferring absolutely to her in this matter. On the day before the wedding the bride entertains her attendants at luncheon and presents each with a souvenir. She selects her attendants from among her own and the groom's relatives, including in the cortege close friends as well.

A few days before the wedding the bridal procession is rehearsed, with every member of the bridal party present and with the music to be played at the wedding. On the day of the wedding motors are sent for the maids and the maid of honor, who assemble at the home of the bride where they receive their bouquets. At the ceremony the maids are to stand in the positions decided upon and leave the church in pairs or each with an usher. The maid of honor will hold the bride's bouquet or prayer book, which the bride hands to her at the proper time, returning them at the end of the rite of plighting troths. At the end of the ceremony the maid of honor may throw back the face veil, if one is worn by the bride and see that the train falls gracefully. When the bridesmaids leave the church each in company with an usher then the maid of honor is escorted by the best man. But if the maids go out two by two, the attendant of honor precedes them alone. In this case the best man goes out by the vestry door and goes from there to the place of the reception. The motor which brought him and the groom to the church takes the bride and groom away from it.

A good many duties fall to the lot of the best man, who is chosen by the groom, who also selects the ushers. These usually include several relatives or friends of the bride. Just before the wedding the groom gives a farewell bachelor dinner to his best man and ushers and presents each with a souvenir, usually a scarf pin or other bit of jewelry. He also may instruct his best man to see that the cravats he may choose for the ushers and best man are delivered at their houses the day before the wedding.

Julia Bottomly

## REMARKABLE RECOVERY

### Extraordinary Curative Power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Philadelphia, Pa.—"I want to let you know what good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done me. I had organic troubles and am going through the Change of Life. I was taken with a pain in my side and a bad headache. I could not lie down, could not eat or sleep. I suffered something terrible and the doctor's medicine did me no good at all—my pains got worse instead of better. I began taking the Vegetable Compound and felt a change from the first. Now I feel fine and advise any one going through the Change of Life to try it, for it cured me after I had given up all hopes of getting better. You can publish this and I will tell any one who writes to me the good it has done me."—Mrs. MARGARET DANZ, 743 N. 25th Street, Phila., Pa.

It hardly seems possible that there is a woman in this country who will continue to suffer without giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial after all the evidence that is continually being published, proving beyond contradiction that this grand old medicine has relieved more suffering among women than any other medicine in the world.

## Prayed for Cure Finds it After 10 Years Food Would Sour and Boil —Teeth Like Chalk

Mr. Herbert M. Gessner writes from his home in Berlin, N. H.:

I had stomach trouble over ten years; kept getting worse. I tried everything for relief but it came back worse than ever. Last fall I got awfully bad; could only eat light loaf bread and tea. In January I got so bad that what I would eat would sour and boil; my teeth would be like chalk. I suffered terribly. I prayed every day for something to cure me. One day I read about EATONIC and told my wife to get me a box at the drug store as I was going to work at 4 p. m. I took one-third of it and began to feel relief; when it was three-fourths gone, I felt fine and when it was used up I had no pains. Wife got me another box but I have felt the pain but twice. I used five tablets out of the new box and I have no more stomach trouble. Now I write to tell you how thankful I am that I heard of EATONIC. I feel like a new man; I eat what I like, drink plenty of water, and it never hurts me at all.

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Not in a Religious Sense. In the zone finance office a letter was received inquiring about a bond which the soldier had purchased. His letter was rather incoherent and the office was unable to identify the case. So a letter went back to the soldier asking for more information and incidentally inquired whether it was a converted bond.

"Naw, the bond wasn't converted," wrote back the soldier, "and I don't want it messed up in religion either. You just send it on to me like 'twas."

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## Accepted for Life Insurance

### Easily Passed Examination Although Previously Told Condition Was Hopeless

"I was so bad off with kidney trouble I had to give up my work as an engineer," says J. B. Rogers, 210 West 60th Street, Chicago, Ill. "My back gave out completely. It was as weak as if it were broken. Often I tossed and turned the whole night long. I became dizzy and would have to grab the nearest object to keep from falling. At times the kidney secretions hardly passed at all, while again they would be profuse and oblige me to arise time and time again. The urine burned cruelly. I lost twenty-five pounds in weight; and I had taken so many things without relief I became discouraged; in fact, I was told there was no help for me."

"At last I began with Doan's Kidney Pills, and they made a new man of me. It wasn't any time before I was back to normal weight and had passed a life insurance examination, without any trouble. Over twelve years have since gone by and my cure is still permanent."

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