

# The City of Purple Dreams

By EDWIN BAIRD

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## INTO THE DEPTHS.

Synopsis.—Typical tramp in appearance, Daniel Randolph Fitzhugh, 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, he meets Esther Strom, a Russian anarchist, who induces Fitzhugh to address a meeting. Fitzhugh visits Symington Ous, prominent financier, and displaying a package which he says contains dynamite, demands \$10,000. Ous gives him a check. At the house he meets the girl who had given him the dollar, and learns she is Kathleen Ous. 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 to become rich and win Kathleen. In a fight with Nikolay, jealous admirer of Esther, Fitzhugh wounds him. 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. With his poker winnings he joins Hunt in a wheat deal. Through Hunt's operations Fitzhugh nets nearly \$50,000.

### CHAPTER VII—Continued.

"So you see," he wound up, "there's nothing to it but a bull market. There'll be a big rebound just as sure as we're sitting here. Symington Ous is my strongest point. As I said before, I'm nine-tenths certain he'll turn bull again, now he's walloped the man he went after, and you know what that means. He'll send wheat up like a balloon—he's strong enough to do it. All we need do is to climb into the basket and participate in the grand ascension."

"As you have wisely pointed out, Hunt," began Fitzhugh, turning the fragile stem of his wine glass between his long fingers, "we had better step cautiously at first—sort of feel our way. There's never any telling what pitfalls may lurk below tranquil waters. Afterward, we'll wade in boldly. Merely as a starter, I'll give you my check tomorrow for twenty-five thousand. I'm not saying what I'd do after that."

As they were leaving the club, Fitzhugh turned to his companion and, as though suddenly reminded of some inconsequential thought that had occurred to him earlier in the day, said carelessly:

"Oh, by the way, Hunt, I'm thinking of opening a small banking account in Chicago. I wish you'd introduce me to your banker."

For once Hunt was mistaken. There was no boom in December wheat. True, there was a reaction, for when the bears removed the pressure the abnormally low market began gradually to assume a natural level. But winter wheat, which Hunt had expected to mount by leaps, dragged slowly, ascending, to be sure, yet moving little by little—an eighth or a quarter at a time. Once or twice, in some sudden flurry, it even went off half a point.

Hunt was very much puzzled.

"There's a screw loose somewhere," he told Fitzhugh, after one of these unexplainable slumps; "but I can't figure out just where."

Of late, Fitzhugh had been studying indefatigably the hundred and more different conditions which, directly or indirectly, affect the Chicago wheat market. He devoted hours to this, where another man would have devoted minutes, and his brain, so keen, so quick to grasp every salient detail and appraise its true value, enabled him to view the present situation with a far clearer vision than that of Hunt.

"I think I know where the wobbly place is," he replied, "and, unless I'm mistaken, it's going to shake the whole machine to pieces before long. Hunt, we'll have to draw out. If we don't, our little craft will be swamped, and she'll sink like a rock. For my part, I want to sell every bushel of wheat I own tomorrow morning."

They called a taxicab and repaired forthwith to Fitzhugh's newly leased apartment in a newly erected building in Lincoln parkway. It was for bachelors exclusively, this building, and its smart elevators, smarter attendants and potted plants and costly appointments were any criterion, it was also exclusively for wealthy bachelors.

The Japanese servant served dinner, after which Fitzhugh and his guest sauntered to a front room, evidently

intended for a library and study, and there ensconced themselves before a low bay window commanding a magnificent view of the lake, Hunt settled himself contentedly in a chair, whose soft cushions embraced him in a delicious manner, lazily emitted a stream of cigar smoke and allowed his gaze to wander about the beautiful room, replete with soft tones and colors.

Suddenly Fitzhugh stood up. "Let's get down to business, Hunt." He spoke very briskly and, crossing the room, took from the round safe embedded in the wall several packets of papers secured by thick elastic bands. These papers contained a mass of data covering the past seven weeks, consisting of crop reports, statistics from many different sources, newspaper clippings and telegrams and cablegrams that had exhausted his ready money to the last cent. He walked to a heavy desk of solid mahogany, switched on the light that was a miniature of the gorgeous one on the table, and spread the papers on the flat top of the desk. And while Hunt sat opposite, following him with concentrated attention, he went over them point by point, dwelling fully on every detail, explaining clearly the reasons for his belief. So lucidly did he do this that a child might have followed him.

"My deductions are substantiated," he summed up, "by the fact that Otis and his following are not buying the market as you supposed they would. What's more, they're not going to buy it. I've put myself in their place. Otis and company will make their attack when the enemy is in its most vulnerable state, and that's just the condition the enemy's in now."

There was a conversational pause, while Hunt reperused some of the papers scattered about the desk.

"So you think we'd better unload?" he said finally, sitting back and motioning to Haki to fill his champagne goblet.

"As though our lives depended on it," Hunt watched the servant fill his glass, then lifted it and surveyed his host solemnly across its rim.

"So be it," he rumbled in a sepulchral voice. "The blame be upon your head if we lose."

Fitzhugh's prediction was bountifully fulfilled next day. December wheat went tumbling and crumbling.

Hunt, thanks to Fitzhugh, managed to squirm from under with a whole skin and a few thousands profit. Hur-



He Stole Up the Six Flights of Stairs to His Rooms, Unobserved, and Let Himself In Without Awakening His Valet.

rying through the outer office of Burton & Burton, he sped Fitzhugh and fell upon him with open arms, pressing into his hand a check for thirty thousand dollars.

"What had we better do now, Dan?" "Sell December wheat. It's going to zero. This slump will keep up indefinitely."

"Right-o!" Hunt was fairly burning with excitement—the gambler's excitement, than which there is none more feverish.

"You may sell half a million for me. You'd better sell an equal amount yourself." Fitzhugh produced a slender check-book and started to fill out a check. Abruptly he paused, hit his lip, made as if to return his fountainpen to his pocket. "I forgot something," he said slowly.

"What's wrong, Dan?" Hunt looked properly solicitous.

"My—a draft. Should have been sent from New York day before yesterday. My brother has it, but he's suddenly fallen ill. Probably forgot all about it. That's all. I'm sorry, Hunt, but I can offer you nothing except my personal check, and that'll be only for a few thousands."

In a flash all of Hunt's reverence for wealth and his desire to toady to it were to the front. What an opportunity to be of service to this man of millions! He could have wished for nothing better. "Don't worry about that for a minute, Dan." He spoke with the utmost friendliness. "I'll at-

tempt to your margins for you. Five hundred thousand, I believe you said?" "Yes," Fitzhugh rapidly filled out a check for twenty thousand dollars. "Take this, anyhow, Hunt." He tore the check from the book. "Just as an evidence of good faith," he laughed.

The courier took the check in the same jocular spirit in which it was offered, scarcely glancing at its figure. After a little they parted, Hunt hastening to the private office of Burton, senior.

Fitzhugh went straight to his bank and deposited the thirty thousand dollars. Immediately afterwards he started back to the Board of Trade. When nearly there, however, he stopped, paused irresolute, then turned and walked slowly in another direction. For over an hour he roamed restlessly about the loop. He seemed in firm of purpose, simple of destination.

Once, without exactly knowing why, he entered the post office and strolled absently about the dark corridors. He was leaving by the western entrance, when, happening to glance to his left, he saw on the glass over a doorway, "General Delivery."

He came to a dead halt. A hot blush of shame prickled him. He felt suddenly mean, contemptible. He entered the room and asked if there were any mail for Daniel Fitzhugh. The clerk handed him a half-dozen letters postmarked from a small town in Russia.

He opened and read them one by one, standing near the window. In all of them Esther breathed her love for him, yet there was a difference as the letters progressed. In the first two she wrote chiefly of him and secondly of the work she was doing for the Cause. The next one was solely about him and there was a more insistent note in her passionate declarations. In the third was a tone of despair, a hint of fond hopes fast slipping away; and the last two were filled with bitter reproaches, piteous pleadings—jealousy!

From a word she let drop in one of the earlier missives he divined she was in dire need of money. Even at that moment she might be suffering from lack of necessities.

He stuffed the letters in a coat pocket, went to his bank and procured a bill of exchange to her order for a thousand dollars.

At one of the public desks he wrote on the back of a deposit-slip: "The goal is not yet in sight, but I'm running fast."

This he attached to the draft and sealed in an envelope, which he addressed and mailed to her while remorse was hot upon him.

From the post office he went to a hotel in Randolph street, asked for stationery and wrote the following:

Dear Hunt— I have just received bad news. My brother is at the point of death. Must hurry to his bedside. May see you in a couple of weeks. Meanwhile, good luck! Yours, F.

He directed this to Hunt's home address, took it to the district messenger office in the hotel and left orders for its delivery at nine o'clock.

Had anyone looked for Fitzhugh that night in his apartment, or in the theaters or hotel lobbies, or in any of the other places where he usually spent his evenings, it would have been in vain. He would not have been found.

But in a vile saloon in lower Clark street a tall, trampish-looking man with a pointed beard, attired in ragged habiliments and wearing long upon his brow an old slouch hat fully half a size too large, was carousing deliriously with the muddled denizens, leading them in maudlin song, and inciting them to drunken ribaldry.

Fitzhugh's debauch lasted two weeks. Then he sobered up and went home. Under cover of the somnolence that enveloped the apartment building at four o'clock in the morning he stole up the six flights of stairs to his rooms unobserved, and let himself in without awakening his valet.

He removed his shabby apparel, his decrepit hat, secreted them in a wardrobe and went to the bathroom. When he entered his bedroom, glowing from a brisk scrub and attired in silk pajamas, he looked a little tired. It was not, however, a physical tiredness. Fitzhugh felt, mentally, like a man who had taken a very arduous journey in search of gold only to find he had been chasing a rainbow.

He climbed in between the snowy sheets of his bed and lay very still. His eyes were closed, but he was not asleep.

## The only girl!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Study Banana Plants.

In making a thorough botanical and commercial study of the banana the Philippine bureau of agriculture has collected banana plants from all over the world.

## For the Attendant of Honor



SPRING and June bring the loveliest and most appealing of pageants—the white-clad confirmation classes and the wedding processions, both marking great epochs in the lives of women. However one may plan for the latter, whether the wedding is to be simple or elaborate, no detail of it can be considered unimportant; everything about it must be perfectly ordered. Nice distinctions must be made in apparel and in everything else.

Next to the bride the most distinguished figure in the wedding procession is the matron or maid of honor. So many of this year's brides have chosen a matron of honor that a preference for matrons appears to have developed, but each bride chooses either a maid or matron to attend her, from among her own relatives or very close friends, or from the relatives of the groom. Having made this choice the next important matter for discussion is the dress which this most honored attendant is to wear; the bride's privilege allows her to signify her wishes and custom assures her that they will be carried out by all her attendants.

It is usual for the matron or maid of honor to wear the color that has

been chosen for the maids, but her dress is made differently in order to make a distinction, and a dignified design is chosen for it. Often the attendant of honor uses the color worn by the maids in the foundation of her gown, veiling it with lace or some other diaphanous overdress. Or she may wear the same color in a different material as when the maids wear tulle and she chooses georgette. But in any case she defers to the judgment of the bride.

A beautiful gown for the maid or matron of honor is pictured above. It is made of lace, point d'esprit, with bands of georgette and lace bordering the three flounces that make the skirt. The bodice has the same inserts and a band of narrow ribbon about it in addition. This narrow ribbon reappears below the crushed girdle of georgette, in a sash tied at the left side, and the chances are that it is a repetition of a similar decoration on the maids' gowns. Small half-wreaths of little chiffon roses are enchanting in this gown and they are suspended from the sleeves, at the front of the girdle and at irregular intervals on the flounces. One might look far without finding a lovelier dress than this.

## The Etiquette of Weddings

THE bride, of course, chooses the day and the hour for her wedding. Only two days in the week have been set aside as inappropriate for weddings, and they are Sunday and Friday, and in spite of the old rhyme that labels Saturday as "no day at all," it is as popular as any other. Almost any hour may be chosen, but custom has established the hours from eight until three as correct, and in the Anglican church high noon is favored. There are many evening weddings, notwithstanding these old established hours, and many that are celebrated in the afternoon later than three o'clock. There are too many things to be considered in fixing the hours to make hard and fast rules concerning them.

The Home Wedding. A home wedding is simpler than a church wedding but the rules governing the duties of the bride's parents, and those of her attendants are the same. The rooms of the home, to be used at the wedding are usually cleared of small pieces of furniture and prettily decorated with flowers and foliage, and a home allows the exercise of individual taste in this regard. Greenery is usually massed where the bride and groom are to stand, and when the ceremony is finished the bride and groom turn to face the guests and receive congratulations. If a wedding breakfast is served a table for the bride and groom, their parents and their attendants is set, and others for the guests. Or, the maid or matron of honor and the best man, with all the other attendants may be seated at one table and the bride and groom at another, with their immediate relatives. At a wedding reception the parents of the bride first receive the guests and the parents of the groom may stand with them, or the latter may stand near the bride and groom. The best man and ushers make the presentations to the bride and groom, and the bride's attendants are grouped somewhere near her. Refreshments are served at a wedding reception just as at a formal "at home."

The bride cuts the first piece of wedding cake. White boxes, containing pieces of wedding cake and marked in gold or silver letters, with the combined initials of the bride and groom are given to the guests as they leave. When the bride leaves the guests, to dress for her wedding journey, her maid of honor usually goes with her to take care of any commission the bride may have for her, and the best man stays faithfully by the side of the groom. As the bride comes down the stairs she tosses her bouquet to

her maids, and that one whose lucky hands receives it is thereby assured by fate that she will be the next bride. The best man is usually at the station, to be sure that everything has been taken care of, and to see the bridal pair started on their journey.

When a bride decides to be married in her traveling costume she has only one attendant—a maid or matron of honor. She usually wears a corsage bouquet and carries a prayer book, but her attendant may carry flowers. For a second marriage the bride chooses a beautiful afternoon frock and a charming hat, or is married in a tailored suit or frock. She wears a corsage bouquet and has one attendant and may choose to carry a prayer book. When a widower marries he does not give a farewell "bachelor dinner," but otherwise his procedure is the same as for his first wedding. Ushers may serve at the wedding of a widow, and she may have a wedding breakfast or lunch or reception, as she chooses.

Julia Bottomly

### The Corset Vogue.

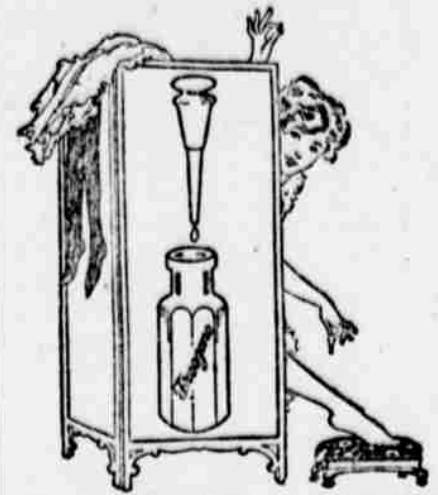
Corsets, the real foundation of style and of grace, are particularly interesting this season. The uncorseted figure is not fashionable and affected by only a small percentage of the smart women of Paris. But corsets that give an easy, graceful, supple appearance are decidedly in vogue. This means that corsets of tricot are the proper thing—the smartest models are cut long over the hip—and short above the waistline and are lightly boned if boned at all. One new model recently seen has only the front steels and the small bones at the lacings in the back. This is an American corset and adequately fits the figure requirements of the young American woman.

### Contrast Colors Vogue.

White garments frequently have touches of pink flowers with green foliage. With the fad for lavender lingerie growing, lavender embroidery is seen also in pink and blue garments. Gowns of pink plisse crepe, for example, have both blue and lavender silk stitches decorating them, very artistically, it must be admitted. And lavender garments themselves are relieved with plenty of pink handwork, some in quite a rose tone.

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### Not Forgotten.

It is rather hard to decide which is the more maddening in a certain New Jersey town not far from New York, the taxi service or the telephone. One day, having waited almost up to train time for the taxi he had ordered, a prominent townsman picked up the telephone in a great rage and asked for the number of the dilatory taxi man.

"Hello, this is Mr. Henry," he said loudly and sternly, when he got his connection. "Have you forgotten me?" "No, I haven't forgotten you, Mr. Henry," said the mild feminine voice at the other end of the wire. "This is Mrs. Brown."

## Important to all Women Readers of this Paper

Thousands upon thousands of women have kidney or bladder trouble and never suspect it. Women's complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the result of kidney or bladder disease. If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they may cause the other organs to become diseased. You may suffer pain in the back, head ache and loss of ambition. Poor health makes you nervous, irritable and may be despondent; it makes any one so. But hundreds of women claim that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, by restoring health to the kidneys, proved to be just the remedy needed to overcome such conditions. Many send for a sample bottle to see what Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine, will do for them. By enclosing ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., you may receive sample size bottle by Parcel Post. You can purchase medium and large size bottles at all drug stores.—Adv.

### Ups and Downs.

"An orator has to come down to the level of his audience's intelligence," remarked the mild egoist. "There used to be some such idea," replied Senator Sorghum. "But the orator nowadays has all he can do to rise to the occasion."

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The Bulge That Counts. Our observation is that folks for give a man's trousers for bagging at the knees if they bulge at the pockets. —Dallas News.

### Rather Wide.

"The red element certainly has cheek." "Well, cheek is mostly what the red stuff goes on."

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