

The City of Purple Dreams

By EDWIN BAIRD

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CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

—18—

Daniel joined in merrily and more than held his own in the three-cornered melee.

Very naturally his enemies attacked first what seemed to them his most vulnerable spot.

"When they had given up all hope of ever sounding it and were searching in despair for a successful plummet, Daniel very deliberately laid bare on the first page of his newspaper everything it contained.

When then the rumble and bombast had died away, when the blood and smoke had passed, Hugh Daniel Fitzrandolph stood before the populace—a hero.

Daniel rushed his campaign onward with a tireless zeal that outdistanced his rivals and lost them to view.

The campaign came to a whirlwind finish. Daniel rose at daybreak on election eve and was on the go ceaselessly for twenty hours.

While smoking a good-night cigar with Hunt at two o'clock next morning he remarked:

"Altogether, Harry, it has cost me a warm million dollars. But it has been worth it—every cent. I've had a million dollars' worth of fun."

Yet an hour later, had one looked in the front room of Daniel's apartment, one would have doubted it. The room was quite dark, and before the front windows overlooking Grant park he was sitting very silent and motionless.

From the avenue below came sounds of an irresponsible quartette. They were sending "The Heart Bowed Down," and even their untutored throats, guttural with libations, could not wholly mar the tragic sweetness of Balfe's sad melody.

The melancholy strains, something softened by the distance, floated dolefully up to him. Music—even the worst—always had a singular effect upon Daniel. Good or bad, he could never listen to it without feeling within him a responsiveness transcending the composer's note.

He pressed his hands to his forehead and slowly shook his head, again and again, his eyes closed.

Yes. Yes, he had failed once more. He would fail next time. He would

always fail. He could not forget. He could never forget.

Daniel started, sat up suddenly, looked round with a jerk. It was past nine o'clock. He had been asleep in his chair five hours.

After casting his ballot the day seemed a void. There was nothing more to do. It was all over now. Already the election was practically settled.

Returning, however, he left the car at Twenty-fourth street continued afoot toward town, his raincoat collar turned up, his soft hat down, and wandered aimlessly about, taking studious care to shun his usual haunts.

CHAPTER XV.

All afternoon of that rainy April fourth, Daniel roamed restlessly about the loop, until, shortly before dark, the returns began coming in.

From the start it was plainly seen which way the election tended. Dinwoody was carrying the First, Fourth, Fifth, Tenth, Sixteenth and Eighteenth wards by a big plurality.

John Dinwoody, champion of vice and crime, was elected mayor of Chicago.

With a sickening dissolution, Daniel's castle came crumbling about his ears, and he lay among the ruins and the dust, bruised and stunned by the utter havoc, yet resigned to the inevitable.

Scents a storm of questions aent his unexplained absence, Daniel forestalled it by outlining to his secretary a philanthropic plan of such magnitude that the curiosity of the two was drowned in astonishment.

"I believe you're kidding!" exclaimed Hunt. "Do you know what such a thing would cost?"

"Fully"—glancing over the letters and telegrams beside his plate.

"Not 'would,' Harry, 'will.'" Putting aside his mail, and devouring a thick steak as he talked, Daniel continued: "I shall establish these houses in every



Goose! What Did He Mean? He Was a Full Hour Early.

town of a hundred thousand or more. In New York, Philadelphia and Chicago there will be one to every two hundred thousand inhabitants—or more if needful. They will be self-supporting, nonprofit-making.

Hunt interposed. "Esther Strom? Let me see—why, that woman was an anarchist!"

"She was something more besides, Harry. She was a great altruist." Daniel looked down, stirring his coffee slowly and thoughtfully.

"I'm hanged if I know, Harry! I suppose it is a queer notion. We all have them, don't we? He added in an odd voice: 'Perhaps I deserved all I got. Anyway, I believe she was a martyr.'"

"A martyr to anarchy?"

"Steady, Dan," said Hunt. "You're getting morbid. Come along to the pit today. There's something stirring in summer wheat. It'll wake you up; make you your old self again."

Daniel dabbed his fingers in a finger-bowl. While drying them on a

napkin the vertical lines appeared sharply between his brows. He lighted a cigarette.

He shoved his chair back, stood up. "Henceforth I am going to take my happiness in my own way. I learned how at daybreak this morning. I am going to give, give, give. And I won't stop giving until the last cent is gone."

"Dan, I believe you've gone crazy." "And I believe," said the secretary, who read his Bible on occasion, "that Mr. Fitzrandolph shows a very keen wisdom. Furthermore—well, there is a verse in Saint Matthew, which runs: 'Ye are the salt of the earth.'"

Jonas, the valet, touched his sleeve. "A special delivery letter, sir." Taking the square envelope from the servant's salver, without observing the superscription, the secretary opened it and perused the contents. He knitted his brows.

"Puzzling," he murmured, scratching the back of his head. "It's anonymous, has neither beginning nor end." He looked suddenly at the envelope, then, with an apology, handed the message to his employer. "I didn't notice it. It's marked 'personal.'"

One glance at the sheet of note-paper, and Daniel sank into his chair. With his strong fingers he pinned the note to the table, breathing rapidly through dilated nostrils.

Daniel looked up, stared blankly a moment at the two silently questioning faces. His lip quivered slightly.

"Boys, I've received startling news, I've changed my mind about giving everything away. I'll go ahead with those houses. But I'll go a little saner. In a little saner manner, you understand. And, boys, I am going to do that big thing!"

"Jonas! Call a good livery stable. I want the best saddle horse at twelve sharp. Craig, make an appointment for tomorrow morning with Stanley Graham, the architect. Phone for the head barber downstairs, Jonas. Mention ten dollars to him."

Then, without any of them knowing what it was all about, the secretary, the valet, and the valet, had their hands seized and wrung with a vim that crushed their fingers.

Hunt, burning with curiosity, permitted his eye to rest momentarily upon the opened note lying on the table. He could make nothing out of it. It began without preface and was unsigned. It consisted of two questions, written in a flowing, girlish hand: "Do you remember our last appointment? Will you keep it today?"

As the superbly lithe, red-haired young woman mounted with cool composure on the sorrel horse, cantered serenely past the Grant monument in Lincoln park she glanced at her watch and saw it was one o'clock. A gardener spading the soft ground beside the bridle-path stopped his work, as well anyone might, to follow her with admiring gaze.

Presently—she had passed the end of the hillock just north of the monument—she turned in her saddle, and perceived far to the south a dark shape growing rapidly larger. She jerked the reins precipitately, wheeled about, started back in alarm. Her admirable tranquillity had vanished.

Goose! What did he mean? He was a full hour early.

Escape was cut off. Quickly she guided her horse into the concrete arch monument—and waited. Her perturbation increased. Her gloved hand toyed nervously with her riding crop. Her heart pounded against her side. She smoothed for the fifth time her stylish riding-habit, adjusted for the tenth time the pointed hat atop her Titian hair.

What did he mean? He was an hour early—

Now she could hear the rhythmic thud of the hoof-beats. They were coming with break-neck speed. Louder and nearer, louder and nearer, louder and nearer—

A form shot past. Her heart leapt to her throat.

Then the scuffle of a horse checked in a headlong gallop, swiftly returning sounds, and the archway was darkened by a broad-shouldered, athletic man astride a heaving, foam-flecked steed.

His age sat lightly upon him. He looked much younger than he was. He had swept off his hat, and his thick black hair, matted damply against his forehead, showed never a trace of gray. He was distinguished rather than good-looking, and the skin of his newly—and wholly—shaven face was as fresh, as clear, and as glowing as her own.

Stirring within the minds of these two, who had beyond question proved their love for one another, who had known sorrow and bitterness and despair, who had traveled years to reach this moment, treading a long circle to fuse it at last, were—who shall say what thoughts and emotions?

But suppose I tell you what the gardener, spading the soft ground beside the bridle-path, overheard? " . . . Well, Kate, how are you? You came a little early. Two was the hour, you know. . . ."

" . . . Dan, I like you ever so much better without the beard. . . ."

"Took it back." Pickpocket (visiting friend in prison) "I engaged a lawyer to speak for you this morning, Slim, but I had to hand him my watch as a guarantee. Prisoner—And did he keep it? Pickpocket—He thinks he did,

CRISP, COOL THINGS FOR AUGUST WEAR



EVEN the sheerest things we wear contrive to be a little burdensome in the dog days. They prove themselves possessed of an unsuspected and unwelcome warmth, especially if they are of the clinging sorts of materials, and clinginess is the very last thing one will long for in hot weather.

is less frilly than dotted swiss dresses in lighter colors. These are frivolous and go to any length they choose in the matter of organdy dissipations. Striped dimity, having a white ground and stripes in gay colors, keeps up with them in this matter of organdy frills.

The Hats of Late Summer



IN MIDSUMMER'S dazzling light, eyes retreat into the shadow of wide-brimmed hats; those glowing and protecting shadows that millinery offers in so great a variety of color and degree of shade. Leghorns, crepe, hair-braid, taffeta, organdy and many other airy stuffs go to make up the gay or picturesque dress hats that are the climax of the year's story in millinery and along with these bright crowns for beauty's head there are always those stately hats of fine black lace or malines. These seem fewer this colorful year than in past summers, but they are among those present and perhaps a little more distinguished than ever.

There is no trimming except a sash of satin ribbon with bow and ends across the front. Below it, at the left, there is a hat of pink crepe georgette, faced with a light, soft braid in the same color. It has a scarf of georgette that falls from the brim at the back and is edged with button-hole stitches in yarn. This scarf is embellished with yarn embroidery in pastel colors and furnishes all the decoration the model needs.

A very simple but becoming hat at the right is made of wide satin ribbon, having double tucks across it at intervals. This shape has proved so great a favorite that it will reappear in fall hats. This model being of ribbon, in a strong blue, may be worn at any season. The last hat has a brim of raffia and soft crown of taffeta and contents itself with a sash and ends of narrow satin ribbon finished with fringe.

In this group there are four hats that present themselves as millinery of the kind that makes itself very generally useful and it includes one hat—at the top of the picture—made of black malines and having a certain edge about the brim. The brilliant material called cellophane adds a sparkle to the design, placed in parallel rows about the crown and in the upper

For Dancing Frocks. Gold and silver cloth are favored for dancing frocks.

Julia Bottomley

JONAH MERELY A MOUTHFUL

Monster Fish Recently Caught at Miami, Fla., Could Have Accommodated Twenty Prophets.

Was Jonah swallowed by a whale? According to the biblical story it was a fish of this nature that entertained the prophet in its interior for three days and nights, but the limited size of the whale's throat precludes the possibility of its swallowing a man.

However, there was caught at Miami, Fla., recently, a fish that could have lunched on 20 Jonahs without suffering the slightest pang of indigestion, and among the many persons who have seen the fish are clergymen who have formulated the theory that it was really a fish of this species that swallowed Jonah.

Here is the way this denizen of the deep shapes up in the way of dimensional figures: The net weight of the fish, when caught, not including its last meal, was 30,000 pounds. Its liver alone touched the beam at 1,700 pounds, which is about the weight of a hefty bullock. From end to end it measures 45 feet, which is equal to the combined length of eight normal men. At the thickest part the circumference is 23 feet 9 inches.

One of the most impressive features of the fish is its mouth, which is 50 inches wide and 43 inches deep. Inside of the mouth is a tongue 40 inches, and it has a multitude of teeth much smaller than a baby's. Nobody has ever attempted to count these molars. The tall resembles the caudal appendage of an airplane and measures 10 feet from tip to tip.

But big as the fish is, it died in infancy. Scientists who have measured its cartilaginous formations say they are far from developed and that had this monster attained full growth it would have been two and a half times as large as it is now.

According to the scientists of the Smithsonian Institution the animal is a whale-shark, and is the first specimen of its kind that has been captured. They state further that it is an inhabitant of water of 1,500 feet depth, its hide of sufficient thickness to withstand the most enormous water pressure, and its eyes, which have no lids and consequently were never closed, indicating that it dwelt as a depth where eyes are of no avail.

The Smithsonian scientists believe that it was thrown up by some subterranean volcanic disturbance, which injured its diving apparatus so that it was unable to return to its natural levels and that thus disabled it strayed beyond confines fixed for the monsters of the deep.

Capt. Charles H. Thompson of Miami, caught the fish while cruising for tarpon off Knight's key, Florida.—New York Independent.

Sunset Colors.

The gorgeous sunset colors are due to the red light which is transmitted through the cloudy sky and is the reverse of the blue of the sky. Water is apparently blue in itself when one looks through a sufficiently long layer. If, however, there were nothing to reflect the light back, the water would, of course, look black, and certain lakes do show exactly this phenomenon. If there is a small amount of reflecting particles the water looks blue. With more suspended particles a certain amount of yellow is sent back, and the water becomes green. In the tropics the water is an intense blue, except near the shore, where it becomes an almost equally intense green.

The water of the Rhone where it flows out of the Lake of Geneva is blue, while the Rhine of Strasbourg is green, and we find that the Rhine contains 70 per cent more suspended calcium carbonate than the Rhone. Sometimes the water in a swimming tank will be green. This is due to suspended solids in the water. The same effect can occasionally be obtained in a porcelain-lined bathtub. The clear brown brooks that one finds in many places in New England owe their color to the presence of a brown material of the nature of tannin, so this would really be a pigment color and not a structural one.—Scientific American.

Measuring Our Universe.

Astronomers are inclined to believe that our universe with its 8,000,000 stars is after all but a part of space and that other universes may lie beyond. Attempts have been made to measure the size of the so-called universe, but opinions differ very widely as to its dimensions. It is difficult to measure it by using so small a unit of measure as a mile. If we take the speed of light which travels 186,000 miles in a single second, for comparison we will begin to gain some faint idea of the dimensions. Light speeding along at this rate will travel in an hour 669,600,000 miles. It is estimated that it would take light 30,000 years to travel across this space. Some astronomers even believe that it would take ten times as long or 300,000 light years. The mind can scarcely grasp the idea that beyond this universe lie even greater voids.—Boy's Life.

Maiden Lane's Fame in Peril. Maiden lane, in the heart of the New York business district, may lose its identity if the diamond and jewelry and allied trades there decide to move uptown.

Great increase in rents recently caused the tradesmen to appoint a committee to consider a proposal to shift the entire trade center. This committee, it was learned, has recommended several new sites, and a canvass will soon be taken on the proposition. More than 75 leading firms, including large manufacturers, are said to be considering moving.