

# The City of Purple Dreams

By EDWIN BAIRD



Copyright by F. G. Brown & Co.

## UP-TO-DATE

Here's an up-to-date story, if there ever was one. In the opening chapter the hero is an unkempt tramp; at the end he's a candidate for the mayoralty of Chicago, a capitalist, and the lover of a fashionable girl on the Lake Shore drive. So there is room for lots of exciting experiences in between.

The Lake Shore drive girl gives him a dollar to buy soap and cures him of being a hobo. A beautiful Russian woman starts him in anarchy. A poker game starts him as a successful grain speculator and introduces him to society. Failure to win the Lake Shore girl leads him into politics as a distraction.

The seething life of the great cities in this age of unrest—that is "The City of Purple Dreams."

## CHAPTER I

Even Chicago's corroding March wind could not dull the gloss of his buoyancy. Like a furious mastiff it tore at him angrily, snapping viciously at his poorly protected body, snarling and howling malevolently. But to him it was no more than a bumptious puppy that worried him not at all. Head erect, hands thrust deep in ragged pockets, he swung jauntily along the Rush street bridge, whistling merrily a popular coon song.

He was wretchedly clad—a mass of rags and tatters. His face was smudged with a healthy growth of jet black beard, and it required little scrutiny to see he had long been a stranger to soap and water. He was very tall—over six feet—and this accentuated his slovenliness. He was a man of twenty-four, with a distinguished face rather than a handsome one, and he had an athlete's physique.

At the south end of the bridge he turned and started across the street. Midway he stopped short. Standing on the opposite sidewalk was a plain-clothes detective, Pat Kelly by name, who yesterday had arrested him on a vagrancy charge and released him with a warning to leave the city or suffer the consequences.

There was no time for hesitation. He had caught Kelly's unfriendly eye, and he knew what to expect. He wheeled about, started back—and plunged directly in the path of a high-powered touring car which came hurtling across the bridge.

Things happened quickly. It was too late to sidestep the onrushing machine, too late to stop it, and the chauffeur, in a frantic effort to avoid running him down, jerked wildly at his steering wheel; the big car veered, dashed diagonally across the street, and smashed slap-bang against a brick wall.

The hood of the car was caved in, the lamps demolished, the front wheels broken and the axle twisted; but to the occupants—two girls who sat in the tonneau—no harm had come.

As soon as the vagabond looked upon the wreck, a smashing blow caught him behind the ear, another on his neck; an arm was twisted behind his back, and a red, hairy hand clutched at his throat. Without turning round he knew it was Kelly; knew, also, that he must not strike back, for nothing earns a culprit quicker or severer punishment than resisting an officer.

One of the girls in the tonneau jumped quickly to the ground and stepped between the belligerents. The heavy motoring veil which theretofore had concealed her face was now lifted, and she stood revealed as one of those insidiously beautiful and frankly feminine girls who command golden opinions from all men, slavish obedience from most, and the envy and jealousy of many women. Her eyes, normally of a dark, velvety blue like a pansy's petals, were nearly black as she turned scornfully upon the detective.

"You contemptible coward!" she accused spitefully. "To attack a man when his back is turned!"

Kelly smiled down at her indulgently and shook his head. "No, miss," said he, "you misjudge me; I'm a plain-clothes man from detective headquarters."

"That does not alter the first fact," she retorted. Fumbling hastily in her purse, she confronted Kelly as he started off with his prisoner.

"If you arrest that man," she cried warningly, "I'll—"

She left the sentence uncompleted, and plucking a visiting card from her

purse thrust it into the detective's hand. He read the name thereon, and then looked at the girl with a respect as sudden as it was profound.

"Let me see; you're Mr. Blackburn's—"

"Niece. He will grant me any favor I ask of him. Do you still wish to take your prisoner?"

Officer Kelly capitulated unconditionally. Without a word he lifted his hat half an inch from his head and turned on his heel and walked swiftly away.

The girl stepped back from the liberated one and surveyed him curiously from head to foot. He had sniffed an odor of violets when she was near him, and he saw now it came from a cluster on a lapel of her tan motor coat. He felt ashamed. For perhaps the first time in his life of vagabondage he was conscious of his rags, of his unwashed body, of his unshaven face, of his slothful dirtiness. And he was ashamed.

"Take this dollar," she said, holding out a bill to him, "and buy some soap with it. Candidly, I believe you are the dirtiest young man I ever saw."

The hot color receded from his cheeks, leaving them, if one could have seen the skin, as white as marble. Very daintily he took the bill from her fingers, crumpled it in his capacious left hand, and removing his mottled hat with his right held it arm's length and made a sweeping, exaggerated bow, bringing the hat upon his breast at its conclusion.

"Thank you, kind lady, you are very good," said he, and there was now in his voice a deep, mellow tone which caused her to look at him more closely.

"The base lucre"—he folded the bill and deftly concealed it in some mysterious recess of his rags—"will purchase for my parching thirst some twenty swallows of whisky. Dear lady, I bid you good day."

"Wait!" she cried, as though uncertain whether or not to laugh. "Tell me your name."

"Daniel Randolph Fitzhugh, dear lady, at your service." Again he made the mock-cavalier bow, and with a ridiculous show of haughtiness walked

off, leaving her staring after him with parted lips and a half-amused, half-puzzled expression in her pansy eyes.

Beside the automobile he stooped and picked something from the ground. An examination showed it to be a dainty handkerchief of exquisite lace. He thrust it in a tattered pocket and walked on.

Just outside a certain unsavory saloon, supported by derelicts of the underworld, he took out the handkerchief and held it to his nostrils; again he breathed the fragrant odor of violets. He examined it clumsily, with a sort of awe, and in one corner found a tiny embroidered "K."

For a full minute he stood with the bit of lace pressed to his nose; suddenly he jerked his hand away, glanced sheepishly around and grinned foolishly. He entered a "blind" alley near the saloon, and with his back toward the street unbuttoned his coat and vest, thus displaying the absence of a shirt. He glanced over his shoulder, and grinned sheepishly, and folding back the flap of his soiled undershirt he placed the handkerchief next his skin. With a safety pin (it required several to hold together parts of his apparel) he secured it to his undershirt over his heart. After which he laughed loudly and harshly and with a great, cynical contempt, and emerged from the alley and buttoned his coat.

"I'm a blankety-blank fool!" he muttered savagely, and pushed open the swinging doors of the saloon and stalked inside.

The remainder of the day he spent in attending to his personal appearance. He enjoyed a shave and a wash, and discarded his tattered coat for a newly purchased snowy white sweater which reached from the top of his throat to below his waistline. Thus transformed, he appeared at midnight

in West Madison street, where a densely packed crowd had assembled. A platoon of policemen, marching five abreast and armed with night sticks, had drawn up on the outskirts of the crowd. The police had been given to understand that the jobless men would march once around the "loop" and disband on the lake front. But it was now seen this was not their plan. Instead of turning east the leaders turned west, and all along the line the cry arose "Smulski's hall!"

Fitzhugh fell in with the surging mass, and like it became imbued with the spirit of "On to Smulski's hall!"

In front of the rendezvous a large crowd was already collected; the new arrivals swelled it threefold. Then, by that curious form of thought transference which often animates big gatherings, word went through the crowd that the hall was nearly filled, that there was room for scarcely two hundred more. And fully five thousand wanted admittance. As by a single impulse the crowd became a seething, clamoring, blind mob that surged this way and that, trampling the weak underfoot, crushing, struggling, swearing, without reason or purpose. The police, instantly suspecting a riot, rushed in, using their batons freely.

By sheer strength Fitzhugh wedged his way to the protection of a door, which, being partly open, gave way before the impact of his body, precipitating him into a narrow hallway. He regained his feet in a second, and stepping outside closed the door and stood with his back against it.

The next moment a singular thing happened. From out that frenzied mob, like a ship tossed by a restless sea into a haven of safety, a woman was swept squarely into his arms. For a bare moment he held her, flushed and palpitating, in a close embrace. Then he released her and saw her hat was missing and that her clothing was torn and disarrayed.

"Thank you!" she exclaimed breathlessly.

The rays of a near-by street lamp fell athwart her face, and his first thought was that she was a Jewess; then a Russian, he added, apparently of good birth and schooling. Though she spoke with a slight foreign accent, her English was grammatically perfect. Her forehead, unusually broad and high for a woman, and her cast of features denoted uncommon intellect.

Like angry waves the mob raged about them in their inadequate refuge, and he opened the door, pushed her into the hallway, and followed, closing the door behind them.

"You'll find it safer in here," said he, and added with some hesitation: "My name is Fitzhugh. You needn't tell me yours if you'd rather not."

"I see no reason why I shouldn't," she retorted, yet with the hot color flooding her cheeks. "I am Esther Strom, Mr. Fitzhugh, and I am very happy to know you, even if only for a minute." She held out to him a small, dark hand, and he pressed it in his large, white one.

"Are you going inside?" she asked. "I don't think so," he laughed, and motioned toward the crowd outside. "How can I?"

"You—I might be able to get you in—if you care to go."

He started. "Then you are an—"

"Oh!" Her hand fumbled excitedly at her neck, then dropped to her side with a little gesture of dismay. "I'm afraid I've lost something—something I valued very much. It was a brooch—an heirloom. And I've lost it!"

He struck a match, and together they searched the floor.

"Perhaps you dropped it outside," he suggested; and feeling the necessity of doing something, yet knowing the futility of the action, he opened the door leading to the street. Midway between the door and the alley, against the brick wall of the building, he saw a large packing case. He noted it was of strong material, reinforced at the corners.

The woman seemed to have forgotten her loss in the rush of some stronger emotion. She stood beside him, gazing at the unclean crowd with wistful eyes, and there shone in the liquid depths a great sadness, and something far rarer besides—sympathy. "You poor, wretched people!" he heard her murmur. "How I wish I could talk to you as I should like to!"

He looked at her quickly. His budding thought burst suddenly into full bloom. To "show off" before this woman, to parade his talent before her, to impress her and win her admiration—what delight that would be!

"Perhaps I could do it for you," he offered, his voice betraying his eagerness. "Would you like to hear me try?"

Without waiting for her answer, fearful lest it be a negative, he elbowed his way to the packing case, mounted it, drew a deep breath, and stood up to his full height! The are lamp, beating upon his face, served uncommonly well for a calcium light.

## CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION NOTES

Lincoln.—There will be no more executive sessions of the Nebraska state senate in confirmation of nominations of the governor for members of the state board of control. The constitutional convention struck that provision out of the constitution.

The convention also voted down an amendment providing for a four-year term for state officers and adopted an amendment sent in by President Weaver "that until fixed by the legislature, the salaries of state officers shall be as provided by the constitutional convention and adopted by the people." The convention has already adopted a provision for \$6,000 a year for the governor and \$4,000 for other state officials. It also provides for \$7,500 for supreme judges and \$5,000 for district judges. A motion was passed that a committee shall take up the matter of salaries and more equally adjust the same.

The convention in committee of the whole merged the two proposals for the creation of an industrial court and a state trade commission into one, which leaves the legislature power to do certain things along certain lines. These two propositions have been mighty tough questions for the convention to handle and have occasioned many days of debate. After a lengthy discussion, it adopted, 54 to 28, the following amendment, by Henry and Peterson, embodying the whole subject:

"Laws may be enacted providing for the investigation, submission and determination of controversies between employers and employees in any business or vocation affected with a public interest, and providing against unfair practices and unconscionable gas affecting the public welfare; and for the purpose of administering and enforcing such laws, an industrial commission may be created, from the final orders and judgments of which an appeal may be taken to the supreme court."

By a vote of 63 to 19, the convention passed on second reading Proposal 314, which divides the state into legislative and senatorial districts and counties having more than one representative shall be divided into as many districts as representatives are to be elected instead of as a whole as at present. The basis of apportionment shall be as shown by the census and the legislature may reapportion the state not oftener than once in ten years.

With the end of the labors of the convention in sight delegates showed their anxiety to return to their home when some of the members asked to be excused. It was practically decided that excuses will not be granted, so that if delegates do go home they will be subject to call of the sergeant at arms if a "call of the house" is necessary to get the necessary votes to finally pass upon the proposals.

In consideration of the fact that the most important work is now before the convention—that of finally passing or defeating the proposals that have been able to weather the storm—a motion was adopted last Saturday requesting the president to notify all absent members that they will be compelled to be present during the remainder of the session.

By a vote of 73 to 4 the convention passed on second reading Proposal No. 129, which declares that water in natural streams for domestic use and for irrigation as a natural want, and right to divert unappropriated waters for public use shall never be denied. Priority users to have preference, vested rights to be reserved.

President Weaver has appointed three committees which will have the promulgation of a plan for submission of the work of the convention to the voters. One on the form and manner of submission, one on public information and another to prepare an address to the voters of the state.

In voting down an amendment for four years for state officers a proposal was presented to the convention that if the amendment carried that a recall should be attached, but the amendment lost by a vote of 40 to 35. A motion to make the term two years carried by a vote of 65 to 18.

Tuesday of this week was the sixty-seventh day in which the convention had been in session, and many members during the past few weeks have shown a weariness of the long continued grind. Approximately twenty members have been absent during the past week.

The convention has approved Proposal 88, providing equal property rights to all citizens, such rights of aliens to be regulated by the legislature.

Proposal 311, creating a board of pardons, composed of the governor, attorney general and secretary of state, has been adopted and made part of the executive department. This board will have supreme power over all matters of clemency.

Under the rule of the convention all amendments on third reading will have to receive an affirmative vote of fifty-one members, consequently if they are to pass some of them are going to require a full attendance in order to receive the necessary votes.

## TRIES TO BURN SELF TO DEATH

### Crazed Woman Rescued as She Tries to Close Firebox Door.

Bradford, Pa.—Seeking to kill herself by roasting to death, Mrs. Jessie Hunt crawled into a firebox at the Kendall refinery. Prompt action of Charles A. Barr, stationary fireman on duty at the plant, thwarted Mrs. Hunt's attempt at self-destruction. She is in a hospital, suffering from severe burns.

Mrs. Hunt gained admittance to the boiler room by an ingenious ruse. At three o'clock in the morning she knocked at the door of the room and told Mr. Barr that she was looking for



Mrs. Hunt Was Lying on the Blazing Coals.

a man named Jackson, employed at the refinery. She said "Jackson's wife was seriously ill, and wanted him to return at once." Barr went in search of the man, and when he returned to the boiler room the woman was not in sight.

Detecting the odor of something burning, the fireman examined his boilers. He noticed a firebox door open and hastened to investigate. Mrs. Hunt was lying on the blazing coals, her head in the open doorway and reaching with one hand to pull the door closed after her.

Barr seized the woman and dragged her from the firebox head-first. Most of her clothing already was burned and falling from her body. Barr dragged the woman out of doors and rolled her in the snow, extinguishing the blaze. Then he turned in a call for an ambulance.

Mrs. Hunt is thirty-eight years old and has three children. Her husband died six years ago. She is said to have been confined in a sanitarium.

## FORCED TO GET EXCITEMENT

### English Court Clerk Is Given Eight Months in Jail for Altering Postal Drafts.

London.—Here is a young man who cannot get enough thrills out of life without being dishonest. And ever dishonesty soon ceases to lead a thrill to him.

James Walter Evers, twenty-six, formerly a clerk at the admiralty, pleaded guilty at the Old Bailey recently to forging and altering naval postal drafts worth \$7,100. Pleading for leniency, Evers said:

"During the greater part of my life I have been afflicted with an extraordinary lust for excitement and thrills. While this longing for excitement has often led me into dangerous and troublesome adventures, it has never made me commit a criminal offense until now. I swear when I conceived this scheme my main thought was the excitement. I left off going to post offices because I found myself going into them mechanically and getting no thrill of excitement in handling forged drafts over the counter. I had 200 more drafts in my pocket."

Evers was sentenced to eight months' imprisonment.

## Bride, Stricken at Altar Died Hour After Ceremony

Death was an untold guest at a wedding at Appenzel, Switzerland, and struck down the bride just as the priest asked her if she accepted "this man for husband."

She was hurried to a hospital, still robed in her bridal gown, but died an hour later, a victim of a form of sleeping sickness, which was the sequel of an attack of influenza.

## Grave Digger Buried Alive as He Dug.

New York.—Seven feet of sand and snow slid into the grave which Henry Wachenhut, a New York city grave digger, was excavating. He was dead when dug out by the police.

## HOMELESS!

Constipation, Headache, Colds, Biliousness, driven out with "Cascarets"

Drive away those persistent enemies of happiness—biliousness and constipation. Don't stay headachy, sick, tongue coated, sallow and miserable! Never have colds, indigestion, upset stomach or that misery-making gas. Feel splendid always by taking Cascarets occasionally. Cascarets never gripe, sicken or inconvenience you like Calomel, Salts, Oil or nasty, harsh Pills. They cost so little and work while you sleep.—Adv.

Couldn't Be. "I saw your double on the street today." "That's impossible, sir. I am a single man."

The Cuticura Toilet Trio Having cleared your skin keep it clear by making Cuticura your every-day toilet preparations. The soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal, the Talcum to powder and perfume. No toilet table is complete without them. 25c everywhere.—Adv.

No Use. "Do you question my knowledge?" "Why, no, sir. That wouldn't answer."

## BACK ACCHING?

That "bad back" is probably due to weak kidneys, a trouble that often follows grip, cold, or overwork. It shows in constant, dull, throbbing backache, or sharp twinges when stooping or lifting. You have headaches, too, dizzy spells, a tired, nervous feeling and irregular kidney action. Don't neglect it. Use Doan's Kidney Pills. Thousands have saved themselves serious kidney ills by timely use of Doan's. Ask your neighbor!

## A Nebraska Case

Fred G. Scheller, retired farmer, Creighton, Neb., says: "I had a severe attack of kidney trouble. My back was so bad I couldn't move without pain. There was also trouble with the kidneys, secretions and I had to get up many times during the night. I also had rheumatic twinges in my hips and shoulders. Whenever I took a cold it seemed to aggravate the trouble and I felt miserable in every way. Doan's Kidney Pills promptly benefited me and in a short time I was cured."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

## HEARTBURN

### Caused by Acid-Stomach

That bitter heartburn, belching, food-repelling, indigestion, bloating after eating—all are caused by acid-stomach. But they are only first symptoms—danger signals to warn you of awful troubles if not stopped. Headache, biliousness, rheumatism, sciatica, that tired, listless feeling, lack of energy, dizziness, insomnia, even cancer and ulcers of the intestines and many other ailments are traceable to ACID-STOMACH. Thousands—yes, millions—of people who ought to be well and strong are mere weaklings because of acid-stomach. They starve in the midst of plenty because they do not get enough strength and vitality from the food they eat.

Take EATONIC and give your stomach a chance to do its work right. Make it strong, cool, sweet and comfortable. EATONIC brings quick relief for heartburn, belching, indigestion and other stomach miseries. Improves digestion—helps you get the most from your food. Thousands say EATONIC is the most wonderful stomach remedy in the world. Brings them relief when everything else failed.

Our best testimonial is what EATONIC will do for you. So get a big box of EATONIC today from your druggist, use it five days—if you're not pleased, return it and get your money back.

## EATONIC (FOR YOUR ACID-STOMACH)

## Quickly Conquers Constipation

Don't let constipation poison your blood and curtail your energy. If your liver and bowels don't work properly take CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS today and your trouble will cease. For dizziness, lack of appetite, headache and blotchy skin nothing can equal them. Purely vegetable. Small Pill—Small Dose—Small Price. DR. CARTER'S IRON PILLS, Nature's great nerve and blood tonic for Anemia, Rheumatism, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and Female Weakness. Genuine must bear signature *Wm. Wood*

## BE A NURSE

Exceptional opportunity at the present time for young women over nineteen years of age who have had at least one year in high school to take Nurses' Training in general hospital. Our graduates are in great demand. Address: Supt. of Nurses, Lincoln Sanitarium, Lincoln, Neb.

## Coughs Grow Better

Surprisingly soon, throat inflammation disappears. Irritation is relieved and throat-ticking stops, when you use reliable, time-tested

## PISO'S

Money or your life!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Weigh the man, not his title.