

# The City of Purple Dreams

By EDWIN BAIRD

Copyright by F. G. Brown & Co.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

"It doesn't pay," he muttered presently, and opened his eyes in surprise at his own voice. He added with firmness: "No—nothing to it. It doesn't pay."

After a while he turned over and went to sleep.

He was wide awake at nine and was dressing two minutes after. He rang for his man.

"Get me a morning newspaper," he said, when Haki appeared, "and have breakfast sent up."

For two weeks Fitzhugh had not seen a newspaper, and when Haki returned with one he snatched it from him and turned to the financial page with a nervous excitement he rarely permitted himself to display. A glance at the market quotations sufficed to show him that December wheat had taken a gigantic tumble, just as he had predicted fifteen days ago it would.

Folding the paper and tossing it on the dining table, he sat down and computed his winnings. Deducting every possible outlay and expense, there was now due to him something like one hundred thousand dollars. By the time he had finished his computation an appetizing breakfast was spread before him and, thrusting pencil and envelope in his pocket, he fell to with a relish. He propped the paper against the shining coffee pot and as he ate ran an eye over the headlines. Presently he paused midway in the act of buttering a hot roll and leaned suddenly forward to read something that particularly interested him.

It was about Quigg and Peery. Quigg had inaugurated his "grand little mail-order scheme," and it had gone swimmingly. But its flourishing growth was not unobserved by Uncle Sam's post office boys and it had been nipped before it bloomed. In consequence, the ambitious exponent of disillusionment and his unassuming colleague were now undergoing imprisonment.

"Poor Quigg!" In spite of his sympathy, Fitzhugh smiled. "He was a pretty good sort, after all."

Directly after his breakfast he went to his study and called Hunt on the telephone.

"Good morning, Mr. Fitzhugh," came promptly over the wire. "Eh? . . . Yes; I have a check for you. Ninety-eight thousand dollars—Oh, when did you get back from the East, and how is your brother?"

Fitzhugh flicked the ash from his cigarette and rolled it between his long forefinger and thumb, studying its glowing end. After a pause he said: "I returned last night. My brother is much improved—almost recovered, in fact. When may I see you, Hunt?"

"Meet me at Burton's, at ten."

A few inconsequentialities, and Hunt "hung up," rather abruptly.

Although he was not quite positive, Fitzhugh thought he detected in his voice a note of unnaturalness, even of unfriendliness. He seemed too polite, too precise. At Burton's these suppositions were made certainties. Hunt acted in a very unwonted manner. After delivering the ninety-eight thousand dollars he fell strangely silent, speaking only when asked a direct question, and, when he thought he was unnoticed, watching his co-operator with sidelong glances of suspicion. And Fitzhugh noted he was no longer "Dan" to him, but "Mr. Fitzhugh."

At last he could restrain himself no longer.

"Mr. Fitzhugh," he began, apparently absorbed in the study of his fingernails, "I er—a funny thing happened while you were away. A few days after you left I wanted to send you a wire, and as I didn't know your New York address, I looked you up in the New York directory. I also looked you up in the New York Blue Book and in the New York Social Register and in the New York Business Directory."

"Well?" said Fitzhugh quietly.

"Well, the fact is, I couldn't find you. I tried all the Fitzhughs, from Aaron to Zizah, but to no purpose. None of them knew you; none of them had ever heard of you. It's a little singular, isn't it?"

Fitzhugh looked down at him from his superior height. He was smiling engagingly. His eyes were as ingenuous as a child's. "I haven't any people in New York, Hunt. I don't know a soul in the town."

"What! Why, then—by George, I bet you're all bluff! I thought so. You're not rich?"

"Rich?" Fitzhugh laughed. "All I've got in the world is this check and a thousand or so on deposit."

Hunt gaped at him dumbly. Although his worst suspicion had been verified, he was none the less astounded. He could not reconcile himself to the staggering fact.

"I'll stop payment on that check! I'll—"

"No, you won't, Hunt. You could never prove that you're right and I wrong—never. There was only an oral agreement, you know. Besides, I gave you my check for twenty thousand when we planned the deal. I have the voucher in my pocket now. Are to see it? No? All right. But,

you see, of course, there's no chance for you. We were partners, as my voucher shows—and you know the law. I'd thought of all of these little things long ago, Hunt."

Hunt doubled his fists and glared at Fitzhugh. Yet, even in that angry moment, he could not but admire the shrewdness of the man.

Fitzhugh leaned across the table, his face grown suddenly very earnest. "If you want to get rich—immensely rich—you'll hold on to me. I shan't forget what you've done for me in a hurry, and some day I'm going to be able to repay you a hundred times over. About a year ago on a capital of one dollar, given to me, I made a turning-point in my life. Today I am worth, roughly, one hundred thousand dollars. Some years from today I'll be worth millions. It is coming as sure as fate. What are you going to do, Hunt? Are you going to stand by me, or are you going to break with me? Give me your answer now—this minute."

Hunt did not meet the speaker's eyes, but looked away, his gaze wandering about the glittering grill. Then, as the needle is drawn by the magnet, he turned back and looked into the powerful young face opposite. And—who shall say?—perhaps, by some flash of prescience, he saw Fitzhugh not as he was then, but as he would be in after years, a juggler of millions. Perhaps he saw that there was a man who was a born leader of men. Perhaps he saw in that momentary flash another of those men who have made Chicago the Wonder City—the City of Purple Dreams—another of those who, rising from the depths of obscur-



Perhaps He Saw in That Momentary Flash Another of Those Men Who Have Made Chicago the Wonder City—the City of Purple Dreams.

ity, have amassed fortunes, achieved power, beside which the most extravagant fiction appears puerile. He thrust his hand across the table.

"I'm with you, Dan," he said.

It was in the following December, during the height of the Christmas holidays, that Fitzhugh was introduced to Symington Otis. This day was a notable one for renewing casual acquaintances.

The past year, although it had added not a little to his capital, had failed to carry Fitzhugh as high as he had intended it should. He had suffered many reverses, for his reckless habit of plunging often carried him backward as well as forward. But these setbacks, if keenly disappointing, were not discouraging, nor were they unprofitable. He learned by each of them, using them as stepping stones. He never made the same mistake twice.

Attired faultlessly, a cigar between his teeth, a malacca stick under his arm, he was standing in the rotunda of the Board of Trade that December morning, reading telegrams just handed to him, when Otis entered, accompanied by three or four men, among whom was Hunt. Otis had glanced several times at the striking, black-bearded man standing a short distance away absorbed in opening and scanning the yellow telegrams, before he asked:

"Who is that fellow? Anyone you know?"

He indicated Fitzhugh, and the others glanced in his direction.

"The greatest financial genius," said Hunt, "I've ever known."

Otis looked again at Fitzhugh, who had finished his telegrams and was moving off. "Majestic looking devil," he observed. "Might make a first-class villain for a melodrama. I've noticed him several times of late. I believe—suppose you call him over, Hunt? I think I'd like to meet him."

With glad acquiescence Hunt hurried after Fitzhugh and caught him excitedly by the shoulder.

"What do you think, Dan?" he cried joyously.

Fitzhugh dropped his cane in mock excitement.

"The Bank of England's failed!" he gasped.

"Otis wants to meet you!"

"I knew that long ago. I was

watching him from the corner of my eye."

"He's taken a fancy to you. Otis is the biggest man in La Salle street."

Fitzhugh glanced at his watch. "Bring him over," he said. "I can spare a couple of minutes."

"Bring him over? Bring him to you?"

"By all means."

Such staggering indifference Hunt could not understand.

"Well, I'll be —"

"Don't do it, Hunt. My time's very precious this morning."

Otis received the mandate with mingled astonishment and admiration. Then he smiled and did, as he was told. While Fitzhugh looked down into Otis' steel-gray eyes, shaking the lean hand and exchanging perfunctory words of pleasure, he thought of that other time, less than two years ago, when he had faced this man, had threatened his life, had forced him to sign a check for ten thousand dollars. Less than two years—but how much had happened since! The introduction led to a dinner invitation for that evening.

"We dine at eight," were Otis' parting words.

While Fitzhugh entered his broker's office a minute or two later his mind dwelt not upon the wheat deal he had on hand, nor upon the whirligig of Fate, nor yet upon the man whom he had just left. He was thinking solely of Kathleen Otis.

He dressed with such extraordinary care that Haki despaired of ever pleasing him.

Yet it was scarcely seven when, at last satisfied that his appearance could not be improved upon, he swung out of the marble entrance of the apartment building and walked up the drive toward Otis' home, a quarter of a mile away. The same stout butler whom he had once roughly treated met him at the door. Otis received him in the library. In a little while dinner was announced, and host and guest repaired to the spacious dining room, furnished in the style of the Elizabethan period, and dined—alone.

A black pall enveloped Fitzhugh. All his sparkle and snap vanished. He could not, or would not, conceal his chagrin, admirable actor though he was.

Not until dessert was over did Otis reveal the basis of his hospitality. "I had a purpose in meeting you today, Mr. Fitzhugh, as I had in inviting you here tonight."

"I had surmised as much."

Otis lighted a cigarette and extinguished the wax match with elaborate care. "I understand, Mr. Fitzhugh, that you are a very wealthy man."

Fitzhugh inclined his head. "Briefly what I have to say is this: In the Chicago wheat pit there is a certain clique of bulls whom I and certain other men desire to rout. Already we have them on the run, but to make our victory complete and thorough we must have more capital—five millions more, at the least." He stood up. "If you will pardon me a moment I have something I should like to show you."

He went out, returning presently with a large envelope and a pad of writing paper. Taking a seat near his guest, he removed the contents of the envelope and spread them upon the table, now cleared of everything save a vase of flowers and some brandy and cigarettes. With characteristic precision he began detailing his reasons for believing the then panic-stricken condition of the wheat market would continue until May, or even beyond, selecting, as he talked, divers papers from the array before him, submitting them to his auditor, or referring to them for corroboration.

Fitzhugh, however, seized some slight excuse for soon interrupting him, and taking up the thread of the argument where he had broken it, carried it along with a sureness that displayed an irreproachable knowledge of the subject in hand. When he finished several sheets of the paper were covered with figures and Otis was regarding him in quite a new light.

"You show a most thorough knowledge of the wheat market, Mr. Fitzhugh. I can see you have studied it very exhaustively."

"I've studied it for a little over a year."

Otis smiled. "Of course you are jesting?"

"I solemnly assure you that all I know about wheat I have learned in that length of time. There are some men, Mr. Otis, who can learn more about a given subject in a few months than others can in as many years. It's as much a matter of work as it is of brains. Now, when I am sufficiently enthused over a thing I apply myself to it, concentrating upon it every faculty of my mind for eighteen, yes, twenty, hours a day, and begrudge the few hours I must give to sleep. That sounds egotistical, doesn't it? But I want you to know the truth of the matter."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Laws may be repealed, but it's different with oranges.

## In the PUBLIC EYE

### Herrera: New Head of Guatemala



Carlos Herrera is the provisional president of Guatemala, following the revolution which overturned Manuel Estrada Cabrera, for 22 years its despot. He is quite well known in the United States and speaks English fluently. His son is a graduate of Cornell university. Those familiar with Guatemalan affairs say he is most friendly inclined toward Americans. He is about sixty years of age and is the owner of extensive and lucrative sugar and coffee plantations. It is stated that Herrera is not, nor has he ever been, a politician. He is an influential business man, much honored by his countrymen. He did not seek the presidency of Guatemala, but hearkened to the unanimous voice of his people.

Surrounding him are said to be the best men in Guatemala. His extensive business experience will be invaluable for his reputation for honesty and ability is recognized. He is not a militarist, but rather a man whose life has been spent in the administration of large enterprises.

Guatemala twenty-five years ago, according to its friends, was prosperous and contented. Its capital city is built on a plateau 4,800 feet above sea level.

Its friends say these conditions will be restored under Herrera. They are asking for speedy recognition of his government by the United States.

### To Save U. S. Mothers and Babies

A quarter of a million American babies died last year of preventable diseases—most of them before they were a year old; and in the same year twenty-three thousand women sacrificed their lives because skilled care and medical advice were not available when they were to become mothers. What makes this record even more shocking is the fact that among fifteen important countries fourteen show a more favorable maternal death-rate than our own enlightened and highly civilized United States, and seven of these countries show a more favorable infant mortality rate.



These alarming statistics are official and are given out by the children's bureau at Washington, which has been investigating health conditions in a number of states through a careful house-to-house canvass of mothers. Such facts as these have led to the introduction of a maternity bill in congress by Senator Morris Sheppard of Texas (portrait herewith) and Representative Horace M. Towner of Iowa for "the public protection of maternity and infancy," whereby the great majority of "needless deaths of a mother every thirty minutes and five hundred babies a day" will by proper care be prevented.

Governmental appropriations of money are to be apportioned on the basis of population among all states agreeing to appropriate an equal amount.

### Nestor of Our Representatives



Representative Joseph G. Cannon of Illinois, who was speaker of the house for eight years, and has been a member of the house for nearly forty-four years, celebrated his eighty-fourth birthday anniversary recently.

The house gave Mr. Cannon a reception when he stepped into the chamber wearing a red carnation and the smile of perennial youth.

Floor Leader Mondell expressed the hope that he would long retain the "mental alertness, physical vigor and kindly philosophy with which he this day is so richly endowed."

"Uncle Joe" was guest of honor at a luncheon when the seven oldest men in congress were guests of Senator Page of Vermont. Those present were: Joseph G. Cannon, born May 7, 1836, age 84; Gen. Isaac B. Sherwood of Ohio, born August 13, 1835, age 84; Representative Charles M. Stedman of North Carolina, born January 29, 1841, age 79; Representative William S. Greene of Massachusetts, born April 28, 1841, age 79; Senator Carroll S. Page of Vermont, born January 10, 1843, age 77; Senator William P. Dillingham of Vermont, born December 12, 1843, age 76, and Senator Knute Nelson of Minnesota, born February 2, 1843, age 77.

He was speaker of the Fifty-eighth, Fifty-ninth, Sixtieth and Sixty-first congresses.

"Uncle Joe" lives at Danville and represents the eighteenth district. He is likely to be returned by his district. He was born in North Carolina.

### Captain Turner of Shamrock IV.

Here's a new portrait of Capt. Albert B. Turner, skipper of Shamrock IV. Along in July he'll eclipse even Sir Thomas Lipton in popular interest, for it's then international yacht races for the America's cup will be won and lost. Even now he's the target of thousands of eyes of expert American yachtsmen, as Shamrock IV tries her wings on the Sound.



Sir Thomas "thy name is persistence!" This is the fifth time the Irish baronet has challenged for the America's cup. He's failed three times to lift it—in 1889, 1901 and 1903. He challenged a fourth time in 1913 and the great war prevented the races set for the summer of 1914.

Report has it that Captain Turner has an odd sort of craft to sail. Experts say she is a very homely and freakish looking boat with a snub bow, a square cut off stem (with comparatively little overhang), a very long keel and a flat floor to sail on.

She apparently will carry a very large sail spread, as her composite mast is at least seven or eight feet longer than the Vanitie's steel spar. Just forward of the helmsman's "well" there is a small opening about two feet wide and a foot deep for Sir Thomas to sit in when he is on board.

## Sure Relief



Embarrassing Moment. The new minister was calling. Among other things he was lamenting the prevalent use of profanity, the habit growing even among children.

The small daughter of the house, standing by, said timidly, "Miser, I don't swear, but I know all the words." —Indianapolis News.

## Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It

Applicants for Insurance Often Rejected.

Judging from reports from druggists who are constantly in direct touch with the public, there is one preparation that has been very successful in overcoming these conditions. The mild and healing influence of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its remarkable record of success.

An examining physician for one of the prominent Life Insurance Companies, in an interview on the subject, made the astonishing statement that one reason why so many applicants for insurance are rejected is because kidney trouble is so common to the American people, and the large majority of those whose applications are declined do not even suspect that they have the disease. It is on sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

Not a New Discovery. George Ade, seated in the library of the Chicago Athletic club, looked up from his magazine and said:

"It says here that an English scientist has discovered how to turn anything to gold."

Mr. Ade blew forth a smoke cloud thoughtfully.

"But, then," he added, "our profaneers discovered that several years ago."

## FRECKLES

Now is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.

There's no longer the slightest need a feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othim—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othim—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckle have begun to disappear, while the little ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othim, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

Some Chance for Him.

When Jack Jolly, the golf ball manufacturer, was in town last fall a friend with whom he was playing said:

"Jack, do you think I'll ever learn to play this game?"

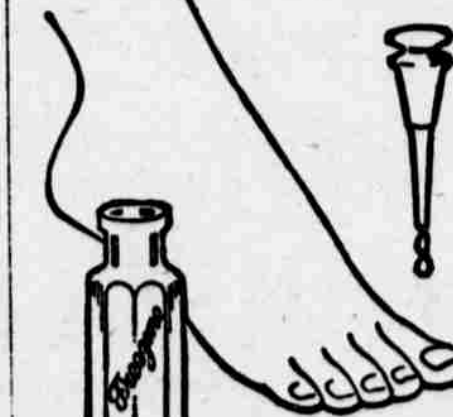
"How old are you?" asked Jack.

"Forty-two," was the reply.

"Well," retorted Jack, "I have a friend in Scotland who was 81 years old his last birthday and he says his game is still improving."

## Lift off Corns!

Doesn't hurt a bit and Freezone costs only a few cents.



With your fingers! You can lift off any hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the hard skin calluses from bottom of feet.

A tiny bottle of "Freezone" costs little at any drug store; apply a few drops upon the corn or callous. Instantly it stops hurting, then shortly you lift that bothersome corn or callous right off, root and all, without one bit of pain or soreness. Truly! No humbug!—Adv.

Two Souls With but One Thought.

Mrs. Highly—Doesn't Mrs. Owen look radiant? She must be thinking of her new gown.

Mr. Highly—Yes, and do you observe how wretched her husband looks! He is evidently thinking of it, too.—St. Augustine Record.

MURINE Night and Morning Have Strong, Healthy Eyes. If they Tingle, Itch, Smart or Burn, or are Irritated, Inflamed or Granulated, use Murine often. Soothes, Refreshes. Safe for Infant or Adult. At all Druggists. Write for Free Eye Book. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.