

The City of Purple Dreams

By Edwin Baird

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

She had rushed to the adjacent room. The door slammed. The key turned in the lock. He stared at the barrier. When he spoke to Otis, who had renewed his attack with redoubled frenzy and threats of legal punishment, he was markedly calm.

"I will go quietly now"—putting his antagonist aside, "I apologize for what I've done."

As he descended the staircase, leaving Otis with his daughter, the bevy of servants in the hall ceased their excited whispering, and rendered him silent awe.

Fitzhugh did not go to his office the following day, but motored far out along the north shore. His mind was a blank until his car was turning in and out through the mesh of traffic in State street.

WOMAN WOULD KILL RUSSIAN ENVOY. DIES BY OWN HAND.

This much he read in one hurried glance. What followed he devoured in snatches, getting the gist of the matter in a minute's perusal:

"Esther Strom . . . Anarchist plot . . . Assassinate ambassador . . . B. & O. station . . . Secret Service . . . Swallowed prussic acid . . . Found dead in cell."

CHAPTER XII.

Fitzhugh awakened next morning to the ringing of his telephone. It was Hunt. He cut short the flood of questions, and, still in his pajamas, got a small valise from a closet and began filling it with shirts, collars, and such other articles as a man needs for a short journey.

When he reached his office, for twenty galvanic minutes, without a wasted word, he outlined concisely what he wanted done during his absence, considering and settling various problems that in the interim might arise.

As he dashed into the Grand Central station, ran down the midway toward his gate, the conductor called "Board!" and his train pulled out. He caught the last Pullman as it moved from the shed.

Fitzhugh returned from Washington in four days, a changed man. There had been little he could do; so little, indeed, that he felt his trip had been wasted. He had located some members of Esther's family and had given them, quite anonymously, a sum of money larger than any they had ever known.

But he could not forget. Vividly against the background of his mind were marshaled all Esther had done for him, all her little acts of kindness, her unselfishness, but doglike devotion. And then he would think of the requital he had made. His memory flogged him pitilessly.

It was nearly eleven when he reached his office. He had come directly from his apartment in his automobile, and wore a motoring cap and coat, unessential both, the last of which effectually concealed all apparel beneath it from the collar down.

With a brief excuse for his tardiness, Fitzhugh took the chair at the opposite side of the desk and scanned some important papers requiring his signature, conversing busily with Hunt as he read.

In a few minutes he reappeared; and, having discarded the motoring duster, he was outwardly transformed. Snow-white ducks, white outing slippers, with silken hostery shimmering where it showed, a soft white shirt,

through the attached collar of which was looped a voluminous tie of blood-red hue, a crush hat, white as an Easter lily, turned up in front and down behind and encircled by a crimson ribbon—these made up his attire.

"You look like the epitome of a comic opera," Hunt laughed, aside from the phone. "Whither away? Yachting?"

"No," replied Fitzhugh, appending his signature to the rest of the papers. "No, I'm not going yachting." He put down his pen, picked up his cane, stood up. "I'm going into the pit."

"But what the—" Hunt, who had half-risen from his chair, sank back, bewildered. "What the dickens do you want to expose your hand for, Dan?"

Daniel showed his teeth in an odd grin. For an instant it somehow suggested to the other something sinister—like a wolf baring its fangs.

"Better come along and watch me, Hunt,"—starting toward the door, "I'm going to give 'em something to talk about. Coming?" He waited at the door, flapping his cane against his immaculate trousers.

And this day began a spectacular flourish of showy histrionics unrivaled before or since on the Chicago Board of Trade. During the rest of the day's session in the wheat pit, Fitzhugh, the actor, was the center of all attraction.

The visitors in the gallery remarked him and pointed him out to one another; the speculators, dealers, brokers' clerks, officers of the board, all those whose duties brought them on the "floor," soon or late found their attention directed toward him.

But how different the realization! None of those who clamored about him, chafing him, seeking to take advantage of what seemed to them a mental aberration, knew he was being tortured by a ghost. The ghost of a



"What the Dickens Do You Want to Expose Your Hand For, Dan?"

woman of raven hair and olive skin and sad, accusing eyes that ever reproached him, that ever seemed to say: "You were cruel, Daniel—always cruel." They did not know that when often he gesticulated to no end, or that when he thundered his loudest and appeared most abandoned to the feverish excitement of the pit, the upbraodings of the ghost were cutting him to the quick, were lashing him the harshest.

As the days passed Fitzhugh's passion for "showing off" increased amazingly. Ever prolific with freaks of acting, he kept his associates on tenterhooks of curiosity. None could imagine what he would do next. He always did the unexpected. Nothing was too fantastical.

Once during a Saturday noon-hour he started a furore in the rotunda of the board of trade by striding through the crowd playing boisterously on a mouth-organ, while round him capered several monkeys, borrowed from some Forquer street

Italians; anon at a dinner in his apartment one evening he received his guests in war paint and feathers and the full regalia of an Indian chieftain.

Yet those who knew him intimately—as Hunt and two or three others—were not long in noticing a change had come over him. When he thought he was unobserved he was given to long periods of brooding, and, as they rightly supposed, all his bizarre behavior was not the real Fitzhugh, but only a mask, all his theatrical excitement not genuine, but only a cloak for an inner unhappiness.

It was during one of these dark periods that he stole secretly away—not even Hunt knew of his whereabouts—and for nearly a week was unseen in Chicago. The day he returned he went to his safety deposit vault and locked therein a packet of papers. These papers, obtained at great price and with commensurate difficulty, were the deeds to the Fitzrandolph homestead in Maryland. . . . And still he was not happy. Still there remained the void, the dull gap he could not fill.

Time and again during his first year of grief Fitzhugh had endeavored, with characteristic audacity, to see Kathleen, but always substantially in vain. He had followed her to Newport, whence she flew with her mother after the rupture, found she had sailed the day before for Switzerland, had taken the next steamer, only to miss her again, and for three months had played battledore-and-shuttlecock with two defenseless women over the major part of the continent, often staying in the same hotel, yet never catching more than a fleeting glimpse of the one he loved.

All efforts at communication were likewise fruitless. His letters were returned unopened. His gifts, too, when they returned home in the autumn he had ordered a box of violets delivered to Kathleen every morning. The florist was an honest man, and at the month's end he had rendered a bill only for carriage.

But Fitzhugh died hard. For three years he never gave up trying. Then the last gleam of hope flickered out. She was abroad most of the time now, returning to Chicago only at rare intervals, and then but for a brief stay. He heard that Artie Sparkle was often with her, and sometimes at the club there were rumors of—

But he laughed loudly at these. He refused to listen. The idea was preposterous—absurd. Yet it was nevertheless true that this gossip of Kathleen's engagement to Artie immediately preceded some extraordinary performance that kept the name of Fitzhugh on the lips of thousands for weeks afterward. As another man would have turned to drink, so he turned to stage extravagance. Unconventionality was his dissipation, and in his own way he became intoxicated.

Some four years after that day in June—four years in which he had seen Kathleen less than a score of times and had spoken to her less than thrice—Fitzhugh laid the foundation of the throne upon which he was to reign for a brief but blazing period as King of Wheat. These four years had bred an unwholesome change in the man. The amassing of gold had become his religion. His virus had entered his soul. He allowed nothing to stand between, crushing all opposition with an iron hand. Everything was subservient to but one end, and that end was Money.

All his faculties, all his tireless energy and zeal and ambition were concentrated upon it. Waking or asleep, he thought of it was always uppermost. Hunt, in the erratic meanwhile, had courageously piloted the deserted ship, knowing its rightful captain would again take the helm when "he came to himself." More than any other, Henry Hunt enjoyed the full confidence of his chief. He was one of the very few who knew Fitzhugh's real name and family history.

At irregularly recurring periods Fitzhugh entered the wheat pit, and while these instances were generally emblazoned with a burst of histrionics, he was never for a second blinded by the glare. When he seemed most ebullient he was really most cool-headed. He fooled the pit traders. They could never quite penetrate his "bluffing." They perceived his propensity for posing, and made the mistake of thinking him too self-centered to be alive to his surroundings. While they were pitying him for his rawness, his crudities, and confidently expecting his downfall, he would astonish them by executing some brilliant coup that suggested deep-laid plans as splendid as his daring.

When in the conflict of the pit every fiber of his being was quiveringly alert. Seemingly absorbed in thinking of himself and the effect of his postures, he was searching his opponents' faces for the slightest trace of meaning. Not a tremor of that biggledy-piggledy turmoil escaped him. Ear and eye were quick to grasp every variation. He was instantly alive to every trick, every subterfuge. He was swift to seize upon the merest opening, swift to attack the first unprotected spot. He was the shrewdest of them all, and he played a game none could understand. Outwardly, the greenest of bunglers at it, secretly he maneuvered with a master hand.

It was in the winter of this year that Fitzhugh went deepest into the wheat pit. He plunged in farther and farther, and with such apparent recklessness that many times Hunt held back, counseling a slower and more cautious gait. But the leader was obdurate. He would listen to no advice. He rushed yet deeper into the pit, dragging his hesitating follower with him. Ensued long months of doubt and uncertainty—months that ground down the nerve of one and tried the mettle of the other. There were times when it seemed they would be wiped out utterly. Their combined fortunes were tied up in the deal to the last cent. All hung in the balance. It was the biggest thing Fitzhugh ever engineered. If it went the wrong way they would be crushed under it and obliterated.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Have You One?

A stone is considered precious if it is perfectly transparent, is bright and clear in color and possesses great brilliance.

The AMERICAN LEGION

(Copy for This Department Supplied by National Headquarters of the American Legion.)

VOCATIONAL PLAN GETS O. K.

National Headquarters Receives Many Expressions of Approval of the Work Accomplished.

Remarkable tributes to the success of the American Legion's plan of co-operation with the Federal Board for Vocational Education.



G. J. MURPHY, Head of Service Division.

Probably the most significant instance of efficiency under the new arrangement comes from Oshkosh, Wis. Oshkosh post, No. 70, located 80 men who had put in claims for training, but had been unable to obtain a decision on their cases. The post got these men together and notified the district office of the board at Chicago, which sent a "dying squadron" of trouble men to Oshkosh. Everyone of the 80 cases was cleaned up at once.

It is the intention of the Legion, through its national vocational officer at Indianapolis, and co-operating Legionnaires in every department and community throughout the country, to see that this same system is put into universal practice until the last red tape entanglement is swept from the path of every crippled veteran, whether a member of the Legion or not, who is entitled to training under the provisions of the vocational rehabilitation act.

Since the Legion took up this work in Michigan, a total of 2,500 cases have been settled by the Legion and the federal board, working together. Conferences have been held in 15 districts of the state and Legion men, accompanied by representatives of the board, met vocational officers of the local posts and sought out the men whose cases had not been acted upon.

In New Jersey, the Legion and federal board have offices in the same building, and through co-operation the board is brought in touch with every man who has a claim, with the result that immediate action is being obtained in practically every instance.

Four district conferences have been held in Ohio and arrangements have been made to have "flying squadrons" visit the posts as fast as men having claims can be located and gotten together.

In Utah, the Legion is interviewing every ex-service man in the state with reference to any claim he may have. As soon as such a man is located, his case is taken up and settled immediately.

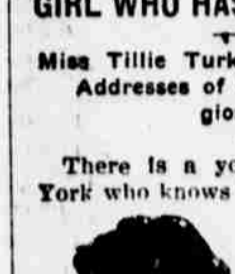
In Wisconsin arrangements have been made to hold a vocational conference as a part of the state convention of the Legion at Green Bay, as a final determined effort to wind up any and all cases that may still be pending at that time.

Similar reports, all attesting great success for the co-operative plan have come in from California, Arkansas and Alabama.

GIRL WHO HAS TRICK MEMORY

Miss Tillie Turk Knows Names and Addresses of Scores of the Legion Boys.

There is a young woman in New York who knows "by heart" the names and addresses of more mere men she has never seen and who are members of the American Legion than anyone in America. Her trick memory is one of the things that enables her to hold down the responsible position of



head of the mailing department of the American Legion Weekly, the Legion's official magazine. Her name is Miss Tillie Turk and her address, as stated, is New York City.

Fooled the Recruiting Officer. Omar Miller, a member of the Wyoming (Ill.) post of the American Legion, has a good claim to being the youngest "gob" in the American naval establishment during the war, according to a recent issue of The American Legion Weekly. "He enlisted," says the official Legion publication, "July 5, 1918, soon after his fourteenth birthday, fooling the recruiting officer by putting on his first pair of long trousers the day he signed up. He served on board the New Jersey. His father, Dr. Herbert Miller, served four years in the medical department of the First Illinois cavalry."

MISS LIEUTENANT NOW HERE

Assimilated Rank Won for Members of Army Nurse Corps After Long Fight.

There will be female officers in the American army hereafter. The army nurse has won her fight for recognition.

Salted carefully away in a safe corner of army reorganization legislation as passed by both branches of congress is a neat little section conferring the "assimilated rank" of major, captain, and first and second lieutenant on members of the Army Nurse corps. The superintendent is to have the rank of major, the assistant superintendent, director and assistant directors the rank of captain, the chief nurses the rank of first lieutenant, and other nurses are to be second lieutenants.

Officially speaking, a person holding assimilated rank is one who exercises limited authority of that rank under certain conditions, but does not enjoy the full privileges of the rank. It lacks several of the elements of absolute rank. It does not call for a commission and it does not carry the pay, allowances or the emoluments of one. It makes no attempt to confer the power of command incident to a line officer of similar grade. The only incidents of absolute rank conferred are:

1. The dignity incident to the name of the rank.

2. The right to wear the insignia thereof.

3. The eligibility to exercise authority within the limits set forth in the law, which are as follows: "As regards medical and sanitary matters and all work in the line of their duties, they shall have and shall be regarded as having authority in and about military hospitals next after the medical officers of the army."

The movement for rank for army nurses began with America's entry into the great war. A series of hearings on the proposition were held before the house committee on military affairs on April 16, April 20 and June 7, 1918. Nothing immediately resulted, but the nurses maintained an active bureau in Washington, headed by Mrs. Helen Hoy Greeley, a New York lawyer. When the war was ended and army reorganization was plainly imminent, they stepped in and won.

More than 10,000 army nurses saw overseas service during the war. All were graduate nurses recruited largely through the American Red Cross nursing service. Army nurses were among the first to represent America on the other side.

BUSY COUNTING NEW NOSES

Recent Membership "Push" Will Require Time to Decide Total of New Faces Added.

There are two reasons why it will be impossible for some time to announce the total of new members obtained in the Legion's recent membership push. The first is the inevitable lapse of time necessary to get individual figures from nearly ten thousand Legion posts in all parts of the country—and in some parts of other countries. The second is the fact that, while the push closed officially on May 22, the enthusiasm accumulated and concentrated on that week of effort has spilled over the edges and gone right on effervescing.

The full story of the push—the methods used, all the way from somebody's ingenious idea to everybody's solid hard work—can perhaps never be told. Governors of more than thirty states gave whole-hearted endorsement to the push, and the resulting publicity was of immense value in directing attention to the Legion's effort. Governor John H. Bartlett of New Hampshire, for instance, issued a proclamation, exactly as on Thanksgiving. "In one sense," reads the proclamation, "this is an exclusive affair, as in the nation only four million, and in New Hampshire only eighteen thousand men and women are eligible for membership. Yet in a wider sense, the 'push,' as it is designated, carries a powerful appeal to all Americans who cherish our national traditions."

Visit Hospital Buddies. Fremont Post, Palo Alto, Cal., has been carrying the benefits of the Legion to invalid comrades at the nearby government hospital in various ways. After warming the wires last February and getting a full-time representative of the W. R. I. bureau and stenographer on the job to clear up old compensation claims, the post has turned its attention to Sunday visits. Every Sunday morning, fifteen Legionnaires from Palo Alto and Stanford university are called on as their names turn up on the roster, to enjoy a two-mile hike to the hospital, where they spend the forenoon in the wards, swapping stories and doing friendly little jobs.

He Won. O. D. (belligerently)—Put out that candle in that tent. (No action). O. D. (still more belligerently)—I'll give you ten seconds to put out that candle. (Light vanishes immediately). Voice from inside—Ah, bah! I beat cha to it.

Stickler for Details. "You two will remain here," directed the lieutenant. "We have reason to believe this trench is mined. If there is an explosion you will blow a whistle."

"Yes sir," agreed the downtrodden buck. "Do we blow it going up or coming down?"

Case Seemed Hopeless

Use of Doan's, However, Brought Complete Recovery and the Results Have Been Lasting.

"I used to think my back would surely break," says Mrs. H. S. Fix, prominent lodge woman, 340 Carpenter Street, Reading, Pa. "My back pained me constantly. I was as helpless as a baby and a nurse had to stay with me all the time. The kidney secretion was burned and passed as often as every ten minutes. Sometimes my eyes were almost closed by the swollen sacs beneath them and my limbs, too, swelled twice their normal size. For almost a year I was practically helpless and never expected to get downstairs again. I had been told that nothing could be done for me, and had given up all hope of ever getting better. My condition was critical when I was told about Doan's Kidney Pills. I began using them and the results made me hopeful of getting well again. The pain in my back ceased up and my swollen limbs started to look more natural. I kept on using Doan's and became entirely well. I owe my life to Doan's. Sworn to before me."



Mrs. Fix

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Some Few Preliminaries.

Mrs. Brownjones couldn't help feeling interested in the approaching marriage of her servant, although she was really very sorry to lose the girl. "And you have made all the preparation for your wedding, Mary?" she asked one day, when the time of parting drew near. "You leave me in 10 days, don't you?"

"That all depends, mum," replied the girl brightly. "Depends on what?" exclaimed the mistress, hope born again in her heart. "Well, it depends if I can be ready in time," Mary exclaimed. "I've got to buy me trosso and get me intended a job, and buy him a new suit of clothes, and arrange for some regular charring for meself. When I've done all that, I am going to name the happy day!"

The Ill-Timed Spotlight. "Why are you so resentful of your celebrity as a 'favorite son?'" "It has totally destroyed my chance of being a 'dark horse.'"

Once in a while the greatest truth is told by the biggest liar.

Nebraska Directory

Creamery and Cream Station Supplies. Milk Bottles and Dairy Supplies, Cans and Chicken Coops. KENNEDY & PARSONS CO. 1309 Jones St. OMAHA. 1901 E. 4th St. SIOUX CITY

MOORE "30"

"Looks Good" "Rides Well" \$1,175 Factory List. The World's Biggest Little Automobile. Good territory open to live dealers. KNUDSEN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY. 2107 Farnam St., Omaha, Neb. Distributors, Nebraska and Western Iowa.

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W. N. U., LINCOLN, NO. 27-1920.