The City of Purple Dreams

By
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"YOU LOVE HIM?"

Synopsis.—Typical young is exasperating Daniel Rastorgin. Nevertheless, while crossing a Chicago street, causes the wheels of his auto, whose chauffeur disobeys a crying to avoid running him down. In pay the occupant of the auto a young girl, helps him from street and gives him a dollar telling him to buy food and wash. He shows of wisdom or manners, and he improves his appearance. That night, in a crowd of unemployed and agitators, he meets Esther Brown and is a victim of Australia Kitten & Wheeler. Esther induces Pitkin to address the mass meeting. He succeeds the crowd and he parts on the two agree to meet again. Pitkin and Kitten Kitten "the prominent banker and capitalist" a package which he says contains dynamite. Romance Esther. This gives him a check. At the house he meets the girl who had given him the dollar, and learns she is Kathleen. She also recognizes him. Kathleen he leaves up the check and envelope, but is arrested. Esther visits Pitkin 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. Pitkin takes refuge in Chicago with Esther, who has become infatuated with him, but with the thought of Kathleen in his mind he gives her no encouragement. His one idea is to become rich and powerful, and win Kathleen. While living in Esther's house he grows a beard, which effectually changes his appearance.

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

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And, heedless of his protestations, she told him. She was a widow. Her husband had been a Russian nihilist and was killed in Petrograd. After his death she had fled to America.

"Now, of course, you want to hear just story," he decided, when she finished. "Don't you?"

She owed the unwillingness in his voice. "Some other time," she suggested.

"I'd better get you something to eat," she reminded herself presently and rose and started toward the door. "You must be hungry." She paused with her hand on the knob. "Can't there something else I can get you?" she asked.

"Yes, I wish you'd get me some evening newspapers." He ran his hand, first in one trousers pocket, then in the other, before remembering their emptiness. "Never mind," he told her. "I'll do without."

"I'll get them all," she promised smilingly. "It's only a few cents," she added as she went out.

When she returned, bearing a tray of food and a bundle of newspapers, Pitkin had made his toilet and looked a little more presentable—or rather a little less unkempt.

He threw aside the more conservative journals, which announced his escape in small paragraphs, and read first those saffron-colored sheets which told the news with huge black type against pink and green backgrounds. The first one screamed at him:

MANIAC ESCAPES!
OVERPOWERS GUARD AND FLEES IN STORM!

He smiled and turned to the next one. Then he started and sat up very straight. Lazily amused over the dame from page, scowling at another one, this is what he read:

MADMAN MISSING!
FIND FOR CAPTURE!
STIMMINGTON OTIS OFFERS REWARD!!

He read it again and again, enjoying the notoriety to the full. He had come into the limelight.

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When Esther knocked at his room next morning about eight, Pitkin had been up an hour.

"Come in on from as soon as you're dressed. I've a surprise for you."

He listened until he could no longer hear her footsteps on the unpainted stairs, then opened the door and hunted her without a parallel. Upon top of his breakfast a consignment of newspapers which she had bought and he. There was also a note. Pitkin he experienced an uncomfortable feeling of pity and shame for deceiving "mother," as he had frequently referred to her in his mind. In a corner of the tray he had scribbled

as his wealthy mother-in-law. He filled it at the kitchen, carried it to his room, and swiftly and surprisingly a note with. Then, perched in his new habiliments, he waited in the sitting-room.

"How very fine you look," she cried proudly, smiling her hands behind her for her inspection. She frowned with what she had named her anything is to one side, smoothed his plaid tie, carefully straighten the turned-down collar and tucked her little apron up another great. "Now set your guest."

He hesitated, saying: "I'm so hungry for a starving rabbit," he said miserably. "I'm sorry. I'm not going to shave. I'm going to grow a beard—a Vandyke."

She was accustomed to his moods, and when she spoke he thought her voice sounded of hard indifference. "I see," a the grime. Now stepped of the air to think of it. "That sounds of course"—she turned to the shaving mug and appeared to be interested in its contents—"that means you will be staying here."

He was in a quandary. He knew not how to answer. Deep down in his heart he knew he was going to leave, but was going to shift her out of his life. He had decided that again last night when drawing up the plans. But he could not tell her so now—not while she stood there questioning him, with such appreciation, such bitter reproach.

"Don't will, wont you?" she demanded, her lips trembling.

He chewed the pulp of some mental gum. He took the shaving mug from her hands, replaced it on the table, and put his arms around her and kissed her on the lips. It was probably the most prudent answer he could have made; and when, upon her repeating her question, she unconvincingly he said: "Don't think about unpleasant things," she promised to try, and lighted the oil stove and busied herself with breakfast preparations; and as she went about her work she hummed to herself almost happily.

During breakfast, however, she returned to the troublesome topic.

"Daniel," she began, refilling his coffee cup, "I want you to tell me what you intend doing. I don't like you to have secrets from me."

"Really, I am surprised and ashamed. I never suspected I was so transparent."

"To tell you what I'd like, Daniel," Her voice was low and serious. "I'd like to have you go back to Russia with me. There's work to be done in Russia—Oh, such quantities of work!

"Symmington Otis Offers Reward!" He Read It Again and Again, Enjoying the Notoriety to the Full.

—and you and I could do so much. Oh, Daniel, you don't know what it's like in Russia—the poverty, the misery, the millions cowed by tyranny. They are groping in the darkness. They need light. They must be taught that all workingmen are their comrades, all the world their foes. They must be taught to strike back when they are struck—"

"Also here, Esther!" Pitkin's clenched fist struck the table a resounding blow. His quiet demeanor had suddenly changed. "I've something I want to tell you. Henceforth my work, my energy, every particle of me, will work toward one end—Mammon! Money means Power, and Power is my goal. I've known all along I could reach it. I shall have it by hook, brazen method. There's no other way. The poor—pooh! What are the poor but beasts of burden to plow and delve and carry the load makers, who are the rich and intelligent?"

As he talked Esther retreated back in her chair, gripping from time to time, her hands, which he spoke was a warning and pierced her face.

"Esther!" you haven't thought of me," she interrupted, when he paused.

"Of the contrary," he said and there was a sullen smoulder in his words. "Much, much of the time. Perhaps too much for the welfare of others. I'm sorry I hurt your pride."

A tired and sorrow came into her eyes. "Don't you see I want to take you with me? With your money—you will be a big man in Russia. Do you know what it means to be a big man in Russia? It means that you can do anything you want to do