

The Seventh Day

By Fannie Hurst

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Minnie worked in the Biggest Store. Six days out of her week she doted out hairpins and thread, and wore tissue-paper wristlets; six days she called "cash," and carried a lead pencil in her hair; six evenings she ate her lonely little meal in a "Tables for Ladies" lunch room; and one hour later crept wearily into her small iron bed. But, ah, on the seventh!

This history has to do with the seventh. At four o'clock on Sunday afternoon, Minnie took her tan suit off its wire hanger, dragged her bath-ox under the bed and unearthed a small and scarcely worn pair of tan pumps. While she discarded the sateen shirtwaist for the tan outfit, we will discuss her.

Minnie lived in a hall bedroom, with a small iron bed, oak bureau, washstand, bowl and pitcher, a straight-back chair and two feet of floor space. She cooked her breakfast, which invariably consisted of a boiled egg and two toasted soda crackers, over the gas jet, and there were a pewter spoon and a china egg cup on the window ledge. She shared the fire escape with the occupant of the adjoining room, and on the small iron landing outside the window she kept a jar of jam and a steppan. There were three pink paper roses in a glass vase on Minnie's bureau and a paper-back copy of "Lady Audley's Secret" inserted beneath the mirror to give it the desired tilt. It was to this that Minnie returned six out of her seven evenings.

But there is a saving circumstance. On the seventh day Minnie emerged from her chrysalis and black sateen shirt waist like a Moth Empress, and the six days of Biggest Store were left to the empty cocoon of the week.



From Four Until Eight O'Clock Sunday Minnie Stradolis Ceased to Be.

From four until eight o'clock each Sunday Minnie Stradolis ceased to be; simultaneously she discarded the sateen shirtwaist for the tan suit, and the weary yesterdays for the glowing hour which was the beacon of all the weary ones that preceded it.

At each week end there was one dollar and thirty cents in Minnie's tan purse; that meant a club steak, shoe-string potatoes, and tip, in a gold hotel dining room, with shaded candles and hidden music. To be sure, the one dollar and thirty cents represented slightly over one-fifth of her week's earnings, seven hungry noon hours and tortuous walks from the Biggest Store to the hall room, but those homely secrets were her own.

When she strolled into the marble lobby of the highest-storied and highest-priced hotel on Broadway she was flushed with a beauty that is commonly born of morning sleep and massage; when she established herself, as was her wont, in a quiet corner of one of the numerous and perfumed parlors, she was a daughter of Fortune, fresh from her bath of milk and rose leaves. Who could know that she was awaiting the grand climax of her week, and that when the crowds came fastest and the lights were brightest she would venture into the gold dining room for one hour—one dollar and thirty cents' worth of dreamland that had cost her six days of aching feet behind the notion counter? It is true that at ten o'clock Cinderella was once more in the small iron bed, but the beacon light of an unborn seventh day was shining truly across the week's chasm.

Today Minnie put the finishing touches to her toilet with lingering care; she drew the neat-fitting coat snug around her figure and regarded herself over one shoulder. After the manner of women she fluffed her hair out from beneath her hat with needless repetition and posed at herself in the mirror, a half smile hovering

on her lips and in her eyes. She pictured herself walking smartly through the lobby; she saw loitering heads turn as she passed. She even rehearsed the racy moment when the steel of her knife sank deep into the red of the steak, the quiet dignity of her "Keep the change," and the obsequious bow of the waiter. The new boarder in the adjoining room lurched noisily about, and with the weariness born of experience she closed the window which opened out on the joint fire-escape landing and turned the key in the bureau drawer which contained her Bible and mother-of-pearl card-case; incidentally she turned her back on Minnie.

There is a parlor in the highest-priced and highest-storied hotel on Broadway, which is done in pale gold and pink; it is like a small, rare jewel box softly tufted in satin and lighted with opal globes; through its gracefully hung doors you can see into the glistening lobby beyond, but the only sounds that penetrate are strains of far-away music and the soft swish of women's gowns.

Within this golden retreat Minnie dropped into the soft embrace of a brocade divan and gave herself up to its luxury; closing her eyes ever so slightly she could imagine herself journeying through Lady Audley's gardens, in a gold and crystal sedan chair, with a graceful eunuch in her posse and calla lilies in her hair. The hush of velvet rugs and faint music lulled Minnie's dreading senses, her tense hold on the tan purse—one dollar and thirty cents—relaxed, and she nestled her feet under the pink brocade.

A man in a frock coat and shiny patent shoes dropped wearily on the farthest end of the divan. His hair was gray at the temples and his eyes were sufficed with too much living; he was the typical clubman and dilettante of the seventh-day world.

Minnie regarded him with the little intake of breath which proximity to those of his sphere invariably caused her. From the supercorrect cut of coat to the shining fingerhills he bespoke Inverness coats and calls. Minnie did not exactly know what constituted an Inverness coat, but no drawing-room novel was complete without one. She could also picture this tired-eyed man in the dark mahogany quiet of his den, or strolling the white and brass deck of a yacht. Her half-closed eyes to all intent and purpose were regarding an oil painting which hung beyond his head, but none of his details was lost upon her; she knew that his cane had a gun-metal knob and that his shirt studs were gold.

She had rehearsed her hour for so long that she was not even surprised when he leaned toward her and spoke. "That is a very warm and rich bit of work. You admire his school?" He referred to the oil painting, and his tones were deep and serious.

"It's just beautiful," replied Minnie, who had not even observed the portrait.

Her temples were throbbing violently. She felt that she was contemplating this seventh-day creature in even replying, and that he would resent her if he knew, just as she resented Mr. Stungis in the white goods.

"I see you riding in the park quite often. Only a few mornings ago I was bold enough to canter after you, admiring your mount."

"Thank you," she replied, taking the plunge and tilting her small head a bit. "The women in my family have always ridden well."

"If you bespeak the race, I doubt it not."

He spoke the words with a patrician grace that thrilled her; she groped for a suitable reply, but none came. There was a pause; she observed that he wore a crested ring on his right hand. She felt it incumbent upon her to justify her unattended presence, and glanced with well-restrained impatience into the lobby beyond.

He was on his feet immediately. "You are waiting for some one. Can I be of any assistance?"

"Thank you; no. My maid will be here presently; she is unnecessarily long."

She sank back and let her eyes rest on a misty landscape framed in silver.

He followed her gaze. "I have the twin Corot to that rare bit in my private collection. I am very fond of it."

"Oh!" she murmured. "How lovely!"

"There is something compelling in the strength of that stretch of mere meadowland."

"Yes," she agreed cautiously. "I love the country."

He adjusted a pair of pince-nez and regarded her as if seeing her for the first time.

"You are an exotic, and yet you crave the natural?"

She closed her eyes and the delicate line of her profile met the pink brocade.

"Yes," she rected, "this artificial life, the routine of ball and function, the formality of livery and society make me long to fly back to Nature."

The man moved toward her with a new interest.

"Strange," he half mused, "that when I left my club an hour ago that same call within me prompted me to tell my man, on the spur of the moment, that we are off for the West tomorrow. I, too, am weary of the honk of the automobile, the chug of a yacht, the titter of society. I want the wide-ness and the mountain tops."

She sighed appreciatively. "I sometimes even long to change places with my maid."

"I cannot tell you how all this interests me." His face betrayed his eagerness. "Often have I sat behind my chauffeur and envied him. We suffer from ennui, but we do not heed the call; we crave houseboats, but cling to the yacht and ocean liner."

"True, too true!" assented Minnie. The man regarded her intently.

"If you will pardon the personality, I cannot escape the feeling that we have met before. Could it have been on the Continent?"

"Doubtless," she replied. "One meets so many."

He glanced at his watch. "Since your maid is delayed, may I have the honor of dining with you?"

"Thank you, but I am dining in my own apartments. I cannot account for this delay. Annette is usually most punctual."

He did not press further, but bowed and handed her his card.

"At least these few moments have been a pleasure, dear lady."

"H. Dudley Livingston." The name meant nothing to her, but she read it with an intelligent raising of the eyebrows and glanced again toward the lobby.

"Knowing you at least by hearsay, and since you ask it, I will dine with you, if you will return here immediately. Annette is stupid."

He smiled with pleasure, and rose. "I will station a page here to await your maid."

She placed a quick, detaining hand on his sleeve. "No, no; she will wait."

"As you will, dear lady," he acquiesced, guiding her through the parlors with a quiet ease and dignity.

As they passed through the crowded lobby she ventured an explanatory remark.

"I almost feel that I am disagreeing no convention in dining with you, Mr. Livingston. The wonder of it is that we have not met."

"Life is full of ironies," sighed Mr. Livingston.

"You dined beside a splashing fountain with a bank of fern and carnation between them."

"You have redeemed a hopeless, dreary day for a dreary old bachelor."



"Redeemed a Hopeless, Dreary Day for a Dreary Old Bachelor."

I wish that I might tempt you to reveal your name."

She shook her head prettily. "That would take all the adventure out of the situation."

"I am bound to discover it sooner or later, and besides," he added seriously, "I want this to be more than an adventure; I want it to be a beginning."

"Oh," she said archly, "not the beginning of the end?"

"You knew better than that," he admonished.

They laughed and he leaned across the table, holding a crystal goblet aloft.

"To the beginning!"

"To drink in water is an evil sign," she observed, but raised the glass to her lips and the ice tinkled against its frail sides.

"We will probably meet some day," she said.

"But now that I have found you, why begin the search anew?" he urged.

"The prince must rescue the maiden from the tower."

"Ah, I see!" he exclaimed in mock enlightenment. "You want to meet me on a prancing steed instead of in the satin parlor of a Broadway hotel."

"Yes, and you must have jangling spurs and a shiny helmet."

He took a long-stemmed carnation from the bank between them.

"At least wear your knight's colors."

She in turn snapped the stem of a fragrant red carnation near its head and presented it to him with silent grandiloquence.

"And you the lady's," she whispered.

They looked into each other's eyes. "I am beginning to fear that I am encroaching upon your evening," she said, after they had finished with the salad course.

"If releasing me from a stupid soiree and an hour of cards at the club can possibly mean encroachment, you are offering a delightful substitute; this is a happy respite."

"Yes, but I cannot permit you to sacrifice your social obligations in my behalf. I, too, am obliged to obey the dictates of my engagement calendar."

"Let us ignore those dictates together."

She finished her demi-tasse. "You tempt me," she said, "but I have already been sufficiently indiscreet."

"I dared not hope that you would heed me," he said.

She watched him blow thoughtful wreaths of cigarette smoke, and leaned back in her chair contentedly. "Is it possible," he asked her slowly, "that I could have met you at one of Lady Stanhope's house parties last

autumn? I think I am beginning to place you."

"No, I was in Italy last autumn, but I have heard Lady Aubrey mention Lady Stanhope's house parties."

She stirred uneasily and looked toward her wraps.

"It grows late," she remarked. They passed out through the crowded dining room and the brilliant lobby. At the entrance to the little parlor she gave him her hand.

"Good by, and thank you for a pleasant hour."

His eyes read into hers with well-bred insistence.

"Isn't it to be a revolt?"

"I'm afraid not," she answered with a low note in her voice. "At least, not until the knight finds the tower."

"At any rate, you have made me very happy, even if I found you only to lose you."

He pressed her hand and she slipped in between the heavy curtains.

It was nine o'clock when Minnie Stradolis climbed up to her hall bedroom; there were two pink spots on her cheeks and her throat was throbbing delicately, like a dove's. With nervous care she replaced the hat in its box and the tan suit on its wire hanger, then she filled the egg cup with water for the long-stemmed carnation and placed the cup on the iron landing outside her window. She propped the stem against the steppan and mothered and caressed the fragrant head.

The sash of the adjoining room opened and a new patch of light fell across the fire escape. A man with hair gray at the temples placed a short-stemmed carnation on his window sill. In the square of light she saw that on his right hand he wore a cheap ring with a crest engraved upon it, and her discerning eye also noted that his shirt studs appeared to be gold.

PENSION PLAN PUT INTO EFFECT BY BURLINGTON

(Continued from Page 1.)

pension benefits on account of being temporarily out of service:

(a) Upon leave of absence, except when an employe on such leave engages in other business, without the authority of this company's officers, and the approval of the board of pensions;

(b) When relieved on account of reductions in force and reinstated within one year;

(c) When temporarily engaged in military service or other public service with the consent of this company's officers.

(d) Service on this railroad during federal control shall, for this purpose, be counted as service with the company.

(e) When discharged or suspended, followed by reinstatement within one year.

Trainmen, engine-men, yardmen and foremen in track and bridge service, who have reached the age of sixty-five years may be retired; each case to be determined upon the result of such examination as may be decided proper by the board.

All employes who have reached the age of seventy, shall be retired, except when upon the application of such an employe and in the judgment of the board, after such examination as it deems necessary, the requirement of the service does not demand retirement.

No one who has been in continuous service for less than twenty years, shall receive a pension.

At the discretion of the board, all those who have become incapacitated for service, but who may not have reached the age limits specified, but who have been in the continuous service of the company for a period of at least twenty years, may be entitled to the benefits of the pension system.

In the case of an employe retired when in this company's service, in computing the number of years in service, time while in the employ of the Quincy, Omaha and Kansas City Railroad company; the Colorado and Southern, Fort Worth and Denver City, and Wichita Valley railway companies shall be counted as if in the employ of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad company, but identical time shall be counted but once.

In computing service, it shall be reckoned from the date since which the person has been continuously in the service to date when retired, eliminating in the final result any fractional part of a month.

Pension Based on Wages.

Then pension allowance, per month, shall be based on the average of the monthly wages received for the ten years preceding retirement and shall be one per cent of that amount for each year of continuous service, but in no case shall the allowance be less than one dollar for each year of continuous active service nor less than twenty-five dollars per month, and in no case greater than one hundred fifty dollars per month.

Whenever it shall be found that the basis of pension allowances creates demands in excess of the amount which may be appropriated, or at any time determined upon as the amount to be expended in any one year, and as often as such conditions may arise, a new basis reducing the allowances may be established to bring the total demands within the said limits, and the decision of the board of directors of the company in establishing such reduced basis shall be absolutely conclusive.

When pension allowances shall be authorized they will be paid monthly during the life of the beneficiary; provided, however, that the company may withhold the pension allowances and payments in all cases of gross misconduct, or for other good cause.

The pension allowances herein provided are for the personal benefit of retired employes, and the same shall not be payable to any other person or corporation by reason of any transfer or assignment by operation of law, or otherwise.

The acceptance of a pension allow-

ance does not debar a retired employe from engaging in other business that is not prejudicial to the interests of the company, but no such retired employe shall reenter the service of the company, except for purely temporary service during an emergency.

Where any law may require the payment of compensation or a pension, to a retired employe on account of service with this company, no pension will be paid him under these rules.

Nebraska News Notes

HAY DEALER OBJECTS TO CORN AS FUEL

BLOOMFIELD—At a meeting of the Bloomfield Commercial club endorsement was given the "Burn Corn or Bust" movement recently started among the farmers of this vicinity and full aid of that organization was pledged to help in spreading the movement.

Each business man or citizen who goes into this organization pledges himself to buy two tons of corn for fuel at five cents per bushel over the market. The corn will be handled through the Farmers Elevator company. Ray Saterlee is president of the farmers' organization and K. A. Trenhaile is the secretary.

HASTINGS—R. A. Collier, wholesale hay and grain dealer, made the following statement regarding the plan to burn corn launched at Bloomfield: "We take exception to a move of this kind. To burn wholesome food or food products is not in accord with God's wishes. Our firm will pay 30 cents per bushel for all the corn Bloomfield can load on railroad cars during the next 60 days, providing the corn is merchantable."

DAMAGE SUIT FOLLOWS HALLOW'EEN INCIDENT

COLUMBUS—As a result of an incident that took place Halloween night, Sarah Hurwitz, sixteen years old, has started a \$5,000 damage suit in district court against Dave Helphand, former Eleventh street merchant. Someone broke a concrete flower stand on Helphand's lawn. Assuming the prank was committed by a group of girls who were passing as he rushed out of the house, he gave chase, catching Miss Hurwitz, he shook her and, it is claimed, threw her to the ground. A few days later he was fined \$5 and costs in county court under an assault and battery complaint filed by County Attorney Walter. Now Miss Hurwitz has filed a civil suit against him in which she seeks \$5,000 for personal injuries. She maintains that she was permanently injured by the rough treatment she received at his hands.

NEW STATE SEAL HAS BEEN APPROVED

LINCOLN—Nebraska's new seal, as prepared by the state seal commission created by the last legislature, is ready. George Williams of Fairmont, chairman of the commission, has submitted the seal to Governor McKelvie. The design was by Architect Goodhue of New York, who is also architect of the new capitol.

All the objects in the present seal, excepting the log cabin, are retained, but the river is smaller, one or two coaches are taken from the train and the mountains aren't quite so prominent.

In the space, made by these changes are displayed three books representing education, two antelopes, a buffalo head, the golden rod. The motto, "Equality Before the Law," is retained.

The seal and also the new state banner embodying it, do not become legal unless made so by special legislative act. Secretary of State Amsherry has stated that he will refuse to use the new seal until it has been so legalized.

Col. J. H. Pressor of Lincoln, leader in the opposition to change in the wording or spirit of the present Nebraska state seal, declared that after examining the plans adopted by the seal commission he withdrew all opposition to the change.

"My opposition was founded on a

report that the blacksmith, the wheat, the river, the steamboat and the wording, 'Equality Before the Law,' were to be stricken from the new seal." Col. Pressor said. "But I find they are to be retained and I am satisfied."

GERING POSTMASTER WILL RETAIN OFFICE

GERING—News has been received in Gering by the "powers that are" that the proposed examination for postmaster here has been called off. The news is also received that the charges or insinuations or whatever it was that were brought against Postmaster Lamm have been thoroughly investigated and are found to have been without sufficient basis in fact to cause any change to be desired in the present postmastership, and, in fact as far as the department is concerned, Mr. Lamm will serve the balance of his term, some two years.

Mr. Lamm is serving his second term, having been twice appointed by President Wilson. The rumor was afloat, following the news that Mr. Lamm had been asked to resign, that now that the postoffice had been raised to the dignity of a second class institution and had recently moved into new and elaborate quarters, it had become a plum worth having and certain of the envious republicans were casting eyes in that direction after having been away from the pie counter for long long years.

Whether or not these rumors were true, of course is not known, but if they were the "pie" applicants were certainly in a very small number as petitions signed by 98 per cent of the patrons of the Gering office protesting against Mr. Lamm's removal, and pleading for his retention because of his efficiency.

BROADWATER MAN LOSES PAIR FINGERS

BROADWATER—A. D. Waggy, farmer, living six miles northeast of Broadwater, lost two fingers and has by reason of the accident suffered great pain as the result of getting his right hand into the elevator chain of a corn sheller just before noon last Wednesday. Mr. Waggy, who was at the time helping with the shelling of some corn and working about the machine, does not know just how the accident happened. Caught in the chain, the digits were sufficiently lacerated as to make necessary the amputation of the index and little fingers. Following the accident, Mr. Waggy was at once taken to Bridgeport by a son and he has since been at the hotel there while the member is being cared for by Dr. Palmer.

FAMOUS PEDESTRIAN PAUSES IN SIDNEY

SIDNEY—A unique figure stopped awhile in Sidney Thursday, a variable globe trotter. He was Frank Fletcher, who started out to win a wager made by the American Athletic association. He started from San Francisco July 1, 1920, and must be back before July 1, 1929. Upon his successful carrying out the conditions he will be presented with \$10,000, representing \$1,000 per year. He has already covered 6,800 miles of the 28,000 on the route mapped out from San Francisco to Buenos Aires and return.

The noted pedestrian, after beating the record of Edward Peyson Weston in walking from New York to San Francisco, is now trying to surpass all world's records. He cannot utilize trains, automobiles, trolly cars or even roller skates on his journey. He is also forbidden to sleep, eat or drink under a roof of any kind, except when working. He is not allowed to ask for any sort of charity, and his sole means of support is derived from selling some useful article on the road. He must secure a letter from the chief of police of every large city he visits and secure a postmark at the post-office.

Fletcher is 49 years old. His home is in Brewton, Ala., 75 miles from Birmingham. He was born there November 4, 1870. He is the only man who has ever crossed Death Valley, Arizona Desert, on foot. He crossed it three times.

Herald Want Ads—Results.

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