

The Day of Days

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

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One moment, he warned her, turning back to face the opening just as it was darkened by another figure.

The man with the twisted mouth stood there, peering blindly into the semiobscurity.

"I thought I saw you," he commented blandly, advancing a pace and so



Shaynon's Eyes Wincled.

coming face to face with the bristling little Mephistophelian figure, which he had endeavored to ignore.

"My dance, I believe," he added a trace more brusquely, over the little man's head.

"I'm afraid you'll have to excuse me, Bayard," she returned.

He hesitated. "Do I understand you're ready for me to take you home?"

"You're to understand that I will neither dance nor sit out the dance with you—and that I don't wish to be disturbed."

"Bless your heart!" P. Sybarite interjected privately.

The voice of the younger Shaynon broke with passion.

"This is—the limit!" he cried violently. "I've reached the end of my endurance. Who's this creature you're with?"

"Is your memory so short?" P. Sybarite asked quietly. "Have you forgotten the microphone—the little guy who puts the point in disappointment?"

"I've forgotten nothing, you—animal! Nor that you insulted my father publicly a few minutes ago. Remove that mask and tell me your name. If you refuse I'll thrash you within an inch of your life—here and now!"

"One moment," P. Sybarite pleaded with a graceful gesture. "Before committing yourself to this mad enterprise, would you mind telling me exactly how you spell that word 'chuck'?"

With an inarticulate cry Shaynon's fist shot out as if to strike his persecutor down, but in midair P. Sybarite's slim, strong fingers closed round and inflexibly stayed his enemy's wrist.

"Behave!" P. Sybarite counseled evenly. "Remember where you are—in a lady's presence. As for my mask, if it still annoys you"—He jerked it off and away.

Escaping the balustrade, it caught a wandering air and drifted indolently down through the darkness of the street.

"And if my face tells you nothing," he added hotly, "perhaps my name will help. It's Sybarite. You may have heard it."

As if from a blow Shaynon's eyes wincled. Then, quietly adjusting his crumpled cuff, he drew himself up.

"Marian," he said as soon as he had his voice under control, "since you wish it I'll wait for you in the lobby downstairs."

Shaynon turned and left them alone on the balcony.

"I'm sorry," P. Sybarite told the girl in unfeigned contrition. "Please forgive me. I've a vicious temper—the color of my hair—and I couldn't resist the temptation to make him squirm."

"If you only knew how I despised him," she said, "you wouldn't think it necessary to excuse yourself, though I don't know yet what it's all about."

"Simply I happen to have the whip hand of the Shaynon conscience," returned P. Sybarite. "I happen to know that Bayard is secretly the husband of a woman notorious in New York under the name of Mrs. Jefferson Inche."

"Is that true? Dare I believe?"

"Intimations of fears inexpressibly alleviated breathed in her tone."

"I have the word of the lady herself, together with the evidence of his confusion just now. What more do you need?"

"If that is true how can it be that he has been begging me this very night to marry him within a month?"

"He may have entertained hopes of gaining his end—his freedom—in another way. Furthermore, he probably thinks himself forced to seem insistent by the part he's playing. His father doesn't know of this entanglement; he'd disinherit Bayard if he did."

"It may be so," she responded vacantly.

"Tell me," he suggested presently, stammering. "If you don't mind giving

me more of your confidence, to which I don't pretend to have any right, only my interest in—in you—the mystery with which you surround yourself, living alone there in that wretched boarding house?"

CHAPTER XI.

In a Balcony—and Afterward.

"M"Y stay in the boarding house wasn't meant to be permanent," she explained, "merely an experiment. I went there for two reasons—to be rid for awhile of their incessant attempts to hasten my marriage with Bayard and because I suddenly realized I knew nothing about my father's estate and found I was to know nothing for another year; that is, until, under his will, I came into my fortune. I wanted to know about our girls, to be sure they were given a fair chance, earned enough to live decently and other things about their lives you can imagine."

"I think I understand," said P. Sybarite gravely.

"I had warned them more than once I'd run away if they didn't let me alone. And finally I kept my word and ran away, took my room in Thirty-eighth street and before long secured work in my own store."

"At first I was sure they'd identify me immediately, but somehow no one seemed to suspect me, and I stayed on, keeping my eyes open and collecting evidence of a system of mismanagement and oppression."

"It wasn't until tonight Bayard found out where I was living, as you saw. At first I refused to return home, but he declared my disappearance was creating a scandal."

"He insisted that these stories could only be refuted if I'd come home for a few days and show myself at this dance tonight."

"I've finished with the Shaynons for good and all. I never liked either of them, never understood what father saw in old Mr. Shaynon to make him trust him the way he did. And now after what has happened I shall stop at the Plaza tonight—they know me there—and telephone for my things. If Mr. Shaynon objects I'll see if the law won't relieve me of his guardianship."

"If you'll take a fool's advice you'll do that whether or no. It wouldn't be the first time Brian Shaynon ruined a friend. There was once a family in this town by the name of Sybarite—the family of a rich and successful man, associated with Brian Shaynon in a business way. I'm what's left of it, thanks to my father's faith in old Brian's integrity."

"Oh, I'm sorry!"

"Don't be, please. What I've endured has done me no harm, and tonight has seen the turn of my fortunes or else I'm hopelessly deluded. The public disavowal of your engagement to Bayard will be likely to bring the Shaynons' affairs to a crisis. I firmly believe they're hard pressed for money. That's why they were in such a hurry for your marriage."

"Even if Bayard were free—as his father believes him to be—why need the old man have been so unreasonable when all the delay you ask is another twelvemonth? Believe me, he had some excellent reason for his anxiety. Finally, if the old villain isn't fomenting some especially foul villainy, why need he sneak from here tonight to the lowest dive in town to meet and confer with a gang leader and murderer such as Red November?"

"What are you talking about now?" demanded the bewildered girl.

"An hour or so ago I met old Brian coming out of a dive known as Dutch House, the worst in town. It's been puzzling me ever since—an appointment of some sort he made with November just as I hove within earshot. 'Two-thirty,' he said, and November repeated the hour and promised to be on the job. 'Two-thirty'—what can it mean? It's later than that now, but, mark my words, something's going to happen this afternoon or tomorrow or some time soon, at half past 2 o'clock."

"Perhaps you're right," said the girl doubtfully.

"Miss Blessington," said P. Sybarite solemnly, "when you run off in that taxi at midnight I had \$5 in all the world. This minute, as I stand, I'm worth \$25,000. I'd give every cent of it for some reliable assurance that Brian Shaynon and his son mean you no harm."

Surprised and impressed by his unwonted seriousness, the girl indistinctly shrank back against the balustrade. "Mr. Sybarite"—she murmured, wide-eyed.

"Now," said the little man, with a brisker accent, "by your leave we will get back to what we were discussing. Your welfare!"

"Mr. Sybarite," the girl interrupted impetuously, "whatever happens I want you to know that I at least understand you and that to me you'll always be my standard of a gentleman, brave and true and kind."

"And now," he broke off sharply, "all the pretty people are going home, and you must too. May I venture one step farther? Don't let Bayard Shaynon—"

"I don't mean to," she told him.

"Knowing what I know, it's impossible."

"You will go to the Plaza?"

"Yes," she replied. "I've made up my mind to that."

"You have a cab waiting, of course. May I call it for you?"

"My own car," she said. "The call check is with my wraps. But," she smiled, "I shall be glad to give it to you to hand to the porter, if you'll be so good, and then you may see me to my car."

"To do Bayard out of that honor!" he said cheerfully. "You couldn't 'invent a service to gratify me more hugely.'"

She smiled in sympathy.

"But he will be expecting to see you home?"

"No matter if he does, he sha'n't. Besides, he lives in bachelor rooms, within walking distance, I believe."

Already the vast and shining hall was almost empty; only at the farther wall a handful of guests clustered around the doorway, waiting to take their turn in the crowded cloakrooms. A moment more and the two were close upon the vanguard of departing guests, and the girl and P. Sybarite parted.

"Wait for me in the lobby," she said, smiling.

Liberated from the crowded elevator on the lower floor, P. Sybarite found his lackey, resumed hat and coat and waited in the lobby opposite the elevators.

At the side street entrance the crush of anteroom and elevators was duplicated, jamming the doorway and overflowing to the sidewalk while in waiting for motorcars and carriages.

But through the Fifth avenue entrance only the thin stream of those intending to walk was trickling away.

After a time P. Sybarite discovered Bayard Shaynon not far off like himself waiting and with a vigilant eye reviewing the departing while he talked in close confidence with one who was a stranger to P. Sybarite.

When he idly glanced that way a second time the younger Shaynon was alone and had moved nearer. When eventually Marian appeared he was instant to her side, forestalling even the alert flanking movement of P. Sybarite.

"You are quite ready, Marian?" Shaynon asked, and familiarly slipping a guiding hand beneath the arm of the girl, with admirable effrontery. "You have your carriage call check ready? If you'll let me have it?"

"Let's understand one another once and for all time, Bayard," the girl interrupted. "I don't wish you to take me home. I prefer to go alone. Is that clear? I don't wish to feel indebted to you for even so slight a service as this," she added, indicating the slip of pasteboard in her fingers. "But if Mr. Sybarite will be so kind?"

Shaynon's accents when he spoke were even if menacing in their tonelessness.

"Then, Marian, I'm to understand it's—good night?"

"I think," said the girl, with a level look of disdain, "it might be far better if you were to understand that it's goodby."

He shrugged again, and his eyes, wavering of a sudden met P. Sybarite's and stabbed them with a glance of ruthless and unbridled hatred, so venomous that the little man was transiently conscious of a misgiving.

"Here," he told himself in doubt, "is one who, given his way, would have me murdered within twenty-four hours. And he thought of Red November. Almost undoubtedly the gunman had escaped arrest."

Shaynon, with no other word, turned and strode away toward the Fifth avenue entrance. Marian roused P. Sybarite with a word.

"Finis," she said, enchanting him with the frank intimacy of her smile. They came to the carriage entrance, where the crush of waiting people had somewhat thinned—not greatly.

Leaving Marian in the angle of the doorway, P. Sybarite pressed out to the booth of the carriage call apparatus, gave the operator the numbered and perforated cardboard, together with a coin, saw the man place it on the machine and shoot home a lever that hissed and spat blue fire, then turned back.

"What was the number?" she asked as he approached. "Did you notice? I did, but then thought of something else, and now I've forgotten."

"Two hundred and thirty," replied P. Sybarite absently.

Between the two there fell a little pause of constrained silence ended by Marian.

"I want to see you again very soon. Mr. Sybarite. Come tomorrow to tea at the Plaza."

"Thank you."

Above the hum of chattering voices rose the bellow of the carriage porter.

"Two-thirty!"

"My car," said the girl, with a start.

A handsome town car stood at the curb beneath the permanent awning of iron and glass. Hurrying across the sidewalk, Marian permitted P. Sybarite to help her into the vehicle.

Transported by this proof of her graciousness, he gave the chauffeur the address, "Hotel Plaza."

With the impudent imperturbability of his breed, the man nodded without looking round.

From the body of the vehicle Marian extended a white-gloved hand: "Good night, Mr. Sybarite. Tomorrow at 5."

Touching her fingers, P. Sybarite raised his hat, but before he could utter the response ready upon his tongue, he was seized by the arm and swung rudely away from the door. At the same time a voice—the property of the owner of that unceremonious hand—addressed the porter roughly: "Shut that door and send the car

along! I'll take charge of this gentleman!"

In this speech an accent of irony inhered to exasperate P. Sybarite. Half a hundred people were looking on, listening. Angriest he wrenched his arm free.

"What the devil!" he cried into the face of the aggressor, and in the act of speaking, recognized the man as him with whom Bayard Shaynon had been conversing in the lobby.

"I'm the house detective here," the other answered, holding his eyes with an inexorable glare. "And if it's all the same to you we're going to have a quiet little talk in the office," he added with a jerk of his head.

A sidelong glance discovered the fact that Marian's car had moved away. Doubtless she had left in ignorance of this outrage, or perhaps thinking him accosted by a hapchance acquaintance.

"Very well," said P. Sybarite, boiling with rage beneath thin ice of submission.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MANKATO REMAINS WET.

Saloon interests in Minnesota won a much disputed point when the supreme court handed down a decision holding that the half-mile dry law could not be construed to take in villages and cities contiguous to the territory voting out saloons. As a result Joseph Miller, saloonkeeper at Triumph, in Martin county, is ordered released from a fine imposed by the lower court for an alleged violation of the liquor laws.

Triumph and Monterey, which are in Martin county, are contiguous villages. Triumph is wet, but Monterey, which adjoins it, recently voted dry. Under a law passed in 1913 when villages vote dry the prohibitive territory extends for a half mile outside the municipal line.

When Monterey voted dry Miller, the appellant, had a saloon in Triumph. His place was within the half-mile zone and Monterey enthusiasts immediately caused his arrest. He was fined for a violation of the dry laws and he immediately instituted habeas corpus proceedings for his release. To the saloon interests of the state at large the question at issue was an important one, as it threatened to dry up much territory. Speaker Dunn of the 1911 legislature was employed and so was Frank W. Kellogg, the well known trust buster. Both appeared before the supreme court in opposition to the infliction of the half-mile law as far as it concerned contiguous municipalities.

In directing the discharge of Miller the supreme court, in its findings holds the half-mile dry law to be constitutional, but says it cannot include villages or cities when the same are contiguous to the territory voting dry. The opinion was written by Justice Holt.

A number of cities were interested in the decision, among them Mankato. Had the half-mile dry law been upheld in its entirety Mankato, which has a large number of saloons, would have been made dry. In that city a narrow river or creek separates a town which has voted dry from Mankato, which is wet, and had the dry zone law applied Mankato would now be without a saloon. There are other cities in Minnesota similarly situated.

The people who are responsible for the program of University Weeks are looking out for the interest of the girls. Miss Louise McDannell, who is connected with the University Department of Home Economics at the Agricultural College, has been engaged to speak every afternoon on the subject "What Shall We Teach the American Girl." Parents who are interested in the new trend being taken by modern education, especially through the new emphasis being laid on hard work as distinguished from book work, will be greatly interested to hear Miss McDannell. The educational value of such training as is afforded by courses in cooking, sewing and house management will be clearly pointed out.

IF HAIR IS TURNING GRAY, USE SAGE TEA

Don't look old! Try Grandmother's recipe to darken and beautify faded, lifeless hair.

That beautiful, even shade of dark, glossy hair can only be had by brewing a mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur. Your hair is your charm. It makes or mars the face. When it fades, turns gray, streaked and looks dry, wispy and scraggly, just an application or two of Sage and Sulphur enhances its appearance a hundredfold.

Don't bother to prepare the tonic; you can get from any drug store a 50 cent bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy," ready to use. This can always be depended upon to bring back the natural color, thickness and lustre of your hair and remove dandruff, stop scalp itching and falling hair.

Everybody uses "Wyeth's" Sage and Sulphur because it darkens so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied. You simply dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through the hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair has disappeared, and after another application it becomes beautifully dark and appears glossy, lustrous and abundant.

GROWTH OF GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS COLLEGE.

What might have been termed a program of thanksgiving was carried out in the auditorium of Gustavus Adolphus College at St. Peter last Wednesday afternoon. In the morning Rev. Oscar J. Johnson was inaugurated president of the institution, and in the afternoon formal announcement was made of the completion of the school's endowment fund of \$250,000.

The status of the fund was made public by Professor A. A. Stomberg, president of the college board. He announced that the institution has collected \$262,590 in cash, has \$7,410 in bankable notes, and holds \$4,000 in pledges which are still outstanding.

Rev. Carl Solomonson, financial secretary of the college, sketched the history of the endowment fund and threw a number of interesting sidelights upon the work done by the corps of some twenty solicitors. The fund was started ten years ago by Rev. L. G. Almen, but received its greatest impetus in the spring of 1912, when James J. Hill and C. A. Smith agreed to subscribe \$50,000.00 apiece, provided the college would raise \$200,000.

On Dec. 1, 1912, when Mr. Solomonson was placed in charge of the work, the fund contained \$31,000. The task given him was to collect \$170,000 before May 1st of the present year. Solicitors were sent into the field early last summer, and by Sept. 1st they had raised \$20,000. That work might be carried on steadily all the members of the faculty volunteered to take extra hours of teaching, thus relieving the president, three professors and one assistant professor. They worked every effectively and by Jan. 1, 1914, a total of \$78,000, in addition to the original amount in the fund, had been subscribed. Thereafter progress was slower, but by persistent efforts additional contributions were received until the fund has reached the sum of over \$260,000.

Before a crowd that filled the auditorium to its capacity and with ceremonies that were most impressive, Rev. Oscar J. Johnson was inaugurated as the sixth president of Gustavus Adolphus college at St. Peter last Wednesday morning. Fully a score of the most prominent educators in the Northwest, among them three former presidents of the institution, were present at the installation, the event being one that was of interest alike to the college world and to the public at large. When the program opened practically every seat in the big auditorium was taken, and President Johnson may take a pardonable pride in the ovation that was accorded him.

Professor A. A. Stomberg of Minneapolis, president of the college board, presided at the exercises, and after a hymn of praise by the audience Dr. E. Norelius of Vasa, the founder of Gustavus Adolphus, read the opening prayer. A selection by the Schumann Ladies' chorus followed, and then President Johnson was inducted into office by his predecessor, Dr. P. A. Mattson of Cannon Falls, now president of the Minnesota conference.

Bladder irritations, kidney troubles, dull headaches, weariness, pain in back and sides, all show the kidneys need to be toned up, strengthened, their regular action restored. Foley Kidney Pills will do it surely and quickly. They give good health, freedom from pain, a return of appetite and sound sleep. Try them. For sale by all dealers.

ALMINAK FOR MA.

Thurs. Asenshun Day. Nobuddy missed ed aroundabouts here but the Reliabul Druggar had a brace ov reliable old birds caged in his store winder redy to fly. He sez "tha can run sum"

Fri. 29n. Never cummense to do this week's work on Friday. It is unlooky to work this week when there will be plenty next.

Az the trees leav the ho-bos cum. Sat. 30t. Considerable additishunal court ing wuz dun in the City last week. Jdg. I. M. O., which means I make orders, steps up behind the prescripshun bar and orders "Cum down boys with enuff for costs and take your medicine." The dignified sheriff too iz herd, "Hear ye, Hear ye, Lend me yure ears, Friends, Romans, Countrymen, I'd like 4 yrs. more."

PROVERBS.

"He becumeth poor that dealeth with a slack hand," and to her becumeth the booby "prize".

"Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing"—whether she duz or not.

"Through wisdom is a house builded"—and it cumz hi.

"The legs of the lame are not equal"—neither are thos ov the unlame.

"The tender grass sheweth itself"—and the lawn mower's a-whirr!

"The wise man's eyes are in his head"—and his hands on his pocket book.

"Some trust in chariots and some in horses"—and "A horse is a vain thing for safety"—and a joy waggin iz az perverse az an evil mewl.

Uneazly lies the hed whare flies abound, Gone iz sweet repose by a tickled noze.

"Laff and grow fat."—Laff evry time you feel like it and laff onst in a while enyhow.

A nu watu can strawberries. Eat awl you can. A pleasant wa iz tu have sum "Pleasant Ridge Dairy Cream"—then tha are sum Schucks.

Run into det for an automobile and yur creditors may run into yu.

If in dout az to which road to travel, keep to the right.

LOCAL NOTES

Jesse Palmer, old and respected citizen and ex-mayor of Sleepy Eye and at one time Co. Commissioner for the 4th District, who spent the past two years in Southern California, with his daughter Miss Mary came back last week to spend three months with relatives and friends. With the exception of rather poor eyesight, Mr. Palmer looks well and is quite vigorous.

The legal status of women in Minnesota is a subject of great interest at this moment when Woman Suffrage is being debated pro and con everywhere. Professor E. M. Morgan of the University Law School will speak one afternoon on the subject "The Rights of Women Under Minnesota Law." Every woman in our town as well as a goodly sprinkling of men should be present to hear this live subject discussed.

Mr. and Mrs. John Haas visited over Sunday at New Ulm with friends and relatives. John was called to this place to confer with his most Excellency Hon. Jos. A. Eckstein, plenipotentiary of President Wilson for Mexico, who is to seek redress for the execution of Parks, an American, and as Mr. Haas is Eckstein's secretary, it was necessary that he make this visit to New Ulm. We understand that they decided that Huerta was responsible and that he will eventually meet his fate.—Lamberton Star.

The Play's the thing. People never get over their enjoyment of seeing the human drama enacted before their eyes. A trained cast from the University on one evening of University Week will present "Sweet Lavender," a drama in three acts by Arthur Pinero. The Play is given by a club called "The Players" and is full of live, human interest. The legitimate drama is seen so seldom in our town and especially drama of the class of Pinero's that no doubt our people will crowd the house to see this worthy performance.

Sunday afternoon the Turner Sunday School pupils and their parents gathered at Herman's Heights for their yearly picnic and in spite of the rain of the previous night and the gloomy morning found conditions for a picnic ideal and enjoyed themselves until well into the evening. The youngsters enjoyed games and dancing and a basket supper with coffee and ice cream served by the Ladies Society took care of the most important part of the picnic.

Many of our people have heard of Ernest Harold Baynes, who appeared recently in the East in what was called a "bird masque," with the title "The Sanctuary." The author of the "masque" was Percy Mackye, and the poet himself appeared in it as well as Mr. Baynes and Miss Jessie Wilson, the daughter of the President. Mr. Baynes is noted as a student of nature and as a familiar friend of the wild birds and beasts. A common illustration shows him drinking out of a saucer while a little wild chickadee is perched on the rim of the same saucer sharing the drink. Mr. Baynes will appear one afternoon of University Week with his lecture "Wild Birds and How to Attract Them." This lecture is illustrated with a fine set of lantern slides and will be of intense interest to all our people.

We have had handed to us the nice green Ten Dollar Bill that is to go to the winner of the prize in the contest for an essay on "The Mule." Remember, this is a free for all and there is still time to enter, the qualifications being so easy. Something short and pithy will no doubt stand a better show with the judges than a long winded article on the virtues and vices of this particular four-footed bit of animal creation. So, take a chance at it. Something dashed off in half hour might easily carry off the prize. There are only four contestants so far. No reason why they should have the field all to themselves. Take a fly at it and see how easy it is to "write for the public" as we have to do every week. We are curious to see how the writing of some one besides ourselves "sounds" in print. It's dead easy to write; everyone says so.

HOW "TIZ" HELPS SORE, TIRED FEET

Good-bye sore feet, burning feet, swollen feet, aweaty feet, smelling feet, tired feet.

Good-bye corns, callouses, bunions and raw spots. No more shoe tightness, no more limping with pain or drawing up your face in agony. "TIZ" is magical, acts right off. "TIZ" draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up the feet. Use "TIZ" and forget your foot misery. Ah! how comfortable your feet feel. Get a 26 cent box of "TIZ" now at any drugist or department store. Don't suffer. Have good feet, glad feet, feet that never swell, never hurt, never get tired. A year's foot comfort guaranteed or money refunded.

