OLOUD, NEBRASKA, CHIEF RED



DUANE AGAIN COMES TO RESCUE AS DAPHNE SEES HER CHANCE TO BECOME A STAR SLIPPING AWAY.

Synopsis.-Clay Wimburn, a young New Yorker on a visit to Cleveland, meets pretty Daphne Klp, whose brother is in the same office with Clay in Wall street. After a whirlwind courtship they become engaged. Clay buys an engagement ring on credit and returns to New York. Daphne agrees to an early marriage, and after extracting from her money-worried father what she regards as a sufficient sam of money for the purpose she goes to New York with her mother to buy her trousseau. Daphne's brother, Bayard, has just married and left for Europe with his bride, Leila. Daphne and her mother install themselves in Bayard's flat. Wimburn introduces Daphne and her mother to luxurious New York life. Daphne meets Tom Duane, man-about-town, who seems greatly attracted to her. Daphne accidentally discovers that Clay is penniless, except for his salary. Baynard and his wife return to New York unexpectedly. The three women set out on a shopping excursion and the two younger women buy expensive gowns, having them charged to Bayard. Bayard is furious over the expense, seeing hard times ahead. Daphne, Indignant, declares she will earn her own living and breaks her engagement with Clay. Through an introduction by Duane, Daphne induces Reben, a theatrical magnate, to give her a position in one of his companies.

CHAPTER X-Continued.

Miss Kemble went forward to while she went through the scene. But Daphne and took her hand and petted she was so unnerved that she forgot She won't object to your playing her parts, I'm sure."

Mrs. Vining, who had played all player of hateful old grandes dames, spared Daphne her ready vinegar and chose to mother her.

Mr. Reben had come down from his office to make up his own mind. He smiled with a kind of challenging cordiality and murmured: "So our little business woman is going to open the shop. Well, all you've got to do is to deliver the goods and I'll buy 'em at your own price."

Batterson rapped on the kitchen table that stood on the apron of the stage under a naked bunch of light of glaring brilliance.

"Places, please, for the entrance. Ready? All right, Eldon !"

The noble matinee idol put his hat

it and said: "I'm so glad to see you. her own lines and had to refer to the No, I'll go see him." You must meet my aunt, Mrs. Vining. manuscript, while Eldon waited in acute distress and Daphne, looking on, tions. I'm afraid-" said: "Oh, I see. I think I understand it now." Then she forgot it all again manner of roles for half a century, at the repetition. Somehow the reand was now established as a famous hearsal was worried through to the

Miss Kemble tried to help. She

asked Daphne to step aside and watch

end and Batterson dismissed the company with sarcastic thanks. Then he went to Reben to demand a substitute.

Daphne went home, dreading her fate but not knowing what the verdict was. She felt sure that it would be not guilty of dramatic ability. She was worn out with the exposure of her own faults and uncertain which she feared the more-to be dismissed or

to be accepted. The latter meant unending trials. At the elevator she found Tom

Duane. He had just telephoned up to the apartment to ask if she were in. There was a welcome flattery in his frank delight. She asked him up. Tom on the table, walked on, sat down on Duane was electric with cheer. He a divan composed of two broken praised Daphne with inoffensive heart-

tory of her progress. She gave the Batterson said: "Doorbell! Buzz-z." worst possible account of her stupidopen accounts. I started one for They seemed to be surprised that those.' Daphne was still in existence. Eldon He took from his pocket a pale gave her a curious smalle of greeting.

brochure and said to Lella : "That allowance we agreed on, you know?" ture" about the corridors. She heard the orchestra playing "the king's "Yes, I know." "Well, instead of paying it to you piece." Then it struck up a march

week by week I decided to open a that sounded remote and irrelevant. bank account for you; so I ran over to There was a loud swish which she supthis bank at the lunch hour and made posed to be the curtain going up. An a deposit to your credit-five hundred actor and an actress in white flannels dollars !"

ly. He laughed louder and louder and

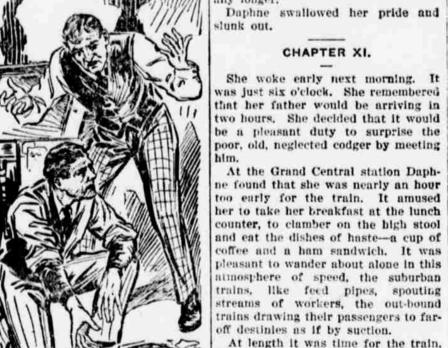
A little later Eldon came off the

stage laughing. He dropped his laughthe blank pages in which so many drater as he crossed the border and resucceed! I'll make Reben take you mas, tragedies and life histories could sumed his anecdote. "As I was saybe codified in bald numerals. ing-

"Rather cold," said Eldon; "It's so

Her first thought was already to attack the integrity of her store. "No, dearest," said Bayard, "there is an uptown branch, right around the corner. But I hope your visits there will be more for a put-in than takeout. Every time I give you anything ter, and Batterson dashed round from the other wing to curse the man in

Maybe some day I'll want to borrow Duane way laughing now and pat-





She Found Batterson Quarreling With a Property Man Over the Responsibility for a Broken Vase.

looking idly at the new station. He some of it for a while. Maybe you had not been to New York since it had can save me from a crash some day. been thrown open. Anyhow, it will be a great help to me to feel that I have a thrifty little wife.

suitcase on the toes of the man followat home. A man has to plunge a good

RHEUMATISM IS PAIN "You're not the only one who can looking odd and unreal in their paint. ONLY, RUB IT AWAY

She heard the call boy crying "Over-

Eldon, speaking earnestly to Mrs.

"The swine!" said Mrs. Vining. Then

One of the box lights began to sput-

CHAPTER XI.

Instant relief from pain, soreness, stiff. ness following a rubbing with "St. Jacobs Liniment."

Stop "dosing" rheumatism.

It's pain only; not one case to fifty requires internal treatment. Rub soothing, penetrating "St. Jacobs Liniment" right on the "tender spot," and by the time you say Jack Robinsonout comes the rheumatic pain and dis tress. "St. Jacobs Liniment" conquers pain! It is a harmless rheumatism liniment which never disappoints and doesn't burn the skin. It takes pain, soreness and stiffness from aching joints, muscles and bones; stops sciatica, lumbago, backache, neuralgia and reduces swelling.

Limber up.! Get a small trial bottle of old-time, honest "St. Jacobs Liniment" from any drug store, and in . moment you'll be free from pains aches and stiffness. Don't suffer! Rut rheumatism away.-Adv.

Many of those little new nations seem to have come into the world with



Canton, Ohio .- "I suffered from a female trouble which caused me much

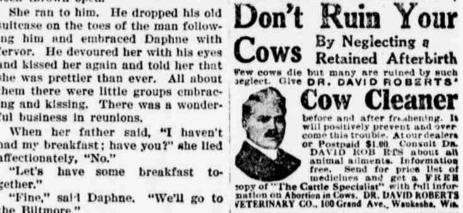
suffering, and two doctors decided that I would have to go through an operation before I could get well. "My mother, who

had been helped by Lydia E. Pinkham Vegetable Compound, advised me to try it before submitting to an operation. It relieved me from my troubles

so I can do my house work without any difficulty. I advise any woman who is afflicted with female troubles to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial and it will do as much for them.". -Mrs. MARIE BOYD, 1421 5tb St., N. E., Canton, Ohio.

Sometimes there are serious con tions where a hospital operation is the only alternative, but on the other hand to many women have been cured by this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, after doctors have said that an operation was necessary-every woman who wants to avoid an operation should give it a fair trial before submitting to such a trying ordeal.

If complications exist, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for advice. The result of many years experience is at your service.



Duane said, with a matter-of-fact briskness: "I'll call Reben up at once. "But you put me under such obliga-"Never be afraid of an obligation." "I'm afraid I can never repay it." "Then you're one ahead. But you can repay me and you will." "Let's wait and see. Goodby. Don't

He gave her a hand-grip of perfect rood fellowship and went into the hall. She followed him to tell him again how kind he was. As she was clasping his hand again Lella opened the door with her latchkey.

ders again. That soothing voice was

"You are not no good. You shall

back. I've helped Reben out when he

was in trouble. I've lent him money

and I'll make him give you your

chance. I promise that, on my word !"

They blurred him in dancing flashes

of light as if he were a sun god. She

caught his hands from her shoulders.

but she had to hold them in hers. She

was drowning, and she must cling to

whatever arms stretched down to her.

She must not question whose they

ting her on the back as if she were a

frightened child. She felt no right

to rebuke his caresses. They were

His arm about her was that of a com-

rade, sustaining another in a battle.

He was the only one in the world

who offered her courage and praise

and help in her need.

such as a brother might give a sister.

solid earth.

"How?"

vorry.'

ministering courage and praise:

Now there was triple embarrassment. Tom Duane had paid ardent court to Lella before she married Bayard. Here he was in Bayard's wife's home, apparently flirting with Bay-

ard's young sister. Leila felt all the outraged sentiments of jealousy and all the indignation of a chaperon who has been circumvented. Duane retreated in poor order. Daphne stammered an explachairs and read an imaginary news- iness and insisted on hearing the his- nation too brief and muddled to suf-

fice. Then she went to her room. There her mother found her when she came in later. Daphne had only a deal in business. It's his wife that faint hope that Duane could work his miracle twice, so she told her mother told her bluntly:

with tennis rackets under their arms Lella forgot her jewelry for a molinked hands and skipped into the well ment in this new pride. She strutted of light. They bandled repartee for about with mock hauteur, waving Mrs. a time. Kip and Daphne aside and saying: She flung herself free. "No, no; I'm "Don't speak to me. I am a lady with Vining, suddenly began to laugh softin imbecile-I'm no good-that's all." a bank account." Those big hands were at her shoul-

Mrs. Kip sighed in dreary earnest. then plunged into the light. "That's more than I ever was.' Lella was poring over her bank book.

Her first question was ominous : "Do "But Mrs. Vining interrupted:

I have to go all the way down to "There comes my cue. How are They Broad street every time I want to tonight?" She stared at him through her tears. draw out some money?" hot.

she shook out her skirts, straightened up and swept through the door like a downger swan.

were till she was safe again on the I want you to put some of it aside.



Daphne recognized as the elderly but- depreciation. ler, walked across and opened an imaginary door between two chairs. famous "How do you do?"

Everybody walted and watched for the newcomer to make her debut in the new world. Then was a silence. Daphne stood with heels screwed to the floor and tongue glued to the roof of her mouth.

"All right, Miss Kip," said Batterson with ominous patience. "Come on, come on, please !"

Another silence, then Daphne laughed and choked. "I'm awfully stupld. I've forgotten the line."

Batterson gnashed his unlighted clgar and growled: "Howjado! Howfado l"

"Oh, yes! Thank you. I'm sorry !" said Daphne, and walked on at the wrong side of the chairs.

Everybody shuddered to realize that she had entered through a solid wall. This miracle was ignored, but there was no ignoring the peculiarly ineloquent note she struck when she bowed to the butler and stammered:

"How are you?"

A sigh went through the vast profound and void of the empty theater. Instinct told even the echoes that Daphne did not belong and never could belong. Batterson groaned, tragically.

"Not to the butler, please! Don't say 'How are you?' to the butler. Don't say 'How are you?' to anybody, please. Script says 'Howjado?' Say 'Howjado?' to Mr. Eldon there. Say 'Howjado' to Mr. Eldon there."

"How do you do?" said Daphne, bowing to Eldon and speaking with a soullessness of a squeezed doll.

Eldon rose, folded up his imaginary paper, and came forward with a pitying desire to help her. He hoped that the scared little Kip woman would win through the same bitter trials to the same perilous and always endangered success. But he had a fear.

He delivered her his line with benevolent gentleness. He waited, then gave her her line with exquisite tact. She did not repeat it after him. He said to her:

"Don't be afraid; you're all right." He gave her the line again and she parroted it after him. She leaped then to a speech several minutes farher on. He drew her back to the cue:

"Pardon me, but I think I have a line before that."

not Daphne's fright that disturbed chance, but-oh-oh-oh !" the rest. It was her complete failure acter.

with which theatrical managers are muring: so familiar when they bite on the Dead sea fruit of beauty without dramatle talent.

A well-dressed young man, whom ity. He would have none of her "Everything's got to begin," he said. "Some of the greatest actors are bad that she had failed as an actress. She

This was the cue for Miss Kemble's at rehearsal, and never get over it. Some of the greatest actresses always are at their worst on the first perform-

ance. You're bound to succeed. You have beauty and charm and grace and magnetism no end. Don't worry. I'll Batterson. We'll make a star of you yet.'

There was a fine reassurance in that word "we" in spite of its pleasant tang of impudence. It gave her strength to go to the telephone and call up Reben.

She came back in despair and collapsed on the divan. Tom Duane was at her side instant-

"You're ill! In heaven's name, what can I do?"

His solicitude pleased her. She smiled palely: "Mr. Reben told me he



He Gave Her a Hand-Grip of Perfect Good Fellowship.

He was very polite and awfully sorry, but he said he didn't think I was quite suited to the work. He said that later, The rehearsal blundered on. It was perhaps, there might be another

She was crying with all her might. to suggest the character, or any char- Gradually she realized that Duane's hands were on her shoulders. He was But Batterson found nothing to squeezing them as if to keep her from amuse him, and Reben tasted that sobbing herself to pieces. His face dust and ashes of disappointment was close to hers, and he was mur-

> "You poor little thing. You mustn't grieve. You've to fine and too beau- Their alarm was not diminished when tiful for such work."

"Mamma, I've been fired."

To her comfort her mother caught her to her ample bosom and said : "I'm glad of it. I'm much obliged to whoever is to blame. Not but what you speak to Reben and make him restrain | could have succeeded if you had kept at it. But you're too good for such

a wicked life. A person couldn't be an actor without being insincere and a pretender, and my little girl is too hon-

est. So now you come along home with me." "No, thank you, mamma."

Mrs. Kip gathered herself together

for a vigorous assault when the telephone rang and the maid brought word that a gent'man wished to speak with

Miss Daphne. It was Duane, and she braced herself for another blow. But his voice

was clarion with success.

"I've seen Reben. It's all right. He's promised to keep you on and give you a chance. He says for you to report at the theater at seven-thirty tonight." And now again Daphne was more afraid of her success, such as it was, than of her failure. But it was pleas-

ant to carry the news to her mother and Lella. It disgusted them both. They were

still trying to dissuade her from continuing on the downward path when a telegram from her father came for her mother:

"Taking beaver arrive Grand Central tomorrow don't meet me love. "WES."

Bayard was late, as usual, and Lella's temper had just begun to simmer when the door was opened stealthand from the shop. ily and a hand was thrust in. It prof-

fered a small box of jeweler's size and waved it like a flag of truce. Lella rushed forward with a cry of lants.

delight, seized the packet and then the hand, and drew Bayard into the room and into her arms.

"This is your apology, I suppose," she sald.

"Yes, the apology for being late, and that's what made me late.' Leila was enraptured. She adored

gifts and she had the knack of inspiring them. The little square parcel provoked her curiosity. She opened it so excitedly that the contents fell to the floor. She swooped for them and brought up a platinum chain with a delicate plaque of tiny diamonds and

pearls on a device of platinum. Leila ran to Mrs. Kip and Daphne.

exclaiming: "Aren't they beautiful? Aren't they wonderful? Aren't they glorious?"

Mrs. Kip and Daphne tried to keep the pace, but once more they could not forget who it was that was raining down gold on this greedy stranger. Bayard said to Leila.

usually makes him or breaks him." Bayard spoke with unusual solemnity: "Old Ben Franklin said, 'A shilling earned and sixpence spent, a forspent, bankruptcy'-or something like ful business in reunions. that. But Moses got ahead of him. When he handed down the Ten Commandments he whispered an extra one affectionately, "No." to be the private secret of the chosen people."

"What was it?" said Leila with a minimum of interest.

"Thou shalt not spend all thou earnest," said Bayard. "It was-well, it was the Thirteenth Commandment, I guess-a mighty unlucky one to break. The Jews have kept it pretty well.

They've been the bankers of the world even while they were persecuted." Lella shrugged her handsome shoul-

ders and studied the gems. "Let's not talk about it tonight.

Let's dine somewhere and go to the theater. I want to show off my new splendor."

"Fine !" said Bayard, trying to cast away his forebodings and lift himself by his own boot straps. "Get on your duds mother, you and Daphne."

"I can't go," srid Daphne. "i've got to be at the fun-factory at half past seven and I've hardly time to eat anything."

While Leila and Bayard and Mrs. Kip were putting on their festal robes Daphne was eating alone a hasty meal brought up tardily from the restaurant.

Before they were dressed she had to march out in what she called her working clothes. The hallman ran to call her a taxicab, but she shook her

head. Her humble twenty-five dollars a week would not justify a charlot to

She walked rapidly along Fiftyninth street, but not rapidly enough to escape one or two murmurous gal-

She found Batterson quarreling with property man over the responsibility

for a broken vase. He ignored her till at length she ventured to stammer: "Here I am, Mr. Batterson." "So I see. Well, sit down some-

where." Finding a seat was no easy task. Every piece of furniture she relected

became at once the object of the scene shifter's attack and she had to take flight.

Members of the company strolled in paused at the mailbox and went to their various cells.

Eventually Batterson found that all the company was on hand and in good health. He said to Daphne, "Everybody is here and nobody sick, so you needn't stay after the curtain goes

up." But she wanted to learn her trade, so she loitered about, feeling like an billiard hall keeper, proprietor circuuninvited poor relation. The members lating library, and is manager of the of the company came from their lairs, local town hall.

ing him and embraced Daphne with fervor. He devoured her with his eves and kissed her again and told her that she was prettier than ever. All about them there were little groups embractune. Sixpence earned and a shilling ing and kissing. There was a wonder-

posite the door of entry and walted

At length she made out a rather

It was her father. He looked older

and seedier than she remembered. He

did not expect to be met. He was

n ambush for her father.

When her father said, "I haven't had my breakfast; have you?" she lied

"Let's have some breakfast together."

"Fine," said Daphne. "We'll go to the Biltmore."

"Kind of expensive, isn't it?" he asked anxiously.

"It's my treat," she said. This amused him enormously. "So you're going to treat, eh?"

"Yep," she said. "Where did you get all the money?

"I'm a working lady now." He laughed again and shook his

head over her.

"What did you mean by saying you were a working lady?" said Wesley when they were seated at the table and breakfast was ordered. "Your mother wrote me something about having a little disagreement with you. She seemed to be right worried, so I thought I'd better run on to see if I couldn't sort of smooth things over. I'm glad you came to meet me. We can talk without interruption for once,

Tell me all about it." She told him the whole story of her decision to join the great social revolution that is freeing women from the slavery of enslaving the men. Her peroration was her new watchword: "I don't want to take any more money from you."

"Why, honey," he protested, "I love to give it to you. I only wish I had ten times as much. I couldn't dream of letting you work. You're too pirty. What's that young Wimburn cub mean by letting you work?"

"Oh, he's bitterly opposed to it, so I gave him his ring."

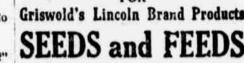
At last Daphne gets the chance that she has hoped for and at the same time has dreaded-the chance to gain a place that will give her the independence she seeks. What Daphne did with the great chance when it came is told in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Real "Handy Man."

A Tasmanian jack of all trades claims that he is a hairdresser, tobacconist, cycle repairer, electrical certificated engineer, certificated marine encineer for the Derwent, organist and cholrmaster, stencil cutter, fretworker,

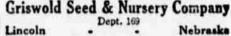
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