THE THIRTEENTH COMMANDMENT.



CHAPTER XVIII. -12-

Daphne scuttered for the subway as a fugitive rabbit to its burrow. But your bookkeeper, or somebody." she was not a rabbit and she felt suffocated in the tunnel. She could not endure to be quiet in the presence of get another gown and you'll catch a so many goggle eyes like aligned but- millionaire with it." tons. She left the train at the next station and walked rapidly to Fifth clients clear in his memory. avenue, and up it homeward.

She walked rapidly for the comfort of the restlessness, but there was no dared not tell them just yet that she had lost her place. She would tell home so early, she went down to Bayard's apartment.

She wanted to tell Bayard and Leila what had happened. It was safe, she Gerst. He would be more likely to rall at Daphne for bringing the trouble on herself.

Leila let her in at the door, but she was in a militant humor. She said, "Hello!" grimly and stepped back for Daphne to enter. Daphne found Bayard still aglow with interrupted quarrel. He said, "Hello!" with a dismal connotation.

"What do you suppose that brother of yours orders me to do now?" said Leila, whirling Daphne toward her.

"I can't imagine," said Daphne, incredulous of Bayard's ordering Leila

to do anything. "He wants me to go to Dutilh and in my pond?" put up a poor mouth and humiliate my-

Bayard snatched Daphne to him and stormed: "She bought the clothes, didn't she, without consulting me? She wouldn't send 'em back as you did yours; she wore 'em out, paraded 'em before other men there in Newport while I was slaving here. And now even go explain it to him. That's all I ask her-to explain it to him and est you?" ask him to be patient so that I won't be sued. I can't stand that. I've had been sued for debt. I ask Lella to go Lella. "Do you want a job, too?" tell him about my hard luck and my

She won't do anything for me." Daphne was swayed by his emotion. She pleaded: "Why don't you, Leila? beauty had the threat of a storm-You have such winning ways. I'll go

Lella hesitated, then answered by taking up her hat and slapping it on her head. She paused, took it off She dared not speak to her at all. egain, and went to her room, unhooking her gown as she went; she knew that in asking favors one should wear one's best appearances.

Bayard grumbled, "How are you getting along at your office?"

Daphne felt unable to intrude her wn troubles on his. She shrugged her shoulders. It is a kind of white lie, the shrug.

"Hang on to your job as long as you can, old girl, for you'll have to support us all, I guess. You're the only one of us that can get a job or earn a cent. That's the advantage of being a pretty

Daphne was almost moved to tell him some of the disadvantages of being a profty girl, but she felt that the time was unfit for exploiting her own woes. She ached for some one to disclose them to, but she withheld them.

Leila came in, arrayed in her very faest. She was smiling in the contentment of beauty at its best. "When you ask credit you've got to look as If you didn't need it," she said.

They found Dutlih in a state of unusual excitement and exhaustion. There were few customers in his place and he left them to the other salespeople. He advanced on Lella and Daphne and gave a hand to each.

"Why, oh why in the name of Paul Poiret didn't you come in a week ago? The pirates have taken every decent gown I had. The sewing women are working like mad to reproduce 'em, but there's nothing left fit to show, except to Pittsburgh and Plattsburg tourists. Where did you get that awful rag you have on?"

"Here," said Leila. beautiful. Sit down. I'm dead. Have it simply, without emphasis, knowing digarette? Have a cup of tea? Oh, its effect. Miss Galvey-ten for three, please. I didn't forget either of you when I was in Paris. I have a siren gown for you. Mrs. Kip, that will break your heart with joy. You'd murder to get it. And as for you, Miss Kip-well, you'll simply be indecently demure in the one I

call 'Innocence.' " Daphne was a trifle shocked, but Lella's eyes filled with tears at the mockery of such talk. She moaned: "I didn't come to buy. I came to apologize and beg for mercy. I owe you a lot of money, and I haven't a

"Who has? What of it? Nobody' paying anybody."

"But I had an urgent letter from "Don't mind her. She gets excited. Nobody pays me. You come in and

It was hard for Dutilh to keep his

"But I can't afford it." "And I can't afford to have my children going round in last year's rags. comfortable destination ahead of her. You do as you're told and come around She found Mrs. Chevvis at home with next week. I'll get my money out of her disconsolate husband. Daphne you some day. Trust me for that."

Leila felt a rapturous desire to kiss him and call him names of gratitude. them when she got another one. For He was generous by impulse and pafear that they might ask why she was tient, and nobody's fool at that. The thoughts of tailors are long, long thoughts.

Daphne sat thinking, but not of clothes. The labor problem had alfelt sure. Bayard would never attack most defeminized her. She was studying the models as they lounged about the shop. Suddenly she spoke. "Oh, Mr. Dutilh, how much money does a model earn?"

"You mean what salary do I pay? Common clothes-horses get fifteen or dine with me, could you? Or could sixteen dollars. Better lookers get better pay. You're worth a thousand a week at least. Want a job?"

.His smile was quenched. He studied her across his cup. He saw the anxiety in her curiosity.

"What's the matter?" he said, "Has he run off with another girl, or do you expect to go fishing for a millionaire

"I need the money. I've had hard luck." Daphne said it so solemnly that he grew solemn, too,

"That's too bad! Well, I've got more girls now than I need. Nobody as beautiful as you, of course, but-1 suppose I could let some one go."

"Oh, I couldn't think of that!" "Neither could I. Well, I'll squeeze that Dutilh insists on money that I you in somewhere. But I can't pay haven't got. and can't get, she won't you as much as you are worth. Would -umm-twenty dollars a week inter-

> "It would fascinate me." "All right, you're engaged. You can

every other calamity but I've never begin next Monday." He turned to "No, thank you!" Leila snapped. fine prospects-play fair with him-

Her eyes were blacker than ever with and with me. But will she do it? No! rage, and her red-white cheeks curdled with shame. She could not trust herself to speak. Her brunette loaded thundercloud.

When she and Daphne had taken their departure, Lella still dared not speak to Daphne on the way home. Lella brought friumph to Bayard. She

told him what Dutilh had told her of his willingness to wait for his money. Bayard embraced Leila and hailed

her as an angel. When she had taken full toll of her success, she told Bay-



Leila Felt a Rapturous Desire to Kiss Him and Call Him Names of Gratitude.

"Oh, of course, I remember. It's ard what Daphne had done, She told

"Daphne!" he roared. "You asked Dutilh for a position among his models? Great Lord of heaven, I'll tele-

graph father to come take you home." "That's all right," Daphne taunted. "You'll send the message collect, and he'll never be able to pay for it, so he'll never know what he missed."

"But surely we are not such beggars that-" "Who has any money? Who has any-

thing left to pawn?" "But there must be other jobs." "Get me one." "There must be some other way."

"Show me." were louder than Bayard's, with the

added rancor of jealousy. But he had no substitute to offer. She forebore to tell him of the Gerst

affair. He was deep enough in the low warmth. mire. He went away a little later and she returned to her cubbyhole with the Chivvises,

Those were black days for all America, suffering under the backfire from the sudden war and from the long fatigue of hard times. There were weeks of dread lest the United States be sucked into the mneistrom at a time when it was least prepared in money, arms, or spirit. Never, perhaps, in human chronicle had so many people looked with such bewildered misery on so many people locked in such multifarious carnage.

At such a time, as in an epoch of plague, there came a desperate need of a respite from woe; soldiers skylarked in trenches; war widows danced in gay colors; festivals were held in the name of charity; frivolities and vices were resorted to that good souls might renew themselves for the awful work before them.

It was in such a mood of imperative demand for cheer of some sort that Fom Duane swam back into Daphne's gloomy sky.

Daphne had come home after a morning of rehaffs. She was heartsore and footsore, in shabby boots that she could not replace. She was called to the telephone, and Duane's voice chanted in her ear with a tone of peculiarly comforting melancholy,

"That you, Miss Kip? This is me, Mr. Duane. Poor Tom Duane. Poor Tom's a-cold. I came back to town unexpectedly early. I have something important to say to you. Will you take a little ride with me in my car?"

"Why not?" she said, with a laugh. She was glad that he could not see the tears that gushed across her eyelids. "Three cheers for you! I'll be there in a jiffy. You couldn't arrange to

you?" Again she answered, "Why not?" Duane's voice rang back: "Tip-top! You've made me happy as a box of pups. I'm half-way there already."

CHAPTER XIX.

When Duane came up to the door he greeted her with the beaming joyousness of a rising sun. He praised her and thanked her for lending him her time. The elevator that took their bodies down took her spirits up. She noted that he had not brought his big car with his chauffeur. He stowed her into a powerful roadster built for two. But she had no inclination to protest. The car caught them away and they sped through Central park with lyrical, with dithyrambic, sweep.

"The trees!-how wonderful they are!" she cried.

had thought them "They're nothing to what they are in Westchester," said Duane. "We're

going to have a look at them and dine up there somewhere." "Are we?" was all she said. And he said, "We are."

After they left the park and reentered the hard streets she found the courage to remind him: "But you said you had something important to tell me. What was it?"

"Miss Kip, you've played the very devil with me. I thought I was imriune to the lover germ, but-well, 1 told you the truth about going abroad to shake off the-the fever-the Daphnitis that attacked me. But I couldn't get you out of my mind for long, or out of my heart at all. I'm a

sick man, Miss Kip, a lovesick man." "Mr. Duane, you mustn't-I can't allow you-really!"

"Oh, yes, you can!" he said, and sent the car ahead with a plunge. "You're going to listen to me for once. You can't help yourself. I'm not going to hurt you. I just want you to help me a little. I went up in the Berkshires and tried to get my sanity back, but I couldn't! I couldn't even play golf-or cards-or drink. People drive me crazy. I can't get interested in anything or anybody but you."

"Mr. Duane, please- You oughtn't to- I beg you. I have no right-

"Oh, I know you're engaged to Clay Wimburn. He's a nice kid. I'm not one-two-three with him. I'm not trying to cut him out-I couldn't if 1 would. I like him. I'd like to help him, and your brother, too. I don't mean to be impertinent, either; butwell, the main thing is, I want to beg you to let me see you once in a while.

"I want to take you out riding and dining and dancing and-you can take Wimburn along if you've got to, but I want you to save my life somehow. And, by the Lord Harry! I think it will save yours. You don't look well, my dear-Miss Kip. It breaks my heart to see it. No, I don't believe you're getting as much fun out of life as you ought to. There isn't much fun in the sults as he saw them in other people. world any more, but what little's left Like many another, he cherished is very precious, and I want you to get wicked ideals because the everyday all that's going. Won't you let me help you go after it? Won't you?"

They swung up to a height that com manded a vast reach of the Hudson. Between its banks it semed to be a like a forest of autumn leaves with the last sad red pitifully beautiful, since it must turn so soon to rust.

In a spirit of haste the fleetly spinning wheels murmured, "Why not, why to own a motor or two. not, why not, why-notwhynotwhynot?" Before the sunset had quite relinquished the sky the moon was over the horizon-the harvest moon, huge It paled and dwindled as it climbed.

but its power seemed to grow.

Duane, a little afraid of him and of ling but expense of money and heart-Clay Wimburn came in after dinner, the gloaming. They emerged above sche and torture, His protests against Daphne's project the chain of Croton lakes and ran across the big dam and wound along the shore, crossing iron bridge after Duane's was launched like a skiff coniron bridge, till they came to a little genial to the tide. He spoke almost

> "We're stopping here for dinner, if you don't mind," said Duane.

> Daphne was a trifle ill at ease, but she was hungry, too, and the adventure was exhilarating. There were not many people at the tables, and they were of an adventurous cast as well. When Duane had given his order he

> asked Daphne if she would join the rest of the diners who had left their chairs to fox-trot. She shook her head and he did not urge her. But by the time their dinner was

served and eaten the nagging, interminable music had played away neary all her scruples.

When Duane looked at her with an appealing smile, she smiled back, nodded and rose. He leaped to his feet and took her in his arms.

Somehow, it was not mere dancing now. He had told her that he loved her. There was in his embrace an eagerness that was full of deference, but full of delight as well. After all, she was alone with him in a company that seemed not to be very respectable, and was growing less so every hour.

Her feet and all her limbs and every muscle of her reveled in the gambol,



He Could Imagine Her Pretty Head.

but her heart and mind and conscience were troubling her till she stopped short at last and said: "I'm sorry, but I-I'd rather not

dance any more-here." Duane paused in a moment's They had been wonderful for weeks, chagrin. Then he sighed: "All right."

They retreated to their table, and he looked at her sadly, and she sadly at him. Then he seemed to like her even better than before, and he said, with a very tender smile:

"Want to go home?" "If you don't mind."

When they came out upon the veranda of the hotel the lake was a vast charger of frosted silver among the hills. They stood admiring it for a moment and the music from the hotel seemed to come from another world. nice even to be talking of such things, He helped her into the car and they whisked away southerly.

He returned to the road along the Hudson, and it was so beautiful in the moonglow that it seemed a pity to hurry through the wonderland at such speed. And what was she going back to that she should be in such haste?

She hinted as much to Duane, and did he check the speed, but at one you." wooded cliffside with a vista of pecu-Har majesty he wheeled out of the road and stopped the car, shut down the chuttering engine and turned off the strenuous lights.

They sat utterly content till Duane life and my own?" shook off the blissful stuper. They could not stay here thus forever. They could not stay much longer. It was growing cold and late.

He did not dare to look at Daphne. He did not quite need to. He could Imagine her pretty head and the drowsy, adorable eyes, the lips pursed with childish solemnity, the throat stem in the urn contour of her shoulders, the vaselike curves of her young torso. He imagined these from memory, for they now were swaddled in a thick motorcont. But without turning riedly: his head he could see her little tands clasped idly at her knees, the little gloves turned back at the wrist. He his keeping.

Yet he did not want to marry her. He did not admire marriage in its revirtues worked out so imperfectly, so unbeautifully.

Daphne was musing almost as vaguely. On the river a yacht at anchor poised like a swan asleep. She river of wine. The western sky was would like to own a yacht. On the opposite side of the river along the road she could see motorcars like inquisitive crickets with gleaming eyes and feelers of light. She would like

If she were the wife of as rich a man as this man at her side, how quickly she could help her father and Bayard and the wretched victims of and close and of a meditative mein, the massacre in Europe and so many people-yes, and even Clay, poor. dear, hopeless, helpless Clay Wim-It left Daphne more alone wit burn, to whom she had brought noth- don Answers,

Suddenly but quietly upon this current of her thoughts a thought of roadside inn whose lights had a yel- as softly as a thought, at first with a quaint shock such as a boat makes, launched.

"How often do you go to church?" he said, whimsically,

"Why-never, I'm afraid," she gasped in surprise.

"You were planning to be married in church?" "Such funny questions! Yes, of

course. "Why?" "Oh, it wouldn't be nice not to." "You don't believe in divorce, then?"

"Oh yes-yes, ladeed-if people

don't get along together. I think it's

wicked for people to live together if they don't love each other." "It's leve, then, that makes mar-

ringe sacred?" "Yes, Yes, Indeed! Of course!" "Is it all right for two people who are not Christians to live together according to their creeds?"

"How do you mean?" "Well, the people who lived before there were any Christians-or people who never heard of Christianity-was

it all right for them to marry?" "Of course." "It's not any one formula, then, that

makes marriage all right?" "Of course not, it's the-the-" "The love?" "I think so. It's hard to explain."

"Everything is, isn't it?" "Terribly." There was more silence. He took cigar from his pocket, held it before her for permission. She said,

"Please." He struck a match. She glanced at his face in the little limelight of the match. It was very handsome. A pearl of drowsy luster gleamed in the soft folds of his tie. The hands sheltering the match were splendid hands. She watched the cigar fire glow and

fade and the little turbulent smoke veils float into the air and die. One of them formed a wreath, a strange, frail, writhing circlet of blue filaments. It drifted past her and she put her finger into it-her ring-finger by some womanly instinct. "Now you're married to me," said

Duane.

There was a sudden movement of his hands as if to seize upon her. She recoiled a little; his hands did not pursue her. They went back to the steering wheel and clung to it flercely. She turned from his eyes, but he gazed at her cheek, and she could feel the blood stirring there in a blush,

"If you loved me, would you marty me?" he said.

"I-I love- I'm going to marrysomebody else,"

When?" "Some day." "If you're not happy with him, will

you leave him?"

"Oh, but I'll be happy with him." "So many people have said that! You've seen how seldom it worked. If you ceased to love him, or he you would you leave him?"

"'If' is a large order. Maybe." "Wouldn't it be wiser if two people who thought they loved could live to-

gether for a while before they married?"

She felt her muscles set as if she would rise and run away from such words, "Mr. Duane! I don't think it's Besides, it's growing late."

"It's not so late as it would be if you married a man and found that your marriage was a ghastly mistake."

"Hadn't we better start back?" "Please don't leave me just yet, This is very solemn to me. I've been studying you a long time, trying to get you out of my mind, and only gethe bettered the suggestion. Not only ting you deeper in my heart. I love

"I don't believe it."

"To my home?"

"I know it." "Then you oughtn't to tell me." "Not tell a woman you love her? Not try to save her from wrecking her

"How wrecking my-her life?" "I believe that if you marry Clay Wimburn you'll be unhappy. He can't give you a home. He can't buy you clothes. He can't support you."

"That's not his fault, just nowwith the hard times and the war Please let's go home."

That insolence was too appalling to answer, or even to gasp at, or protest against. It stunned her. He took advantage of her daze to explain, hur-

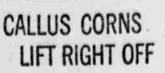
"You're not going to be one of those silly, old-fashioned idiot girls that a man can't talk to earnestly and frankthought that he would like to take ly, are you now? Of course you're them in his-he would like to take all not. You're not one of those poor of her in his arms, into his heart, into things whose virtue consists in being insulted every time anyone appeals to their intelligence, are you? No, you're a fine, brave soul, and you want to know the truth about truth, and so do

> "I'm a decent enough fellow at heart. I want to do the right thing and live squarely as well as the next fellow. I've got a sense of honor, too, of a sort, and I take life pretty seri-

> ously. "I tell you, the world is all turned topsy-turvy the last few years. The old rules don't rule. They never did, but people pretended to believe in 'em. Now we're not so afraid of the truth in science or history or religion or anything. We want to know the truth and live by it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Way Out. If a man or a machine is unable to accomplish a task it should be turned over to a woman and a bairpin.-Lon-



Doesn't hurt to lift them



Don't suffer! A tiny bottle of Freezone costs but a few cents at any drug store. Apply a few drops on the corns, calluses and "hard skin" on bottom of feet, then lift them off.

When Freezone removes corns from the toes or calluses from the bottom of the feet, the skin beneath is left pink and healthy and never sore or tender.

Explained.

"Are you drinking to drown your

sorrows?" "Not yet. I never have any to drown till I've been drinking for a month or

AS YOUNG AS YOUR KIDNEYS

The secret of youth is ELIMINA-TION OF POISONS from your body. This done, you can live to be a hundred and enjoy the good things of life with as much "pep" as you did when in the springtime of youth. Keep your body in good condition, that's the secret. Watch the kidneys. They filter and purify the blood, all of which blood passes through them once every three minutes. Keep them clean and in proper working condition and you have nothing to fear. Drive the poisonous

minutes. Reep taem clean and me proper working condition and you have nothing to fear. Drive the poisonous wastes and deadly uric acid accumulations from your system. Take GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules and you will always be in good condition. You will feel strong and vigorous, with steady nerves and elastic muscles. GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules are imported direct from the laboratories at Haarlem, Holland.

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Not Always.

"Talk is cheap." "It is evident you have never had long-distance telephone."

Naturally.

in society." "Why should he be when he is cent-less?"

For sale, alfalfa \$9; sweet clover \$10 per ou. John Mulhall, Sioux City, Iowa. It takes a real genius to originate



Do you feel weak and unequal to the work shead of you? Do you still cough a little, or does your nose bother you? Are you pale? Is your blood thin and Better put your body into

shape. Build strong!
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Catarrh should be treated, first, as a blood disease, with this alterative. Then, in addition, the nose should be washed daily with Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.
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