

The THIRTEENTH COMMANDMENT.

RUPERT HUGHES

CHAPTER XVII.

Daphne scuttered for the subway as a fugitive rabbit to its burrow. But she was not a rabbit and she felt suffocated in the tunnel.

She walked rapidly for the comfort of the restlessness, but there was no comfortable destination ahead of her.

She wanted to tell Bayard and Lella what had happened. It was safe, she felt sure. Bayard would never attack Gerat.

Lella let her in at the door, but she was in a militant humor. She said, "Hello!" grimly and stepped back for Daphne to enter.

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."

Daphne was swayed by his emotion. She pleaded: "Why don't you, Lella? You have such winning ways. I'll go with you."

Lella hesitated, then answered by taking up her hat and slapping it on her head. She paused, took it off again, and went to her room, unhooking her gown as she went; she knew that in asking favors one should wear one's best apparels.

Bayard grumbled, "How are you getting along at your office?" Daphne felt unable to intrude her own troubles on his. She shrugged her shoulders. It is a kind of white lie, she thought.

"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 girl."

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

Lella came in, arrayed in her very finest. 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 Dutilh in a state of unusual excitement and exhaustion. There were few customers in his place and he left them to the other sales-people. He advanced on Lella and Daphne and gave a hand to each.

"Why, oh why in the name of Paul Poirot didn't you come in a week ago? The prizes 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 Lella. "Oh, of course, I remember. It's beautiful. Sit down. I'm dead. Have a cigarette? Have a cup of tea? Oh, Miss Galvey—tea for three, please. I didn't forget either of you when I was in Paris. I have a strenuous gown for you, Mrs. Kip. It 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 cent."

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

"But I had an urgent letter from your bookkeeper, or somebody."

"Don't mind her. She gets excited. Nobody pays me. You come in and get another gown and you'll catch a millionaire with it."

It was hard for Dutilh to keep his clients clear in his memory. "But I can't afford it."

"And I can't afford to have my children going round in last year's rags. You do as you're told and come around next week. I'll get my money out of you some day. Trust me for that."

Lella felt a rapturous desire to kiss him and call him names of gratitude. He was generous by impulse and patient, 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 almost 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 sixteen dollars. Better lookers get better pay. You're worth a thousand a week at least. Want a job?"

"Yes."

"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 in my pond?"

"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—I suppose I could let someone go."

"Oh, I couldn't think of that!"

"Neither could I. Well, I'll squeeze you in somewhere. But I can't pay you as much as you are worth. Would—umm—twenty dollars a week interest you?"

"It would fascinate me."

"All right, you're engaged. You can begin next Monday." He turned to Lella. "Do you want a job, too?"

"No, thank you!" Lella snapped. Her eyes were blacker than ever with rage, and her red-white cheeks curdled with shame. She could not trust herself to speak. Her brunette beauty had the threat of a storm-loaded thundercloud.

When she and Daphne had taken their departure, Lella still dared not speak to Daphne on the way home. She dared not speak to her at all.

Lella brought triumph to Bayard. She told him what Dutilh had told her of his willingness to wait for his money. Bayard embraced Lella and hailed her as an angel. When she had taken full toll of her success, she told Bay-

"Show me." Clay Wimburn came in after dinner. His protests against Daphne's project were louder than Bayard's, with the added tinge of jealousy. But he had no substitute to offer.

She forebore to tell him of the Gerat affair. He was deep enough in the mire. He went away a little later and she returned to her cubbyhole with the Chivvies.

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 maelstrom at a time when it was least prepared in money, arms, or spirit.

But by the time their dinner was served and eaten the nagging, interminable music had played away nearly 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, Duane, a little afraid of him and of the gloaming. They emerged above the chain of Croton lakes and ran across the big dam and wound along the shore, crossing iron bridge after iron bridge, till they came to a little roadside inn whose lights had a yellow warmth.

"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.

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.

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ing but expense of money and heart-ache and torture. Suddenly but quietly upon this current of her thoughts a thought of Duane's was launched like a skiff congenial to the tide. He spoke almost 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, indeed—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 love, then, that makes marriage 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 a 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 light 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 fiercely. 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 marry me?" he said.

"I—I love— I'm going to marry— somebody 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 I'm a large order. Maybe."

"Wouldn't it be wiser if two people who thought they loved could live together 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 nice even to be talking of such things. 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."

"Didn'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 getting you deeper in my heart. I love you."

"I don't believe it."

"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 life and my own?"

"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 now—with the hard times and the war. Please let's go home."

"To my home?"

That insistence was too appalling to answer, or even to gasp at, or protest against. It stunned her. He took advantage of her daze to explain, hurriedly:

"You're not going to be one of those silly, old-fashioned idiot girls that a man can't talk to earnestly and frankly, are you now? Of course you're not. You're not one of those poor 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."

"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 seriously."

"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 hairpin.—London Answers.

CALLUS CORNS LIFT RIGHT OFF

Doesn't hurt to lift them off with fingers



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 two."

AS YOUNG AS YOUR KIDNEYS

The secret of youth is ELIMINATION 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.

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.

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.

Not Always. "Talk is cheap." "It is evident you have never had a long-distance telephone."

Naturally. "A poor man is never in good odor in society." "Why should he be when he is cent-less?"

For sale, alfalfa \$9; sweet clover \$10 per bu. John Muihali, Sioux City, Iowa. It takes a real genius to originate new ideas in love making.

For Colds, Catarrh or influenza



Do you feel weak and unequal to the work ahead of you? Do you still cough a little, or does your nose bother you? Are you pale? Is your blood thin and watery? Better put your body into shape. Build strong!

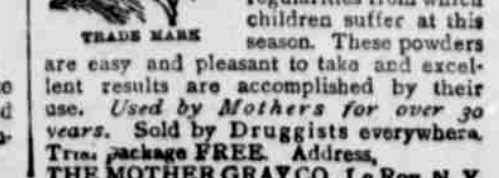
An old, reliable blood-maker and herbal tonic made from wild roots and barks, is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This "nature remedy" comes in tablet or liquid form. It will build up your body, cure your cold, and protect you from disease germs which lurk everywhere.

One of the active ingredients of this temperance alterative and tonic is wild cherry bark with stillingia, which is so good for the lungs and for coughs; also Oregon grape root, blood root, stone root, Queen's root, —all skillfully combined in the Medical Discovery. These roots have a direct action on the stomach, improving digestion and assimilation.

These herbal extracts in the "Discovery" aid in blood-making, and are best for scurvy. By improving the blood they aid in throwing off an attack of influenza. 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.

Send 10c for trial pkg. of Medical Discovery Tablets or Catarrh Tablets to Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y.

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