

# The THIRTEENTH COMMANDMENT.

## RUPERT HUGHES

### DAPHNE, AIDED AND ABETTED BY HER SISTER-IN-LAW, SUCCUMBS TO LURE OF THE SHOPS.

Synopsis.—Clay Wimburn, a young New Yorker on a visit to Cleveland, meets pretty Daphne Kip, 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 sum 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, Lella. 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 by her. Daphne accidentally discovers that Clay is penniless, except for his salary. Bayard and his wife return to New York unexpectedly.

#### CHAPTER VI—Continued.

Her sympathies would ordinarily have been with her brother in any dispute between him and his wife. But this was a dispute between Bayard and love. It was sacrilegious for him to go on reading the Times when his bride had so much more important things to discuss. He heard her discuss them as through a morning paper darkly, and he made the wrong answers, and finally he snatched out his watch, glared it in the face, gasped, and attacked the last of his breakfast like a train-catcher at a lunch-counter. It was thus that he heard Lella wail, "What's to become of me all morning?"

Bayard stared at her sharply, but spoke softly enough: "Why, I don't know, honey. There ought to be plenty for you to do. The Lord knows there's enough for me at the office."

"All right," sighed Lella. "I'll be brave and worry through somehow, till noon, with my sweet new sister's help. But we'll come down and lunch with you. About what time do you go out to luncheon, By?"

Bayard's answer was discouraging: "This is one of the three days a week when the heads of the firm always lunch at Delmonico's in a private room. I'm afraid I can't lunch with you today."

"And you'll leave me this whole terrible day? I can never exist so long without you."

"I'm mighty sorry, honey. But men must work, and so forth. I've been away too long. The office needs me, and I've spent a lot of money, and I've got to go down and earn some more to buy pretty things for my beauty."

This brightened her in a way he had not expected, and a little too far beyond his hopes. "Gloom left her face like a cloud whipped from before the sun. She dazzled him with her smile."

"Oh, I know what to do! Daphne and poor mother and I can go shopping."

Bayard's heart stopped. He wondered what on earth more there was in the shops that she could want to buy. She had come to the marriage with her trousseau only partly completed, on account of the haste of the wedding. But she had bought and bought in Europe. She had made his honeymoon anxious by her rapacity for beautiful things to wear. And now that they had come to New York with their old trunks bulging and new trunks bought abroad bulging, and had paid a thumping sum at the custom-house, now she was still eager to go shopping!

What he wanted to do was to quit buying for a while and sell something. He did not say this. Love was slipping the bandage off one eye; but it had not yet removed the sugar stick that stops the tongue from criticism.

Lella grew more cheerful at a terrifying rate: "Go on to your old luncheon, my dear child, and Daphne and your mother and I will go on a spree in the shops. Then we'll all have a banquet tonight and a theater, and if we're not too tired, a supper; and if you're very good I'll take you to one of those dancing places afterward. I'll buy the theater tickets myself. I'll get good ones. I want to save you as much trouble as I can, honey. So run along to your office and don't worry about us. But you must miss me—frightfully! Will you?"

He vowed that he would, and he meant it. She was a most missable creature.

He rose to leave, but she stopped him to say, "What play shall we see?" This was the occasion for elaborate debate till Bayard gave signs of trumpeting his wrath and bolting.

Lella graciously released him only to call him back to say that he had forgotten his newspaper.

"I left it for you. Don't you want to read it?" he asked. "I can get another at the subway station."

She shook her head: "There's nothing interesting in the papers. I'm just from Paris, and I know more about the fashions than they do."

Bayard shuddered a little, inly. The times were epic. Immortal progress was being made as never before: ancient despots were turning into republics, republics were at war with one another; constitutions, labor problems, life problems, all social institutions, were being ripped up and remade, all the relations of masters and men, mistresses, children, wives, animals.

Yet Lella said there was nothing in the papers! Revolutionary news meant to her a change in the fashion in sleeves, the shift of the equatorial waistline a trifle nearer the bust or a trifle nearer the hips, the release of the ankles from tight skirts. The great rebellion in her world was the abrupt decision of the dressmakers that after years of costumes clinging more and more closely to the human outline they would depart from it in every way possible. Lella was interested vitally in what women would wear and what they would leave off, and grandly indifferent to which nations were shooting at which. Bayard hesitated, appealed again to his watch, gasped at the hour and the minutes, kissed Lella violently, kissed Daphne and kissed his mother and rushed for the door. Lella put out her arms again.

"I must be last," she cried, and as he bowed into her arms she kissed his ear and whispered, "and first, too, and all the betweens."

Bayard was a business man from his cradle days. He loved promptitude. He blushed to arrive late at his office and set a bad example to his stenographers and clerks. It was his creed that success comes to those who arrive earlier on the battlefield than the others, fight harder, stay longest there, and end every day with the next day's maneuvers clearly realized as part of the next month's campaign.

There was need for concentration in his business, for he had brought back from Europe a sense of great disaster in the air. And there was no encouragement in American business except an instinctive feeling that the worst must be over because it had lasted so long.

CHAPTER VII.

It was a time when everybody was cutting down appropriations, reducing expenses. Cities, counties, states, nations were all paying the penalty of

her ruthlessness of an auditing committee. They cut out this and that, decided that this gown could be omitted or postponed, that waist could be had in a cheaper quality, these parasols were not really necessary, those stockings need not be so numerous all at once.

And yet even Mrs. Kip admitted that the whole array was far beyond the reach of her husband's means. Still she insisted that he could provide a partial trousseau at least. She herself would "go without things" for ten years if necessary.

Daphne, however, was haunted by the vision of her father's harrowed, money-hungry face. When her mother reminded her that it was his last chance to do anything for her, she retorted, "Yes, and it's my last chance to do anything for him."

Her pride was wrung by her plight. She must either go shabby or cause acute distress to one or both of the men that were dearest of all in the world to her. She must leave behind her a burden of debt as a farewell tribute to her father, or she must bring with her a burden of debt as her dot.

"No!" she cried, with a sudden impatient slash at the Gordian knot. "Clay will have to take me just as I am or take back his diamond ring he wished on me."

Her defiance was not convincing. Her mother protested: "It's not Clay that you have to consider. He'll never know what you have on. It's the guests at the wedding—and your old friends and the neighbors. You don't want them to think we're poor and that your father is marrying you off cheap, do you?"

Daphne flared back, "It seems mighty foolish to go and make yourself really poor in order to keep from seeming poor, especially when you never fool anybody except yourself!"

Lella, with the magnanimity of a native spendthrift, tried to soothe the fever of the rebel: "Let's go prowling around, anyway. I may see something I want for myself. Bayard dragged me away from Paris before I had finished shopping. There are several things I need desperately."

The three wise women set forth: they joined the petticoat army pouring from all the homes like a levee en masse, a forny of pretty Huns.

They reached the alluring place where the famous Dutilh, like an amiable Mephistopheles, offered to buy souls in exchange for robes of angelic charm.

In the window, on a dummy, with no head, no feet, and a white satin bust, hung a gown that seemed to cry aloud to Daphne:

"I belong to you and you belong to me! Fill me with your flesh and I will cover you with an aureole."

The three forlorn women understood the message instantly. They looked at one another, then, without a word, entered the shop, doomed in advance.

Lella was known to Dutilh and he greeted her with an extravagant impudence that terrified Mrs. Kip: "You little devil!" he hissed. "Get right out of my theater. How dare you come here after letting somebody else build your trousseau?"

Lella apologized and explained and he pretended to be mollified as he pretended to have been insulted. Having thus made the field his own, he turned to Daphne, studied her frankly with narrowed eyes as if she were asking to be a model, and sighed: "Oh, what a narrow escape!"

Daphne jumped and gasped, "From what?"

"That gown in the window, that Lavinia that was born for you. You must have seen it—the afternoon one in parchment-toned taffeta and tulle."

The women, astounded by his intuition, nodded and breathed hard, like terrified converts at a séance. He was referring to the one that belonged to Daphne, and he ordered her to get into it at once.

She demurred: "I'm afraid of the price. How much is it, please?"

"Don't talk of money!" Dutilh stormed. "I hate it! Let's see the gown on you." He called one of his tawny mannikins. "Help Miss Kip into this gown, Maryla."

A mournful-eyed beauty led Daphne into a dressing room and acted as maid. Daphne stepped out of her street suit into the Parisian froth as if she were going from chrysalis to butterfly. Maryla was murmurous with homage as she fastened it together and led Daphne forth.

Mrs. Kip felt as if she had surrendered a mere daughter and received back a seraphic changeling. Daphne was no longer a pretty girl; she was something ethereal, bewitched and bewitching. If she could own that gown her mother would be repaid for all her pangs from travail on. She would accept the gown as advance royalty on any future hardships.

Daphne looked about for Lella, but Lella was gone. She reappeared a moment later in a costume almost more delicious than Daphne's—a tunic of peach-blow tulle caught up with pink rosebuds and hanging from a draped bodice of peach-blow satin that formed a yoke low on the hips. And there was a narrow petticoat of peach-pink satin. It was as if peaches had a soul, as perhaps they have.

Perfect happiness is said to need a bit of horror to make it complete. The happiness of the two girls did not lack that element. The price of their glory furnished it. They asked the cost with anxiousness.

Said Dutilh: "To Miss Kip I'll let it go dirt cheap for three hundred and twenty-five. The one Miss—Mrs. Kip has on I'll give away for—ummm, well—say the same price."

Daphne and her mother were sickened. But Daphne was suffering one

of those gusts of mania that ruin people. Her soul of souls clamored to wear that very gown that very afternoon. Even to take it off would hurt like faying.

Lella had the same feeling. Her appetite for resplendent gowns had grown with exercise.

Dutilh took pity on them: "Look here," he said, "I'll make the price two hundred and seventy-five. It's giving them away, but you are such visions in them!"

It was a big reduction, but it left the price still mountain high.

"I want something to wear tomorrow afternoon," Lella said. "I've got to go to a tea and my sister has to go with me."

Daphne had not heard of the tea, but she wanted somewhere to go in that gown.

Dutilh smiled: "Nothing easier. Take the duds with you or let me send them. Where are you living now?"

Lella made a confession: "The trouble is, Mr. Dutilh, that I'm just back from Paris and I haven't a cent left, and Miss Kip is buying her trousseau and has spent more already than she expected to."

Dutilh rose to the bait that he had expected them to dangle: "That's simple. Why not open an account with me? Take the gowns along and pay me when you like."

Lella mumbled, "I should have to ask my husband."

Daphne said, "My father wouldn't like me to start an account."

"Charge it to your sister's account, then, and pay her."

"You say you would charge them both to me?" said Lella.

"Certainly," said Dutilh.

"Send them, then," said Lella, with imperial brevity.

"Thank you," Dutilh smiled. "You shall have them this afternoon. And

by the way, I've just remembered a marvelous design by Paul Poiret's. Let me show it to you."

"Come quick; let's run," said Daphne, and she hurried out of the infernal paradise.

They dawdled on, down the avenue, pausing at window after window, each flaunting opportunities for self-improvement. But Daphne's joy in her new gown was turning to remorse. She was realizing that that parchment-toned taffeta needed parchment-toned stockings and slippers and a hat of the same era as the gown.

She was startled from her reveries by the sudden gasp of Lella: "If there isn't Tom Duane just coming out of his club!"

"I met him last night," said Daphne. "You did? Did he say he knew me?"

"He said that Bayard stole you from him."

Lella was flattered, but loyal: "Nonsense, I was never his to steal. I never loved him, of course. It wouldn't have done any good if I had. Tom Duane's a nonmarrier."

"He's awfully rich, I suppose," said Daphne.

"No, not rich at all, as rich people go. But he was mentioned the other day in the will of an old aunt he used to be nice to. He's nice to everybody."

Duane met them now and paused, bareheaded, to greet Daphne with flattering cordiality. She was greatly set up to be remembered. She presented him to her mother, who was completely upset at having to meet so famous an aristocrat right out in the street when she was still flustered over the ferocious price of Daphne's new dress.

"Will you have a bite of lunch with me?" asked Duane.

"We were just going to have something somewhere," said Mrs. Kip.

"My husband would object," said Lella.

"I'm not inviting you," said Duane, "I'm inviting the genuine Mrs. Kip. You may come along as old married chaperon, if you have to."

"But Miss Kip is engaged."

"So I suspected. That's why I'm inviting her. I feel safe."

As they turned east into Forty-fourth street and entered Delmonico's the carriage man saluted Duane, pedestrian as he was, called him by name, and seemed to be happier for seeing him. The doorman smiled and bowed him in by name, and Duane thanked him by name. The hat-boys greeted him by name and did not give him a check. The head waiter beamed as if a long-awaited guest of honor had come, and the captains bowed and bowed.

He was in a low voice what he ought to have.

Daphne rejoiced. All luxury was music to her. Fine clothes, fine foods on fine dishes, fine horses, motors, furniture, fine everything, gave her an exaltation of soul like the thrill of a religion.

New York was heaven on earth. The streets were gold, the buildings of Jasper, and the people angels—good angels or bad, as the case might be, but still angels. She wanted to be an angel.

Among the squads of men and women camped about the little tables she made out Sheila Kemble again, in a knot of elderly women of manifest importance.

"Isn't that Sheila Kemble?" Daphne asked.

"Yes, that's Sheila," said Duane, and he waved to her and she to him. He turned back to Daphne. "Awfully nice girl. Like to meet her?"

"I'm crazy to."

"I'd bring you together now, but she's completely surrounded by grandes dames."

He named the women, and Mrs. Kip gaped at them as if they were a group of Valkyrs in Valhalla. It startled her to see them paying such court to an actress. She said so.

"All great successes love one another," Duane explained. "Those old ladies were geniuses at getting born in the best families, and Sheila has earned her place. She looks a bit like your daughter, don't you think?"

Mrs. Kip tilted her head and studied Miss Kemble and nodded. She made the important amendment. "She looks like she used to look like Daphne."

"That's better," said Tom Duane. "Miss Kip might be her understudy."

"How much does an understudy get?" said Daphne, abruptly.

"I haven't the faintest idea!" Duane exclaimed. "Not much, I imagine, except an opportunity."

"Is it true that Miss Kemble makes so much?"

"I'd like to trade incomes with her, that's all. Her manager, Reben, was telling me that she would clear fifty thousand dollars this year."

Mrs. Kip was aghast. Daphne was electrified. She surprised Duane with another question: "You said Miss Kemble was married?"

"Yes, and has children, and loves her husband. But she couldn't stand idleness. She's just come back to the stage after several years of rusting in a small city."

Daphne fired one more question point-blank: "Do you think I could succeed on the stage?"

"Why not?" he answered. "You have—with your mother's permission—great beauty and magnetism, a delightful voice, and intelligence. Why shouldn't you succeed? You would probably have a peek of trouble getting started, but—Do you know any managers?"

"I never met one."

"Well, if you ever decide that you want to try it, let me know, and I can probably force somebody to give you a job."

"I'll remember that," said Daphne, darkly.

She said nothing more while the luncheon ran its course.

The women got rid of Tom Duane gracefully—Lella asked him to put them in a taxicab, as they had still much shopping to do. They rode to a department store, and Lella started another account. They rode back to the apartment. They found a day letter from Daphne's father to her mother.

"As you see by papers big Cowper firm failed today for ten million dollars this hits us hard you better come home not buy anything more situation serious but hope for best don't worry well love. WESLEY."

Mrs. Kip dropped into a chair. The shock was so great that it shook first from her a groan of sympathy for her husband.

"Your poor father! And he's worked so hard and been so careful!"

Bayard came home late for dinner and in a state of grave excitement. The great Cowper wholesale establishment had fallen like a steeply crushing many a house. Indirectly it had rattled the windows of Bayard's firm; had stopped the banks from granting an important loan. Bayard spent a bad day downtown. The news of his father's distress was a heavy blow. But he tried to dispense encouragement to the three women who could not quite realize what all the excitement was about, or why the disaster of a big chain of wholesale stores would be of any particular importance to them.

Bayard was just saying: "I tell you, Lella honey, I was the wise boy when I grabbed you, for now I've got you, and I need you. Thank the Lord I'm not loaded up with debt. I've kept clear of that."

Daphne is confronted by a situation that forces her to make the most momentous decision of her life and she makes it without the slightest hesitation. You will not want to miss reading about this in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Builder of Pagoda.

The Burman, if he acquires wealth, must also acquire merit—"Kutha"—and this he must do by building a pagoda, on which shall be set out on a marble slab how much money he spent on building it. He likes people to address him as "Builder of a Pagoda," and he will say to his wife before others: "Oh, wife of a builder of a pagoda!"

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#### RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

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When some men begin to talk, others wonder why the age limit of the kindergarten should be restricted.

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PISO'S



In the Window on a Dummy With No Head, No Feet, and a White Satin Bust Hung a Gown That Seemed to Cry Aloud to Daphne.

former extravagances by present economies. Rich people were positively boastful of their penuries.

The three women assailed a list of things for Daphne's trousseau with the