

The Thirteenth Commandment

By RUPERT HUGHES

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CHAPTER XXV—Continued.

"That makes no difference," Daphne stormed, already converted to the shop religion. "Customers must not find the door shut. Run open it at once. Suppose Mrs. Romilly dropped in. We'd lose her—unless this notoriety drives her away." A little blush of shame flickered in Daphne's pale cheeks a moment and went out. She sighed: "I suppose Mr. Duane has stopped that check, too—if he ever sent it. Oh, dear!"

Then a nurse knocked; brought in a card growing in a large little azalea tree. Daphne scanned it. "Mr. Thomas Varick Duane." She peered closer at the penciling and read aloud: "I just learned. I'm heart-broken. Isn't there anything I can do?"

Daphne felt as if outraged society had forgiven her.

"Isn't he a darling?" she murmured. Mrs. Chivvis begrudged a stinger. "Well, of course—" She had the poor folks' conscientious scruples against wasting praise on the rich. "You'll want to see him, I presume."

But Daphne had had enough of evil appearance. "See him here? Never!" She glared at poor Mrs. Chivvis with a reproach that was excruciating to accept, and ordered her to go down and meet Mr. Duane and incidentally learn about the check. "Business is business," she said.

Mrs. Chivvis descended in all the confusion of a Puritan wife meeting a Cavalier beau. She came back later to say that Mr. Duane was really very nice, and spoke beautifully and had sent the check and would send another if Daphne wished it, and would make old Mrs. Romilly go on with the order, and would she like some special fruits or soups or something? He was really very nice.

Daphne eyed her with ironic horror and said, "You've been flirting with him! and me so helpless here!"

"Daph!—nee! Kip!!!" Mrs. Chivvis screamed. The only counter-thrust she could think of was, "And what does Mr. Wimburn say?"

This sobered Daphne. Why had Clay sent no word? Everybody else in town had sent the papers. Clay read the papers. Surely he was not capable of such monstrous pique. When your worst enemy gets badly hurt you've just got to forgive—if you're human.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Lella was determined to endure everything that might be necessary to regain her beauty. She would go through any ordeal of knives or plaster casts or splints or medicines for that. She was quite grim about it. Her resolution extended to the spending of as much of Bayard's money as might be necessary on surgeons' fees and doctors' bills. If she bankrupted Bayard it would be with the tenderest motives.

Five times she went to the operating table, made that infernal journey into etherland, knowing what afterwards awaited her, what retching and burning and bleeding. She braved death again and again, took long chances with covering bravado. And all for Bayard's sake.

One morning when Bayard reached his office after a harrowing all-night vigil at Lella's side he was just falling asleep over the first mail when his telephone snarled. He reached for it with alarm. A voice boomed in his ear.

"Ah you thah?"

"Yes."

"Keep the line, please. Now, you ah through, sir?"

Then a growl replaced the boom, a growl that made the receiver rattle: "Ah you thah, Mr. Kip? This is Colonel Marchmont. I dare say you remember our conversation about those damned contracts with Wetherell. A little farther discussion might not be amiss—if you could make it perfectly convenient to drop ovvah at, say, a quawth pahst haf—Good! I shall expect you at that ah."

Bayard pondered. What new persecution was fate preparing? As he went to the office, he bought an evening paper. A heavily headed cablegram announced that the laborers in the British munition works were striking or threatening to strike. A gleam of understanding came into Bayard's eye. When he reached the desk of Colonel Marchmont he looked unabashed into the revolver muzzle of the old war horse's one eye.

Without any preliminary courtesies or any softening of his previous tone the colonel snorted: "Those devilish contracts you made with Wetherell—The poor fellow is no longer alive—more's the pity, but—Well, I'm afraid I was a bit severe with you. I fancy we might see our way to renewing those contracts at a reasonable figure—say at a 25 per cent reduction from the terms you quoted."

Bayard smiled and shook his head. He bluffed the bluffer. "The prices we quoted included only a fair profit, colonel. Since then materials have been going up in price every minute, owing to the demand from abroad. And the home market is booming. We can sell all our product here, and more, too, than we can make."

Colonel Marchmont squirmed, but he was a soldier and loved a good counter-attack. He smiled as he squirmed. Wetherell was avenged when his successor signed new contracts at a higher price than he had made. The changing times changed everything; yesterday's exorbitance was today's bargain.

Bayard departed with a wallet full of business. He got back to his office and found a card with Mercantile wings.

His feet were beautiful on the rug of the president's office.

Bayard felt so kindly to all the world that he hurried to the hospital to scatter good news like flowers over Lella's couch. She was in that humor when anybody else's good fortune was an added grief to her.

"I'm no use to you now," she wailed. "I never was much. But at least I dressed and kept looking fit. And you said I was pretty. But now—Oh, Bayard, Bayard! You used to call me beautiful, and I tried to be beautiful for you. But now—To be ugly and useless both—it's too much!"

Wise pathfinders say that when you are wandering in strange country you should turn every now and then and look back at the way you came. It wears a different aspect entirely from its look as you approached, and you will need to know how it will look when you return.

From childhood on, Lella had been warned against extravagance—as Bayard had, as have we all. But only now that she was looking backward could she realize the wisdom, the intolerable truth of the adage, "Waste not, want not."

Meanwhile Daphne was having so different a history that she felt ashamed. It seemed unfair to her to get well quickly and with no blemish except a scar or two that would not show, while Lella hung between death and deformity.

But seeing Bayard alone and hearing Lella fret, she felt confirmed in her belief that she had done the whole-some thing when she joined the laboring classes. There were discouragements without cease, yet Daphne was learning what a remedy for how many troubles there is in work. It was exciting, fatiguing, alarming, but it was objective. She was on her way at last to that fifty thousand a year she had dreamed of. She was uncertain yet of earning a thousand a year, but she was on the road.

Clay Wimburn, seeking chances in the West, did not see the New York papers or any other record of Daphne's accident. When he got back to New York, his pockets full of contracts, Bayard, equally successful, greeted him enthusiastically. Then he learned of the accident and the fact that Daphne was "in trade." He was indignant at the news and wanted to see her at once.

Bayard gave him the address, and Clay wasted no time asking further questions. He made haste to the subway, fuming, left the train at the Grand Central station and climbed up to a taxicab.

Then he found Daphne. She led him into a little shop empty of everything but the debris of removal.

"Where are we?" said Clay.

"This was my shop."

"What's the matter? Busted already?" Clay asked, with a not unfattering cheerfulness.

"Not in the least," Daphne explained. "We've expanded so fast we had to move. We sublet and moved across the street."

"You remember Mrs. Chivvis, don't you? Mrs. Chivvis, you haven't forgotten Mr. Wimburn. He's kept away so long you might have, though. Where've you been, Clay? But wait—you can tell me on the way over to the new shop."

When she led him into her new emporium the graceful fabrics displayed were all red tags to him. He was a bull in a crimson shop.

Daphne made Clay sit down and asked him if it were not all perfectly lovely. He waited until Mrs. Chivvis went on to the workroom. He had a glimpse of a number of girls and women on sewing bent. They were laughing and chattering.

He answered, "It's perfectly loathsome."

Instead of resenting this insult Daphne laughed till she fell against



Wetherell Signed New Contracts at a Higher Price Than He Had Made.

the counter. The worst of it was that her eyes were so tender.

"Where did you get all the capital for all this stock?" Clay demanded, with sudden suspicion.

"Oh, part of it we bought on credit and part of it on borrowed money."

"Borrowed from whom?"

"From Mr. Duane."

"This was too much of too much. Clay stormed. 'I'll get him!'"

"Oh, no, you won't!"

"Oh, yes, I will!"

"I won't have you assaulting the best friend I've got in the world."

He groaned aloud at this, not noticing how she used the word "friend." She ran on. She had not talked to him for so long that she was a perfect chatterbox.

"He lent me five hundred dollars when I didn't know where else to get it. And it nallied our first real contract—a big commission from old Mrs. Romilly. We paid back Mr. Duane's five hundred and then—" She giggled in advance at what was coming to Clay. "And then I borrowed a thousand from him. We owe him that now."

Clay was as wroth as she had wished. He took out a little book. "Well, I'll give you a check for that amount—or more. And you can pay Duane off with interest. I won't have you owing him money."

"You won't have?" Daphne mocked. "You won't have? Since when did you become senior partner here?"

"Senior partner?" Clay rallied. "I'm no partner in this business! I hate this business. It makes me sick to see you in it."

"Then step out on the walk," said Daphne. "You're scaring away customers and using up the time of the firm. The boudoir is no place for you, anyway."

A young woman with a bridal eye walked in and Daphne left Clay to blunder out sheepishly. He did not see that she cast sheep's eyes after him. He was a most bewildered young man. He had made a pile of money and still he was not happy!

CHAPTER XXVII.

In the course of a few wretched days Clay picked up some of the facts about Daphne's presence in Wetherell's fatal car. He was more furious at her than ever and more incapable of hating her.

He saw Bayard often, but Bayard knew little and said less. One afternoon he invited Clay to ride with him to the hospital, whence Lella was to graduate. He warned Clay not to betray how shocked he would be at Lella's appearance, which, he said, was a wonderful improvement on what it had been.

She was, indeed, a mere shell, and Clay was not entirely successful with his compliments.

Lella sighed: "Much obliged for your good intentions. I'm a mere sack of bones, but I'm going to get well. The doctors say that if I take care of myself every minute and go to a lot of specialists and go to Bar Harbor in the hot weather and to Palm Beach in the cold and spend about a million dollars I'll be myself some day. That's not much, but it's all I've got to work for. Poor Bayard! He didn't know he was endorsing a hospital when he married me."

"What do I care, honey?" Bayard cried, with perfect chivalry. "The money is rolled in and I'd rather spend it on you than on anybody else."

"The money's rolling out just as fast as it rolls in," Lella sighed. "The Lord seems to provide a new expense for every streak of luck. And that's my middle name—Expense."

She had actually learned one lesson. That was a hopeful sign.

Clay sought Daphne in her odious (to him) place of business. She asked him what she could sell him. He said he would wait till the shop closed. She raised her eyebrows impudently and gave him a chair in a corner. He sat there feeling as out of place as a strange man in a harem.

Eventually the last garrulous customer talked herself dumb; the last sewing woman went on to the workroom. Mrs. Chivvis pulled down the curtains in the show window and at the door and bade good night.

Then Daphne locked the door, dropped wearily into a chair, and sighed, "Well, Clay?"

"I want to know why you don't give up Tom Duane."

She shrugged her excellent shoulders again, but she did not smile. She spoke instead: "I don't ask you to give up your stenographer."

"Oh, it's like that, eh? Well, then, why won't you let me lend you money instead of Tom Duane?"

Her answer astounded him with its feminine logic: "I can borrow of Mr. Duane because I don't love him and never did and he knows it. I can't borrow of you because—"

He leaped at the implication: "Because you love me?"

"Because I used to," he groaned.

"How can I tell? It's been months and months since I saw the Clay Wimburn that came out to Cleveland and lured me on to New York. The only Clay Wimburn I've seen for some time has been a horribly prosperous, domineering snob who is too proud to be seen with a working woman. He wants to marry a lady. I never was one and don't want to be one. I'm a business woman and I love it."

"And you wouldn't give up your shop for me?"

"Certainly not."

He looked at her with baffled emotions. She was so delectable and so obstinate, so right-hearted and so wrong-headed. It was intolerable that she should keep a shop. He spoke after a long delay:

"May I come and see you once in a while?"

"If you want to."

"Where you living now?"

"Still at the Chivvises."

"You ought to take better care of yourself than that. Surely you can afford a better home."

"I suppose so, but it would be lonely anywhere else. It has been

safe there—since you quit calling on me. It doesn't cost me much."

"But you're making so much money."

"Not so very much—yet, but it's all my own and I made every cent of it, and—golly! how I love to watch it grow."

"You miser!"

"Maybe. I guess that's the only way to save money—to make a passion out of it and get a kind of voluptuous feeling from it. But I really think that it's the fun of making it that interests me most. It certainly keeps me out of mischief and out of loneliness. Oh, there's no freedom like having a job and a little reserve in the bank. It's the only life, Clay."

"And you wouldn't give up your 'freedom' as you call it, even for a man you loved? Couldn't you love a man enough to do that?"

"I could love a man too much to do that. For where's the love in a woman's sitting around the house all



"It Seems to Me It Couldn't Help Being a Better and a Happier Way of Living."

day and waiting for a man to come home and listen to the gossip of her empty brain? That isn't loving, that's loafing."

Clay was not at all persuaded. "But there's no comfort or home life in marrying a business woman."

"How do you know? You know plenty of unsuccessful wives who are not business women."

"I want a housekeeper, not a shop-keeper."

"Go get one, then, I say. If a woman can't earn enough outside to hire a housekeeper let her do her own housework. But if she can earn enough to hire a hundred housekeepers why should she stick to the kitchen? In my home, if I ever get one, the cook will not be the star. Besides, it enlarges life. Instead of two living on the wages of one two will live on the earnings of two. It seems to me it couldn't help being a better and a happier way of living."

Clay blushed vigorously as he mumbled "What's your business woman going to do when the babies come? Or do you cut out the kiddies?"

Daphne blushed, too. "Well, I should think that the business woman could afford babies better than anybody else."

WORLD'S FIRST STEAM FERRY

Was Established by John Stevens in 1811, Running Between Hoboken and New York.

The first ferry in the world was established in 1811 by John Stevens between Hoboken and New York. Taking up the study of steam in 1789, it is recorded, he took out patents on marine engines three years later, and in 1798 completed his first boat, successfully operating it on the Hudson river. In 1804 a second boat was equipped with two screws, and the style of propeller designed by him was for many years preferred above later inventions. Though this was the first application of steam to the screw-propeller, yet this design was the identical short, four-threaded screw used today. It is remarkable that this form of propulsion was not practically introduced until 1837. His original steamboat also contained the first condensing double-acting engine ever made in America, and a multi-tubular boiler. In 1807 he built the sidewheel steamboat Phoenix, which was a few days behind Fulton's vessel in attaining the legal speed, and was thus shut out from the Hudson river; but he boldly steamed her around to the Delaware by sea, being the first to navigate the ocean with the new motive power.

Rush for Free Molasses.

When a tank car filled with 8,000 gallons of molasses was upset near Telford, Pa., and the molasses began to run out, people came by scores, on foot, in carriages and by automobiles, and salvaged some hundreds of gallons of molasses before the railroad men plugged the opening and left dozens of disappointed ones waiting to get at the outflow.

His Tribute.

Hans was on a visit to his grandfather's farm, and for the first time saw a lot of bees making honey. After looking at them with deep interest for a few moments he said: "Well, I must say they're certainly a wonderful lot of little animals."

CROW IS ENEMY OF FARMER

Under Modern Conditions There Seems Little Reason for the Bird's Continued Existence.

The record of the crow is like its coat—about as black as black can be—a writer in Detroit Free Press says. It may be that in the great plan of nature, some time in the past, the crow served a useful purpose—like the hawk and the buzzard. Take the buzzard, for example. Once protected by human laws everywhere because useful for removing carrion, the stench of which offended the nostrils of all animal life, it is now outlawed, because man realizes that it is better to burn or bury the dead—leaving no excuse for the existence of the disease-carrying buzzard. So, in the beginning, the mission of the crow, was may conjecture, was to preserve some equilibrium, some balance in the economy of nature. It may be he was placed here to hold in check the weed seed and grain eating birds, because weeds were a factor in the past in covering the waste places of the earth and making them fertile. However, that may have been, there seems to be no excuse for his existence now since man, the agriculturist, seeds the waste places to useful grains and grasses and needs the help of the insectivorous birds.

"Martyrs."

The word "martyr" has various meanings. Specifically, it is still confined to those who give their lives for their religious convictions. The "Holy Innocents" are a notable example of involuntary martyrdom. The word "martyr" should not be applied to a person who loses mere property, but is used to persons who have died while striving to attain their object. The dictionary gives as the primary definition of "martyr"—"One who submits to death rather than forswear his religion; specif., one of the early Christians who suffered death for their religion." In general, the word is used also to denote one who sacrifices himself for a cause, as a "martyr to the cause of wealth."

"FAKE" ASPIRIN WAS TALCUM

Counterfeiter Caught! The New York health authorities had a Brooklyn manufacturer sentenced to the penitentiary for selling throughout the United States millions of "Talcum powder" tablets as Aspirin Tablets.

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Her Get-Away. "Tell her I'm not at home." "But you are at home, ma!" "Well, I won't be by the time you tell her."—Cartoons Magazine.

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