The Thirteenth Commandment

By RUPERT HUGHES

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CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

—11—

"I'll buy myself a picture of you."

She told of her longing for a photograph of him, but did not tell him of her need of it as a talisman. He laughed aloud at this incredible way of spending money, till she began suddenly to cry. He had no answer to that argument except yes. Then she began to laugh. They decided to stop at a photographer's on the way to the five-thirty train.

Daphne ran out and cashed Reben's check at the grocer's much to the relief of Reben's bookkeeper, whose books had been held up by the missing check.

Daphne asked for the privilege of taking her father to the train, and Bayard was so busy figuring where to put the cash he had on hand that he consented to stop at home.

They went first to the gallery of a photographer whose show-case had displayed some strong and veracious portraits of men. The photographer's prices staggered Daphne and she protested, but he answered dolefully:

"I'd give a thousand dollars for one photograph of my father."

That settled it.

After the sitting Daphne and her father proceeded to the station. She stopped at the gate because she had neither a ticket for the train nor a platform pass from the station master.

She watched him dwindling down the long platform. He was a mere manikin when he reached his place and waved to her before he vanished through the magic door of the train.

She waved to him with her handkerchief, and when he was gone she burled her eyes in it. Her partings with her father had marked epochs in her life. She wondered what destiny would do to her between now and the next one. She felt forlorn, afraid for his life on the train, afraid for her soul in the perils before it, and so sorry for him and for herself that she could not help boo-hooing a little.

Destiny did not keep her waiting, for while she was strangling her sobs as best she could she heard a voice over her shoulder. It said:

"Ahn, gel, at last I have you in me power."

"Mr. Duane!" she gasped, as she turned to meet his smile with another. "And where have you been all this long while?"

"A lot you've cared," he growled. "Did you ever telephone me as you promised you would? No! Were you always out when I telephoned? Yes! Did you let me call on you? You did not! When at last it penetrated my thick hide that you were actually giving me a hint that you didn't want me round and that you had thrown me overboard, neck and crop, I grew very proud. I refused to call on you again."

"I'm awfully sor-ry," she said, and her voice broke.

"Sorry" was a dangerous word for her at that moment, and her sobs were beginning again, when he made a vigorous effort to talk them down.

The crowds in the station were too well preoccupied with their own errands to notice a girl crying, and to the gateman farewell tears were no luxury.

Duane tried the best he could to help her. He was saying: "And now, I suppose I've got to miss my train and my

"I'd Give a Thousand Dollars for One Photograph of My Father."

golf and all that while I take you home in a taxi. You're far too pretty to be running around loose in a mob like this."

She shook her head. "You mustn't miss your train, Mr. Duane, or your golf. I'm used to going about alone, and I've got to get useder to it. I'm going home in the subway. Good-by and thank you."

She put out her hand formally, and he took it. It was like a soft, sun-warmed flower in his palm, and he clung to it. Its warmth seemed to reach through his blood to his heart and to make it ache.

"I must go. You can't put me off again!" he said. "I will take you home!" He turned to call a redcap standing in solemn patience beside two traveling bags and a bristling golf bag. "Porter, take my things to the parcel room and bring me the check."

"No," said Daphne, hastily. "I mustn't! You mustn't! Really! I mean it! Good-by!"

She walked away so rapidly that he could not follow her without unseemly haste. She heard him call, sharply: "Porter, never mind the parcel room. Come along to the train."

Her success in escaping him was so complete that she rather regretted it. When she reached the apartment she found Lella almost prostrated from the effects of her altruism and from the fact that Bayard was in one of his tantrums.

A special delivery letter had just come from Dutilh's shop. It said that Mr. Dutilh was arriving from Paris with his winter models, and since he would have to pay a large sum at the customs house it was regrettably necessary to beg Mr. Kip to send by return mail a check for the inclosed bill, which was long past due.

And now the briefly adjourned laws of finance were reassembled. Lella's short reign was over; her extravagance had again found her out and demanded punishment. The gown she had bought, and was asked to pay for, had been worn shabby, danced to shreds in Newport. But the bill was as bright as ever.

Bayard was so fagged with his weeks of discouragement that he was as irascible as a veteran of the gout whose toe has been stepped on. when Daphne walked in he was denouncing Lella in excellent form. He used Daphne as a further club.

"My poor sister sent back the gown she bought! But you—you bought more!"

Daphne realized how much this would endear her to Lella and she took immediate flight. She found the Chivvises in a state of tension. Mr. Chivvis was not usually home before half-past six. Daphne felt an omen in the way they looked at her when they acknowledged her entrance.

She went to her room in a state of foreboding misery. She had not paid her board for several weeks. She had not mentioned the fact to Mrs. Chivvis, nor Mrs. Chivvis to her, though the nonpayment of a board bill is one of the self-evident truths that landladies usually discuss with freedom.

A few minutes later Mrs. Chivvis tapped on the door, her thimble making a sharp clack. She brought her sewing with her and sewed as she said: "May I sit down a moment? Thank you." She kept her eyes on the seam while she talked.

"Well, Miss Kip, the war has reached us also at last. My husband lost his position today."

"Yes? Oh, how horrible!" Daphne gasped, with double sincerity.

"The office was closed unexpectedly by an involuntary petition in bankruptcy. His salary was not paid last week nor this, and—well——we don't want to inconvenience you, but—"

"I understand," said Daphne. "I'll give you what I can."

She took her poor little wealth from her handbag. She had paid ten of the fifty to the photographer as a deposit. She gave Mrs. Chivvis twenty-five dollars, and promised her more.

Mrs. Chivvis was very grateful and went down the hall, smiling a little over her seam.

Clay called that evening. He was exhausted with a day of tramping the town, looking for work. He was too weary to talk and he fell asleep twice during one of Mr. Chivvis' commentaries on the probable effects of the imminent capture of Paris by the irresistible Germans. The French government had already moved to Bordeaux and— But Clay had read it all in a dozen different newspapers, and he passed away.

Daphne was restless. Mr. Chivvis was on her nerves. Clay was not pretty, asleep, sitting with his jaw dropped and his hands hanging down, palms forward, like an ape's. She was enjoying another of the woes of marriage without its privileges.

The Chivvises began to yawn, and Mrs. Chivvis finally bade the startled Clay "Good evening." She had been brought up to believe that it was indelicate for a woman to bid a man "Good-night."

Clay, left alone with Daphne, attempted a drowsy caress, but she felt insulted and she snapped at him:

"If you're only walking in your sleep you'd better walk yourself out of here and go to bed."

His apology was incoherent and she was indignantly curt with him at the door. She went to her room and sat at the window, staring down at the dark swarm of watchers before the bulletin boards.

She had told her brother that she did not have to starve or sin, because she had a father, a brother, a lover to protect her from want. And now her father and her brother and her lover were all in dire predicament, staggering blindly in a fog of debt.

Suppose her father's train ran off the track or into another train. A spread rail, a block signal overlooked, a switch left unlocked, might bring doom upon his train as on so many others. She shivered at the horror of her father's loss. She shivered again at the thought of what it would mean to her.

Suppose the Chivvises turned her out. Why should they feed her for nothing when their own future was endangered?

What could Bayard do for her? or Clay? There was Mr. Duane, of course; but she could not take his money without paying him. And in what coin could she pay him? She trembled, and the breeze turned glacial.

The next morning was another day of the same shoddy pattern. She rose unrefreshed with only her fears renewed. She borrowed the Chivvises' newspaper and, skipping the horrid advertisements of foreign barbarity and American dismay, turned to the last pages. The "Situations Wanted" columns were eloquently numerous and the "Help Wanted—Female" columns were few; still, she made a list of such places as there were. She wrote letters to all sorts of people who gave newspaper letter-box addresses, and she went out to call on all sorts of people who gave their street numbers.

The letters she wrote were not answered at all. She lost her postage as she had lost her car fares. It seemed as if the end of the world, or at least the breakup of its civilization, had arrived without warning and without refuge.

CHAPTER XVII.

Daphne had not told Mrs. Chivvis of her financial plight, nor of her father's, nor her brother's. She had simply let the days of payment go past one by one. She saw a chillier glitter in Mrs. Chivvis' eye and there was a constant restraint upon the conversation for many days.

Mr. Chivvis was at home most of the time now, sitting about in his old clothes to save the others. He and his wife naturally talked of Daphne. Sometimes she overheard their undertones. Each seemed to urge the other to the attack. Finally, one evening Mrs. Chivvis made so bold as to call on Daphne in her room, and to say, after much improvising:

"I dislike to speak of it, Miss Kip, but—well—er—you see—the fact is—if you— The grocer is sending round in the morning for his last week's bill, and—if it's not inconvenient—"

Daphne felt sick with shame, but she had to confess, "I can't tell you how sorry I am, but I haven't any."

"Really? That's too bad!" Mrs. Chivvis said. She was hardly sorrier for herself than for Daphne. She tried to brighten them both with hope. "But you expect—no doubt you expect soon to—"

"I've been looking for—for some work to do, but there doesn't seem to be any."

"Oh, I see!" said Mrs. Chivvis, confirmed in her suspicions and reduced to silence. Daphne went on, after swallowing several cobblestones:

"But, of course, I've no right to be eating your food and staying on here as a guest. And I suppose I'd better give up my room, so that you can take in somebody who can pay."

Mrs. Chivvis was close, but she was not up to an eviction, and she gasped, "Oh, really!—I hardly think—I shouldn't like—"

Her hard voice crackled like an icicle snapping off the eaves in a spring sun; and before either of them quite understood it the hard eyes of both thawed; tears streamed, and they were in each other's arms.

Daphne was the better weeper of the two. Poor Mrs. Chivvis could be really lavish even with tears; but she did very well, for her.

Immediately they felt years better acquainted—old friends all of a sudden. They were laughing foolishly when an apologetic knock on the open door introduced Mr. Chevvis, who would no more have crossed the sill than he would have broken into the temple of Vesta. His name was Chivvis, not Clodius.

The surprised eyes of Daphne threw him into confusion, but he said: "I've been thinking, Miss Kip, that if you really want to work and aren't too particular what at—maybe I could get you a place at my old office, with the publishing house. They turned me off, but the receivers are trying to keep the business going. Not much pay, but something's always better'n nothing."

"Anything is better than nothing," said Daphne, "and it might be a beginning."

She applied the next day and the firm accepted her.

Now Daphne was truly a working woman; not a dramatic artist with peculiar hours, but a toiler by the clock. She entered the office of the company at half-past eight, punched her number on the time register, and set to work addressing large envelopes. She wrote and wrote and wrote till twelve; at one she took up her pen again, and the afternoon went in an endless reiteration of dip and write, till five-thirty. Then she joined the home-going panic and took the crowded subway to Columbus circle.

She plodded the treadmill, till at the end of the sixth day, her forty-eighth hour of transcribing names and addresses from the lists to the wrappers, she carried off a cash reward of eight dollars. This was not clear gain. Her street car fares had totaled sixty cents, her lunches a dollar and a half; she had worn her costumes at the sleeves and damaged them with a few ink spots, and her shoes were taking on a shabby nap.

It was not encouraging.

At Daphne's left elbow was a large, fat girl whose pen trolled off large, fat letters. She talked all the time about nothing of importance, laughed and fidgeted and asked questions that would have been impertinent if they had come from anything but a large, fat head.

Her name was Mae. She was a Bohemian of the second generation; but she was dyed in the wool with New Yorkishness. She was an incessant optimist and kept reminding everybody to "cheer up, gals, the worst might be worser yet."

Daphne's luck did not last long. The receivers found that the percentage of inquiries following upon the advertising and circularizing campaigns was hardly paying the postage. People were either too poor to buy books or too busy with the molten history pouring from the cauldrons of Europe. Yesterday's paper was ancient history enough.

The receivers closed down the business abruptly on a Saturday and instructed the manager to announce

Mr. Chivvis Was at Home Most of the Time Now, Sitting About in His Old Clothes to Save the Others.

to his flock that there would be no more work at present. Daphne's heart stopped. Here she was again, learning again the dreadful significance of "out of a job"—what the theatrical people called "at liberty."

Miss Pribik looked at Daphne and noted her gloom. "Say, kid, listen here. Whyn't chop-cope with me? I can land you a job at the Lar de Lucks. Guy name of Goist is the boss and he'll always gimme a job or any lady friend. He's kind of rough, but what's the diff? His money buys just as much as anybody's. We better beat it over there ahead this bunch."

Daphne murmured her hearty thanks and they left at once. Miss Pribik led the way to a huge building full of "Pants Makers," "Nightshirt Makers," "Waist Makers," and publishers of calendars, favors and subscription books. She asked for Mr. Gerst, saw him, beckoned him over, and hailed him with bravado:

"Well, Mist' Goist, here I am, back to the mines. This is me friend Kip. I want you should give her a job—and me, too."

Daphne faced Mr. Gerst's inspection without visible flinching, though she was uneasy within. Gerst was a large, flamboyant brute with eyes that seemed less to receive light than to send forth vision. He had an inquisitive and stripping gaze. But Daphne must endure it. After ransacking Daphne with his eyes he grunted: "You look pretty good to me, kidda. You can begin Monday."

"Thanks," said Daphne, humbly.

"I'm comin' too," said Miss Pribik.

"All right," said Gerst. "It's time you did. We'll take some of that beer off you." And he playfully pinched her arm.

Adroitly evading his pincers, Miss Pribik led the way out, and Daphne trailed her outside.

Daphne loathed and feared the man already. He stood like a glowering menace in the path ahead of her.

Monday morning at eight Daphne reported for work with the L'Art de Luck Publishing society, pronounced by its own people (who ought to know) "Lar de Lucks."

This firm was engaged in the peculiarly Anglo-Saxon business of grazing the censorship as closely as possible. It printed everything that it dared to print under the whimsically Puritanic eye of the law. Toward the authorities it turned a white side of a banner of culture claiming to put in the hands of the people the noblest works of foreign genius and defying any but an impure mind to find impurity in its classic wares. The other side of the banner was purple and informed the customers by every prurient innuendo that the books were published in their entirety without expurgation. Vice has its hypocritical cant no less than religion.

One day, toward the end of her first week, she was startled to find before her a card bearing the legend "Duane, Thomas." His address was given, and the facts that he had bought the three-quarter morocco Balzac, the half-leather Fielding and Smollett, and the levant Court Memoirs. He had not yet taken the bait for the De Maupassant.

Daphne pondered his card and his taste. She was shaken from her pensive mood by the sudden commotion of all the women. All eyes had seen the minute and the hour hands in conjunction at XII. Names were left off in the middle; pens fell from poised hands.

Daphne found herself alone. She was glad of the quiet and the solitude, while it lasted—which was not long, for Gerst came back unexpectedly early.

His eye met Daphne's. He started toward her, and then, seeing that she glanced away, went on to his desk. He stood there manifestly irresolute a moment. He glanced at Daphne again, at the fire escapes, at the empty room. Then he went to the first of the tables and with labored carelessness inspected the work of the absentee. He drifted along the aisle toward Daphne, throwing her now and then an interrogative smile that filled her with a fierce anxiety.

She knew his reputation. She had seen his vulgar scuffles with some of the girls, had heard his odious words. She was convinced that he was about to pay her the horrible compliment of his attention.

Her heart began to flutter with fear and wrath. She felt that if he spoke to her she would scream; if he put his hand on her shoulder or her chair she would kill him, with a pair of scissors or the knife with which she scraped off blots. . . . No, she must not kill him. But she would have to strike him on the mouth.

But that meant instant dismissal at the very least. He might smash his fist into her face, or her breast or knock her to the floor with the back of his hand. She had seen too much of life recently to cherish longer the pretty myth that the poor are good to the poor. She had seen how shabby women fared with street car conductors and subway guards. She had seen her own prestige dwindle as her clothes lost freshness.

But the violence of Gerst's resentment would be a detail. The horror was the mere thought of his touch.

She rose quickly and tried to reach the fire escape. That was the solution—to join the crowd.

But Gerst filled the aisle. She sidled past two tables into the next aisle. He laughed and sidled across to the same aisle. She tried to hasten by. He put his arms out and snickered:

"What's the rush, girlie? Nobody hollered 'Fire!'"

"Let me pass, please," she mumbled.

"Wait ta minute, wait ta minute. What 'd you say if I was to ast you to go to a show tonight, huh? What'd you say?"

"Thank you. I have another— I couldn't."

"S'mother eve, then? Or to a dance, huh?"

"Thank you, I'm afraid I can't."

"Why not? Come on! Why not! Ain't I good enough for you?"

"Oh yes, but— Please, let me by."

He stared at her, and his hands twitched, and his lips. His eyes ran over her face and her bosom as if she were a forbidden text. She was trying to remember what Duane had told her about the way to quell a man. With great difficulty and in all trepidation she parroted her old formula.

"Mr. Gerst, you don't have to flirt with me. I don't expect it, and I don't like it, so please let me go."

He stared at her, trying to understand her amazing foreign language. Then he sniffed with amused unbelief, dropped his hands, and stood aside.

Daphne could hardly believe her eyes. The charm had worked the third time! She darted forward to get away before the spell was broken. As she passed him—whether he suddenly changed his mind or had only pretended to acquiesce—he enveloped her in his arms.

She almost swooned in the onset of fear and the suffocation of his embrace. Then she fought him, striking, scratching, writhing. He crowded her against the nearest table and tried to reach her lips across her left elbow.

Her outflung right hand struck against an inkwell, recognized it as a weapon of a sort, and, clutching it, swept it up and emptied it into his face.

His satyric leer vanished in a black splash. His hands went to his drenched eyes. Daphne, released, dropped the inkwell and fled to the locker-room while he stamped about, howling like the blinded Cyclops. Daphne did not stay to taunt him nor to demand her wages. She caught a glimpse of faces at the fire-escape windows, but, hugging her hat and coat, she made good her escape.

She knew what she was escaping from, but not what to.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

One Word Spoils All.

Just when a woman begins to be invited out a little by nice people her husband spoils all by referring to the laundress as the washerwoman right out where everybody can hear.—Ohio State Journal.

Impossible.

Hub—"I don't believe in parading my virtues." Wife—"You couldn't, anyway. It takes quite a number to make a parade."—Boston Transcript.

Warning as to Our Waning Vitality

(By Lee Herbert Smith, M. D.)

Every man should take stock of his physical condition just as frequently as he takes stock of his financial condition, thereby learning his weak spots and taking measures to repair them before it is too late.

In the winter or spring is the best time to take stock of one's condition. If the blood is thin and watery, face pale or pimply, generally weak, tired and listless, one should take a tonic. One that will do the spring "house-cleaning," an old-fashioned herbal remedy that was used by everybody nearly 50 years ago is still safe and sane because it contains no alcohol or narcotic. This blood tonic, extracted from wild roots and barks, was first put out by Dr. Pierce in ready-to-use form and since then has been sold by the million bottles as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It's always efficacious in the winter or spring when the blood is run down and you need a wholesome tonic. This is nature's tonic, which restores the tone of the stomach, activity of the liver and steadiness to the nerves, strengthening the whole system. Send 10c to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for trial package of tablets.

Then to keep the liver and bowels regular and to carry away the poisons within, it is best to take castor oil or a vegetable pill, made up of May-apple, aloes, jalap, and sugar-coated, to be had at most drug stores, known as Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

No Escape.

"Good morning, Mrs. Jagsby. We are peace delegates."

"Peace delegates?"

"Yassum. We were sent by Mr. Jagsby, who was unable to get home last night. He wants us to arrange the armistice terms and settle on the size of the indemnity he owes you."

"Umph! You tell Mr. Jagsby if he doesn't show up here in the next hour I'll come and get him. He's not in Holland."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

BOSCHEE'S SYRUP

Why use ordinary cough remedies when Boschee's Syrup has been used so successfully for fifty-one years in all parts of the United States for coughs, bronchitis, colds settled in the throat, especially lung troubles? It gives the patient a good night's rest, free from coughing, with easy expectoration in the morning, gives nature a chance to soothe the inflamed parts, throw off the disease, helping the patient to regain his health. Made in America and sold for more than half a century.—Adv.

He who pays as he goes finds his going pays better and his paying goes better also.

COULD NOT SLEEP

Mr. Schleusner in Misery From Kidney Complaint. Doan's Gave Complete Relief.

"Heavy work brought on my kidney complaint," says Wm. Schleusner, 6408 Suburban Ave., Wellston, Mo. "One morning when shoeing a horse I was taken with a sudden pain in my back and fell flat on the floor. If I had been hit with a trip hammer, I couldn't have suffered more. I stayed in the house for five weeks and the pain was wearing the life out of me. At times, I couldn't get a wink of sleep because of the misery and I had to get up every few moments to pass the secretions that were highly colored, of foul odor, filled with sandy sediment and terribly scalding. My bladder felt as though it were whole. The pain brought stupor and a reeling sensation in my head; the torture of it cannot be described. If I got onto my feet I couldn't walk but felt dizzy and all in a flutter and everything would turn black. My head ached so it seemed as though my eyes were being dragged out. I started using *Doan's Kidney Pills*, and I was soon rid of all the trouble."

Mr. Schleusner

Subscribed and sworn to before me.

C. H. COGGESHALL,
Notary Public.

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