

# 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 her keys? We'd lose her—unless this sort of thing drives her away." A little blush of shame flickered in Daphne's pale cheeks a moment and went out. She sighed: "I suppose Mr. Dunne 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 azure tree. Daphne scanned it. "Mr. Thomas Varlet Duane!" she purred closer at the penultima and read aloud: "I just learned, I heartily hope. 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 stony "Well, of course." She had the poor fellow's conscientious scruples about 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 quite the man, and spoke beautifully of him, and sent the check and would send him if Daphne wished it, and would make old Mrs. Romilly go on with the order, and would 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!" "Daphne—yes! Kip!" Mrs. Chivvis screamed. The only counter-thrust she could think of was, "And what does Mr. Wimburn say?"

This sobered Daphne. Why had Kip sent no word? Everybody else in town had sent the money. Why had she read the papers. Surely he was not capable of such monstrous pique. When your worst enemy gets badly hurt you're 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, for resolution elevated 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 days she went to the operating table, made that infernal journey into etherland, knowing what afterwards waited her, what retching and burning and bleeding. She braved death again and again, took long chances with covering bandage. And all for Bayard's sake.

One morning when Bayard reached his office after a harrowing all-night visit at Lella's side he was just falling asleep over the first and when his telephone snarled. He reached for it with alarm. A voice boomed in his ear: "Ah you thank?"

"Yes."

"Here the line, please. Now, you at through, sir?"

Then a groan replaced the boom, a groan that made the receiver rattle: "Ah you thank, Mr. Kip?" This was 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 over at any, a quavering faint gasp.

"Good! I shall expect you at that."

Bayard pondered. What new proposition was fate preparing? As he went to the office, he brought an evening paper. A heavily headed telegram 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 snarled: "Those devilish contracts you made with Wetherell—the poor fellow is no longer alive—the poor fellow is dead. 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 bluff. "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 quivered. Wetherell was avenged when his successor signed new contracts at a higher price than he had asked. 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 on feet fedged with Mercurochrome. 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.

"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!"

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

He growled 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 nipped our first real contract—a big commission from old Mrs. Romilly. We paid back Mr. Duane five hundred and then—"

He advanced at what was coming to Clay. "And then I borrowed a thousand from him. We owe him that now."

Clay was as wrath as she had wished. "He took out a little book."

"Well, I'll give you a check for that amount—now. 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 a partner here?"

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

"Then stop out of the way," said Daphne. "You're a doctor, you can't stop and using up the time of the firm. The hospital is no place for you, anyway."

A young woman with a bridal eye and a bride's smile let 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 little play and waiting for a man to come home and listen to the gossip of his empty brain? That isn't loving, that's loathing.

Clay was not at all perturbed. "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 on one, then, I say. If a woman can't earn enough outside to help a housekeeper let her do her own housework. But if she can earn enough to hire a housekeeper, she's a business woman."

"What do I care, married?" Bayard cried, with perfect civility. "The money is rolling in, and I'll spend it on you that on anybody else."

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

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

Clay caught Daphne in her odorous (to him) place of business. She was smiling at him when she could sell him. He said he would wait till the shop closed. She raised her eyebrows impudently and gave him a chair in the corner. He sat there feeling as one at ease as a stranger, man in a harem.

Eventually the last garrulous customer talked herself dumb; the last sewing woman went. 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?"

She shrugged her excellent shoulders.

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-corporation the graceful fabrics displayed were all red rags 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 her workroom. He had a glimpse of a number of girls and women on sewing beds. They were laughing and chattering.

He answered, "It's perfectly loathsome."

Instead of resenting this insult Daphne laughed till she fell against the counter. The worst of it was that her eyes were so tender.

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ders 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 astonished 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."

"Don't you any more?" he growled. "How can I tell? It's been months and months since I saw the Clay Wimburn that came out to Cleveland and lured me 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 eyes. She was so delectable and so obstinate, so right-hearted and so wrong-headed. It was intolerable that she should be in 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 Clay's. I've been trying to sell at the Clay's of the happiness I would make. I have had the troupe sent all night, and paid for, a long while. That's what I came to town for originally—our troupe. But when I saw how much sacrifice it meant for my poor old father and what a bundle of bills I'd be dumping on my poor young lover, I couldn't see the good of it. So I took my vow that I wouldn't get a troupeful till I could earn the price that I'd asked. And now I've earned the price and I've got it. But I've lost my excuse for wearing it."

"Still, I'd probably have lost you, anyway, or ruined you if I had brought you my old debts. Everybody always says that money is the enemy of love. I wonder if it couldn't be made the friend. It would be an interesting experiment, anyway."

"Daphne, honey, let's try the experiment."

She looked at him with a heavenly smile in her eyes, and answered, "Let's."

He moved toward her, but she dodged behind the counter. She studied him a moment, then reached below the counter. A bell rang and a drawer slid out. She took some bills from it, poked a memorandum on a slip of paper, and put that in the place of the bills, closed the drawer, and leaned across the counter, murmuring: "They say all successful businesses are begun on borrowed money. So I'll borrow this from the firm—for a time."

"She put out her hand. Clay put out his. She laid three dollars on his palm and closed his fingers on them."

"What's all this?" he asked, all eyes.

"A plain gold band costs about six dollars, and that's for my half of the partnership. Women are wearing their wedding rings very light nowadays."

"I should say so!" Clay growled, but with a smile.

She bent forward and he bent forward and their lips met. She was only a saleswoman selling a customer part of a heart for part of a heart, but to Clay the very counter was the golden bar of heaven, and Daphne the Blessed Damozel that leaned on it and made it warm.

THIS END.

The Hottest City.

The city of Hyderabad, on the great Sind desert of India, has the reputation of being the hottest place in the world, having a shade temperature of 127° degrees during the summer months. Even the natives find it hot—and that is saying something.

In order to cool their houses as much as possible, the people make use of curious ventilators very much like those of the old "wings" of the East, as to convey a breeze to the dwellers in the hot rooms below. Every residential building has several of these curious airshafts leading down to the principal living rooms and especially to the bedrooms. Even so, it is practically impossible, during the terrible heat of summer, to get to sleep until two or three o'clock in the morning, and then one only gets a couple of hours' rest, as the rays of the Indian sun are specially strong early in the morning, and soon raise the temperature again to an unbearable extent.

Rush for Free Mosquitoes.

When a tank car filled with 8,000 gallons of mosquitoes was upset near Telford, Pa., and the mosquitoes began to run over people cars by scores, of feet, in carriages and by automobiles, and salvaged some hundreds of gallons of mosquitoes before the railroad men, plugged the "wings" of them and done of disappointed ones waiting to get at the outflow.

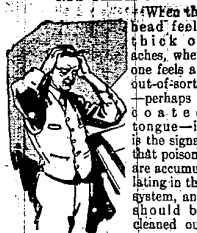
It Seems to Me It Couldn't Help Being a Better and a Happier Way of Living."

hire a hundred housekeepers? why should she stick to the kitchen? In my home, if I ever get one, the cook will be the star. Besides, it enlarges life so. Instead of two living on the wages of one will live on the wages of three. 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 doing to do with the—"

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## MY HEAD!



(When the head feels thick or aches, when one feels all out-of-sorts—perhaps a cold or a bad tongue—it is the signal that poisons are accumulating in the system, and should be cleaned out at once.

Auto-intoxication can be best ascribed to our own neglect or carelessness. When the organs fail in the discharge of their duties, the putrefactive germs set in and generate toxins—actual poisons, which fill one's own body.

Sleeplessness after meals, flapping of the face, extreme lassitude, biliousness, dizziness, sick headache, acidity of the stomach, heartburn, offensive breath, anemia, loss of weight and muscular power, decrease of vitality or lowering of resistance to infection, digestive disturbance of the eye dyspepsia, indigestion, gastritis, many forms of catarrh, asthma, ear affections and allied ailments, result from auto-intoxication or self-poisoning.

Take castor oil, or procure at the drug store, a pleasant vegetable laxative, called Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, composed of May-apple, aloes and jalap.

## Now Is the Time to Buy a Farm in Good Old U.S.A.

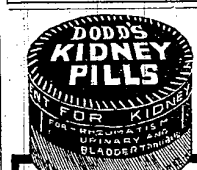
Although the war is over, the demand for food continues. The business of producing things to eat, therefore, gives promise of paying satisfactory dividends.

THE U. S. RAILROAD ADMINISTRATION, in the operation of its HOMEOWNERS' BUREAU, to those who want to take farming as a hobby, offering, during the summer months, a series of lectures, free of charge. These lectures will be furnished about farm opportunities in any State or Territory.

Write today. Give me the name of the State you want information about; what kind of farm activity you wish to follow, and the number of acres you wish to buy. I will send you what kind of terms you desire. The more particular you are, the more accurate my recommendations, the better I can help you.

Writing to Sell. Only information to give.

J. L. EDWARDS, Manager, U. S. RAILROAD ADMINISTRATION, Room 303, Washington, D. C.



Backache?—you need immediate relief. Ask Dr. J. L. Edwards for Dodd's. Insist on box shown, standard for 40 years.

## Hooked to Death!

This may happen if your cattle have borers, or they may injure each other and keep the whole herd excited. DR. DAVID ROBERTS' "HORN KILLER" cures the borer, prevents horn growing while calves are young. It means a contented and more profitable stock.

## HORN KILLER

At our dealers or POSTED BY THE COMMITTEE THE DAVID ROBERTS' about all actual ailments. It is a new kind of medicine and gets the borer out of the horn. It is a new kind of medicine and gets the borer out of the horn. It is a new kind of medicine and gets the borer out of the horn.

## When you "know"

you have a stomach it's time to suspect your liver. You need Beecham's Pills. A lazy liver and overworked kidneys allow poisons to circulate in the blood and irritate the entire body.

## BEECHAM'S PILLS

Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c, 25c. Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World.

## All-American Telescope.

Before the war, although America led the world in the size and excellence of its telescopes, it had to import the optical glass for making them from Europe. The necessity of the war led to so rapid a development of optical glass manufacture in this country that the next giant telescope may be all-American in material and workmanship.

## The Peepers' Voice.

Dear Star—I think the expression "to slip one out the wits" is perfectly horrid, so there—Arnold Harsh.

"Why, goodness us, Archie, where else would a cuff go?—Indianapolis, Star.

## Your Eyes

A Wholesale, Cleanly, Refreshing and Healthy Lotion—Marine Eye Remedy for Redness, Soreness, Granulation, itching and Burning of the Eyes or Eyelids.

"I Drop" After the Movies, Morning or Evening. You can't see for Marine when your Eyes Need Care. Marine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.