

The Thirteenth Commandment

By RUFERT HUGHES

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DAPHNE DISCOVERS THAT HER MONEY WILL NOT GO FAR IN BUYING A TROUSSEAU IN NEW YORK.

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.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

Mr. Gassett smiled. "Not old Wesley Kip's girl?"

"I believe I did hear Miss Kip call her father Wesley."

"Well, I'd like to help Wes out. I suppose I might take a chance. Do you think you can pay for the ring in ninety days?"

"Easily!"

Wimburn would have promised to tear down the world and rebuild it in ninety days.

"I shall have to add a little to the price for the risk and the accommodation."

"Anything you like," said Clay magnificently.

"Call it two hundred dollars."

"Certainly!" One could hardly haggle over an engagement ring.

"I'll ask you to sign a little document."

"With pleasure."

He would have signed an agreement to surrender a pound of his flesh.

Clay hurried out to find Daphne and fasten on her the glittering gyve.

He might have taken further alarm from the immense and greedy rapture Daphne revealed at the sight of the petrified dewdrop set in the golden circlet. Women are all misers when it comes to diamonds.

Wimburn noted only the joy the bauble gave to Daphne, and the pretty submissiveness with which she poked out her slender finger and slid it into the fether.

He felt that the kiss of affiance was worth years of hard labor.

It was hard and bitter to rend their cemented hearts in twain, but he had to go at last. She floated him to the station in the little car and waved him through the iron palings. She was unimaginably precious and pitiful as she stood there, and he wanted to blubber under the vestibule was slammed shut and the train slid out of the station like a merciless snake.

He vowed that he would work with the strength of ten and pile up a fortune in the bank for her. But first he must pile up enough to pay for that solitary.

Clay wrote Daphne a fat letter every day. He usually sneaked it in among his business correspondence and took great pains that it should never miss the Lake Shore limited at five-thirty in the afternoon. A special-delivery stamp put the letter in Daphne's hands every next forenoon.

But after the letter had gone he usually remembered that he had omitted to include some message of frightfully important urgency. So he had to send her every night a night letter, and frequently of mornings he must fire off a day letter. These cost only sixty cents apiece, but often he had to send them in double or triple length.

For occasions where time was yet more unendurable there was the telephone—a pittance of three dollars and twenty-five cents for the first three minutes, and a dollar and five cents for each additional minute or fraction thereof would bring his lips to Daphne's ear.

From the little rubber mouth of the receiver her voice came to him as from a distant star by interplanetary communication. The sense of remoteness was unbearable. She seemed to be dead and waiting across eternity.

Clay Wimburn was in complete distress. His health wavered and his office work suffered till it won rebukes and threats from his chiefs and comment even from Bayard Kip, who never suspected and was never told of Wimburn's infatuation for his sister.

With lover's logic Wimburn persuaded himself that the only one who could save him from destruction was Daphne. With her married and all, and ensconced in a little nest in New York, he could take up his office tasks with a whole heart. So he began to write, and to telegraph, and to groan across the living wire wilder and wilder cries for help.

Daphne wept back and repaid his longings in kind and suffered heart-rending ecstasies of yearning. And finally she promised frantically to marry him without further delay.

With a desire to economize in pain she broke the double news to her two parents at the same time, telling them both that she was engaged and that she was about to wed.

They were stunned. They had never experienced a suspicion of the acute state of Daphne's heart affairs. It is really astounding how blind parents are to their children's activities and how much can go on under their noses without catching their heavy eyes.

Daphne easily browbeat her father and mother into consenting to her

early marriage. Her father groaned at the thought of the wedding expenses, but consoled himself with a Pisgah-sight of the Canaan when the last of his dear children should be living at another man's cost.

Mrs. Kip made one stipulation; "I won't let Daphne sneak away to New York and be married by a justice of the peace or a coroner or whoever does such things in New York. She must have a church wedding and a home reception."

Daphne accepted this unconditionally, with one amendment.

"I must go to New York to get my trousseau."

"Of course," said Mrs. Kip.

"Of course not!" said Mr. Kip.

"Why not?" said Mrs. Kip.

"The expense is the why not! What's the use of spending a fortune on clothes? The money that goes out for these honeymoons might better be turned into the wedding fund. Lord knows Daphne will need dollars more than she needs duds if she marries that young fellow."

Daphne broke out in a revolt. "Oh, but I'll be glad to be free from this everlasting talk of money, money, money! I hate it. I hate to take it from you. If it weren't for the disgrace I'd bring to you and mamma I wouldn't accept a cent; I'd be married in my old bathrobe. Thank heaven, I'm marrying a man who doesn't hang onto every penny like grim death."

In her own heart she did not realize what a grievous wound she dealt the battered old heart of her father till he sighed:

"I was like him when I was his age. Maybe he'll be like me when he's mine. If I had been more of a miser then I guess I'd be less of one now."

Then Daphne caught the hunted, hounded look behind his spectacles and flung herself in his arms, weeping: "Forgive me, daddy. I'm a little beast to talk to you so. I don't mean it. I'm just excited. I'll get only the simplest things, and some day when Clay and I are rich I'll pay you back a thousandfold."

He patted her and kissed her gawily, and, manlike, having gained his point, threw it away:

"You get whatever is best and nicest. You're the pritiest girl in Ohio and you're going to have the finest wedding ever was seen in Cleveland. And I'll find the money all right, never you fear."

He had just remembered a bit of real estate that had not yet been decorated with a second mortgage. He had bought it secretly with the proceeds of a windfall. That was his double life.

Instead of spending money surreptitiously on dissipation, when he had a bit of luck he sneaked out and invested it in something he could borrow money on in a crisis. The crisis never failed him.

So Daphne wrote to her brother that she was coming to New York to buy a trousseau for her wedding to the dearest boy on earth, whose name she would not tell him till she saw him.

Her letter crossed a letter from Bayard, who began it with his regular apology for his unavoidable delay in writing home.

Dearest Mother, Dad and Sis—Received several sweet letters from you, mother, and meant to answer, but been very busy. These hard times forced us to cut down staff and throw extra work on men retained. But business has been so bad so long it can't get any worse. Bound to get better.

So I'm going to—don't drop dead yet—I'm going to get married. Found the angel of the world. Known it for a long time; been engaged a year, waiting to get rich enough to place her where she belongs. Not there yet, but can't stand bachelorhood any longer.

Wedding date not settled yet, but probably some time in June. That would make a good song, "Some Time in June." Will let you know exact date.

Silence followed the document. And there are few documents that mean so much to every family as that bearing the news that one of the children has gone into the world and found a mate and given up the ancient loyalty for the new.

CHAPTER IV.

The two old Kips sat brooding over their mystery. The fruit of their almost forgotten romance, the little, squalling, helpless baby that had come to them and strangely evolved into a great, grown man, was now in the toils of romance in his turn. He had found, in a far city, somebody there that he loved better than his family or his friends or his freedom.

Daphne was delighted at first. Then she realized that the news of his marriage would throw her own plans into disarray. She sighed:

"I suppose I'd better postpone my wedding till we get Bayard off our hands."

"That's a fine idea!" her father exclaimed. It was always a joy to him to defer an expense. Mrs. Kip flung him a glare and Daphne rolled her eyes in distress, but he redeemed himself with an unexpectedly graceful turn.

"It lets us keep Daphne with us a little longer."

Daphne wrote this new decision to Clay. He sent back a letter that fairly howled with protest.

When Daphne told her parents of Clay's anguish they made light of it. It was a long, long while since they had been young. They had learned that marriages contain surprises that may sometimes be postponed without misfortune.

Bayard did not write again for several days. This time he wrote to Daphne:

Dear Sis—Yours of no date (as usual) received and beautiful contents noted. I can hardly believe that my little sis is announcing intention to join the procession and get married, too. You're more sensible than I used to think. This is subject to revision when I know who the lucky man is. Who is he? Some Cleveland Apollo (or however you spell it), I suppose.

Before I could write you a bombshell exploded in the office. Heads of firm decided that since we can't sell any goods in America, might try England. They want me to go over at once and see what can be done about establishing a selling agency in dear old Lunnun, doncher know. And so now I intend to combine business trip, vacation, and honeymoon in same voyage. So we get married Thursday and sail Saturday. Just time to get settled in our dove-cote before leaving.

Was worrying over not being able to accept your kind offer to pay me a visit. Then the blessed sister-in-law-to-be suggested that her sweet sister-in-law-to-be should come to New York and make our apartment her home while she shops. We won't get back from honeymoon hike for six weeks at least. You and mother just settle down there until you have finished shopping. Will leave key and instructions with superintendent.

The letter ended with the usual oceans of love and kisses and the usual haste. It set the family to pondering. Old Wesley was the first to speak and his train of thought startled the women:

"So he's going to get married tomorrow. That's awful sudden! Saves us buying a wedding present, though!"

When he had recovered from the impact of his wife's look he saved himself again with a quick, pleading suggestion: "What I was thinking was—it leaves more money for Daphne's trousseau."

The poor wretch had grown used to seeing unexpected gifts of fortune float into view like soap bubbles, drift close in iridescent loveliness, and then wink out, leaving hardly a damp spot.

As soon as he had bravely added what he had saved from his son's wedding to his daughter's trousseau he was doomed to learn that Daphne could not start East to buy clothes to get married in until she had bought some clothes to start East in. And, besides that, she could not go East alone, and her mother could not go with her unless

she had a chaperon. "That's a fine idea," her father exclaimed.

less her mother had also some new clothes to tide her mother over till her mother could get to New York and buy some clothes to stay married in.

Wesley Kip went forth to peddle that second mortgage. This was a commodity not easy to dispose of, and it took him a week or two to find a purchaser, and then he paid an ingeniously disguised usury for it. But he got the cash.

When he came home he proudly announced that Daphne and her mother could start for New York as soon as they'd a mind to. They had a mind to as soon as their clothes were ready.

He accompanied them to the train. He was not even to have the doubtful luxury of seeing them spend his money. But he put a brave front on his folly and his last words to Daphne were:

"Have a good time, honey, and if you see anything you absolutely got to have, just you get it. And if the money you got isn't enough, why, I'll get more somehow. You can usually depend on your old dad to do his best."

He felt repaid when his beautiful child cried, "I know I can! you angel!" and reached high and drew his head down like a faithful camel's. He never told her that she was squeezing his eyeglasses into his nose. He managed not to sneeze at the exquisite agony of her curls tickling his nostrils, and she feathered his hungry ear with eager gratitude.

Daphne slept little that night in her Pullman pigeonhole; she was too busy with her thoughts, and the wheels made a banjo of the rails. But she was glad of her insomnia. Even better than sleeping well is staying awake well.

The train was on time and rolled chariot-smoothly into the Grand Central station. Clay Wimburn was there by special dispensation from the office, and he had had the forethought to secure a permit to come down to the platform. He told the station master that he had a crippled aunt to meet. He did not tell Mrs. Kip that. He let her believe that all doors opened to him.

Daphne had not finished pointing out her hand luggage to the redcap when Clay's arms were about her. She turned to draw her trusty "Sir" but smothered it on her lips. He charged her mother next, and kissed her well, saying:

"That's not for Bayard; that's for me. How are you, mamma?"

Mrs. Kip blushed and squealed as she had squealed long ago when her first lover stole the first kiss.

After making arrangements about the baggage with magnificence and tipping the porter like a freshly baked millionaire, Clay taxicabbed them to Mr. and Mrs. Bayard's apartment house, a lowering habitable chimney on Fifty-ninth street, overlooking Central park and Columbus circle.

The convenience and ingenuity of the apartment enchanted Daphne. It seemed impossible that all this luxury, this ozone of wealth, could be secured in so small a space, on part of one floor, the twelfth of a building. Everything came up in baskets by pulley-people, food, everything; it was like a monastery in the mountains—with some differences.

She was grateful beyond words to the young man who embraced her and stared over her shoulder—over her left shoulder—at the tiny commerce of the streets and the toy park. She said to him:

"Oh, Clay, this is heaven! What do you say to our having an apartment just like this? Let's!"

She felt in the arm about her a sudden slackening. The chin on her shoulder seemed to weigh heavier.

"Er—it—would be nice," said Clay. "She turned out of his embrace and looked at him."

He explained: "Do you know how much Bayard pays for these seven rooms and two baths?"

"No."

"Well, I've been looking about for a little nest for us, and I priced one like this. They charge twenty-five hundred dollars a year!"

She asked, shyly: "And that's more than we can afford?" She had no idea what salaries were paid to fairy princes in this city of fabulous wealths. She had merely a glamorous impression that her lover was there to get what she wanted.

"Well, we could afford it, all right," he laughed, meekly, "if we could eat the view and wear the altitude. But we've never talked about money, honey, have we? I suppose we ought to. I don't want to give you any false impressions. Shall we talk about it now?"

"No! please!"

Daphne sat suddenly. She felt as a stranger to tall buildings feels when an express elevator starts downward.

She had rejoiced to think that she was escaping from her father's nagging dollarocracy to a region of love and light. She sorrowed a moment, then she gazed at her lover and saw how anxious he was. Her love came back to her. The express elevator was shooting upward now.

"What does it matter where we live, so long as we have each other?"

"You're a little saint," he said as he took her in a very secular embrace. And then she began to laugh.

The whimsy struck her that she was like a bird gaining its freedom from a cage only to find itself in a trap. It was a good joke on her. She enjoyed the jokes fate played on her—sometimes—more or less.

CHAPTER V.

He taxicabbed them down to the Kalkrecker and lunched them so lavishly that Daphne and her mother felt thoroughly reassured as to his means. Then he left them and descended to the subway.

Clay had insisted on their dining and theatering with him. They ate at the Astor and he fed them hand-

somely again. Mrs. Kip managed to catch a glimpse of the bill for the meal. It made her heart ache till she noted that Clay gave the waiter a dollar bill for the tip, without visible excitement on either side. She resolved that Mr. Wimburn must be very rich or very rash.

Next morning the attack on the shops began in earnest. Clay did not lunch with them, and so Daphne and her mother ate in the restaurant of a department store and paid for their own meal. It made a difference. Even the bargain prices for food totaled up unpleasantly, and Mrs. Kip missed Clay's shining presence.

The chaos of the styles was so complete that the two women decided to retire and study out their campaign on the war maps. They began to make out lists and tally up prices. The afternoon went by, and they had accomplished little except an itemized despair.

"It's awful, that's what it is; it's simply awful," Mrs. Kip wailed. "It costs a fortune to get nothing at all."

"I guess I'll go home and be an old maid," said Daphne. "Dad's money wouldn't buy me enough to get married in Sandusky."

But when Clay arrived to take them out to dinner he brought romance with him. He had had a good day at the office. There had been a flurry of hope in Wall street, and everybody said that the business world had reached the rock bottom of depression and started up again.

He celebrated the new era with a twelve-dollar dinner at the Plaza and another theater, and after that he made Mrs. Kip accompany them to a



He Celebrated the New Era With a Twelve-Dollar Dinner at the Plaza.

roof garden, where Daphne and he dined with other lally in the intervals between professional dances on the floor and vaudeville turns on the stage.

The next day there was another foray on the shops and the dressmakers, with a baffling result. The list of necessities with their minimum prices began to grow so long and ominous that they decided to give up keeping a list. They would buy what just had to be got, as cheaply as they could, and if they overran their appropriation papa would simply have to help them out.

The wedding date had yet to be fixed and the invitations ordered, with their royal phraseology in the latest formula.

They placed the day late enough for Bayard and his wife to get back from Europe. Bayard had not written, of course, since his marriage, except a brief note from the steamer the day he landed. But he had set six weeks as the limit of his absence.

One evening Clay announced that he had reserved three seats for a new comedy that had opened with success a few nights before. Mrs. Kip begged to be excused from going.

Clay urged her to reconsider her refusal. "Sure you won't go? You ought at least to see the star, Sheila Kemble. Some people say she looks a little like Daphne. Of course she doesn't; she's not a tenth as beautiful or young or attractive, but there is a kind of a resemblance. And they say she gets a thousand dollars a week. Daphne could give her cards and spades and beat her. Sure you won't go?"

"I wouldn't put my poor feet into those tight slippers tonight to see Daphne herself play Lady Macbeth."

So Clay and Daphne went alone.

After the last act he proposed Claromont for supper. Daphne accepted with zest. They entered an open taxicab and scudded up the long beam sen of Broadway to Seventy-second street and whisked across to Riverside drive and up its meandering spindler.

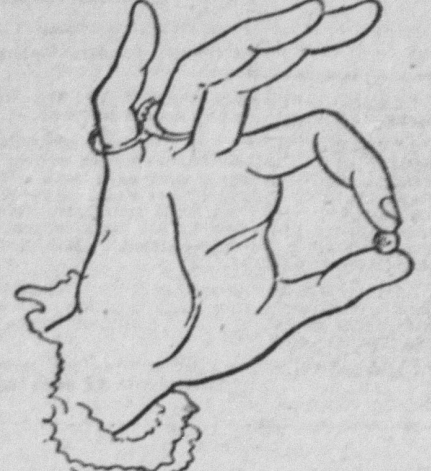
Clay and Daphne have a distressing experience when the former's attempt to keep up the pace that he had set gets him into an embarrassing situation. Daphne's eyes are opened to some things to which she had given little thought. The next installment tells how these things came about.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Clocks That Speak. Clocks without hands or faces are now common in Switzerland. The timepiece stands in the hall, and when a button is pressed, by means of photographic arrangements it calls out: "Half-past five" or "Five minutes to nine," as the case may be.

COMB SAGE TEA IN HAIR TO DARKEN IT

It's Grandmother's Recipe to keep her Locks Dark, Glossy, Beautiful.

The old-time mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur for darkening gray, streaked and faded hair is grandmother's recipe, and folks are again using it to keep their hair a good, even color, which is quite sensible, as we are living in an age when a youthful appearance is of the greatest advantage.

Nowadays, though, we don't have the troublesome task of gathering the sage and the mussy mixing at home. All drug stores sell the ready-to-use product, improved by the addition of other ingredients, called "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound." It is very popular because nobody can discover it has been applied. Simply moisten your comb or a soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, but what delights the ladies with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound, is that, besides beautifully darkening the hair after a few applications, it also produces that soft lustre and appearance of abundance which is so attractive.

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Suggestion No. 947628. "What'll I do with the Kaiser after the war?" "Set him to work counting his broken promises."

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A grave and majestic outside is, as it were, the palace of the soul.—Chinese Proverb.

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