THETHRIENTH COMMANDMENT



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-abouttown, 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.

Bayard shuddered a little, inly. The

would depart from it in every way

possible. Lella was interested vitally

Bayard was a business man from his

agement in American business except

CHAPTER VII. *

cutting down appropriations, reducing

expenses. Cities, counties, states, na-

In the Window on a Dummy With No

Cry Aloud to Daphne.

Head, No Feet, and a White Satin

Bust Hung a Gown That Seemed to

former extravagances by present econ-

CHAPTER VI-Continued.

Her sympathies would ordinarily was being made as never before: anhave been with her brother in any dis- cient despotisms were turning into repute between him and his wife. But publics, republics were at war with this was a dispute between Bayard one another; constitutions, labor probto go on reading the Times when his tions, were being ripped up and recuss them as through a morning paper | mals. darkly, and he made the wrong answers, and finally he snatched out his like a train-catcher at a lunch-counter.

It was thus that he heard Leila wail, trifle nearer the hips, the release of "What's to become of me all morn-

spoke softly enough: "Why, I don't know, honey. There ought to be plenty more closely to the human outline they for you to do. The Lord knows there's enough for me at the office."

"All right," sighed Leila. "Til be brave and worry through somehow, till they would leave off, and grandly innoon, with my sweet new sister's help. different to which nations were shoot-But we'll come down and lunch with ing at which. Bayard hesitated, ap- cover you with an aureole." you. About what time do you go out pealed again to his watch, gasped at to luncheon, By?"

Bayard's answer was discouraging: when the heads of the firm always Lella put out her arms again. I'm afraid I can't lunch with you to- he bowed into her arms she kissed his pudence that terrified Mrs. Kip:

"And you'll leave me this whole ter- all the betweens." rible day? I can never exist so long without you."

"I'm mighty sorry, honey. But men He blushed to arrive late at his office must work, and-so-forth. I've been and set a bad example to his stenogaway too long. The office needs me. raphers and clerks. It was his creed

This brightened her in a way he had and end every day with the next day's to be a model, and sighed: not expected, and a little too far be- maneuvers clearly realized as part of yond his hopes. Gloom left her face the next month's campaign. like a cloud whipped from before the sun. She dazzled him with her smile.

"Oh, I know what to do! Daphne from Europe a sense of great disaster and your mother and I can go shop- in the air. And there was no encourping."

Bayard's heart flopped. He wondered what on earth more there was must be over because it had lasted so in the shops that she could want to long. 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 tions were all paying the penalty of 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 mefrightfully! 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.

Leila 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 | boastful of their penuries. from Paris, and I know more about the fashione than they do."

or postponed, that waist could be had a cheaper quality, these parasols like flaying. were not really necessary, those stockings need not be so numerous all at

And yet even Mrs. Kip admitted that the whole array was far beyond the she insisted that he could provide a partial trousseau at least. She herself | them!" 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 ber 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 bring with her a burden of debt as her

"No!" she cried, with a sudden impatient slash at the Gordian knot. am or take back his diamond ring he wished on me."

Her deflance 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 seem times were epic. Immortal progress ing poor, especially when you never fool anybody except yourself!"

Leila, with the magnanimity of a native spendthrift, tried to soothe the and love. It was sacrilegious for him lems, life problems, all social institu- fever of the rebel: "Let's go prowling around, anyway. I may see something bride had so much more important made, all the relations of masters and I want for myself. Bayard dragged me things to discuss. He heard her dis- men, mistresses, children, wives, ani- away from Paris before I had finished shopping. There are several things I Yet Leila said there was nothing in need desperately."

the papers! Revolutionary news meant The three wise women set forth: watch, glared it in the face, gasped, to her a change in the fashion in they joined the petticoated army pourand attacked the last of his breakfast sleeves, the shift of the equatorial ing from all the homes like a levee en waistline a trifle nearer the bust or a

masse, a foray of pretty Huns. They reached the alluring place the ankles from tight skirts. The great where the famous Dutilh, like an amiarebellion in her world was the abrupt ble Mephistopheles, offered to buy Bayard stared at her sharply, but decision of the dressmakers that after souls in exchange for robes of angelic years of costumes clinging more and 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 in what women would wear and what to Daphne:

"I belong to you and you belong to me! Fill me with your flesh and I will The three forlorn women understood

the hour and the minutes, kissed Leila the message instantly. They looked at violently, kissed Daphne and kissed one another, then, without a word, en-"This is one of the three days a week his mother and rushed for the door, tered the shop, doomed in advance. Letla was known to Dutilh and he lunch at Delmonico's in a private room. "I must be last," she cried, and as greeted her with an extravagant im-

ear and whispered, "and first, too, and "You little devil!" he hissed. "Get right out of my theater. How dare you come here after letting somebody else by the way. I've just remembered a cradle days. He loved promptitude. build your trousseau?"

Leila apologized and explained and he pretended to be mollifled as he pretended to have been insulted. Having And I've spent a lot of money, and I've that success comes to those who arrive thus made the field his own, he turned got to go down and earn some more to earlier on the battlefield than the oth- to Daphne, studied her frankly with ers, fight harder, stay longest there, narrowed eyes as if she were asking "Oh, what a narrow escape!"

Daphne jumped and gasped, "From There was need for concentration in what?" his business, for he had brought back

"That gown in the window, that Lanvin that was born for you. You must have seen it-the afternoon one in parchment-toned taffets and tolle,"

an instinctive feeling that the worst The women, astounded by his intultion, nodded and breathed hard, like terrified converts at a seance, He was referring to the one that belonged to Daphne, and he ordered her to get into it at once. It was a time when everybody was

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 manikins. "Help Miss Kip into this gown, Maryla." A mournful-eyed beauty led Dapline

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 surren-

lered a mere daughter and received oack a seraphic changeling. Daphne was no longer a pretty girl; she was something ethereal, bewitched and beher 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 Leila, but Leila 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 peachpink satin. It was as if peaches had a soul, as perhaps they have.

Perfect happiness is said to need a appiness 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 well-say the same price."

The three women assailed a list of Daphne and her mother were sickthings for Daphne's trousseau with the ened. But Daphne was suffering one they would have. The head waiter a pagoda!"

They cut out this and that, de- ple. Her soul of souls clamored to to have. cided that this gown could be omitted wear that very gown that very after. Daphne rejoiced. All luxury was

grown with exercise.

Dutilh took pity on them: "Look here," he said, "I'll make the price two streets were gold, the buildings of jasreach of her husband's means. Still hundred and seventy-five. It's giving per, and the people angels-good them away, but you are such visions in angels or bad, as the case might be,

> It was a big reduction, but it left the price still mountain high. "I want something to wear tomor-

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 turned back to Daphne. "Awfully nice them. Where are you living now?"

Leila made a confession: "The trouble is, Mr. Dutilh, that I'm just back from Paris and I haven't a cent she's completely surrounded by tribute to her father, or she must left, and Miss Kip is buying her trous- grandes dames." seau and has spent more already than she expected to."

expected them to dangle: "That's to see them paying such court to an "Clay will have to take me just as I simple. Why not open an account with actress. She said so. me? Take the gowns along and pay me when you like,"

Leila 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 Leila. "Certainly," said Dutilb. "Send them, then," said Lella, with

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



Daphne.

marvelous design by Paul Poiret's. Let me show It to you."

ne, and she hurried out of the infernal

"Come quick; let's run," said Daph-

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 day letter from Daphne's father to her was realizing that that parchmenttoned 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 Leila:

"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

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 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 witching. If she could own that gown ferocious price of Daphne's new dress.

me?" asked Duane. "We were just going to have some thing somewhere," said Mrs. Kip. "My husband would object," said

Leila. "I'm not inviting you," said Dunne, "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 Fortyfourth street and entered Delmonico's the carriage man saluted Duane, bit of horror to make it complete. The 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 pagoda on which shall be set out on go dirt cheap for three hundred and him a check. The head waiter beamed a marble slab how much money he twenty-five. The one Miss-er-Mrs. as if a long-awaited guest of honor spent on building it. He likes pec omies. Rich people were positively Kip has on Ill give away for-ummh, had come, and the captains bowed and to address him as "Builder of a Pa

powed.

ruthlessness of an auditing commit- of those gusts of mania that ruin peo- told him in a low voice what he ought

noon. Even to take it off would hurt music to her. Fine clothes, fine foods on fine dishes, fine horses, motors, fur-Leila had the same feeling. Her ap- nitures, fine everything, gave her an petite for resplendent gowns had exaltation of soul like the thrill of a religion.

New York was heaven on earth, The but still angels. She wanted to be an angel.

Among the squads of men and women camped about the little tables she row afternoon," Lella said. "Ive got made out Sheila Kemble again, in a to go to a tea and my sister has to go knot of elderly women of manifest importance.

"Isn't that Shella Kemble?" Daphne asked. "Yes, that's Sheila," said Duane, and he waved to her and she to him, He

girl. Like to meet her?" "I'm crazy to." "I'd bring you together now, but

He named the women, and Mrs. Kip gaped at them as if they were a group Dutilh rose to the bait that he had of Valkyrs in Valhalla. It startled her

> "All great successes love one another," Duane explained. "Those old ladies were gentuses at getting born in the best families, and Shella 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 peck 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 'He's Awfully Rich, I Suppose," Said 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-Leila 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. There they found a

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 steeple, crushing many a house. Indirectly it had rattled the windows of Bayard's firm: go. But he was mentioned the other had stopped the banks from granting day in the will of an old aunt he used an important loan. Bayard spent a to be nice to. He's nice to everybody." bad day downtown. The news of his Duane met them now and paused, 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, Leila honey, I was the wise boy when "Will you have a bite of lunch with 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 install-

> > (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 goda," and he will say to his wife be Duane did not ask his guests what fore others: "Oh, wife of a builder of

WOMAN WORKS

Marvelous Story of Woman's Change from Weakness to Strength by Taking Druggist's Advice.

Peru, Ind.—"I suffered from a dis-placement with backache and dragging

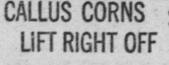
down pains so badly that at times I could not be on my feet and it did not seem as though I could stand it. tried different medicines without any benefit and several doctors but an operation would do me any good. My drug-gist told me of Lydia E. Pink-ham's Vegetable Compound. I took it with the result that I am now well

up in the morning at four o'clock, do my housework, then go to a factory and work all day, come home and get supper and feel good. I don't know how many of my friends I have told what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."—Mrs. Anna METERIANO, 26 West 10th St. Porn. Ind.

36 West 10th St., Peru, Ind.
Women who suffer from any such aiments should not fail to try this famous
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When Freezone removes corns from the toes or calluses from the bottom of the feet, the skin beneath is left pink and healthy and never sore or tender.

If you don't like your job don't WOLLA. It will suit somebody else

Health Was Shattered Mrs. Hayes Was Discouraged Until

Doan's Made Her Well. "I was in awful shape from kidney trouble," says Mrs. Frank Hayes, 42 Dover St., Boston, Mass. "When I got up out of a chair, I felt as though someone had stuck a knife into the small of my back and it fairly took my breath away.

"The hidney appretions."

"The kidney secretions assed often and only a passed often and only a little at a time. They were so scalding I would scream so I believe I could be heard a block away. They deposited brick-dust-like sediment and their odor was something awful. complexion became w and I had large Mrs. Hayes

puffs under my eyes.
"I was troubled with spells of gasping for breath and had such dizzy attacks I often fell right over. Spots floated before my eyes and I got so nervous I couldn't stand any noise. I cried over nothing at all, became irritable and imagined all sorts of things. My health was shattered and I became discouraged.

My health was shattered and I became discouraged.

"I continued to grow worse in spite of any treatment and came pretty near dying several times. After several months of this horror, I heard about Doan's Kidney Pills. I used a dozen boxes of Doan's and was cured. I was entirely well and have enjoyed good health ever since." ealth ever since.

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