low warmth.

you don't mind," said Duane.

were of an adventurous cast as well.

He Could Imagine Her Pretty Head.

but her heart and mind and conscience

short at last and said:

dance any more-here."

very tender smile:

"Want to go home?"

"If you don't mind."

Duane paused in a

were troubling her till she stopped

When they came out upon the veran-

hills. They stood admiring it for a

moment and the music from the hotel

seemed to come from another world.

He returned to the road along the

moonglow that it seemed a pity to

to that she should be in such haste?

wooded cliffside with a vista of pecu-

the chuttering engine and turned off

They sat utterly content till Duane

shook off the blissful stupor. They

could not stay here thus forever. They

could not stay much longer. It was

He did not dare to look at Daphne

imagine her pretty head and the

Yet he did not want to marry her.

Daphne was musing almost as

quisitive crickets with gleaming eyes

If she were the wife of as rich a

the massacre in Europe and so many

unbeautifully.

the strenuous lights.

growing cold and late.

THETHRIFEN COMMANDMEN



CHAPTER XVIII. --12-

Daphne scuttered for the subway as a fugitive rabbit to its burrow. But your bookkeeper, or somebody." she was not a rabbit and she felt sufendure to be quiet in the presence of get another gown and you'll catch a so many goggle eyes like aligned but- millionaire with it." tons. She left the train at the next | It was hard for Dutilh to keep his station and walked rapidly to Fifth clients clear in his memory. avenue, and up it homeward.

She walked rapidly for the comfort her disconsolate husband. Daphne you some day. Trust me for that." dared not tell them just yet that she Leila felt a rapturous desire to kiss had lost her place. She would tell him and call him names of gratitude. them when she got another one, For He was generous by impulse and pafear that they might ask why she was | tient, and nobody's fool at that. The 'ard's apartment.

ble on herself.

Leila let her in at the door, but she model earn?" was in a milicant humor. She said, rel. He said, "Hello!" with a dismal a week at least. Want a job?" connotation.

"What do you suppose that brother of yours orders me to do now?" said her across his cup. He saw the anx-Leila, whirling Daphne toward her. "I can't imagine," said Daphne, in-

to do anything.

"He wants me to go to Dutilh and in my pond?" put up a poor mouth and humiliate my-

Bayard snatched Daphne to him that he grew solemn, too. and stormed: "She bought the clothes, didn't she, without consulting me? yours; she wore 'em out, paraded 'em suppose I could let some one go." before other men there in Newport while I was slaving here. And now even go explain it to him. That's all I ask her-to explain it to him and est you?" ask him to be patient so that I won't tell him about my hard luck and my She won't do anything for me."

She pleaded: "Why don't you, Leila? beauty had the threat of a storm-You have such winning ways. I'll go loaded thundercloud.

her head. She paused, took it off She dared not speak to her at all. again, and went to her room, unhookone's best appearances.

Bayard grumbled, "How are you getting along at your office?" Daphne felt unable to intrude her

own troubles on his. She shrugged her shoulders. It is a kind of white lie, the shrug. "Hang on to your job as long as you

can, old girl, for you'll have to support us all, I guess. You're the only one of us that can get a job or earn a cent. That's the advantage of being a pretty Daphne was almost moved to tell

him some of the disadvantages of being a pretty girl, but she felt that the time was unfit for exploiting her own woes. She ached for some one to disclose them to, but she withheld them.

Leila came in, arrayed in her very finest. She was smiling in the contentment of beauty at its best. "When you ask credit you've got to look as if you didn't need it," she said.

They found Dutilh in a state of unusual excitement and exhaustion. There were few customers in his place and he left them to the other salespeople. He advanced on Leila and Dapline and gave a hand to each.

"Why, oh why in the name of Paul Poiret didn't you come in a week ago? The pirates have taken every decent gown I had. The sawing women are working like mad to reproduce 'em, but there's nothing left fit to show, except to Pittsburgh and Plattsburg tourists. Where did you get that awful rag you have on?"

"Here," said Lella, beautiful. Sit down. I'm dead. Have it simply, without emphasis, knowing a cigarette? Have a cup of tea? Oh, its effect. Miss Galvey-tea for three, please, I didn't forget either of you when I was Dutilh for a position among his in Paris. I have a siren gown for you, models? Great Lord of heaven, I'll tele-Mrs. Kip, that will break your heart graph father to come take you home." with joy. You'd murder to get it. And as for you, Miss Kip-well, you'll sim- "You'll send the message collect, and ply be indecently demure in the one I call 'Innocence,' "

Daphne was a trifle shocked, but Lella's eyes filled with tears at the that-" mockery of such talk. She moaned: "I didn't come to buy. I came to thing left to pawn?" apologize and beg for mercy. I owe you a lot of money, and I haven't a

"Who has? What of it? Nobody's paying anybody."

"But I had an urgent letter from "Don't mind her. She gets excited.

"But I can't afford it."

"And I can't afford to have my chilof the restlessness, but there was no dren going round in last year's rags. comfortable destination ahead of her. You do as you're told and come around She found Mrs. Chevvis at home with next week. I'll get my money out of

home so early, she went down to Bay- thoughts of tailors are long, long thoughts.

She wanted to tell Bayard and Leila | Daphne sat thinking, but not of what had happened. It was safe, she clothes. The labor problem had alfelt sure. Bayard would never attack most defeminized her. She was study-Gerst. He would be more likely to ing the models as they lounged about rail at Daphne for bringing the trou- the shop. Suddenly she spoke. "Oh, Mr. Dutilh, how much money does a

"You mean what salary do I pay? "Hello!" grimly and stepped back for Common clothes-horses get fifteen or Daphne to enter. Daphne found Bay- sixteen dollars. Better lookers get ard still aglow with interrupted quar- better pay. You're worth a thousand

"Yes." His smile was quenched. He studied lety in her curiosity.

"What's the matter?" he said. "Has credulous of Bayard's ordering Leila he run off with another girl, or do you expect to go fishing for a millionaire "I need the money. I've had hard

luck." Daphne said it so solemnly "That's too bad! Well, I've got

more girls now than I need. Nobody She wouldn't send 'em back as you did as beautiful as you, of course, but-I "Oh, I couldn't think of that!"

"Neither could L. Well, I'll squeeze that Dutilh insists on money that I you in somewhere. But I can't pay haven't got, and can't get, she won't you as much as you are worth. Would -umm-twenty dollars a week inter-"It would fascinate me."

be sued. I can't stand that. I've had "All right, you're engaged. You can "Do you want a job, too?"

"No, thank you!" Lella snapped. fine prospects-play fair with him- Her eyes were blacker than ever with and with me. But will she do it? No! rage, and her red-white cheeks curdled with shame. She could not Daphne was swayed by his emotion. trust herself to speak. Her brunette

When she and Daphne had taken Leila hesitated, then answered by their departure, Leila still dared not taking up her hat and slapping it on speak to Daphne on the way home.

Leila brought triumph to Bayard. She that in asking favors one should wear his willingness to wait for his money. full toll of her success, she told Bay-



Leila Felt a Rapturous Desire to Kiss Him and Call Him Names of Grati-

"Oh, of course, I remember. It's ard what Daphne had done. She told

"Daphne!" he roared. "You asked "That's all right," Daphne taunted.

he'll never be able to pay for it, so he'll never know what he missed." "But surely we are not such beggars

"Who has any money? Who has any "But there must be other jobs."

"Get me one." "There must be some other way."

"Show me." Clay Wimburn came in after dinner. His protests against Daphne's project the chain of Croton lakes and ran no substitute to offer.

She forebore to tell him of the Gerst affair. He was deep enough in the mire. He went away a little later and she returned to her cubbyhole with the Chivvises.

Those were black days for all Amer-Ica, suffering under the backfire from the sudden war and from the long fatigue of hard times. There were weeks of dread lest the United States be sucked into the maelstrom at a time when it was least prepared in money, arms, or spirit. Never, perhaps, in human chronicle had so many people looked with such bewildered misery on so many people locked in such multifarious carnage.

At such a time, as in an epoch of plague, there came a desperate need of a respite from woe; soldiers skylarked in trenches; war widows danced in gay colors; festivals were held in the name of charity; frivolifocated in the tunnel. She could not Nobody pays me. You come in and ties and vices were resorted to that good souls might renew themselves for the awful work before them.

> It was in such a mood of imperative demand for cheer of some sort that Tom Duane swam back into Daphne's gloomy sky.

Daphne had come home after a morning of rebuffs. She was heartsore and footsore, in shabby boots that she could not replace. She was called to the telephone, and Duane's voice chanted in her ear with a tone

of peculiarly comforting melancholy. "That you, Miss Kip? This is me Mr. Duane. Poor Tom Duane. Poor Tom's a-cold. I came back to town unexpectedly early. I have something important to say to you. Will you take a little ride with me in my car?

"Why not?" she said, with a laugh. She was glad that he could not see the tears that gushed across her eyelids. "Three cheers for you! I'll be there in a jiffy. You couldn't arrange to dine with me, could you? Or could you?"

Again she answered, "Why not?" Duane's voice rang back: "Tip-top You've made me happy as a box of pups. I'm half-way there already."

CHAPTER XIX.

When Duane came up to the door he greeted her with the beaming joyusness of a rising sun. He praised her and thanked her for lending him her time. The elevator that took their bodies down took her spirits up. She noted that he had not brought his big car with his chauffeur. He stowed her into a powerful roadster built for two. But she had no inclination to protest. The car caught them away and they sped through Central park with lyrical, with dithyrambic, sweep.

"The trees!-how wonderful they are!" she cried. They had been wonderful for weeks.

but she had thought them dismal. "They're nothing to what they are looked at her sadly, and she sadly at every other calamity but I've never begin next Monday." He turned to in Westchester," said Duane. "We're him. Then he seemed to like her even going to have a look at them and

dine up there somewhere," "Are we?" was all she said. And he said, "We are."

After they left the park and reentered the hard streets she found the courage to remind him: "But you said charger of frosted silver among the you had something important to tell me. What was it?"

"Miss Kip, you've played the very devil with me. I thought I was im- He helped her into the car and they Besides, it's growing late." riune to the lover germ, but-well, I whisked away southerly. ing her gown as she went; she knew told him what Dutilh had told her of to shake off the-the fever-the told you the truth about going abroad Daphnitis that attacked me. But I Bayard embraced Lella and hailed couldn't get you out of my mind for hurry through the wonderland at such her as an anget. When she had taken long, or out of my heart at all. I'm a speed. And what was she going back sick man, Miss Kip, a lovesick man."

"Mr. Duane, you mustn't-I can't allow you-really!" "Oh, yes, you can!" he said, and did he check the speed, but at one you." sent the car ahead with a plunge. "You're going to listen to me for once. Har majesty he wheeled out of the You can't help yourself. I'm not going road and stopped the car, shut down to burt you. I just want you to help me a little. I went up in the Berkshires and tried to get my sanity back, but I couldn't! I couldn't even play golf-or cards-or drink. People drive me crazy. I can't get interested in anything or anybody but you."

"Mr. Duane, please- You oughtn't to- I beg you. I have no right-" "Oh, I know you're engaged to Clay Wimburn. He's a nice kid. I'm not one-two-three with him. I'm not trying to cut him out-I couldn't if 1 with childish solemnity, the throat would. I like him. I'd like to help stem in the urn contour of her shoulhim, and your brother, too. I don't ders, the vaselike curves of her young mean to be impertinent, either; but- torso. He imagined these from memwell, the main thing is, I want to beg ory, for they now were swaddled in a you to let me see you once in a while.

"I want to take you out riding and dining and doncing and-you can take clasped idly at her knees, the little Wimburn along if you've got to, but I gloves turned back at the wrist. He want you to save my life somehow. And, by the Lord Harry! I think it will save yours. You don't look well, my dear-Miss Kip. It breaks my heart his keeping. to see it. No, I don't believe you're getting as much fun out of life as you He did not admire marriage in its reought to. There isn't much fun in the sults as he saw them in other people. world any more, but what little's left Like many another, he cherished is very precious, and I want you to get | wicked ideals because the everyday all that's going. Won't you let me help | virtues worked out so imperfectly, so

you go after it? Won't you?" They swung up to a height that commanded a vast reach of the Hudson. vaguely. On the river a yacht at an-Between its banks it semed to be a chor poised like a swan asleep. She river of wine. The western sky was would like to own a yacht. On the like a forest of autumn leaves with the opposite side of the river along the last sad red pitifully beautiful, since road she could see motorcars like init must turn so soon to rust.

In a spirit of haste the fleetly spin- and feelers of light. She would like ning wheels murmured, "Why not, why to own a motor or two. not, why not, why-notwhynotwhynot?" Before the sunset had quite relin- man as this man at her side, how quished the sky the moon was over quickly she could help her father and the horizon-the harvest moon, huge Bayard and the wretched victims of and close and of a meditative mein.

but its power seemed to grow.

Duane, a little afraid of him and of ing but expense of money and heart the gloaming. They emerged above ache and torture.

Suddenly but quietly upon this curwere louder than Bayard's, with the across the big dam and wound along rent of her thoughts a thought of added rancor of jealousy. But he had the shore, crossing iron bridge after Duane's was launched like a skiff coniron bridge, till they came to a little genial to the tide. He spoke almost roadside inn whose lights had a yel- as softly as a thought, at first with a quaint shock such as a boat makes, "We're stopping here for dinner, if launched.

"How often do you go to church?" Daphne was a trifle ill at ease, but he said, whimsically, she was hungry, too, and the adventure "Why-never, I'm afraid," she was exhilarating. There were not gasped in surprise.

many people at the tables, and they "You were planning to be married in church?" When Duane had given his order he "Such funny questions! Yes, of

asked Daphne if she would join the course." rest of the diners who had left their "Why?" chairs to fox-trot. She shook her head "Oh, it wouldn't be nice not to." and he did not urge her. "You don't believe in divorce, then?"

But by the time their dinner was "Oh yes-yes, indeed-if people served and eaten the nagging, interdon't get along together. I think it's minable music had played away near wicked for people to live together if ly all her scruples. they don't love each other." When Duane looked at her with an "It's love, then, that makes mar-

appealing smile, she smiled back, nodriage sacred?" ded and rose. He leaped to his feet "Yes. Yes, indeed! Of course!" "Is it all right for two people who and took her in his arms. are not Christians to live together ac-Somehow, it was not mere dancing

now. He had told her that he loved cording to their creeds?" "How do you mean?" her. There was in his embrace an eagerness that was full of deference, "Well, the people who lived before there were any Christians-or people but full of delight as well. After all, who never heard of Christianity-was she was alone with him in a company it all right for them to marry?" that seemed not to be very respectable, and was growing less so every hour. "Of course."

"It's not any one formula, then, that Her feet and all her limbs and every nakes marriage all right?" muscle of her reveled in the gambol, "Of course not, it's the-the-

> "The love?" "I think so. It's hard to explain." "Everything is, isn't it?" "Terribly." There was more silence. He took

a cigar from his pocket, held it before her for permission. She said, "Please." He struck a match. She glanced at his face in the little limelight of the match. It was very bandsome. A pearl of drowsy luster gleamed in the soft folds of his tie. The hands sheltering the match were splendid hands.

She watched the cigar fire glow and fade and the little turbulent smoke veils float into the air and die. One of them formed a wreath, a strange, frail, writhing circlet of blue filaments. It drifted past her and she put her finger into it-her ring-finger by some womanly instinct.

"Now you're married to me," said Duane,

There was a sudden movement of his hands as if to seize upon her. She recoiled a little; his hands did not pursue her. They went back to the steering wheel and clung to it fiercely. She turned from his eyes, but he gazed at her cheek, and she could feel the blood stirring there in a blush. "If you loved me, would you marry

me?" he sald. "I-I love- I'm going to marrysomebody else."

When?" "I'm sorry, but I-I'd rather not "Some day."

"If you're not happy with him, will you leave him?" chagrin. Then he sighed: "All right."

"Oh, but I'll be happy with him." They retreated to their table, and he You've seen how seldom it worked. who comes to the depot to announce If you ceased to love him, or he you. better than before, and he said, with a would you leave him?"

"'If' is a large order. Maybe." "Wouldn't it be wiser if two people who thought they loved could live together for a while before they marda of the hotel the lake was a vast ried?"

She felt her muscles set as if she would rise and run away from such words. "Mr. Duane! I don't think it's nice even to be talking of such things.

"It's not so late as it would be if you married a man and found that Hudson, and it was so beautiful in the your marriage was a ghastly mistake." "Hadn't we better start back?"

"Please don't leave me just yet. This is very solemn to me. I've been studying you a long time, trying to She hinted as much to Duane, and get you out of my mind, and only gethe bettered the suggestion. Not only ting you deeper in my heart. I love

"I don't believe it."

"I know it." "Then you oughtn't to tell me." "Not tell a woman you love her? Not try to save her from wrecking her

life and my own?" "How wrecking my-her life?" "I believe that if you marry Clay Wimburn you'll be unhappy. He can't

give you a home. He can't buy you clothes. He can't support you." "That's not his fault, just now-He did not quite need to. He could with the hard times and the war. drowsy, adorable eyes, the lips pursed

Please let's go home." "To my home?" That insolence was too appalling to answer, or even to gasp at, or protest

against. It stunned her. He took advantage of her daze to explain, hurthick motorcoat. But without turning riedly: "You're not going to be one of those

his head he could see her little tands silly, old-fashioned idiot girls that a man can't talk to earnestly and frankthought that he would like to take ly, are you now? Of course you're them in his-he would like to take all not. You're not one of those poor of her in his arms, into his heart, into things whose virtue consists in being insulted every time anyone appeals to their intelligence, are you? No, you're a fine, brave soul, and you want to know the truth about truth, and so do

"I'm a decent enough fellow at heart. I want to do the right thing and live squarely as well as the next fellow. I've get a sense of honor, too, of a sort, and I take life pretty serie

"I tell you, the world is all turned topsy-turvy the last few years. The old rules don't rule. They never did, but people pretended to believe in 'em. Now we're not so afraid of the truth in science or history or religion or anything. We want to know the truth and live by it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Way Out If a man or a machine is unable to It paled and dwindled as it climbed, people-yes, and even Clay, poor, accomplish a task it should be turned dear, hopeless, helpless Clay Wim- over to a woman and a hairpin.-Lon-It left Daphne more alone with burn, to wnom she had brought noth- don Answers.

WHAT THE WORLD WAR COST

Ability to Meet It Consists in Country's Productive Power Exercised to the Limit.

The ultimate factor in war finance is not the dollar, but what the dollar can buy-at the moment when it is necessary to use it. The economic burden of a war is not borne by capital, that is, the stored-up savings invested in railroads, factories and banks, but by the productive power of the country, engaged in unproductive consumption. For war is waste, observes the April La Revista del Mun-

When estimating the financial ability of a nation to make war a consideration of her wealth does not tell the story, just as a consideration of population, which would give Russia the first place, would be altogether false. It is the ability a nation has to master and mobilize her dollars and send them into the trenches and make them fight, that reveals her financial power as a military nation. Germany, with her long preparation, her autocratic government machinery, was able to conscript all production for war purposes, and mass her economic strength almost as speedily as she massed ber fighting men.

Great Britain and the United States, not being versed in the science of war did not understand this factor. The economic resources of these countries were not mobilized and massed all at once, but each government was forced to take over more and more of the machinery of production as war needs became increasingly great. These two countries, with bulldog, but mistaken, determination, clung to the slogan, "Business as usual," as long as it was possible to do so. The business men of those countries believed that so long as there was plenty of money in circulation every one would be able to turn to, buy government bonds and thus assist in the business of war. But this fallacy is akin to the common one of mistaking dollars for wealth.

The cost of the war, as nearly as it can be estimated in money, shows the national debt which each belligerent now carries ranges from 4.6 per cent of the national wealth (in Japan) to 80 per cent of the national wealth (in Hungary). How these staggering liabilities are to be met is the problem for the future; but the United States, with a debt amounting to 6 per cent of her national wealth of \$250,000,000,-000, is in the favored position undoubtedly, facing unprecedented possibilities in credit expansion.

Threw but Seven.

The quartermaster's department in Hoboken is anything but a place of joy. It is where the effects of many thousands of doughboys who "went West" are sent for distribution. Each pitiful package or bundle or box is checked up and sent to the nearest relative. Occasionally, however, the solemnity of the situation is relieved "So many people have said that! by the laughter of some returned hero that he is not dead and to claim his precious belongings. The other day a budy negro appeared, wearing three gold chevrons and a wound stripe, laughing heartily at the thought of him being reported dead. As if any old Hun could kill him! He told a tale of terrible fighting and suffering, all the time smiling cheerfully, and allowing as how he hoped his personal effects would be located. A small package, with his name on it, was at last found and opened for final checking. It contained a wad of money and the tools which had helped to enrich the dark man-a pair of dice. There was much laughter, hearty handshakes and back slapping, when the soldier was handed the money and the African golf outfit, which only threw seven .-New York Sun.

Bedouin Bards.

The descriptive power and fidelity of Arabic poetry in setting forth both the life of the people and the scenery of the clime are femarkable. It conjures up visions of tawny brows, flowing beards, soft eyes, picturesque turbans, pawing chargers, and patient dromedaries. We seem to be there. It is the land of the date tree and the fountain, the ostrich and the giraffe, the tent and the caravan. It is the home of the simoon and the mirage. It is the world of the desert and the stars. Hospitality waves her torch through the night to win the wanderer to be a guest. The very picture, embodiment, breath, blaze, of all this is in the lyrics of the Bedouin bards. The richness of their language, and something of the character of the people who use it, are shown in the fact that it has 80 names for honey, 500 for the lion, and a thousand for the sword !- William Russell Alger.

Take No Chances. The following interesting bit of in-

formation is from Safety Engineering: "Not every one understands how inflammable and explosive chlorate of potash is. One man learned in a peculiar manner. He was carrying chlorate of potash tablets in a small bottle in his coat pocket; the cork presumably became loosened and fell out. Entering a street car, he knocked the ashes from his pipe, as he supposed, and put it in his pocket. In a few moments there were spurts of blue flame, and the tablets 'went off.' For a time the man was in danger of being mistaken for an enemy alien. carrying bombs. The mystery of the explosion was solved by finding small particles of glass wedged in the clothing around where the bottle had been. Other than the shock to his own nerves and those of the passengers. the only damage was to his clothes, which were burned badly."