

The Thirteenth Commandment

By RUPERT HUGHES

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CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

"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 tallman. 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 buried 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 straining her sobs as best she could she heard a voice over her shoulder. It said:

"Ah, gel, at last I have you in the 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 sorry," 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 gate man 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 used 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 as he went, and it 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 Leila 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. Leila'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 shabbily, 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 frangible as a veteran of the gout whose toe has been stepped on, when Daphne walked in he was denouncing Leila 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 Leila, and she took immediate flight. She found the Chivvies 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 eye 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, and 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 Chivvies 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, starving miserably to a fig or a deb-

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 Chivvies 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 Chivvies' 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 chiller 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 manager 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 not 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. Chivvis, 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; and 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 inscribing 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 rolled 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 Maria Pribik. 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, girls, the wisest might be wiser 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 caldrons 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. Why'n't choo come with me? I can land you a job at the Lar de Luicks. 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 hasty thanks and they left at once. Miss Pribik led the way to a huge building full of "Pants Makers," "Nightsuit 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 my 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, kiddo. You can begin Monday."

"Things," said Daphne, humbly.

"I'm comin', too," said Miss Pribik. "All right," said Gerst. "It's time you did." Well take some of that beef off you." And he playfully pinched her arm.

Adroitly evading his pinners, 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 Luxe Publishing society, pronounced by its own people (who ought to know) "Lar de Luicks."

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 the 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

prudent 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 leviant Court Memoirs. He had not yet taken the bait for the De Maupassant.

Daphne endorsed his card and his taste. She was shaken from her previous 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 a minute, wait a minute. What'd you say if I was to ask you to go to a show, tonight, huh? What'd you say?"

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

"S'nother eve, then? Of to a dance, huh?"

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

"Why not? Come on! Why not? Ain't I got class 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 disbelief, 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 satiric 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 stampered 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.

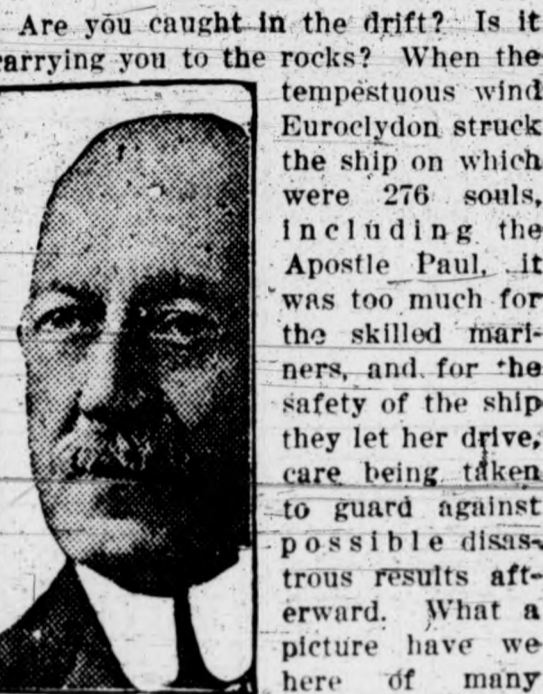
Impossible.

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.

The Drift of Things

By REV. J. H. RALSTON, D. D.
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TEXT—We let her drive . . . —Acts 17:35.



Are you caught in the drift? Is it carrying you to the rocks? When the tempestuous wind Euroclydon struck the ship on which were 276 souls, including the Apostle Paul, it was too much for the skilled mariners, and for the safety of the ship they let her drive, care being taken to guard against possible disastrous results afterward. What a picture have we here of many

human lives! The winds of fortune, as the saying is, have been "too much for them, and they are simply drifting." The vast majority do not seem to care whether the drift ends disastrously or not.

Possibly the majority do not think of the power of the influence about them that causes the drift. It is not fair to God to charge him with being so arbitrary in his sovereign control that man is without responsibility. Whatever may be the destiny that shapes our ends, man is in a true sense master of his own fate.

Seeking after pleasure is a strong wind that is blowing and carrying multitudes before it. The great theaters, as a rule, are packed for practically every performance. In the saloons, men are standing two or three deep before the bars. Where less and sweet-meats are served, the tables will all be taken. Go to the great athletic fields, and thousands will be found. The spirit with reference to pleasure seems to be, "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die."

Is the church caught in any drift? A way to the world is the movement in many churches, and not only congregations but entire denominations are diligently using the methods of the world in order to successfully "put over" certain great denominational schemes. Such is the condition of the day!

What about the drift of Christian teaching? Twenty-five years ago when were asking with some concern if the teaching of the great German theologians might not be ultimately dangerous. Quickly came the reply: "These men have truth and are the heralds of a day of religious and spiritual enlightenment for which the world has been hungering." The same question was asked in later years, but the power of false teaching continued, and the church of God, caught in the drift, went on until the great world war was like a searching light making everything plain. That drift has not stopped, and many days, yes, possibly years, may pass, before the church reaches some Isle of Melita, where it may possibly go to pieces on the rocks, but God's people in it be saved.

What is the great lesson from such drift? First, keep where the wind of doubt and criticism may not catch you. It is simply not true that the day in which we find ourselves, as to Christian teaching and living, is better than a former day. Spiritual values cannot be calculated in terms of dollars and cents, nor in steam and air pressure, dead weight or voltage. How foolish it is to think that the scientific attainments of men can solve spiritual problems. Germany's science was said to have been given by God, in order that she might rule the world. The blast of the Lord came to Germany, as it came to the hosts of Sennacherib.

If possible, do not get into the drift. There are plenty of godly men and women today who fully escaped the skeptical drift of the last quarter of a century. Keep close to the truth of the Word of God, and not only yourself but your cause will be saved.

How easy it is to get into the drift of immorality. The gross sins are not committed at the first. The eating of the forbidden fruit by Adam and Eve was not a gross sin at all; indeed, it was not sinful in itself, but it was an act of distrust and ultimately of disobedience, and thus became a sin.

But there is something more important than high morality. There is a drifting away from the personal God. The only return to God is by a personal surrender to Jesus Christ.

Fresh Methods.

Originality in a Sunday school teacher does not always mean doing new things, or even doing old things in new ways. An original teacher is one who brings to his work the quality of freshness, as if his were the first Sunday school class ever taught and he the first Sunday school teacher in the world's history. Sunday school teaching, to the original teacher, has the charm of beginnings, the romance of discovery. He attacks every new lesson with the zest of a Columbus. Whether his methods are new or not, they seem new to himself, and so he makes them seem new to his delighted pupils. For what young person, or old for that matter, does not enjoy setting forth into a wonderland?