## The Thirteenth Commandment

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#### DUANE AGAIN COMES TO RESCUE AS DAPHNE SEES HER CHANCE TO BECOME A STAR SLIPPING AWAY.

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, Leila. 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-about-town, who seems greatly attracted to her. Daphne accidentally discovers that Clay is penniless, except for his salary. Baynard and his wife return to New York unexpectedly. The three women set out on a shopping excursion and the two younger women buy expensive gowns, having them charged to Bayard. Bayard is furious over the expense, seeing hard times ahead. Daphne, indignant, declares she will earn her own living and breaks her engagement with Clay. Through an introduction by Duane, Daphne induces Reben, a theatrical magnate, to give her a position in

#### CHAPTER X-Continued.

manner of roles for half a century, at the repetition. Somehow the replayer of hateful old grandes dames, end and Batterson dismissed the com-

Mr. Reben had come down from his tute. office to make up his own mind. He Daphne went home, dreading her good fellowship and went into the hall.

Batterson rapped on the kitchen table that stood on the apron of the ending trials. stage under a naked bunch of light of glaring brilliance.

Ready? All right, Eldon!"

Daphne recognized as the elderly butler, walked across and opened an imaginary door between two chairs.

Everybody waited and watched for the newcomer to make her debut in the new world. Then was a silence. Daphne stood with heels screwed to

"All right, Miss Kip," said Batterson with ominous patience, "Come on, come on, please!"

Another silence, then Daphne laughed and choked. "I'm awfully stupid. I've forgotten the line."

Batterson gnashed his unlighted cigar and growled: "Howjado! How-Jado !"

"Oh, yes! Thank you. I'm so sorry!" said Daphne, and walked on at the wrong side of the chairs. Everybody shuddered to realize that

she had entered through a solid wall. This miracle was ignored, but there was no ignoring the peculiarly incloquent note she struck when she bowed to the butler and stammered: "How are you?"

A sigh went through the vast profound and void of the empty theater. Instinct told even the echoes that Daphne did not belong and never could belong. Batterson groaned, tragically. "Not to the butler, please! Don't say. How are you? to the butler. Don't say 'How are you?' to anybody. please. Script says 'Howjado?' Say 'Howjado?' to Mr. Eldon there. Say 'Howjado' to Mr. Eldon there."

"How do you do?" said Daphne, bowing to Eldon and speaking with a soullessness of a squeezed doll.

Eldon rose, folded up his imaginary paper, and came forward with a pitying desire to help her. He hoped that the scared little Kip woman would win through the same bitter trials to the same perilous and always endangered success. But he had a fear.

He delivered her his line with benevolent gentleness. He waited, then gave her her line with exquisite tact. She did not repeat it after him. He said to her:

"Don't be afraid; you're all right." He gave her the line again and she He Gave Her a Hand-Grip of Perfect parroted it after him. She leaped then to a speech several minutes far-

The rehearsal blundered on. It was perhaps, there might be another a delicate plaque of finy diamonds and paused at the mailbox and went to not Daphne's fright that disturbed chance, but-oh-oh-oh!" the rest. It was her complete failure

amuse him, and Reben tasted that sobbling herself to pieces. His face dust and ashes of disappointment was close to hers, and he was murwith which theatrical managers are muring: so familiar when they bite on the "You poor little thing. You mustn't

Miss Kemble tried to help. She asked Daphne to step aside and watch and help in her need. Miss Kemble went forward to while she went through the scene. But Daphne and took her hand and petted she was so unnerved that she forgot briskness: "Pil call Reben up at once. it and said: "I'm so glad to see you. her own lines and had to refer to the No, I'll go see him." You must meet my aunt, Mrs. Vining. manuscript, while Eldon waited in She won't object to your playing her acute distress and Daphne, looking on, tions. I'm afraid-" said: "Oh, I see. I think I understand Mrs. Vining, who had played all it now." Then she forgot it all again and was now established as a famous hearsal was worried through to the spared Daphne her ready vinegar and pany with sarcastic thanks. Then he went to Reben to demand a substi-

smiled with a kind of challenging cor- fate but not knowing what the verdict She followed him to tell him again diality and murmured: "So our little was. She felt sure that it would be how kind he was. As she was claspbusiness woman is going to open the not guilty of dramatic ability. She ing his hand again Leila opened the shop. Well, all you've got to do is was worn out with the exposure of her door with her latchkey. to deliver the goods and I'll buy 'em own faults and uncertain which she Now there was triple embarrassfeared the more—to be dismissed or ment. Tom Duane had paid ardent

Duane. He had just telephoned up ard's young sister. "Places, please, for the entrance. to the apartment to ask if she were in. Lella felt all the outraged sentitory of her progress. She gave the fice. Then she went to her room. Batterson said: "Doorbell! Buzz-z." worst possible account of her stupid- There her mother found

This was the cue for Miss Kemble's at rehearsal, and never get over it. told her bluntly: Some of the greatest actresses always are at their worst on the first performance. You're bound to succeed. You

word "we" in spite of its pleasant tang pretender, and my little girl is too honof impudence. It gave her strength to est. So now you come along home est," said Dayard, "It was-well, it She came back in despair and collapsed on the divan.

Tom Duane was at her side instantly. "You're ill! In heaven's name, phone rang and the maid brought word

His solicitude pleased her. She Miss Daphne. smiled palely: "Mr. Reben told me he It was Duane, and she braced her-



Good Fellowship.

"Pardon me, but I think I have a line but he said he didn't think I was quite to the floor. She swooped for them suited to the work. He said that later, and brought up a platinum chain with

She was crying with all her might. to suggest the character, or any char- Gradually she realized that Duane's hands were on her shoulders. He was But Batterson found nothing to squeezing them as if to keep her from

Dead sea fruit of beauty without dra- grieve. You've to fine and too beautiful for such work."

She flung herself free, "No, no; I'm an imbecile-I'm no good-that's all." Those big hands were at her shoulders again. That soothing voice was

ministering courage and praise: "You are not no good. You shall succeed! ' I'll make Reben take you back. I've helped Reben out when he was in trouble. I've lent him money and I'll make him give you your chance. I promise that, on my word!" She stared at him through her tears. They blurred him in dancing flashes

of light as if he were a sun god. She caught his hands from her shoulders, but she had to hold them in hers. She is an uptown branch, right around the whatever arms stretched down to her. will be more for a put-in than takewere till she was safe again on the I want you to put some of it aside.

Duane was laughing now and patting her on the back as if she were a frightened child. She felt no right to rebuke his caresses. They were such as a brother might give a sister. His arm about her was that of a comrade, sustaining another in a battle. He was the only one in the world

who offered her courage and praise

"But you put me under such obliga-

"Never be afraid of an obligation." "I'm afraid I can never repay it." "Then you're one ahead. But you an repay me and you will."

"How?" "Let's wait and see. Goodby. Don't vorry."

to be accepted. The latter meant un- court to Lella before she married Bayard. Here he was in Bayard's wife's At the elevator she found Tom home, apparently flirting with Bay-

There was a welcome flattery in his ments of jealousy and all the indig-The noble matinee idol put his hat frank delight. She asked him up. Tom nation of a chaperon who has been ciron the table, walked on, sat down on Duane was electric with cheer. He cumvented. Duane retreated in poor a divan composed of two broken praised Daphne with inoffensive heart- order. Daphne stammered an explachairs and read an imaginary news- iness and insisted on hearing the his- nation too brief and muddled to suf-

> faint hope that Duane could work his usually makes him or breaks him." "Everything's got to begin," he said. miracle twice, so she told her mother "Some of the greatest actors are bad that she had falled as an actress. She

"Mamma; I've been fired." the floor and tongue glued to the roof Batterson. We'll make a star of you at it. But you're too good for such people." There was a fine reassurance in that actor without being insincere and a minimum of interest. a wicked life. A person couldn't be an

> "No, thank you, mamma." for a vigorous assault when the tele- They've been the bankers of the world that a gent'man wished to speak with

"I've seen Reben. It's all right. He's promised to keep you on and give you a chance. He says for you to report away his forebodings and lift himself at the theater at seven-thirty tonight." by his own boot straps. "Get on your And now again Daphne was more duds mother, you and Daphne." afraid of her success, such as it was, than of her failure. But it was pleas-

It disgusted them both. They were still trying to dissuade her from con- Kip were putting on their festal robes

"Taking beaver arrive Grand Central tomorrow don't meet me love.

Bayard was late, as usual, and Lella's temper had just begun to simmer when the door was opened stealthfly and a hand was thrust in. It proffered a small box of jeweler's size and waved it like a flag of truce.

Leila rushed forward with a cry of felight, seized the packet and then the hand, and drew Bayard into the room and into her arms.

"This is your apology, I suppose," she said.

"Yes, the apology for being late, and that's what made me late." Leila was enraptured. She adored gifts and she had the knack of inspiring them. The little square parcel ther on. He drew her back to the cue: He was very polite and awfully sorry, it so excitedly that the contents fell

earls on a device of platinum. Leila ran to Mrs. Kip and Daphne, exclaiming: "Aren't they beautiful?

Mrs. Kip and Daphne tried to keep seedn't stay after the curtain goes the pace, but once more they could not | up." forget who it was that was raining

open accounts. I started one for They seemed to be surprised that

brochure and said to Leila: "That allowance we agreed on, you know?" "Yes, I know."

about with mock hauteur, waving Mrs. a time. Kip and Daphne aside and saying: a bank account."

Mrs. Kip sighed in dreary earnest, then plunged into the light. "That's more than I ever was." Leila was poring over her bank book,

Her first question was ominous: "Do have to go all the way down to Broad street every time I want to draw out some money?"

Her first thought was already to attack the integrity of her store.

Maybe some day I'll want to borrow



She Found Batterson Quarreling With a Property Man Over the Responsibility for a Broken Vase.

some of it for a while. Maybe you Anyhow, it will be a great help to me been thrown open. to feel that I have a thrifty little wife

nity: "Old Ben Frankiln said, 'A shil- she was prettier than ever. All about ling earned and sixpence spent, a for- them there were little groups embrac-To her comfort her mother caught spent, bankruptcy'-or something like ful business in reunions. tune. Sixpence earned and a shilling ing and kissing. There was a wonder her to her ample bosom and said: "I'm that. But Moses got ahead of him. have beauty and charm and grace and glad of it. I'm much obliged to who- When he handed down the Ten Commagnetism no end. Don't worry. I'll ever is to blame. Not but what you mandments he whispered an extra one affectionately, "No." speak to Reben and make him restrain could have succeeded if you had kept to be the private secret of the chosen

"What was it?" said Leila with a

was the Thirteenth Commandment, I Mrs. Kip gathered herself together The Jews have kept it pretty well. guess-a mighty unlucky one to break. even while they were persecuted." Lella shrugged her handsome shoul-

was afraid I'd better give up the job. self for another blow. But his voice Let's dine somewhere and go to the ders and studied the gems.

theater. I want to show off my new splendor."

"I can't go," said Daphne. "I've got ant to carry the news to her mother seven and I've hardly time to eat anything."

tinuing on the downward path when Daphne was eating alone a hasty meal a telegram from her father came for brought up tardily from the restau-

Before they were dressed she had to march out in what she called her peroration was her new watchword; working clothes. The hallman ran to call her a taxicab, but she shook her from you." head. Her humble twenty-five dollars a week would not justify a charlot to and from the shop.

She walked rapidly along Fiftyninth street, but not rapidly enough to escape one or two murmurous gal- by letting you work?" lants.

She found Batterson quarreling with a property man over the responsibility for a broken vase. He ignored her till at length she ventured to stammer:

"Here I am, Mr. Batterson." "So I see. Well, sit down some where."

Finding a seat was no easy task. Every piece of furniture she selected became at once the object of the scene shifter's attack and she had to

their various cells.

Eventually Betterson found that all the company was on hand and in good Aren't they wonderful? Aren't they health. He said to Daphne, "Everybody is here and nobody sick, so you

of the company came from their lairs, local town hall,

"You're not the only one who can looking odd and unreal in their paint. Thousands Have Kidney pen accounts. I started one for They seemed to be surprised that Daphne was still in existence. Eldon He took from his pocket a pale gave her a curious smile of greeting.

She heard the call boy crying "Overture" about the corridors. She heard the orchestra playing "the king's "Well, instead of paying it to you piece." Then it struck up a march week by week I decided to open a that sounded remote and irrelevant. bank account for you; so I ran over to There was a loud swish which she supthis bank at the lunch hour and made posed to be the curtain going up. An a deposit to your credit—five hundred actor and an actress in white flannels with tennis rackets under their arms Leila forgot her jewelry for a mo- linked hands and skipped into the well ment in this new pride. She strutted of light. They bandled repartee for

Eldon, speaking earnestly to Mrs. "Don't speak to me. I am a lady with Vining, suddenly began to laugh softly. He laughed louder and louder and

A little later Eldon came off the stage laughing. He dropped his laughthe blank pages in which so many dra- ter as he crossed the border and remas, tragedies and life histories could sumed his anecdote. "As I was saying--"

"But Mrs. Vining interrupted: "There comes my cue. How are They tonight?" "Rather cold," said Eldon; "it's so

hot.' "The swine!" said Mrs. Vining. Then she shook out her skirts, straightened up and swept through the door like a

dowager swan. One of the box lights began to sputter, and Batterson dashed round from the other wing to curse the man in charge. He ran into Daphne, glared, and spoke harshly: "You needn't wait any longer."

Daphne swallowed her pride and slunk out.

#### CHAPTER XI.

She woke early next morning. It was just six o'clock. She remembered that her father would be arriving in two hours. She decided that it would be a pleasant duty to surprise the poor, old, neglected codger by meeting

At the Grand Central station Daphne found that she was nearly an hour too early for the train. It amused her to take her breakfast at the lunch counter, to clamber on the high stool and eat the dishes of haste-a cup of coffee and a ham sandwich. It was pleasant to wander about alone in this atmosphere of speed, the suburban trains, like feed pipes, spouting streams of workers, the out-bound trains drawing their passengers to faroff destinies as if by suction.

At length it was time for the train. Daphne went to the rope barrier opposite the door of entry and waited n ambush for her father.

At length she made out a rather shabby man carrying his own luggage. It was her father. He looked older and seedier than she remembered. He dld not expect to be met. He was looking idly at the new station. He can save me from a crash some day. had not been to New York since it had

ity. He would have none of her self- she came in later. Daphne had only a deal in business. It's his wife that ing him and embraced Daphne with fervor. He devoured her with his eyes Bayard spoke with unusual solem- and kissed her again and told her that

When her father said, "I haven't had my breakfast; have you?" she lied

"Let's have some breakfast to-

"Fine," said Daphne. "We'll go to the Biltmore." "Kind of expensive, isn't it?" he

isked anxiously. "It's my treat," she said. This amused him enormously. "So you're going to treat, eh?"

"Yep," she said. "Where did you get all the money?" "I'm a working lady now." He laughed again and shook his hend over her.

"What did you mean by saying you were a working lady?" said Wesley when they were seated at the table and breakfast was ordered. "Your mother wrote me something about having a little disagreement with you. She seemed to be right worried, so I thought I'd better run on to see if I couldn't sort of smooth things over. I'm glad you came to meet me. We can talk without interruption for once. Tell me all about it."

She told him the whole story of her decision to join the great social revolution that is freeling women from the slavery of enslaving the men. Her "I don't want to take any more money

"Why, honey," he protested, "I love to give it to you. I only wish I had ten times as much. I couldn't dream of letting you work. You're too pirty. What's that young Wimburn cub mean

"Oh, he's bitterly opposed to it, so I gave him his ring."

At last Daphne gets the chance that she has hoped for and at the same time has dreaded-the chance to gain a place that will give her the independence she seeks. What Daphne did with the great chance when it came is told in the next in-

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Real "Handy Man." A Tasmanian jack of all trades claims that he is a hairdresser, tobacconist, cycle repairer, electrical certificated engineer, certificated marine was gineer for the Derwent, erganist and But she wanted to learn her trade, choirmaster, stencil cutter, fretworker, down gold on this gree's stranger. so she loltered about, feeling like an billiard hall keeper, proprietor circulating like an uninvited poor relation. The members lating library, and is manager of the

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On the Fence. "Do you believe," asked the thinking man whose heavy thoughts had worn wrinkles up and down his forehad, "in a Hades of fire and brimstone, where evil souls are sent to sizzle for all eternity?"

"Well," responded the chronic considerer, "as a matter of reality, I don't; but as a matter of advisability I certainly do."

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