

# 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. 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-about-town, who seems greatly attracted to her. Daphne accidentally discovers that Clay is penniless, except for his salary. Bayard 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 one of his companies.

### CHAPTER X—Continued.

Miss Kemble went forward to Daphne and took her hand and petted it and said: "I'm so glad to see you. You must meet my aunt, Mrs. Vining. She won't object to your playing her parts, I'm sure."

Mrs. Vining, who had played all manner of roles for half a century, and was now established as a famous player of hateful old grandes dames, spared Daphne her ready vinegar and chose to mother her.

Mr. Reben had come down from his office to make up his own mind. He smiled with a kind of challenging cordiality and murmured: "So our little business woman is going to open the shop. Well, all you've got to do is to deliver the goods and I'll buy 'em at your own price."

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

"Places, please, for the entrance. Ready? All right, Eldon!"

The noble matinee idol put his hat on the table, walked on, sat down on a divan composed of two broken chairs and read an imaginary newspaper.

Batterson said: "Doorbell! Buzz-z." A well-dressed young man, whom Daphne recognized as the elderly butler, walked across and opened an imaginary door between two chairs. This was the cue for Miss Kemble's famous "How do you do?"

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 the floor and tongue glued to the roof of her mouth.

"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 growled his unlighted cigar and gnashed: "Howjado! Howjado!"

"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 incongruous note she struck when she bowed to the butler and stammered:

"How are you?"

Miss Kemble tried to help. She asked Daphne to step aside and watch while she went through the scene. But she was so unnerved that she forgot her own lines and had to refer to the manuscript, while Eldon waited in acute distress and Daphne, looking on, said: "Oh, I see. I think I understand it now." Then she forgot it all again at the repetition. Somehow the rehearsal was worried through to the end and Batterson dismissed the company with sarcastic thanks. Then he went to Reben to demand a substitute.

Daphne went home, dreading her fate but not knowing what the verdict was. She felt sure that it would be not guilty of dramatic ability. She was worn out with the exposure of her own faults and uncertain which she feared the more—to be dismissed or to be accepted. The latter meant unending trials.

At the elevator she found Tom Duane. He had just telephoned up to the apartment to ask if she were in. There was a welcome flattery in his frank delight. She asked him up. Tom Duane was electric with cheer. He praised Daphne with inoffensive heartiness and insisted on hearing the history of her progress. She gave the worst possible account of her stupidity.

"Everything's got to begin," he said. "Some of the greatest actors are bad at rehearsal, and never get over it. Some of the greatest actresses always are at their worst on the first performance. You're bound to succeed. You have beauty and charm and grace and magnetism no end. Don't worry. I'll speak to Reben and make him restrain Batterson. We'll make a star of you yet."

There was a fine reassurance in that word "we" in spite of its pleasant tang of impudence. It gave her strength to go to the telephone and call up Reben. She came back in despair and collapsed on the divan.

Tom Duane was at her side instantly. "You're ill! In heaven's name, what can I do?"

His solicitude pleased her. She smiled piteously: "Mr. Reben told me he was afraid I'd better give up the job."



He Gave Her a Hand-Grip of Perfect Good Fellowship.

He was very polite and awfully sorry, but he said he didn't think I was quite suited to the work. He said that later, perhaps, there might be another chance, but—oh—oh—oh!"

She was crying with all her might. Gradually she realized that Duane's hands were on her shoulders. He was squeezing them as if to keep her from sobbing herself to pieces. His face was close to hers, and he was murmuring:

"You poor little thing. You mustn't 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 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 was drowning, and she must cling to whatever arms stretched down to her. She must not question those who were till she was safe again on the solid earth.

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 and help in her need.

Duane said, with a matter-of-fact briskness: "I'll call Reben up at once. No, I'll go see him."

"But you put me under such obligations. I'm afraid—"

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

"How?"

"Let's wait and see. Goodbye. Don't worry."

He gave her a hand-grip of perfect good fellowship and went into the hall. She followed him to tell him again how kind he was. As she was clasping his hand again Lella opened the door with her latchkey.

Now there was triple embarrassment. Tom Duane had paid earlier court to Lella before she married Bayard. Here he was in Bayard's wife's home, apparently flirting with Bayard's young sister.

Lella felt all the outraged sentiments of jealousy and all the indignation of a chaperon who has been circumvented. Duane retreated in poor order. Daphne stammered an explanation too brief and muddled to suffice. Then she went to her room.

There her mother found her when she came in later. Daphne had only a faint hope that Duane could work his miracle twice, so she told her mother that she had failed as an actress. She told her bluntly:

"Mamma, I've been fired."

To her comfort her mother caught her to her ample bosom and said: "I'm glad to hear it. I'm much obliged to whoever is to blame. Not but what you could have succeeded if you had kept at it. But you're too good for such a wicked life. A person couldn't be an actor without being insincere and a pretender, and my little girl is too honest. So now you come along home with me."

"No, thank you, mamma."

"You're not the only one who can open accounts. I started one for those."

He took from his pocket a pale brochure and said to Lella: "That allowance we agreed on, you know?"

"Yes, I know."

"Well, instead of paying it to you week by week I decided to open a bank account for you; so I ran over to this bank at the lunch hour and made a deposit to your credit—five hundred dollars!"

Lella forgot her jewelry for a moment in this new pride. She strutted about with mock hauteur, waving Mrs. Kip and Daphne aside and saying: "Don't speak to me. I am a lady with a bank account."

Mrs. Kip sighed in dreary earnest. "That's more than I ever was."

Lella was poring over her bank book, the blank pages in which so many dramas, tragedies and life histories could be codified in bald numerals.

Her first question was ominous: "Do I 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.

"No, dearest," said Bayard, "there is an uptown branch, right around the corner. But I hope your visits there will be more for a put-in than take-out. Every time I give you anything I want you to put some of it aside. Maybe some day I'll want to borrow

looking odd and unreal in their pant. They seemed to be surprised that Daphne was still in existence. Eldon 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 piece." Then it struck up a march that sounded remote and irrelevant. There was a loud swish which she supposed to be the curtain going up. An actor and an actress in white flannels with tennis rackets under their arms linked hands and skipped into the well of light. They banded repartee for a time.

Eldon, speaking earnestly to Mrs. Vining, suddenly began to laugh softly. He laughed louder and louder and then plunged into the light.

A little later Eldon came off the stage laughing. He dropped his laughter as he crossed the border and resumed 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 stunk 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 him.

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 far-off 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 in 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 did not expect to be met. He was looking idly at the new station. He had not been to New York since it had been thrown open.

She ran to him. He dropped his old suitcase on the toes of the man following him and embraced Daphne with fervor. He devoured her with his eyes and kissed her again and told her that she was prettier than ever. All about them there were little groups embracing and kissing. There was a wonderful business in reunions.

When her father said, "I haven't had my breakfast; have you?" she lied affectionately, "No."

"Let's have some breakfast together."

"Fine," said Daphne. "We'll go to the Biltmore."

"Kind of expensive, isn't it?" he asked 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 head 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 freeing women from the slavery of enslaving the men. Her peroration was her new watchword: "I don't want to take any more money from you."

"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 pretty. What's that young Wimburn cut mean by letting you work?"

## In the Spring-time



It's just at this time of the year that we need something taken from Nature to restore the vital forces.

People get sick because they go away from Nature, and the only way to get well is to go back. Something grows out of the ground in the form of vegetation to cure almost every ill.

Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., long since found herbs and roots provided by Nature to overcome constipation, and of these he selected Mayapple, leaves of Aloe, root of Jalap, and from them made little white sugar-coated pills, which he called Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. When your intestines are stopped up, poisons and decayed matter are imprisoned in your system and these are carried by the blood through your body. Thus does your head ache, you get dizzy, you can't sleep, your skin may break out, your appetite declines you get tired and despondent. As a matter of fact, you may get sick all over. Don't you see how useless all this suffering is? All that is often needed is a dose of castor oil, or something which is more pleasant, a few of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, which he has placed in almost every drug store in this country for your convenience and health. Try them by all means. They are probably the very thing you need,—right now.

**Dog Teams Saved Many Lives.**  
Word has recently been received of the heroic efforts made during recent months to check the influenza epidemic in Yukon territory, where remote communities faced grave danger because of limited medical and nursing supplies. To meet the emergency, Indian runners with dog teams were dispatched from Dawson with anti-influenza serum and sent across the snow as far north as Fort McPherson, near the mouth of the Mackenzie river, making the round trip of 1,000 miles in a little less than two months, which is a fair performance in mid-winter. The journey included crossing the Rocky mountains.

**Important to Mothers**  
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Wm. C. Fletcher*. In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

**Waste Bones Still Required.**  
The women of Great Britain who responded so nobly to the appeal for waste bones which were required for munitions may still continue to do service to their country by retaining the habit they have formed of conserving the waste bones and fats. The waste bone provides, among other things, glue which is urgently needed in every kind of reconstruction work, such as building, cabinetmaking, house-furnishing, shipbuilding, airplane construction, etc. They also obtain from it fertilizers to enrich the land, besides many articles of domestic utility.—London Mail.

**Cuticura Comforts Baby's Skin**  
When red, rough and itching with hot ointments of Cuticura Soap and touches of Cuticura Ointment. Also make use now and then of that exquisitely scented dusting powder, Cuticura Talcum, one of the indispensable Cuticura Toilet Trio.—Adv.

**His Object.**  
Tom Jones—What's this I hear about you and Subbubs becoming so friendly working in your backyard gardens but you decided to bury the hatchet?  
DeSmythe—Well, the truth is I wished to have it handy when his chickens come over to visit and scratch.

**SWAMP-ROOT FOR KIDNEY AILMENTS**

There is only one medicine that really stands out pre-eminent as a medicine for curable ailments of the kidneys, liver and bladder.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root stands the highest for the reason that it has proven to be just the remedy needed in thousands upon thousands of distressing cases. Swamp-Root makes friends quickly because its mild and immediate effect is soon realized in most cases. It is a gentle, healing vegetable compound.

Start treatment at once. Sold at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large.

However, if you wish to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

**Handicap Worth While.**  
When a handicap becomes the fulcrum over which we pry out success with the long iron bar of determination it ought to make us shake hands with the hindrance and say, "Thank you! You have helped me out here!"

A man is seldom as black as he is painted or a woman as white as she is powdered.

Of course, we all believe it is better to give than to receive—and some one passes around the hat.

**When Your Eyes Need Care Try Murine Eye Remedy**  
No Stinging—Just Eye Comfort. Get this at Druggists or mail. Write for Free Eye Book. MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO

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 installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Real "Handy Man."**  
A Tasmanian jack of all trades claims that he is a hairdresser, tobacconist, cycle repairer, electrical certified engineer, certificated marine engineer for the Derwent, organist and choirmaster, stencil cutter, fretworker, billiard ball keeper, proprietor circulating library, and is manager of the local town hall.