

THE THIRTEENTH COMMANDMENT



DAPHNE GETS THE BIG CHANCE THAT SHE HAS BEEN PRAYING FOR AND AT THE SAME TIME HAS FEARED.

Synopsis.—Clay Winburn, a young New Yorker on a visit to Cleveland, meets the girl Daphne Kip, whose brother is in the same office with Clay in Wall street. After a whirlwind courtship they become engaged. Daphne 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. Daphne meets Tom Dunne, 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 goods, having then charged Bayard. Bayard is furious over the expense, seeing hard times ahead. Daphne, through an introduction by Dunne, Daphne induces Reben, a theatrical manager, to give her a position in one of his companies. Her first rehearsal is a fiasco, but Reben, at Dunne's request, gives her another chance.

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

"Well, I never," he gasped. "And all this trip of your mother's and yours and all the expenses you're for nothing?" was his first thoughtful thought. He remembered the second mortgage he had placed on one of his properties to get the money for the vitally important wedding festival. And now there was to be no wedding. The son-in-law who was to have assumed the burden of Daphne's bills was banished. Daphne was again her father's own child.

He was glad to hear her back, but he could have wished that she did not go away, since he paid the freight in both directions. And now here he himself in New York had nothing to show for all the split milk of time, money and emotion.

At the critical moment Daphne mentioned that the star whose understudy she was would earn fifty thousand dollars that year in spite of the hard times. "Fifty thousand dollars!" was Wesley's sound to Wesley's ears. Daphne could earn a tenth of that he would believe in miracles.

"Where were you planning to live, honey, while you're acting?" With Bayard's support.

"Oh, no," said Daphne; "we've ruined his honeymoon enough already."

"Who with, then?"

"Oh, by myself, I suppose."

"Good Lord, you couldn't do that very well—a young girl like you."

"Why not?" she said.

He turned pale. This was like being asked why babies were found under cabbage leaves. He was an old-fashioned father, and he had never been able to rise to the high school of discussing vitally important topics with the children vitally interested.

"Why, why," he stammered, "because nobody does it, honey. Nice girls don't live alone."

Daphne studied him with a tender amusement. He was so innocent in his way, in spite of all he must know. She understood what he was thinking of. She was sophisticated in the ways of the nice girl of her time and she liked to treat submerged themes with clean candor. She thought that prudery was a form of slavery.

"If you've just got to stay in New York and just got to work your mother could stay with you, I suppose."

"But what becomes of you and your mother?"

"Oh, I'll get along somehow. I don't know."

This broke her heart. She cried out: "But you do matter, daddy, you matter terribly. Can't you understand, daddy, that I'm trying to relieve you and make myself useful instead of a parasite? Thousands of women live alone—professional women, art students, music students, college girls, normal-school women, besides the women in shops and factories. It's coming more and more."

"But you're not brought up to a trade."

"I wish I had been."

"Well, that's a new complaint, anyway, but—well—of course you wouldn't do anything wrong; but if you lived alone you'd be misjudged, and men would keep throwing temptation in your way."

"I had plenty of that when I was living at home."

"Daphne!" He cried out in pain at the very thought.

She went on, educating him with a vengeance: "Plenty of temptation and plenty of opportunity, daddy. It wasn't your fault. You gave me all the information that anybody could, daddy. But you can't protect people all the time. And it was when you trusted me most that you protected me most. People are just being wrong; but if you live alone in penthouses like the higher the walls and the stricter the guards the more prisoners try to escape. There's nothing wrong with you, daddy. And they do their work and some

back. Don't you think women can be trusted as far as convicts?"

"I suppose so," he sighed. But he was convinced of the security of the women, the convicts or of the women under these new anarchies. He was convinced of only one thing and that was his helplessness.

Daphne took him home in a taxi. At the apartment they caught Bayard just rushing for his office. He greeted his father with joyful affection, but he knew that he would please Wesley better by hurrying on to his office than by neglecting his business for the purpose of entertainment.

Daphne took him home in a taxi. At the apartment they caught Bayard just rushing for his office. He greeted his father with joyful affection, but he knew that he would please Wesley better by hurrying on to his office than by neglecting his business for the purpose of entertainment.

Wesley took Lella by storm with his lavish and wholehearted praise. He had not seen her before. He gathered her to his breast, then held her out at arm's length to praise her and praise Bayard for bringing her into the family.

Mrs. Kip did not delay long the assault on Daphne's position. But Wesley said:

"We had a long talk and I guess she's pretty set in her way. She's a good girl, though, mamma. And she knows her own mind better than we do. Anyway, it's her own mind. Let her have her way if anything goes wrong she can always come back home."

His wife boiled over. It made her feel as much at home as an old kettle on a stove to have her husband there at all over her. "Wesley Kip is going to set there and encourage that girl to ruin her life and her reputation without doing anything to protect her."

"Oh, I guess she's not going to ruin anything. After all, the best way to protect folks is to trust 'em."

It was bald plagiarism, but Daphne made no complaint. Wesley got into trouble at once, however, by making a mistake. He said that his wife remained as a companion for her child. Mrs. Kip took it as a sign that he wanted to get rid of her, and Daphne refused to take it at all.

Wesley sat pondering in silence for some time. "Be back in a little while," took his hat and went out.

They wondered what mischief he was up to and what folly he would commit. He came back in half an hour with a sack of success.

"I guess it's all right. I been thinking about all the different things been said. We don't want Daphne living by herself and she don't feel like she's going to be a burden on Lella's hands. I got an idea and went down and saw the janitor or superintendent; or whatever he is, and I asked him mightn't it be there was somebody in this building wanted to rent a room to a nice young girl. And he said there was a couple felt the rent was a little high and had an extra room. So we went up and took a look at it. Right nice young woman, name of Chivvis or something like that; said she wanted to take my daughter in. I was thinking that if Daphne was up there she could see Bayard and Lella when she was home or anything; and she'd be handy when she could keep an eye on her if she got into anything."

The three women looked at him in amazement. He had solved the riddle that baffled them all and had compromised the irreconcilables.

"I'll be there this night and the woman's a freak," said Mrs. Kip. "Let's go have a look at her."

So all four went up in the elevator to the top floor. They were about to ring the bell of one of the big front rooms resembling like Bayard's but Wesley checked them.

"It's in the back."

The women exchanged glances and shivers behind the important shoulder bling to Wesley, the man. He rang a bell and a young woman opened the door. As Lella said afterward: "She had the whole map of New England in her face, and her middle name was Boston."

But she was young, in a pleasant, physical way, and she looked exceedingly clean and correct. Her very smile was neat, exactly adjusted between those of the gracious hostess and of the landlady.

Mrs. Chivvis led the way to the room that was for rent. It took Daphne at once. Spotlessness is the first luxury in a rented room and Parian beauty has a grace all its own. The mahogany bed with its twisted posts, the excellent linen and the beauty of everything went her completely.

She felt a sense of relief from the rather gaudy beauty of Lella's apartment. She felt that Mrs. Chivvis, who showed such fine restraint in her dress, would be equally discreet in managing her own affairs.

"I'll take it," she said; "that is, if you'll take me."

Mrs. Chivvis said she would. She said it with a New Englandish parsimony of enthusiasm, but her eyes were kindly and Daphne decided that she thought nice things but lacked the courage to say them.

Daphne moved at once into the Chivvis apartment what belongings she had brought on from Cleveland, and her mother promised to dispatch the rest of them as soon as she reached home.

Wesley could not be persuaded to stay over an unnecessary night. His business was in a perilous condition. The mahogany Cover firm had gone into bankruptcy owing him a handsome sum of money which he was not likely to recover. The father of the money was an important and profitable market for his calculating machines. It frightened his banks as well, and he had wrestled like another Jacob with an almost inviolable cashier for money enough to meet his pay roll.

Yet he slipped a large bill into Daphne's hand when he bade her good-by at the station late in the afternoon, and he whispered to her she should have other re-enforcements whenever she called on him.

Daphne reached the theater at seven o'clock and sat in the dark on a canvas rock, watching the stage hands gather and listening to their repairs. Battersby arrived at length. He was in one of his human moods. He asked Daphne if he had memorized her lines and she said she had. He told her that he would give her another rehearsal the next day after breakfast.

"After breakfast," he explained, "one o'clock p. m."

Next morning Daphne presented herself to Battersby and endured one of his rehearsals, with his assistant reading all the cues in a lifeless voice. Battersby was more discouraged than she was. He showed it for a time by a patience that was of the sort one shows to a shy lunatic.

He was so restrained that Daphne broke out in a rash. "Oh, you think I am a complete idiot, Mr. Battersby?"

"Far from it, my dear," said Battersby. "You are a very intelligent young woman. The trouble is that you are too intelligent for the child's play of the stage. It's a kind of child's play, and you can't forget that facts are not facts in this toy game. If you could let yourself go and be foolish and play doll house you might succeed. It's hard even when you know your part. But it's impossible as long as you try to reason it out. It's like magic and fiction and all the arts. You've got to pretend or you can't feel and you can't make anybody else feel."

And that, indeed, was Daphne's anxiety. She could not release her imagination or command her clear vision to see what was not there.

Night after night she reported at the theater and left it when the curtain rose. One of these evenings Tom Dunne met her outside the stage door. His apology was that he felt it his duty to look after his client.

He invited Daphne to ride home in his car, which was waiting at the curb. She declined with thanks. He urged

him to another's autobiography. She found it easy to tell him of her difficulties. He extracted encouragement or indirect compliment out of all of them.

When they arrived at her apartment house she said, "Sorry I can't ask you up, but I have no reception room, and I'm tired out."

"You have wasted enough of your time on me," he said. "I'll see you to the elevator."

As Daphne stepped into the hallway she found Clay Winburn there, waiting grimly. He sprang to his feet with a gasp of relief. He caught sight of Dunne and his joy faded instantly.

Winburn loved Daphne and wanted her for his own. He had counted her his own, and still had neither refunded the engagement ring nor paid for it. Daphne was more patient with Dunne's misery than with Dunne's fidelity.

"Won't you come up, Clay?" she asked.

He murmured, "Can we be alone for a little talk?"

"I'm afraid not," The Chivvisses, you know."

"Will you take a little walk with me in the park?"

"Is that right?" she said as she led the way out into the street. "I'm pretty tired, though. I walked home from the theater."

"With Dunne?" Clay snarled. "You weren't too tired for that?"

Dunne thought of the moral rule and the sapper she had declined. She said, "Are you dragging me out here for the sake of a little talk?"

"There'll be no fight if you'll cut that hair Dunne."

"I'm I have no friends at all?"

"You can have all you want, provided—"

"Let me give you one little hint, Clay, for your own information. Every time you see Mr. Dunne that you're afraid of meets me he does his best to help me get my chance and he tells me one pleasant thing. Every time you've come to see me lately you've been either a sick cat or a roaring lion."

She was planning to urge him to help her and make their meetings easier. But, lo and behold, he took umbrage and pain and despair from her advice, and since they were again at the theater he said, "Good night, Mrs. Dunne," and lunged out into the dark.

Daphne sighed, and the poor elevator man who saw so much of this sort of thing sighed with her and for her.

CHAPTER XII.

All this while Daphne was kept in readiness to take Miss Kemble's part in the case of the child should a crisis in the drama lead to the furtherance of that should be able to finish her performances. With the theatrical season in such bad estate and most of Reben's companies and theaters losing money heavily, she and Miss Kemble were in one certain predicament. He called her his breadwinner.

Miss Kemble's baby passed the crisis and recovered. And then the mother, worn out with the double strain, caught a little chill that became a binding, chafing cold. She went through the Saturday matinee in a whisper, but the night performance was beyond her.

And now at last Daphne's chance arrived. The Saturday night house was in a turmoil to make it tight. There were enough people there to make four hundred dollars—twenty-five hundred for the day.

Daphne, trusting to the theater for her usual support, walked into the dressing room and found her life.

Reben himself knocked at her dressing room door where Miss Winburn was helping her with her make-up. He implored her to begin, and he was so tremulous that she stuttered. He told her that at the end of the night he would play the part of Miss Kemble's mother.

He would play her a handsome bonus. He would put her out at the head of a number two company next season.

Battersby came at last and ordered him off the stage. Reben obeyed him. Then Battersby turned to her. He told her that there was no reason to fear the house. A Saturday night audience was always good. He trusted his own eyes' worth. It would help to get it.

"I see," said Daphne. "I'm not afraid of the audience."

"Then what on earth are you afraid of?"

"I'm afraid of you."

Battersby laughed scornfully. "Oh, you! You're going to score a knockout. You're going to make a big hit!"

"Yes," said Daphne, "so you've always told me. But I don't know."

The curtain rose. Miss Winburn and the young man skipped onto their job; the butler stalked; Eldon entered and made his exit. Mrs. Winburn speed her skirts and sat on the edge of the stage. "I'll be back," said Daphne's cue came.

She was startled. "A little as Battersby nudged her forward. She went to the door and opened it on the new girl. She said she would get enough when she walked home. He asked if he might "toddle along." She could hardly refuse without crassly insulting him. They loitered slowly up the quiet reach of Seventh avenue. He quipped her about her work with the grateful daffodily there is in an ap-

peared to be strangely quiet. She went on with her lines. She understood at last that she was getting no laughs. She was not proving those punning remarks that Sheila Kemble brought forth. The audience had evidently had a hard week.

She decided that she must be playing too quietly; she quickened her tempo and threw more vivacity into her manner. She moved briskly about the scene, to Eldon's bewilderment. He seemed unable to find her.

She went through to the bitter end and spoke every line. But the audience was not with her for a moment. She used all her intellect to find the secret of its pleasure, but she could not surprise it. "She tried harder and harder, acted with the intense devotion of a wrestling bout, but she could not score a point."

The company looked worried and fagged. The audience would not rise to anything—humor, pathos, thrill. When the play was over everyone seemed to avoid her.

She rubbed off her make-up and returned her mirth. As she walked out on the darkened stage she saw Battersby. He tried to escape, but she checked him.

"Tell me frankly, Mr. Battersby, what was the matter with my performance tonight?"

"Come to the office Monday and we'll have a little talk."

"And I'll get my notice."

"I didn't say that."

"What would you honestly advise me to do?"

"If I understood that you don't have to get 'Go home and get married.'"

"I won't."

"Then go home and don't get married."

"I won't go home."

"There's one other place to go. Good night."

He walked off and she was left alone. She had the stage to herself. She stood in the big vivid and felt alien—foreign. She shook her head. "This place was not for her. She had been tried in the balance and found wanting. She wondered if there were anywhere a balance that she could bring down."

She dreamed the forlorn journey home to her dreary room. As she stepped out of the door someone moved forward with uplifted hat. It was Tom Dunne. He looked very spick and span.

He held a small, gaunt illuminated card and his hand clasped hers with a saving strength. It lifted her from the depths like a rope let down from the sky.

Daphne would have been more content if Dunne had been Clay Winburn. It was Clay's duty to be there at such a time, of all times.

Of course he did not know that this night was to be crucial for her, but he should have known. Mr. Dunne had never occurred to Daphne that Reben had warned Dunne of the debut of his protégée and had invited him—in fact, had dared him—to watch the test of her abilities.

All she knew was that Dunne was proffering homage and stables and the prefaces of courtship. Daphne might have failed to gain the hearts of her audience, for all her toil, but here was a heart that was warm without effort.

For this was Dunne's career. He was at least an audience that she could sway. And she was miserably in need of some one that would pay her the tribute of submission.

For this was Dunne's career. He was at least an audience that she could sway. And she was miserably in need of some one that would pay her the tribute of submission.

For this was Dunne's career. He was at least an audience that she could sway. And she was miserably in need of some one that would pay her the tribute of submission.

For this was Dunne's career. He was at least an audience that she could sway. And she was miserably in need of some one that would pay her the tribute of submission.

For this was Dunne's career. He was at least an audience that she could sway. And she was miserably in need of some one that would pay her the tribute of submission.

For this was Dunne's career. He was at least an audience that she could sway. And she was miserably in need of some one that would pay her the tribute of submission.

For this was Dunne's career. He was at least an audience that she could sway. And she was miserably in need of some one that would pay her the tribute of submission.

For this was Dunne's career. He was at least an audience that she could sway. And she was miserably in need of some one that would pay her the tribute of submission.

For this was Dunne's career. He was at least an audience that she could sway. And she was miserably in need of some one that would pay her the tribute of submission.

For this was Dunne's career. He was at least an audience that she could sway. And she was miserably in need of some one that would pay her the tribute of submission.

UPSET STOMACH

PAGE'S DIAPHRIN AT ONCE ENDS SOURNESS, GAS, ACIDITY, INDIGESTION.

Don't stay upset! When meals don't fit and you bloat gas, acids and acids get food. When you feel lumps of indigestion pain, flatulence, heartburn or headache you can get instant relief.



No waiting! Page's Diaphragm will put you on your feet. As soon as you eat one of these pleasant, harmless tablets all the indigestion, gases, acidity and stomach distress ends. Your druggist sells them. Adv.

GROWTH ON TREE PUZZLES

To Produce Remarkable Formation, Alaska Spruce Must Have Rotated, According to Experts.

A cross section of a great old spruce tree from Alaska tells the story of a tree which excelled a spin, like a ball-dancer. This cross-section shows a most peculiar structure, which has caused a great deal of speculation among the various foresters throughout the country, and a very interesting explanation is advanced in American Forestry.

It is known that a tree growing at a slant forms on the lower side of the trunk a dense reddish wood known as "rotch." This spiral in this case is of such size and as it is a continuous formation, winding from the center to within half an inch from the circumference, it is surmised that it was growing in an inclined position on the edge of a glacier, where by some cause it was caused to rotate, so that all sides of the tree were successively on the downward side. Thus, as the tree grew, and its rotation continued slowly, the "rotch" developed into a spiral.

If You Need a Medicine You Should Have the Best

Have you ever stopped to reason why it is that so many products that are so extensively advertised, all at once drop out of sight and are soon forgotten? The reason is plain—the article did not fulfill the promises of the manufacturer. This applies more particularly to a medicine. A medicinal preparation that has real curative value almost sells itself, as life an endless chain system the remedy is recommended by those who have been benefited. Those who are in need of it, as prominent druggists say: "Take for example Dr. Kilmear's Swamp-Rot, a preparation I have sold for many years and never hesitate to recommend, as in almost every case it shows excellent results, as many of my customers testify. No other kidney remedy has so large a sale."

According to sworn statements and verified testimony of thousands who have used the preparation, the success of Dr. Kilmear's Swamp-Rot is due to the fact, so many people claim, that it is really most every with its overbearing kidney, liver and bladder ailments; corrects urinary troubles and neutralizes the acids which cause rheumatism.

You may receive a sample bottle of Swamp-Rot by Parcel Post. Address Dr. Kilmear, Co., Binghamton, N. Y. Enclose ten cents; also mention this paper. Large and medium size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Adv.

TILLIE WAS RIGHT

The teacher had just asked the occupations of the children's fathers.

"And what is your father's business, Tillie?"

"He's a bookkeeper," said Tillie.

Just then the teacher noticed that Elsie's nose went up in scorn.

"What's the matter, Elsie?" asked teacher. "Isn't Tillie's papa a bookkeeper?"

"Well, my father says he is," rejoined Elsie. "At least he's never returned any of fathers'."

GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER

Has been used for all ailments that are caused by a disordered stomach and inactive liver, such as sick headache, constipation, sour stomach, nervous indigestion, fermentation of food, palpitation of the heart, etc.

Base Ballistically Speaking. "Do you have a league, or a league?" "Yes," replied the baseball fan. "But I doubt whether all the nations can get into one league. There always has to be a few minor leagues for the development of talent."

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old food for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Watson. In Use for Over 80 Years. Children Cry for Metcher's Castoria.

What our enemies say ought not to be taken as evidence.—Oliver Logan.



She Reached the Theater at Seven o'clock and Sat in the Dark on a Canvas Rock, Watching the Stage Hands Gather, and Listening to Their Repairs.

that she take a little spin in the park. She declined without thanks. He sighed that it was a pity to lose the moonlight.

She said she would get enough when she walked home. He asked if he might "toddle along." She could hardly refuse without crassly insulting him.

They loitered slowly up the quiet reach of Seventh avenue. He quipped her about her work with the grateful daffodily there is in an ap-

Her theatrical career cut short, Daphne turns to Clay. They plan to get married and live in some fashion on Clay's meager salary. The next day a new blow falls. The future again seems dark and uncertain before the discouraged lovers.

At length she realized that the audit

(TO BE CONTINUED.)