

The Thirteenth Commandment

By RUPERT HUGHES

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CHAPTER XIX—Continued.

"What they used to call the dearest thing we call indecent. You said yourself that marriage without love was horrible. And it is; it's all quarrel and nagging and deceit. If people are faithful to each other morally they seem to quarrel all the more. Long ago I vowed I'd never marry, and I don't intend to. I don't want to marry you. But I want your life."



She Was More Afraid of Him Now Than Ever.

work, living in that awful spare room of those awful Cityways—what I think of you going from place to place at the mercy of such men as you're sure to meet—when I think of you waiting for poor Winburn to get out of the footloose, I want to grab you in my arms and run away with you, if it breaks my heart to see you in distress and anxiety; for I want you to have everything beautiful and cheerful in life. And I can get it all for you. Let me love you, and try to make you happy, won't you?"

He had crowded nearer and he held her fast against the door of the car. His right hand hung to hers; his left side down to her waist. "Do drive her toward him, starting up beneath his left side lips a child, the big man pleading to the little woman for mercy."

She felt sorry for him and for herself. She regretted that cruelly was her own, unmistakable duty. She had no right to be kind, and charity would be a sin. She wrung her hands free from his with slow persuasion and shook her head pitifully.

He accepted the decision with a nod, but before she could escape from his arms she felt that he pressed his lips against her just above her heart. She was as if he had softly driven a nail into it. Tears landed on her eyelids and fell on his hands as he carried them to his breast. He crossed them on the wheel and hid his face in the cloth, gasping.

"Daphne! Daphne!" She was more afraid of him now than ever. All the splendors he could promise her were nothing to that profusion of his longing. While she waited in a battle of impulse, he regained self-control with self-content, in a general clench of resolution. "I apologize," he mumbled. "That's a fool to think that you could love me."

does him, and sacrifices a blamed sight more. He gives up his freedom, and she gives up hers she's on giving up something she doesn't know how to use anyway."

Daphne had rarely found a man who would talk to her with Duane's frankness, and it gave her something that interests a woman more than anything else is to hear woman-kind analyzed, even satirized. She was eager for more vinegar.

"You won't be shocked and angry?" he asked. "I don't know so." "You don't think so?" "You don't know how pleasant it is to talk like and love to a woman who doesn't rear up and feel insulted at everything? At first you gave me a good time. I'm going to ask her to marry me. But I was afraid to, for I was afraid of marriage. And then— Well, I'd better not say, I will. I said, 'She's better than men and women, and she has equal rights, and she's going to get out and hustle for herself, like a little man. Maybe she could learn to love me well enough to go into a restaurant, and I'll tell you what I said to myself, 'You mustn't think it's because I don't want to cleave to one woman; it's because I do. But I hate handouts. Do you see? And now you're going to be a dreamer of what do you think of it?'"

The answer to his long oration was complete silence. Duane waited for his answer, and not getting it, laughed harshly. "Well, that's that. The next number on our program will be a ballad entitled 'I Never Dream but I Bump My Head.' Go on! Mary Clay Winburn on nothing a year and live miserably ever after."

She said nothing to this, either. Duane was in a wretched state of bafflement. He put the car to its places, and it ripped through space at fifty miles an hour. Daphne had a new terror added to the load of her nerves.

The car went bounding up a steep incline toward the steepest of a headland cut in right silhouette by the far wall. She saw the car and started the proceeding from the other direction. Duane kept well to the outside of the road, but just as he met the other motor and winced in the dazzle of its lamps, a thick car trying to pass in the narrow lane, he saw the car and started the proceeding from the other direction. Duane kept well to the outside of the road, but just as he met the other motor and winced in the dazzle of its lamps, a thick car trying to pass in the narrow lane, he saw the car and started the proceeding from the other direction.

Daphne was thrown this way and that, and it seemed that her spine must have snapped in a dozen places. When she came to her senses, the car was standing still. Duane turned to her with terrified questions, and his hands visited her face and her arms and shoulders. He held her hands fast and peered into her eyes until she promised him that she was not dead.

Yokers. We'll get another car there." "Oh, my Mrs. Kip," said Daphne. "Did he say Mrs. Kip? I can't see you, but I hope you are the fascinating Mrs. Kip I met at Newport. Have you forgotten me so soon?" "I am Mrs. Kip," said Daphne.

"Oh, so sorry! I don't mean that, either. But my Mrs. Kip was a shrew—Lella was her first name. I called her 'Belle-la, you see. And she called me Samson. She was a great beauty. 'She is my brother's wife,' said Daphne.

"Oh, you don't tell me!" Wetherell gulped, and his abrupt silence was full of startling implications that startled Daphne and anger! Duane and threw Wetherell into confusion.

Duane helped Daphne to alight from the derelict and transferred her to the other car, where Wetherell introduced them to a man of shadowy whose name, "Mrs. Bettans," meant nothing to Daphne and everything to Duane.

Duane arranged to have a wrecking crew sent out to his residence, and chartered a touring car and a chauffeur for the trip into New York. He sat back with Daphne and murmured prayers for forgiveness because of the dangers he had carried her into and for the things he had done. Daphne's nerves had been overworked. She had been rushed from adventure to adventure of soul from room to room, and she had entered a career of gorgeous sin, and she had been swept along the edge of a fearful disaster.

Mrs. Chrissy met Daphne at the door. Her recent affection had turned into scorn, and she glowered at Daphne, who crept to her room in hopeless acceptance of the role of adventuress.

She made him smile like that. What would his expression be when he learned that she had listened to reason, ceased to be his daughter, and became Tom Duane's? Suddenly she remembered Wetherell and his messages to Lella. She felt so renewedly virtuous herself that it seemed her duty to go down and rebuke Lella for her apparent philandering at Newport. She was also curious to see how guilty Lella would receive the news that Wetherell had asked for her.

him. And this was rather for his sake than Lella's. Lella was just informing Bayard that the butcher had delivered the morning's order on the first elevator, and instructed his boy to send the meat up only after the money came down.

Bayard had no money and the change of his situation was bitter. He snarled at Lella: "Tell the cub to take the meat back and but it himself. Then I'll go over and butcher the butcher."

Lella dismissed the boy with a faint-hearted show of indignation. Then she came back and said, "And now we have no meat to eat."

Bayard was reduced to philosophy, the last resort of the desperate: "Well, the vegetarians say we ought never to eat meat. We're vegetarians, but my Lord! We're in grand company. Look at this cartoon of Cesare's in the Sun—Father Kluckerbocker turning his pockets inside out and not a penny in them. New York City has to borrow money on short-time notes at high interest to pay its own current bills."

"Look at Europe. All the countries over there are stinking along under such debt that they wonder how they could meet the interest on the next pay day. And now they are mortgaging their great-grandsons' property to pay for shooting their sons."

"It's the old Thirteenth Commandment that we've all been smashing to flinders. And, my God! what a punishment we're all getting! And it's only beginning."

They sat down to a pitiful meal—meatless, milkless, nutless—hardly more than tea and coffee and cold water of Colonel Sellers. Lella felt what victim there was in the after the meal Bayard shrugged into his overcoat and left without blessing his wife or his sister goodby. Daphne and Lella went out to the kitchen, set the dishes in the pan, and the others under the faucet. Lella turned on the hot water. Daphne was glad to be at work.

"Oh, it's you, dear!" she fluttered. "I want you to meet Mr. Wetherell, Mr. Wetherell, my husband!" "Ah, really?" Wetherell exclaimed, trying to conceal his uneasiness. "This is a bit of luck! I've heard so much about you! Your wife does nothing but sing your praises."

"Won't you come up?" said Bayard ominously. "Er—thanks—no, not today. I'm a trifle late to an appointment." "Then I'll have a word with you here," said Bayard. "Run along, Lella; I'll join you in a minute."

He said it pleasantly, but Lella was terrified. The spectacle of rival bucks locking horns in her dispute is not altogether enjoyable to a civilized one. Lella went into the vestibule and watched through the glass door, expecting a combat. She could not hear Bayard scolding.

"Mr. Wetherell, I'd thank you to pay your attentions elsewhere." "What's that?" Wetherell gasped at the abrupt attack. "Your attentions to Mrs. Kip are very distasteful to me."

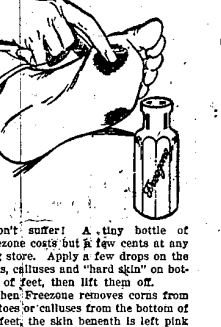
"My dear fellow, I hope you don't imagine for one moment that— Why, your wife is the finest little girl in the world; this is amazing!" "It is, indeed. It will be more than that if you come around again. Had you heard that your country was at war?"

"I had." "Well, a big, strapping fellow like you ought to be over there fighting for your country. Instead of looking for trouble here."

"More, perhaps," Bayard sneered, with contemptuous irony. "But that's your business, not mine. Mrs. Kip is my business and I don't intend to have her subjected to your—your attentions. I'm trying to be neutral, but by— Well, I've warned you. Good day!"

CALLUS-CORNS LIFT RIGHT OFF

Doesn't hurt to lift them off with fingers



RANKS WITH WORLD'S GREAT

Achievements of Sir Isaac Newton Give Him an Assured Place Among Immortals. According to a legend, which, however, is seriously considered by certain authorities, in the year 1687 the fall of an apple as Newton sat in his garden suggested the most magnificent of his subsequent discoveries—the law of universal gravitation. On his first attempt to explain the lunar and planetary motions he employed an estimate then in use of the radius of the earth which based on the value of a degree of latitude then prevalent, was so erroneous as to produce a discrepancy between the real force of gravity and that required by theory to explain the motions; and indicated only an approximate verification of his theory. Accordingly he abandoned for a number of years the hypothesis that a homogeneous attracting sphere behaved as if all matter was concentrated at its center, and took up other studies, consisting chiefly of investigations of the nature of light and the construction of telescopes. He also propounded new theories on light and color. Newton died March 20, 1727, and his remains were interred in Westminster Abbey.

AS YOUNG AS YOUR KIDNEYS

The secret of youth is ELIMINATION OF POISONS from your body. It does you good to live clean and enjoy the good things of life with as much pep as you did when in the springtime of your life. Keep your body in good condition, that's the secret. Watch the kidneys. They filter and purify the blood. If they fail, the blood passes through them once every three months. This is amazing! In proper working condition and you have nothing to fear. Drive the poisonous wastes and debris out of your system. Take GOLD MEDAL Hearten Oil Capsules as imported direct from the laboratory at Hazelton, B.C., Canada. They are a reliable remedy which has been used by the sturdy Dutch for over 200 years, and has helped them to develop into one of the strongest and healthiest races of the world. Ask them from your druggist. Do not take inferior substitutes. In sealed packages—three a box—Adv.

Whiskers Respairing. A noticeable feature in masculine appearance is the increasing fashion of whiskers. At present they are only small affairs of the Albert variety, made plain by the prince consort. The whisker is no longer than two fingers' breadth, but there is no telling what dimensions these side products of the wax may assume. It is in vogue fashion, just as beards were an after-growth of the Crimea. The present whisker originated among officers, whose right arm, stiff or impaired through wounds, could not be raised easily to the level of the ear, so prevents a clean shave to the top of the cheek—London Chronicle.

Agitation. "I wish they'd quit saying prices will go down," said the thrifty woman. "It's well meant." "No doubt. But every time the announcement is made it seems to scare all the people I deal with into making hay while the sun shines."

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Science may be learned by rote; custom—not—Stearns.

Your Eyes. A Whisker, Cleansing, Refreshing and Reviving Lotion—Mixture for Reddened, Itching, and Burning of the Eyes or Eyelids. 2 Drops After Each Use. It will give you confidence. Ask Your Druggist for it. Wholesale and Retail by the National Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

CHAPTER XX.

CHAPTER XXI.

CHAPTER XXII.