

# The THIRTEENTH COMMANDMENT.

## BY RUPERT HUGHES

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(Continued from last issue.)

### SYNOPSIS.

**CHAPTER I**—Introducing Clay Wimburn, young New Yorker on visit to Cleveland, and Mrs. and Miss Daphne Kip.

**CHAPTER II**—The acquaintance of the young people ripens into love and Wimburn and Daphne become engaged.

**CHAPTER III**—Wimburn returns to New York, from whence he writes urging Daphne to marry him at once. She consents, and arranges to go to New York for her trousseau.

**CHAPTER IV**—Bayard, brother of Daphne, writes telling of his recent marriage and his departure for Europe with his bride Lella. Daphne and her mother installed in Bayard's flat at New York.

**CHAPTER V**—Wimburn introduces his affianced and her mother to luxurious New York life. Daphne makes acquaintance of "Tom" Duane, man about town. He is greatly attracted by Daphne. Bayard and his wife return unexpectedly.

**CHAPTER VI**—The three women at once arrange a shopping excursion to secure Daphne's trousseau.

**CHAPTER VII**—From Daphne, fashionable costume, the two younger women buy expensive gowns on credit. Bayard is furious over expense, seeing hard times ahead. Daphne, indignant, declares she will earn her own living, and breaks engagement with Wimburn. She has seen Miss Kemble, popular stage favorite, and believes she has the ability to achieve the same success.

**CHAPTER VIII**—Daphne invites Duane to visit her at the flat, and asks him to prepare a theatrical position for her. He agrees, but assumes an attitude of affection, which Daphne resents.

**CHAPTER IX**—Duane apologizes and arranges a meeting for Daphne with Reben, theatrical magnate. Reben agrees to give her a chance. Excited, Reben's stage manager, after a "tryout" encourages to enter the profession, but she decides to persevere.

**CHAPTER X**—Daphne's first rehearsal is a fiasco, and Reben advises her to give up idea of going on the stage. Duane encourages her.

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 repartee.

Batterson arrived at length. He was in one of his humane moods. He asked Daphne if she had memorized her lines and she said she had. He told her



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 Repartee.

that he would give her another rehearsal the next day after breakfast. "After breakfast," he explained, was one o'clock p. m.

Next morning Daphne presented herself to Batterson and endured one of his rehearsals, with his assistant reading all the cues in a lifeless voice. Batterson 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 imbecile.

He was so restrained that Daphne broke out for him. "Do you think I am a complete idiot, Mr. Batterson?"

"Far from it, my dear," said Batterson. "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 all a kind of big nursery 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 how. But it's impossible as long as you try to reason it out. It's like music—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 agony. She could not release her imagi-

nation 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. On one of these evenings Tom Duane 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 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 questioned her about her work with all the grateful flattery there is in an appetite for 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 Wimburn there, waiting grimly. He sprang to his feet with a gasp of relief. He caught sight of Duane and his joy died instantly.

Wimburn 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. Duane was more pleased with Wimburn's misery than with Duane's felicity.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Daphne thought of the motor ride and the supper she had declined. She said, "Are you dragging me out here for the sake of a fight?"

"There'll be no fight if you'll cut out that man Duane."

"Am I to 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 this Mr. Duane that you're so afraid of meets me he does his best to help me get my chance and he tells me only pleasant things. Every time you've come to see me lately you've been either a sick cat or a roaring tiger."

She was planning to urge him to help her and make their meetings roster. But, lover-like, he took umbrage and pain and despair from her advice, and since they were again at the vestibule he sighed, "Good night, Mrs. Duane," 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 case the illness of her child should result in death and in the further case that she should be unable to finish her performances. With the theatrical season in such bad estate and most of Reben's companies and theaters losing money heavily, Sheila Kemble was his one certain dependence. 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 blinding, choking 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 enormous in spite of the heat. There were enough people there to make fourteen hundred dollars—twenty-five hundred for the day.

Daphne, trudging to the theater for her usual stupid rebuff, walked into this crisis of her life.

Reben himself knocked at her dressing room door where Miss Winsor was helping her with her make-up. He implored her to be calm, and he was so tremulous that she stuttered. He told her that if she made good he would let

her play the part till Miss Kemble got well. He would pay her a handsome bonus. He would put her out at the head of a number two company next season.

Batterson came at last and ordered him off the stage. Reben obeyed him. Then Batterson talked to her. He told her that there was no reason to fear the house. A Saturday night audience was always easy. It wanted its money's 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 me!"

Batterson 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."

The curtain rose. Miss Winsor and the young man skipped onto their job; the butler stalked; Eldon entered and made his exit. Mrs. Vining spread her skirts and sailed on, then Eldon went back. Finally Daphne's cue came.

She was startled a little as Batterson nudged her forward. She went to the door and opened it on her new career to make her public debut with the all-important "How d' you do?"

She saw before her the drawing room in a weird light. Beyond it was a fiercely radiant fog and beyond that an agglomeration of faces—the mass of tomato cans that she was not going to be afraid of.

And she was not afraid. She was curious to study them. She was eager to remember her lines. And she remembered them. Then cues came more or less far apart and each evoked from her mind the appropriate answer. She made never a slip, and yet she began to realize that Mr. Eldon seemed unhappy.

At length she realized that the audience was strangely quiet. A sense of vaulty emptiness oppressed her. She went on with her lines. She understood at last that she was getting no laughs. She was not provoking those punctuating roars that Sheila Kemble brought forth. The audience had evidently had a hard work.

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 blitter and 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, aced with the intense devotion of 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 resumed her muff. As she walked out on the darkened stage she saw Batterson. He tried to escape, but she checked him.

"Tell me frankly, Mr. Batterson, 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?"

"I understand that you don't have to act. 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.



"Go Home and Get Married."

She stood in the big void and felt alien—forever alien. 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 dreaded the forlorn journey home to her dreary room. As she stepped out of the door someone moved forward with uplifted hat. It was Tom Duane. He looked very spick and span. His smile illumined the dull street 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 Duane had been Clay Wimburn. 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. Duane knew. It never occurred to Daphne that Reben had warned Duane of the debut of his protegee and had invited him—in fact, had dared him—to watch the test of her abilities.

All she knew was that Duane was proffering homage and smiles 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 hers without effort.

Perhaps Duane was her 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.

So now when he said, "Won't you let me take you home in my car?" she could hardly snub a heaven-sent messenger.

She said, "Thank you—you're very kind—but— Oh, all right!" And she bounded in.

When Duane said, "You must be hungry after all that hard work. Aren't you?" she said, "Yes, I guess I am—a little."

When he said, "Where shall we eat?" she answered, "Anywhere."

"Claremont?" he suggested.

This startled her, gave her pause. Yet there was something piquant about the proposal.

Satan or Raphael had whispered to her an invitation to revisit the scene of her late humiliation with Clay. With Duane's magic purse there would be no danger of a snub from the waiters; with his own car there would be no risk of footing it home.

Then an imp of mischief spoke for her and said, "All right!"

Duane told the chauffeur and the car shot like a javelin from the lighted street into the deep forest-night of Central park.

What would Clay say? But, after all, he had failed her in a crisis. Perhaps he had turned his heart elsewhere. Men were impatient, vindictive, fickle.

When Claremont was reached and Duane handed Miss Kip out he noted that her hand was hotter than his own and a little quick to escape, her face was flushed and her lips parted as if with excitement. He assumed that the speed of the ride and the tang of adventure were to blame.

While the waiters were serving the supper and while he was attacking it with the frank appetite of honest hunger she recounted the evening's disaster as calmly as if it were the story of somebody else. In fact, she was standing off and regarding herself with the eye of an alien. We change so fast that the persons we were yesterday are already strangers, and their acts the acts of distant relatives. Her calm was really the numbness of shock. The anguish would come tomorrow.

"I can't understand myself at all," Daphne said. "I went through every one of the motions, but I couldn't reach the audience once. I was like a singer with a bad cold singing in a foreign language—you don't know what the song is all about, but you know that it never quite gets on the key."

"You mustn't be discouraged."

"Oh, yes, I must! I couldn't be an actress in a thousand years. Mr. Batterson told me so himself."

Duane felt the truth of this, but it hurt him to have her feel it. It offended his chivalry to realize how impolite fate could be to so pretty a girl. He hated to see her reduced to the necessity of proving how plucky she could be. He tried to find an escape for her. He said:

"You're far too good for the stage."

"I don't believe that for a minute," she protested. "But I've got to find something I can do."

"May I help you to decide?"

"If you only would! But I'm getting to be a nuisance."

"You are a— to me you are a— well, you're not a nuisance."

He dared not tell her what she was, especially as the waiter had set the bill at his elbow and was standing off in an attitude of ill-concealed impatience for the tip, which he knew would be large. Mr. Duane always gave the normal ten per cent and a bit extra. He tipped wisely but not too well, knowing that an extravagant tip wins a waiter's contempt almost more than none at all. The head waiter fairly cooed "Good night" and almost gave them a blessing.

The starter had Mr. Duane's car waiting for him at the curb and lifted his hat with one hand as he smuggled a quarter away with the other. He stepped in to lay the linen laprobe over their knees with reverence, closed the door exquisitely and murmured, "Good night!"

The car was an aristocrat; it floated ed from the curb with a swanlike sweep.

Daphne thought of Clay and herself plodding homeward. She seemed to see them or their wraiths staggering disconsolately along. She felt very sorry for them. Here was a chance to save one of them—both of them, in fact; for in taking her financial burden from Clay's shoulders she would be twice strengthening him. If she were to accept Duane as her husband then her problems would be solved—and Clay would be free of her.

To be Mrs. Tom Duane; to step into the society of society; to lift her father and mother from a position of meekness in Cleveland to a post of distinction in New York; to solve at once all the hateful, loathsome, belittling rid-

## KIDNEYS WEAKENING?

### LOOK OUT!

Kidney troubles don't disappear of themselves. They grow slowly but steadily, undermining health with deadly certainty, until you fall a victim to incurable disease. Stop your troubles while there is time. Don't wait until little pains become big aches. Don't trifle with disease. To avoid future suffering begin treatment with GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules now. Take three or four every day until you are entirely free from pain.

The housewife of Holland would almost as soon be without food as without her "Real Dutch Drops," as she quaintly calls GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. They restore strength and are responsible in a great measure for the sturdy, robust health of the Hollanders.

Do not delay. Go to your druggist and insist on his supplying you with GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. Take them as directed, and if you are not satisfied with results your druggist will gladly refund your money. Look for the name GOLD MEDAL on the box and accept no other. In sealed boxes, three sizes.

dies of money; to be the bejeweled and feted and idolized wife and mistress of this young American grand duke; to buy that impossible trousseau, or better; to live in a New York palace in stead of a flat; to go about in her own limousine instead of an occasional tax icab; to be fortune's darling instead of a member of the working classes struggling along with bent neck under a yoke beside a discouraged laboring man!

When the car reached her building she was resolved to see Duane no more. She could not tell him so. After all, he had been everything that was courtesy and charity. It would hardly have been polite to treat him with absolute indifference. Duane got down and helped her out and took her to the door, which was locked at this late hour. While they waited for the door man to answer the bell she was paying him his wages:

"You are wonderfully kind. I had a gorgeous evening. You saved my life."

She had said more than she intended—if not more than he had earned

"Then may I call soon?"

"Of course."

"Tomorrow?"

"I—well, I'll let you know."

"Fine! Telephone me at— I'll write it out for you. I'm not often a



She Stared at Her Image in the Mirror

the club where you found me, and my number isn't in the book." He wrote on his card his telephone address and gave it to her as the doorman stepped.

He murmured, "Don't forget." She murmured, "I won't." Both said "Good night." Then the doorman gathered her in and hoisted her to be lowly eerie. It was very different from where she would have gone as Mrs. Duane.

But when she was in her room she tore his card to pieces—after she had looked at it. She stared at her image in the mirror. She hated what she saw there.

She vowed to break her promise to Tom Duane. She vowed to forget his telephone number. But it danced about in the dark long after she had closed her eyes.

The next morning she overslept even beyond the extra hour the Chivvises permitted themselves and the stranger within their gates on Sundays.

When Daphne appeared at breakfast, trying not to yawn, Mrs. Chivvis greeted her with a voice as cold and dry as the toast, and as brittle:

"You were rather late getting in last night—or this morning, rather."

Daphne's answer was not an explanation, but it was better:

"Oh, I know it, Mrs. Chivvis, but I lost my position last night. Yes! I played the principal part and killed it and now I'm not going on the stage any more."

Mrs. Chivvis was touched. "You poor child! It really is—just too bad!" She pondered, then she brightened. "I'm sorry you're disappointed, but I'm glad you're not to be in the theater. It must be very wicked."

"It's mighty difficult," said Daphne. Mrs. Chivvis thought a moment more, then she said:

"Did I tell you— No, I don't believe I did—you were away—but Mr. Chivvis gets his vacation next week. He's got to take it when his turn couldn't be spared, so we have to leave Tuesday. I'm going, of course, so I can't give you my meals. You can get your breakfasts in the kitchenette. Of course I'll allow off whatever is right."

"Oh," Daphne said. "I'll be all right I guess."

Daphne had not realized how much

she depended on Mrs. Chivvis till now. She was to be left alone at the very time when she was most in need of society. The whole world was forsaking her.

### CHAPTER XIII

When the Chivvises had gone Daphne assailed the task of composing her letter of resignation from Reben's employ. It was not easy to resign with dignity and the necessary haste.

She sent it off by messenger. It was none too prompt, for Reben had already dictated a very polite request for Daphne's head. When he received her letter he recalled his stenographer and dictated a substitute for his first letter. In this he expressed his regret at learning Daphne's decision to resign; the former understudy had come back from the road, he said, and would resume her work. He begged Daphne to accept the inclosed check for two weeks' salary in lieu of the usual notice, and hoped that she would believe him faithfully hers.

Daphne felt a proud impulse to return the fifty dollars. She wrote a letter to go with it. She looked again and saw it was the first money she had ever earned. She hated to let it go. She decided to frame it and keep it to point to in after years as the beginning of her great fortune.

Late in the afternoon, when the western sky was turning into a loon for crimson tusteries almost as rich as her own dreams, she went to her brother's apartment.

There the New Girl found the Oh Woman in the throes of finance. Lella had brought her check book and her bank book to her husband. Her affairs were in a knot.

He laughingly offered to help her. She was hurt by his laughter, but no half so deeply as he was by his discovery of her monetary condition. He had established her bank account in a mood of adoration, a precious sacrifice on the altar of love. She had no cherished it, but scattered it heedlessly. And money was peculiarly precious now in the final agonies of the hard times, when only the fittest of the fittest could survive the last tests. Credit was the water cask, and dollars were the hard biscuits of a boatload of survivors from a wreck. Land might be reached if they held out, but self-denial was vital.

(Continued in Next Issue)

## CHILDREN

Should not be "dosed" for colds—apply the "outside" treatment—



VICK'S VAPORUB

"YOUR BODYGUARD" - 30¢, 60¢, \$1.20

### TAX NOTICE.

The tax books will open October 1, 1918, and close March 15th, 1919. After December 31st the usual penalties will be collected.

The levy is as follows:

For State purposes 8 1-4 mills.

Ordinary county purposes 3 3-4 mills.

Roads and bridges 6 3-4 mills.

Constitutional school tax 3 mills.

Interest on past indebtedness bonds 1 mill.

For C. & C. Railroad bonds 1 1-4 mills.

Interest on borrowed money 1-2 mills.

For interest on Township bonds in Pleasant Hill, 3-4 mills; in Cane Creek, 1-3-4 mills; in Gills Creek, 1-2 mills.

Special taxes are levied in the various districts as follows:

In Districts 6 and 13, two (2) mills.

In Districts 22, 29 and 45, three (3) mills.

In Districts 1, 3, 5, 21, 30, 9, 23, 48, 20, 26, 41 and 47 four (4) mills.

In District 7, six (6) mills.

In District 4, seven (7) mills.

In Districts 10, 11, 12, 14, 15, 17, 18, 19, 24, 25, 27, 31, 32, 33, 34, 39, 42, 43, 46 and 49, eight (8) mills.

In District 38, ten (10) mills.

In District 40, eleven (11) mills.

All male citizens between the ages of 21 and 60 years are liable to a Poll Tax of \$1.00, except those exempted by law.

All citizens between the ages of 21 and 55 years are liable to a capitation Road Tax of \$3.00.

RETURNS should be made of personal property and all transfers of real estate should be made.

JOS. W. KNIGHT, County Auditor.