

# The THIRTEENTH COMMANDMENT.

RUPERT HUGHES

(Continued from Last Issue.)

### SYNOPSIS.

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

**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 are installed in Bayard's flat at New York.

**CHAPTER V**—Wimburn introduces his fiancée 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 assure Daphne's trousseau.

**CHAPTER VII**—From Duthill, 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 procure 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. Bayard, Reben's stage manager, after a "stirout" endeavor to dissuade her from attempting to enter the profession, but she decides to persevere.

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

**CHAPTER XI**—Wesley Kip, father of Daphne, arrives at New York with dire news of financial catastrophe. He goes back to Cleveland with Mrs. Kip, and Daphne takes a room with Mrs. Chivvis.

**CHAPTER XII**—Sudden illness of Miss Kemble, Reben's leading lady, gives Daphne her chance, but her acting is a dismal failure. She is again consoled by Tom Duane.

**CHAPTER XIII**—Daphne gives up her position with Reben.

**CHAPTER XIV**—Daphne and Clay resume their relations as an engaged couple. She begins to look for work, determined to support herself. Outbreak of war causes Clay to lose his position, and Bayard's salary is cut in half. He speculates in Wall street and loses everything.

**CHAPTER XV**—Bayard appeals to his father for financial aid, only to find the old gentleman in a worse situation than himself. Lella's jewels go to the pawnshop.

**CHAPTER XVI**—Daphne's search for work is unsuccessful, as is Clay's, and things look black indeed.

**CHAPTER XVII**—Daphne gets a position addressing envelopes, but the firm fails. She secures another, but is insolvent by the manager and leaves.

**CHAPTER XVIII**—In desperation Daphne accepts employment from Duthill as a model. Bayard and Clay are enraged.

**CHAPTER XIX**—Duane invites Daphne to have dinner with him, and coming back urges her to become his mistress. She combats his specious arguments, though touched by his evident affection and the possibility of a life of elegant leisure which he offered her, and definitely refuses.

"I don't think so."  
"You don't know how pleasant it is to talk life and love to a woman who doesn't rear up and feel insulted at everything. At first you gave me a couple of how-dare-yous, but they don't count. And if you do hate me a little more, why, so much the better. When I thought you had broken with Wimburn I said to myself, 'She's the one girl in the world for me. I'm going to ask her to marry me.' But I was afraid to, for I was afraid of marriage. And then—I—well, I'd better not— Yes, I will, I said, 'She believes that men and women are equal and have 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 partnership of hearts.' That's what I said to myself. You mustn't think it's because I don't want to devote to one woman; it's because I do. But I hate handuffs. Do you see? And now you know what I was dreaming 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 bald entitled 'I Never Dream but I Gump My Head.' Go on! Marry Clay Wimburn 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 paces, 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

Tired as she was she could not sleep. The clangor of the morning called her to the window. A gray day



Tired as She Was, She Could Not Sleep.

broke on a weary town. The problem of debt and new clothes dawned again. Everything was gray before her.

Wisdom whispered her to take Duane at his word and try the great adventure. How could it bring her to worse confusion than she found about her now? And then the morning mail arrived and brought her a large envelope addressed in a strange hand. She opened it and took from it a sheaf of photographs.

Her father's huge a dozen times repeated lay before her. The untouched proofs omitted never a line, never a wrinkle. One of the pictures looked straight at her. She recalled that once she had stood back of the photographer and her father had caught her eye and smiled just as the bulb was pressed.

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 become Tom Duane's—

She shuddered back from the word and the thought. She forgot both in the joy of reunion with her father. All the philosophies and wisdoms and luxuries were answered by the logic of that smile.

She lifted his pictured lips to hers with filial eagerness and her tears pattered ruminously on the proof. She was satisfied to be what the jeweler in Cleveland had called her to Clay Wimburn—"old Wes Kip's girl."

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.

But she found Bayard at home for luncheon and she was neither mad nor mean enough to confuse Lella before 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 no farther than the freight elevator, and instructed his boy to send the meat up only after the money came down.

Bayard had no money and the chagrin of his situation was bitter. He snarled at Lella: "Tell the cub to take the meat back and eat 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, we vegetarians say we ought never to eat meat, anyway. We're poor, but my Lord! we're in grand company. Look at this cartoon. Cesare's in the Sun—Father knicker-bocker 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 were stumbling along under such debt that they wondered 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, madless, mirthless—hardly more than the raw turnips and cold water of Colonel Sellers. Lella fetched what victual there was.

After the meal Bayard shrugged into his overcoat and left without kissing his wife or his sister goodby.

Daphne and Lella went out to the kitchen, set the dishes in the pan, and the pan under the faucet. Lella turned on the hot water. Daphne was glad to be at work.

"There's one good thing about a small meal," she chirped, "it makes less dishes to wash." Then, with as much trepidation as if she had been the accused instead of the accuser she

faltered: "Oh, say, Lella, do you remember a man named Wetherell?"

Lella dropped a plate. She said it was hot. But other plates had been hot.

"Wetherell? Wetherell?" she pondered, aloud, with an unconvincing uncertainty. "I believe I do remember meeting somebody of that name. English, wasn't he?"

"Very."  
"Oh, yes. He was at Newport, I think. Why?"

"Oh, nothing. I met him last night and he thought I was you."  
"How could he?" Lella gasped. "We don't look the least alike."  
"It was in the dark."  
"In the dark! Good heavens! Where?"

Already Lella had gained the weather gauge. Daphne had to confess her outing with Duane, the crash of the collision and the return to Yonkers in Wetherell's car. Lella took advantage of the situation to interpolate: "Good heavens! How could you? You of all people! And with Tom Duane! What would Clay think?" Daphne knew that she had no right to reproach Lella for having known Wetherell in Newport. She had no right even to suspect that Lella had verstedged any of the bounds of propriety. And still she was not convinced of Lella's innocence. She was merely silenced.

### CHAPTER XXI.

The next day her fears of Wetherell and of Lella were rekindled. She went down to ask Bayard to help her trace Clay. Bayard was out and Lella was on the point of leaving. She was dressed in her killingest frock and hat and generally accoutered for conquest.

"Aren't we grand!" Daphne cried. "You look like a million dollars. Where are you off to?"

"Going for a little spin."  
"Who with?"

Lella hesitated a moment, then answered, with a challenging defiance: "With Mr. Wetherell. Any objection?"

Daphne disapproved and felt afraid; but when Bayard came in unexpectedly early and asked for Lella Daphne lied inevitably and said she did not know where she was.

She tried to be casual about it, but Bayard caught fire at once. He was already in a state of tundry irritability, and Daphne's efforts to reassure him as to Lella's innocence of any guile only angered him the more.

He kept leaning out of the window and staring down into the street. Finally, spying Lella in Wetherell's car when it approached the apartment house, he dashed to the elevator and met the two at the curb.

When Lella got out she was startled to see him standing at her elbow. There was nothing for her to do but make the introductions.

"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 doe. Lella went into the vestibule and watched through the glass door, expecting a combat. She could not hear Bayard saying:

"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!"

"That's for me to say, not you!"

"My word! this is amazing!"

"It is, indeed. It will be more than that if you come around again. Had

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"Had You Heard That Your Country Was at War?"

you heard that your country was at war?"

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

Wetherell's panic at the domestic situation was forgotten in the attack

on his patriotism. He drew himself up with an unconsciously military automatism and said, "I fancy I'm doing as much service here as I could do over there."

"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!"

Bayard joined Lella in the vestibule and they went up in the elevator together. She waited till they were in their own apartment before she demanded an account of the conversation.

He told her in a rage and she flew into another. She divided her wrath between Bayard and Daphne. There was enough for both. Daphne tried

(Continued in Next Issue.)

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