The Thirteenth Commandment

By RUPERT HUGHES

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CLAY'S ORGY OF SPENDING GETS HIM INTO AN EMBARRASSING SITUATION.

Synopsis.—Clay Wimburn, a young New Yorker on a visit to Cleveland, meets pretty Daphne Kilp, whose mother keeps a dress 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 requires as a sufficient sum of money for the purpose she goes to New York with her mother to buy her trousseau.

CHAPTER V—Continued.

"This is too beautiful to go through an Eight-Dollar-Fifteen etched. "It's wonderful. We ought to walk. Promise me we can walk home. It's such a gorgeous night."

"You're crazy, darling," he said. "I've got to get to my office immediately, and you've got to get home for breakfast."

"All right for you," she pouted. But it was some too serious a tragedy, and her spirits revived when the taxicab turned in through the shrubs about the old inn that had once been the home of Napoleon's brother and had been the laughter of Theodosia Burr and of Betty Bonaparte in their prime.

Daphne did not like the table the waiter had found them by. It stood beth the lower and the view.

"Can't we sit over yonder, waiter?" "I'll see."

The head waiter came reluctantly to the book. When Clay asked for the table, the answer was curt.

"Sorry, sir; it is reserved."

Clay felt insulted. He whipped out his pocketbook and rebuked the tyrant with a bill. He thought it was a one-dollar bill, but he saw a "V" on it instead of the usually and subtle head waiter absented it without wasting no. He ask for it back or for change was one of the most impossible things in the world.

Clay made it as easy for his and place as he could.

"I don't think you understood which table I meant," he said, pointing to the one he had indicated before. "Thank you."

"Oh, that one!" said the head waiter. "Certainly, sir."

He led the way, beckoning waiters and omnibuses and snapping his fingers.

Clay ordered a supper as chastely perfect as a sonnet. It showed that he had been under safety and education to the art of ordering a meal. He ignored cocktails, but he ordered a pint of a vintage. That was Clay's pompous. Also he wanted to preserve his self respect and the waiter's attention in the face of the supper that was begins attention at the next table. The was well ordered, too, but it was not a sonnet; it was a dispondy. It was ordered by a man whose guests had not yet arrived. When Clay had dictated his wishes he whispered to Daphne:

"See that fellow. That's Thomas Yarick Deane, one of the wealthiest bachelors in New York. He was a friend of my father's."

"Dad mentioned Lefty."

"Yes. That's really why Bayard got married so quick. He was afraid Tom Deane would steal her. Now enough fellow, let us talk about money."

Daphne looked at the big men, and enough looking at her with a fit of sensitive appreciation. She stared him down with a cold self-possession of the American girl who will neither flirt nor blush. Deane pinked her turned his eyes to Clay, recognized him, and nodded.

"Hello, Wimburn! Hyah yo?"

"Feeling fairly snappy," said Clay.

Deane showed a willingness to come over and chat with Clay, but Clay knew of his with a look like a pair of pistols for his guests.

Deane stood about, waiting for his guests. He looked lonely. Daphne had a sudden yet chastity and sadness in her heart. She whispered to Clay:

"Invite Deane fellow over here till his guests come. I'm dying to be able to tell the people at home that I met the great Deane."

Amin Clay shook his head.

"And that you introduced him to me."

Clay nodded. He beckoned Deane over hastily lest the man should be of the eyeless. Deane came with a pleasant smile. He put his hand on Clay's and Clay, rising, made the introduction.

"Yours had related to Bayard Kilp's hope." Deane said, with an amazed look.

"He's my brother. Why?"

"I saw him a big grudge." said Deane. "He stole his wife from me. Just as I was falling nicely in love with her. Beautiful girl, poor new my friend."

"I've never seen her," said Daphne. "Beautiful girl, eh? Maybe I'm too good for your brother, seriously speaking. Why don't you both come over to my table? Miss Kendale is to be here in a few minutes. Mother dear—Miss Kendale. Have you seen her new play?"

"We have been waiting for her," said Deane.

"Come and play in our party then."

Daphne had never met a famous actress. She was sold to join the party and to have Miss Irene Lottie. But Clay spoke with an icy finality.

"Thank old man. We've already ordered." He still stood, and he had not bowed. Deane to go there.

Tom Deane looked at Daphne and smiled in a boy rebuked. "All right, I'll go quietly. I know when I'm licked. Hope you have a good time; I will go as easily. Good night."

Patriotism and Pride Helped Her for a Number of a Mile.

he to care how he would take her invitation. He thought the rudeness slung in utter shame.

Daphne was of just shame was that she was so ashamed of it. Why should she care whether Tom Deane sulked or grouse? But she did care, infinitely. Tom was rich and young and gay and famous for the scenery. Her lover was a mere image of the social of Tom and the enchanting lovers. He never cared for Tom's money.

Daphne resolved to be very far Clay and to be very far neglected and hurt. Tom Deane looking at her. But Clay spoke with an icy finality.

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EXPLAINS CLAIMS OF FRANCE

Former Premier Viviani Tells Why Alsace and Lorraine Should Be Returned to That Country.

Alsace-Lorraine, which Germany took from France, was already in 1871, weakened and disorganized, according to Rene Viviani, former premier of France.

"In 1814 Prussia marched a army of Lorraine territory—the region of the Saar, with the fortress of Sarrelouis (Saarlouis), as well as a strip of land which history and nature had assigned to Alsace, a valley with the fortress of Landau as a center.

"Sarrelouis and Landau had belonged to France since the seventeenth century. The remainder of the Saar basin had become French since the revolutionary armies' campaign, which Prussia abandoned in that year to France.

"The Saar region, which Prussia organized by a revolutionary commission, the inhabitants of Alsace and Lorraine declared their allegiance to France by voices ringing their terms. "The actual texts of several petitions by which these people declared themselves part of the French nation are still in our archives, proving the unanimous impulse which impelled the inhabitants toward a free country. That also was the time when the mine deposits of the Saar valley were discovered and work on them was begun.

"Then you have, from both historical and economic viewpoints, the reason for our claims."

HELPED BY WESTERN IDEALS

American Mountaineer Says He Gives Much Credit for the Uplifting Influence of Our Country.

It Was a Tribute to Both That They Were Welcomed Here by Each Other.

Hospitality without formality and warm about switching on lights, recovering the table, and the waiter's face, and the light that Bayard flashed in his behalf. Bayard had a fine presence, tuition, but she was tired, and all the way up in the overloaded cab she had thought longingly of the beautiful bed in her own room and had kept herself herself a quick plunge into it for the night. Her mother was tired, too, and Clay's day was a long one, too, though she bore the marred name of Wimburn so well.

Mother Kilp ordered Bayard and Clay to bed, and Bayard was glad she was ready to be seen she had so much to show off. Clay was glad that the meeting entirely lacked the ceremony he had have expressed, lest a mother could hardly be glad to see her own son married and half strangers. All three exchanged quen glances of mutual understanding, and kept repeating themselves. The mon was a tribute to both that they were welcomed here by each other.

They could not know that she was thinking down the stairs and down the creole drive. She, too, was thinking of Bayard and of the fine image he had sketched in her mother had marred and established herself across the street and are loosening some of the Mrs. Wimburn's Tears.

Lefty felt asleep in her tub and could have dissolved without noticing the difference if her yawning husband had not moved her life—and very circuitously—and she had to tell her from the bathroom door that the bathroom tub was full and that one per cent of the nerve required the rescue, but enough to bring her back to a prettily cuten stupor.

Tom was infinite depth of pleasure she was dressed up protecting. Bayard was brilliant at Daphne's arrival. Dagoodie also began to prepare as elaborate hotel, but Bayard hated her out before she was ready. This was the final test of Lefty's patience and of Daphne's.

She was a tribute to both that they hated the collision more than each other. Bayard was a tribute to both that he was so ashamed of his wife. Daphne was a tribute to both that they had married in haste and the only mean thing they had done was to be married at all.

When at length Daphne went to her room she found her mother's arms waiting for her. But Ina hung before the mirror and admiring herself across the shoulder. She was thinking of the dollar Christmas of one strand of Swedish pulp paper and two grains of jute. It is easier to count 12 ounces in weight and 36, 40, and 48 inches long. A generous amount of sinu-source product shows a tensile strength of 1,000 pounds, or equal to 500 pounds for regular eight-ounce baling. —Southern Pulp Bulletin.

As He Understood Orders.

"Now," said the medical officer to the raw recruit, "having taken your temperature and your measurement, we will try the sealer." And the unsophisticated recruit immediately commenced, "Ee, ee, mi, fa," etc.

Sacks, Lingeries and Negligees.

One of the reasons why bulk lingeries and negligees especially come needed themselves to women whose dress allowance was ample, and who liked the interesting and novel, was because it was difficult to make a bad bag enough. It was produced by a big the use of a film of wax placed over the foliole before the dyeing process took place. There was an urgent demand for persons who could do this bulk work; it was the work of

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