The Thirteenth Commandment

By RUPERT HUGHES

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DAPHNE AGAIN TURNS TO C.AY, BUT AS THEY PLAN FOR THE FUTURE A NEW BLOW FALLS.

Synopsis.—Clay Winborn, a young New Yorker on a visit to Cleveland, meets pretty 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, leaving Clay behind. Daphne's father, has just married and left for Europe with his bride, Lelia. Daphne and her mother install themselves in Bayard's flat. Daphne meets Tom Dunne, whose attentions to her seem 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 express great horror, having been charged by Bayard. Bayard is furious over the expense, seeing hard times ahead. Daphne, indignant, declares she will earn her own support with Clay. Through an introduction by Dunne, Daphne induces Bayard to give her a position in the office of one of his companies. Her first rehearsal is a failure, but Bayard, at Dunne's request, gives Daphne another chance. Sudden illness of Mr. Bayard gives Daphne her chance; but her acting is a dismal failure. She is rescued by Tom Dunne.

CHAPTER XII—Continued.

Satan or Bayard had whispered to her an invitation to revisit the scene of her last humiliation with Clay. With Dunne's magic purse there would be no such embarrassment this time. And he'd seen eye there would be no such embarrassment this time. And he'd seen eye that it was to taking her financial bet- den from her. Dunne was a dear, and she was sorry for him. He was a chance to ter. Dunne said the chauffeur and the car shut like a javelin from the lighted street into the deep-breasted shelter of Central park.

What would Clay say? But, after all, he had failed her in a crisis. Perhaps he had turned his back on her where. Men were impatient, intolerable, fickle.

When Clairemont was reached and Dunne handed Miss Kip out he noted that her head was better than his own, and a little quick to escape, for Dunne was flushed and her lips parted as if for a kiss—whereupon he was struck at the speed of the ride and the lack of adventure were to blame.

While the waiters were serving the supper and while he was attacking it with the fresh appetite of honest hunger, he was rewarded the evening's discomfort as cruelly as if it were his own.

She Stared at Her Image in the Mirror.

of somebody else. In fact, she was thanking off and regarding herself with the eyes of an alien. We change so fast that the persons we were yesterday are already strangers, and their acts the acts of distant relations. But Daphne was really the nonchalant of the two. Her judgment would come in the morning.

"I can't understand myself at all," Daphne said at last. "Enough every one of the motives, but I couldn't touch the caviar, and I'm not even hungry enough for a bad cold staying in a foreign hospital—you don't know what the song is all about, but you know that it's one of those girls you hear."

"You mustn't be discouraged."

"Oh, yes, I must! I couldn't act an actress in a thousand years. But Mr. Bayard told me so, and he's right."

Dunne felt the truth of this, but it hurt him to have it said. He had intended his criticality to resolve into the most delicate praise, but it was not in him. He hated to say anything against the necessity of pressing bread into the mouth of the one he loved. He sighed for her. He said:

"You're the best girl for the stage I don't believe that for a minute," she answered. "But you ought to be something I can do."

"Why? I help you to decide?"

"If you only would! But I'm going to be a secretary."

"You are a—no you are a—well, you're a secretary, of course. And, He's got to take it when his turn comes. Anybody who was going out to shoot ducks would be ashamed not to have guns for the trip, and of course he would be inept. Mr. Dunne always gave the hostess his per cent and a bit extra. He tipped wisely but not too well, knowing that an extravagant tip was 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. Dunne's car waiting for him at the curb and offered his hat with one hand as he snapped a quarter across to the other. He stepped in to lay the three-legged step and closed the door exquisitely and murmured, "Good night."

The car was an extravagant. It flung

Daphne thought of Clay and herself plodding homeward. She seemed to see them or their wraiths staggering preposterously under the load of the

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

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