The Thirteenth Commandment

By RUPERT HUGHES

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FOREWORD.

"The Thirteenth Commandment" is an American story written by an American for Americans. It is, according to a famous English critic, "American to the bone and to the marrow of the bone." It deals with that eternal conflict between science and credulity. It tells the story of what one lovable, modern American girl did, when she discovered how often the checkbook's green drowns the love song. In this story Rupert Hughes is at his best, and that best cannot be surpassed by any American author of the present day. If you start "The Thirteenth Commandment" you will finish it, and when you have finished it you will be glad that you started it.

CHAPTER I.

An usual nowadays, instead of kissing at the door Dan called up on the telephone.

Though she had shifted almost to Mrs. Kip's ear she would not answer at once. She waited, shook her head, agitated her rocking chair with petulance, embroidered vindictively, and hardly so much called out as sighed very loudly toward the hallway:

"Daphne! Oh-oh, Daphne! the telephone's ringing!"

On the stairs there sounded a light-hearted dancer like the spirit of April shortly chased down a hillside by the sun, and a moment later Daph ran across the room and raised the telephone to her lips as if it were a beaker of good cheer.

Her mother was used to this humor of Daphne's and paid no heed till a sudden frost chilled the warm tone of the girl's voice. The audio of hospitality wasted on the telephone had given place to a look of embarrassment.

Mrs. Kip whispered anxiously, "Who is it?"

Daphne motioned her not to interrupt, and her voice grew deep and solicitous as she answered her brother Barnard called from Hampton Farms. In her grandest contralto she said:

"This is Miss Kip. Yes, I have. Yes, he does. I beg pardon? Oh—oh! oh! How do you do, Mrs. Winburn?

"Mr. Who?" her mother hovered.

Daphne whispered to quiet her, "A young man from New York—friend of Bayard's—name slips my mind for the moment."

Into the telephone she was saying and bowing and nodding the while with her politest smile. "Mother will be glad to be. Of course Cleveland's not New York—but it's a big city, isn't it, for a town? That's a good one. That's right; height as well as breadth. Yes, indeed! How long will you be in Cleveland? Oh, is that all? Well, then, you must come out here and have tea with us this very afternoon. I'll call for you at the hotel in my little car. No; it's not one of those; it's an electric. I like it myself. Afraid it can't go faster than! I'll be there in fifteen minutes, and you might be on the steps. Goodby, Mr. Winburn."

This last was said in the loud tone of normal friendship, and she hung up the receiver with a smile and a blushing hands.

She turned to find her mother thinking—for she is a long right time; her cheeks bulged expressively. Daphne forestalled her:

"He's a young fellow is the same firm as Bayard. Says he's here on business for two days. Bayard told him to look me up and tell me to be nice to him. That sounds like Bay. I wonder what's the matter with the boy's manners lately