THE BARNWELL PEOPLE-SENTINEL, BARNWELL, SOUTH CAROLINA

PAGE SIX.

PRUDENCE'S DAUGHTER ω By Ethel Hueston WNU Service -----------------Copyright by the Bobbs-Merrill Co.

SYNOPSIS PART ONE

CHAPTER I .- At a merry party in the studio apartment of Carter Blake, in New York, Jerry Harmer, Prudence's daughter, meets Duane Allerton, wealthy idler. He becomes slightly intoxicated, and Jerry, resenting his assumption of familiarity, leaves the party abruptly.

CHAPTER II .- The story turns to Jerry's childhood and youth at her home in Des Moines. Only child of a wealthy father, when she is twenty she feels the call of Art, and her parents, with some misgivings, agree to her going to New York to study. (CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK)

CHAPTER III

Jerry Is Free

Rhoda La Faye met Jerry at Grand Central station in New York as she had promised. Rhoda surprised Jerry, pleased her greatly-she seemed quite different from the old Rhoda of college days-so brisk, so tailored, so assertive. She caught Jerry's hands in hers, kissed her warmly on both cheeks, exclaimed over her bright beauty, all in one breath, while with



sulogy of Theresa Brady the taxi hard."

Il aller Bill Mark

ing hand to Jerry.

cal vibrations.

recording meter, tossed a bill to the

driver, and held out a nervous, hurry-

In response to her impatient pres-

sure on the button the door was

opened after a little by a lovely rose-

and-cream-colored woman, in a trail-

ing rose-and-cream-colored gown, who

smiled radiantly upon Jerry, her white

hand, flaunting a brave display of

flashing rings and tinkling thin silver

bracelets, outstretched in friendly wel-

said, and her voice was one of musi-

"The little girl from Iowa !" she

"Hello, Mimi!" said Rhoda, her

brisk tone seeming almost harsh in

contrast. "Theresa here? Listen,

Mimi! This is Miss Harmer, Mrs.

Delaney. Mrs. Delaney is your host-

ess, Jerry, your landlady if you wish,

and also, I hope, your friend. I have

to fly-honestly, it is a shame, but it's

a rush. order. You know how these

things are, Mimi." She put her arm

about Jerry regretfully. "It is a crime,

know, to leave you like this, Angel-

face, but-you don't know what it is

"Oh, I don't mind a bit." said Jerry,

bravely trying to hide her sense of

loneliness and disappointment. "I

shall write some letters, and unpack

Rhoda squeezed her gratefully.

"You are a darling! Mimi will take

good care of you. But let me warn

you! Keep all your lovers out of her

sight. She's a beau-catcher! She

took two from me, and three from

Theresa, and heaven only knows how

many from other poor working girls!

Call Theresa, will you, Mimi? She

is going to take her out for dinner."

where in the direction of Jerry's face

Mrs. Delaney took Jerry's bag, and

ed her up a very narrow, very dark

"Rhoda says you are a plutocrat,"

she said musically. "And so we gave

you our best foot forward-second

floor front. Rhoda says 'Plute' is your

"She does me a great injustice,"

It is

and very winding stairway.

and ran away.

middle name.'

said Jerry, smiling.

Rhoda dropped a snatchy kiss some-

my bag. I don't mind at all."

to work for your bread and butter."

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whirled up in a short, bare, grimy "Is she doing well? Does she work street and stopped before a little, very hard?" Jerry asked, with great squat, twisted house that had one time eagerness done service as a rich man's stable. "Um, both. She works like the

Rhoda, with Jerry's bag, was out in devil at hack jobs, to get a little the street with the stopping of the. money ahead so she can study." car, and after a sharp glance at the "There's no money in art, and every-

one knows it," said Mimi, musically peevish. "Rhoda and Theresa-they are both fools. I always say so. They should take up something new, something modern, something there is money in." It's all very well to talk of slaving for art-starving for art, I call it."

Theresa laughed. "You should talk !" she said derisively. I don't see that you've acquired such a fortune behind the footlights! Not that you're behind them very often, I must say." Then, Mimi effectually silenced, she turned to Jerry, "You want to fuss up a little after your journey, I suppose. Come up when you are ready, will you? I am on the third floor at the back. Be careful not to stumble, it's very dark. Will you come out to dinner with us, Mimi?"

"No, thanks, I have a date. Here are the keys, Miss Harmer this to the door downstairs, this to your room. If you want anything, don't hesitate to ask. Come, Theresa, let the poor child shake off the dust of travel." They went out, smiling back at her, closing the door after them. Their voices came to her from the narrow hallway.

"You look a mess," said Mimi discontentedly, but still with musical resonance. "You ought to-be ashamed of yourself."

"Oh, don't bother me! 'I'm tired as the deuce!"

"Why don't you go to bed, Theresa? You're such a fool to slave so. And nothing to come of it, either. Famepouf, what's fame? A bank account is the only way to judge a talent !" "Who's your date?"

"Phil Mills. Lie down, Theresa. I'll bring you a cup of tea. And for heaven's sake, wash your hands. I was ashamed for her to see your finger nails. You're certainly a' mess. Do. lie down a while, you look positively yellow."

Their voices receded as Theresa drew herself wearily up the stairs, and Jerry, standing in the center of her tiny new home, looked about her with quizzical, humorous eyes, and laughed. It was ridiculously small, ridiculously gaudy, ridiculously frugal in its very. flamboyance. The bathroom, was no

"Uh," Theresa nodded. "Sleep here, work here, eat here-die here, too, I fancy. Haven't made my bed in heaven knows when. Mimi, used to come in to do it for me, and bothered me to death, so I keep the door locked on her now. If you hear her pounding to get in, and me shouting or her to go away and mind her own business, don't be alarmed. It's a frequent occurrence. The place is a mess, Miss Harmer. am almost ashamed of it myself." She swept magazines, books and

paints from a small straight chair and shoved it hospitably toward Jerry. "Cigarette?"

"No, thanks."

Theresa lit one for herself nervously, tossing the burned match on the floor In a corner and tugging at the cigarette with a deep breath, almost gulping. She pulled off her smock.

"Excuse me a minute, and I'll wash my hands." As she washed, and then brushed back her dark tousled hair, which she did not take time to comb, but only fastened securely with addltional pins, and scraped the paint from her skirt, she ran briskly on in the quick jerky fashion that Jerry found so fascinating.

"I don't usually work like this. I'm trying to get it finished-want it for an exhibition. I think it's rather good. The devil of it is that I have to dig along-for a meal ticket-while I'm trying to turn out something decent at the same time. Heaven knows I eat little enough-it shouldn't be hard to earn the kind of a living I usually live. Do you like Italian cooking? Or French? There are a dozen nice little places within a block or two. Oh, and there's a wild little Russian placewould you prefer that?"

"Ob, any place at all, I shall love any of them, all of them for that matter-wherever you wish to go. I'm really ashamed to take you away from your work, I know you are only stopping to please me."

"Oh, I dare say it's a very good thing. Come to think of it, haven't had a real dinner in heaven knows when. I'm sure I'm hungry."

She drew a small modish hat snugly about her ears, swept a wave of dark powder across her face, touched her lips with a bit of rouge and said she was ready. As they made their way carefully down the dark and winding stairs, Mimi's silken voice drifted out | before it, awed, admiring. A curlous to them from behind a closed door.

"Oh, you bad boy, I believe you're trying to make love to me!" Theresa laughed. "Little fool," she

said. "Come in any time you like, day

she managed as best she could, reading a great deal, riding solemnly about town on the busses, visiting the shops. It was the climax of her loneliness when she went to the movies, alone. Finally, on a happy thought suggested by a timely advertisement, she rented a small plano and paid a fabulous sum to have it raised to the studio, where she gave it practically her entire floor space, shoving the easel ignominiously into the background.

Jerry was fond of music. She played the plano extremely well, and sang also with real feeling and much sweetness. She was beginning to wonder if perhaps she should not have chosen music in preference to painting as a career. There seemed to be so much drudgery about art, a thing she had not before remotely suspected.

Then, one afternoon, quite without warning, Rhoda La Faye ran in, caught her in both arms and kissed her a dozen times with fervent protestations of delight at seeing her. Rhoda was pale, with feverish spots of crimson burning in her cheeks.

"Come, get your hat," she said brightly. "I have finished the picture. Devereaux says it is very good."

While she talked, she rummaged carelessly through the boxes and drawers of Jerry's dressing-table, fishing out gloves and hats and vells, hurrying Jerry, and almost at once they were running downstairs together, laughing, hand in hand. Jerry's drooping spirits were soaring to the sky once more.

In striking contrast to the confusing untidiness of Theresa's studio, Jerry point of spotlessness.

"Oh, how tidy you are!" she cried, speckless orderliness of it.

never pretend to touch a brush or a

She turned the easel about for Jerry to see the picture over which she had sweated her heart's blood. Jerry stood thing it was, a narrow bit of city street, showing gray and grimy between high gray and grimy walls, with

THURSDAY, AUGUST 20TH, 1925.

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Rhoda La Faye Met Jerry at Grand Central Station in New York as She Had Promised.

Jerry's light bag in her hand she was drawing her swiftly through the great station and out to a waiting taxi. Immediately they were off-somewhere-anywhere-Jerry neither knew nor .cared.

She had been in New York before with her father and Prudence. Then, with , a soft leisureliness impervious to the stirring pressure about them, they had followed a red-capped porter to a taxi-a porter who had been obliged to return many times to find them in the midst of the confusion and the crowd-and had settled themselves in a comfortable suite of rooms in a spacious hotel to enjoy a pleasant, nicely ordered orgy of shopping, theaters and drives. Another time they were met at the station by Aunt Connie herself, in her car, with her chauffeur in sober livery, and were driven swiftly out to her great home in Englewood, to enjoy the solicitous ministrations of her efficient maids.

That was Prudence's way of doing New York. This was different. This was freedom. Jerry loved it-loved the quick, confident bustling of this tall, unhesitating girl of her own age -a girl who alone and independent forced it into subjection.

table creature was saying. "will you money. I shall have to sit up all

friendly, uncle, and two frolicsome dark circles beneath her eyes, lines of HALL & COLE, INC. having you here. It only happens this young cousins. She was greeted with weariness in every feature. Smudges the cold information that the entire | of paint showed upon her rumpled ESTABLISHED 1848. weeks I haven't a thing to do-and At night after the evening meal is the "Wright hour". Then read aloud to the family family had gone to Europe on a basty smock, and her nails were rough and correspondingly little to eat," she conbusiness trip, and the maid left in COMMISSION MERCHANTS -:- FRUITS AND VEGETABLES ragged, obviously bit to the quick. She fided, with a light bit of laughter. charge of the house did not know when held out her hand, a large, thin, T Harold Bell "But Theresa Brady will look out for they planned to return. Jerry felt capable hand, stained with ink and **Special Attention Given Asparagus** t's you. She has a room at Mimi Delaquite saddened and abused. She was paint and the smoke of countless cigney's, where you are to live. And she sorry she had not sent word in adarettes. Jerry's met it warmly. They Shipments. said she would take you out for dialatest and best story, "A Son of His Father". Several hundred thousand fam-lics are doing this within a week after vance of her coming. She was sure smiled at each other. ner, and help you get settled and ev-Aunt Connie would have waited for "It's like Rhoda to dump you off in 94-102 Faneuil Hall Market erything. She is a marvelous girlpublication. Be one of them. \$2.00 a copy at a 1, book ellers. D. Appleton & Company. Publishers, 35 West 32nd Street, New York, her, would have postponed any kind a strange city and wash her hands of Thereas Brady-the most talented of a business trip to Europe for the you," she said, and the friendliness of BOSTON, MASS. sake of being an easis in the desert for "Prudence's baby." thing you ever saw. You will adore her voice as she spoke of Rhoda's vagaries forbade a suspicion of Advertise in The People-Sentinel. and before Rhods had Anished ber Left entirely to her own resources. malice. "She is working wickedly

quite nice and roomy. Remember I am your landlady; so pretend to be a little pleased with it snyhow, not to hurt my feelings."

"I think you will like this.

Jerry could not but smile at the "roominess" of which she had so bravely boasted. To the vision of her generous, Middle Western eyes, it was chokingly, crampingly small, a smallness overemphasized by its gaudy cretonning in vivid orange and black. But Jerry said nothing at all of that, she only smiled, and assured her silverintoning hostess that she knew she was going to be very happy in her new home.

"Here is your kitchenette," explained Mimi, opening a door in the rear.

"Oh, I don't want to cook. I am going to study very hard. I shall take my meals out somewhere."

"Oh, you will not like going out for breakfast, I am sure," protested Mimi. "No one goes out for breakfast! And surely you will want your luncheon in, and your tea! One eats so little. But of course, you shall do just as you wish! But everyone prefers- But you needn't take the room at all, you know, Miss Harmer, unless you like it." "Oh. I do like it, and I have taken it already. And now that I think of it, I am sure you are right, and I shall very much prefer having my little breakfast in. I'll get an electric grill and a percolator, and then I can have parties, too,"

"I shouldn't wish you to take the room unless you like it," said Mimi with her engaging frankness. "But A am glad you do like it. I need the money. 1 was quite ill last year, and bave had no engagement for some months, and you know how we in the profession squander our salary when we are working!" She laughed excusingly for that particular foible of the profession. "Theresa and I have this house together. A maid comes in. every morning to do the rooms. Walt till I call Theresa!"

And then she swept out to the hallway, and called, her voice ringing like the eadences of a lilting song, that Mies Harmer was here, and Theresa sheu'd come down.

Joiry thought she would like eager girlish interest. If her studio had taken New York by the horns and Theress. : the was tall and large, yet bits of furniture already there. And downstairs appeared small to her, this thin, seening taller, larger and thinshe painted a little every afternoon, one she thought quite unendurably so. "Listen, Angel-face," the indominer in the presence of Mimi, who was pleasantly, comfortably, complacently, There was no rug on the floor, nor curwithout any of the hectic excitement shout is stature and appeared small, Loans procured promptly at lowest cost. tain at the window. The couch was a forgive me if I desert you tonight? I which throbbed about her... though with a suggestive roundness tumbled mass of blankets and wrinkled have heaps to do. I have to put back-Allendale, Bamberg and Barnwell Counties. Even with all that, she seemed to both of face and figure. Theresa was sheets with a box of paints and half grounds in three pictures that I promhave a great deal of time at her disdark, unfathomably intense, with a a dozen magazines thrown upon it. ised word-of-honor would be ready at THOMAS M. BOULWARE sort of subdued or repressed ferocity posal. On the fifth day of her calen-The teacup was on the floor, its conten tomorrow. Besides. I need the in the tones of her voice, the deep dar desolation, she telephoned to her tents untasted. And there was a big Attorney-at-law -Barnwell, S. C. liner of her face, and in every quick, Aunt Connie's residence in Englewood. easel turned to catch the best light. sight to get them done, anyhow." hoping to thrill the household with the sure merement. Jerry thought she Thereas, just getting to her feet again. "Oh, I am so sorry! I am afraid seemed younger than Mimi, although news of her presence, and joyously anlooked with amused eyes upon Jerry's my coming today has bothered you, ticipating a merry week-end in the more quiet, more reserved, much frank inspection. and-" lovely suburb with a tender aunt, a colder. She looked tired. There were "Do-do you-" "Oh, please don't say that. I love

more than a stuffy dark closet. The vaunted kitchenette was a shelf, a hole In the wall.

"Oh, Prudence !" laughed Jerry, thinking of her mother, sure she was happy, but there were tears in her eyes.

She set herself briskly to unpacking her small bag, folding things neatly away in the small drawers of the chiffonier. The two photographs in their handsome frames, Prudence and Jerrold, she placed conspicuously on the dressing table. And then she suddenly took up the picture of her mother, and looked at it intently, questioningly, almost passionately. She shook her head at last with sharp impatience, and placed it opposite that of her father once more.

"I don't get you, Prudence," she said.

In her intense moments, Jerry referred to her mother always as "Prudence." using the word not so much as a name, but rather as a statement of principle, a code of worship, a creed of religion. When she said, as she did very often, "I do not get you, Prudence," she meant only that Prudence was a depth of philosophy she could not fathom. It irritated her. If Prudence had been a scintillatingly brilliant, intellectual woman, Jerry felt she would not have minded her inability to reach the innermost recesses of her mother's thought. Prudence was no such thing, Jerry knew it.

After her unpacking, sweetened and refreshed with a perfumed bath in her tiny tub, she ran up the dark stairway to the third floor, turned back and tapped softly upon the door.

"Oh, d-n!" she heard, muttered flercely, from within the room. And then apologetically Theresa called. "I spilled the ink! Come in. Miss Harmer. I can't get up for a minute. The place is a mess. I've just had a scrap with Mimi, and I'm a wreck. She wanted to clean up before you came, and I wouldn't let her, and we are both furious."

Theresa was down on her knees briskly mopping up the ink with a fresh towel: Jerry stood in the doorway, and looked about the room with-

or night, you'll get a dose of that from Mimi. She runs them in relays, like the six-day blcycle race. Lord knows where she gets them-there don't seem so many men to spare."

Theresa took her to a small, quiet, basement room, where they had a generous, quiet, Italian dinner. They ate in silence. Theresa was hungry, very tired, and Jerry was stirred and breathless. There were others in the dining room, mostly girls, smartly dressed, all thin, all weary-eyed, all smoking.

"Don't you know them?" Jerry asked. "I thought every one knew every one else-in the Village."

"I don't know anybody," said Theresa. "I used to be 'way up on the West side. I came down here to please. Mimi. But I like it."

The days that followed were happy, dreamy, fascinating days for Jerry. Rhoda telephoned to her twice, with profuse and tender apologies for her neglect, and said she was coming to see her right away. But she did not come. Jerry spent a great deal of time with Theresa, but Theresa was always working, always tired to distraction. Mimi, although she continued as warmly affable and friendly as, at first, had little time or inclination for pretty young students of art beneath her roof. She slept until noon every day, had callers to tea every afternoon, and went out with some one every night in the week.

Jerry made proper arrangements for her lessons, and was enrolled in one of the beginners' classes of Graves Mc-Dowell, who, having previously acquired a reputation; was now eking out a hard existence by instilling the rudiments of his profession into young aspirants. Jerry attended his classes with a nice regularity and promptitude, and patiently did her utmost to follow his instructions. He told her kindly that she was doing very well indeed, let her come and go as she liked, and paid as little attention to her as possible.

She bought an easel of the most elaborate design and arranged it prettily in her small studio, where it guite overshadowed the modest, plaything