

PRUDENCE'S DAUGHTER

By Ethel Hueston

WNU Service

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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.

CHAPTER III.—In New York Jerry makes her home with a Mrs. Delaney ("Mimi"), an actress, who, with Theresa, a painter, occupies the house. Jerry takes an immediate liking to Theresa, and the two become fast friends.

CHAPTER IV.—The friendship between Jerry and Theresa, who is eccentric but talented, grows. Jerry poses for Theresa's masterpieces, "The Ocean Rider." Allerton calls on Jerry. The girl, recalling his conduct at the studio party, refuses to see him.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK)

"We didn't come home until six o'clock," she said. "We had breakfast before we left—ham and eggs and everything. I made the toast. Burned myself, too."

"Six o'clock! But, Rhoda, how can you work—"

"Who's going to work? I told you yesterday I couldn't work today. That's why I finished the picture. Oh, such a head!"

"Well, of all the silly things," Jerry said, in her most pompously Prudence voice. "Work all night, or dance all night, or— It is plain intemperance, Rhoda. You ought to use a little judgment about things! No wonder you're a wreck."

Rhoda laughed feebly. "Now, Iowa," she protested teasingly. "There speaks the corn-fed baby!" Then she added soberly: "Did you enjoy it, Jerry? Every one liked you so much. They thought you were perfectly lovely, although discreet. Korzky said you were quite annoyed because he kissed you—at least he thought it was you. And Duane—"

"I had a lovely time, thanks," Jerry interrupted. "It was the most amusing thing I ever saw in my life. No wonder we hear these little stories about Greenwich!"

"That isn't Greenwich, that's Brooklyn," objected Rhoda. "But anyhow we admit it. We do nothing by fractions. When we jazz, we jazz. But remember this, Old Mississipp! When we work, we work. I've slaved away every night but three in the last three months. The theater twice, the party once. If I want to jazz until morning—"

"It's nobody's business but your own," Jerry put in, laughing, as Rhoda hesitated.

"Right! Rush along the coffee, and they drank a cup in silence, then another. With the third serving Jerry broke the silence.

"Rhoda, who is Francy? I haven't met her, have I?"

"Francy? Oh, you mean Francy England. Well, she is Duane Allerton's new flame, since Kitty Karson got married. What did he say about her?"

"He didn't mention her. It was Almee. She didn't say anything—just spoke of her."

"She's not really in our crowd, you know. She's one of the Batik Trainers."

"The Batik—"

"Um, you know. Batik Trainers—the idle rich—those who can't paint, can't sing, can't write—but like the atmosphere and move in to get the air. We have to provide entertainment for them. Sometimes it's china painting, sometimes weaving, or beadwork; right now it's batik. Heaven knows what next! It's the raison d'etre for the Art Trainers."

"Art Trainers! That is what I am, I suppose, an Art Trainer."

"Oh, no, Jerry, you're a student. If you want to amuse yourself studying Art—"

"It's nobody's business but my own," Jerry finished promptly, when Rhoda hesitated again.

"Right!" Rhoda laughed, agreeing. Rhoda begged her to stay for dinner—promising to cook most delectable things on the grill, to take her out anywhere she liked, to go to the theater, generously promise in her enticement. But Jerry would not be persuaded. She said she had to go home and fix something for Theresa, who was looking for the colorist, who had no proper food, or rest, or exercise, and who, naturally, required a strong stimulant to force her into reason."

Rhoda said surprisingly. "She's going marvelously."

"Theresa!"

"Yes, why not?"

"But—then—why—for heaven's sake, then, why doesn't she get a decent room, and eat a decent meal once in a while? I thought—"

"Well, you thought wrong. It isn't the money—with people like Theresa—like all of us. It's that burning up inside—we can't help it. Don't try to know what I'm talking about, old Angel-face; the more you think about it the less you'll understand!"

It was the next morning when Jerry slipped softly upstairs with a breakfast-tray that Theresa asked her diffidently, almost apologetically, if she would care to see a few of her "things."

"Oh, I should love to," Jerry cried, flushing with pleasure.

Theresa was vaguely surprised, a little troubled, at her eagerness. "If you wanted to see them, why didn't you ask me?"

"Oh, I couldn't ask, Theresa. I thought perhaps you'd rather not show me—I was just hoping you would suggest it some time."

For the first time in the weeks she had known Theresa, she really took time to do a thing quietly, deliberately and with comfortable easiness. She spent the full morning with Jerry, showing her dozens of little sketches, unfinished bits of landscape, lovely heads, delicately draped figures without number, discussing them meanwhile with an impersonal, judicious interest that charmed and fascinated Jerry. She touched upon their beauties of composition and execution generously, but without personal warmth. And she pointed out their defects with a keen eye and an unsparring tongue. And then she said:

"I have saved my best till the last, Jerry. This is my one passion, my darling and my adored."

It was typical of Theresa that she did not keep it on display, "her darling and adored," but packed away with tender care in a dark closet, obviously the one thing in her life that received her tender care. Jerry almost held her breath—as Theresa brought it out, removed the protecting wrappers, and turned it about for her to see.

It was a cruel green ocean, lashing great waves into white foam, an ocean of blackening shadows, and shifting lights. At first glance, Jerry saw only the turbulence of a multitude of waters, and then, looking deeper, standing out with sharp incisiveness once she had discerned its presence, riding the highest, whitest wave of all, stretched the slim white body of a woman, triumphant white face upraised, dominant white arms flung wide—a joyous, jubilant, fearless figure of youth, swept on the black waters, sprayed with the white.

Jerry cried out, enraptured.

"Theresa! Oh, Theresa! It is beautiful! It is the most—thrilling—thing I ever saw. It makes you feel so full of—freedom."

Theresa nodded, her dark eyes alight with pleasure. "Um, freedom. I've been working on it for years, Jerry. A thousand or more, I think. I used to spend the summer on the coast in Maine with my nurse—when I was a kid, you know. I adored the ocean. It is the only really free—really relentless—thing I ever saw. It knows no law but its own. Oh, yes, I know what scientists say about the moon, and the tides. No, no, what little moon riding the heavens could harness a fathomless ocean! I used to sit, like an ugly blackbird, on the highest rocks, and adore the ocean in a storm. A hundred times I went home drenched to the skin, soaked, and exalted with rapture, to be soundly whipped for my mischief, and put to bed in disgrace."

She paused, smiling at Jerry.

"Go on, go on," she begged feverishly. "Tell me."

"First, I suppose it was just a personal emotion—I wanted to ride the waves. I chafed at my bondage to solid, sordid earth. I thrilled myself to a rapture by fancying myself swept high on the topmost wave. And so before long—my thought a mother to the thing, I suppose—it really seemed to me I saw her, the Ocean Rider, a lovely, slim, white woman triumphant on the waves. I worshiped it. It was a god to me. I have only been able to work on it when the passion is hot upon me, so it has been a very slow thing. A dozen times, in a storm, I have gone off to the islands to do another bit on my Ocean Rider. It isn't right yet. The ocean is good enough, but the Rider—I haven't quite got it."

There was brooding discontent in Theresa's voice. "The light in her eyes—it's not right. I wonder, Jerry—"

Her voice took on a sudden wheedlesomeness Jerry had never heard in it before. "I wonder—would you mind—would you let me use your eyes? I have wanted a hundred times to ask you but—"

"Oh, Theresa, I shouldn't mind at all—I should love it. Why didn't you ask me before? But she looks so lovely to me the way she is. I'm afraid you will spoil her."

Theresa shook her head. "Not right. It's her eyes. I've known it all the time—that is, I've felt there was something lacking. And when I saw you, I knew what it was. She must have the light in her eyes that you had when you came first to the city, as you were when I saw you first. I shall never forget it—that sort of radiant assurance. Look! Her eyes are too deep, they are too subtle for a free woman."

Jerry flushed. "Theresa, that is irony! Eyes like mine for a free woman! Why, I don't know what freedom is. I haven't the nerve to find out when I have a chance. I am

bound hand and foot—to conventions—to convictions—to Prudence."

"Yes, that is what I mean. You don't find that blithe and buoyant confidence, that triumphant joyousness of surety, in freedom itself. Only in the pursuit of it. In eyes that have seen freedom"—she waved a light hand toward her Ocean Rider—"like this; subtle, understanding, inscrutable—"

"Perhaps—perhaps you mean it? Theresa, instead of freedom."

Theresa smiled at her gentle dimpled. "Yes, I get the distinction. But unfortunately, Jerry, one must try both before one knows which is which! There's the pity of it. And the eyes are faithful registers, they record it all. So my brave little Ocean Rider has got to have—not eyes that have known freedom, but which hold a vision of it—unrealized."

That same afternoon, Jerry posed for the eyes of the Ocean Rider, who



That Same Afternoon Jerry Posed for the Eyes of the Ocean Rider.

must know not freedom, but cherish a dream of it.

"I think I missed my calling after all," she said. "I should be a model. The other night I was a corpse for Rhoda, and now I'm a mermaid for you."

And she sat, sweetly patient, in a bright light, starry-eyed with delight that she could be of service, while Theresa worked passionately on the eyes that were not just right. And when she had finished, and declared the result far exceeded her expectations, she kissed Jerry impulsively, for the first time, not on the lips but on the brilliant eyes which could see visions. Jerry herself saw no difference in the picture, felt that Theresa had overestimated the importance of an unessential trifle, but she was glad Theresa was pleased with her.

As she was tripping, almost happily, almost as in the days before the studio party of such sorry memories, down the stairs to her own room, she was stopped by Mimi, a radiant vision in a filmy gown of silk and silver lace, who held a cautioning finger across her lips to insure silence.

"Sh!" She whispered. "Go quick, and get dolled up. You have a caller—the best-looking thing you ever saw in your life!"

She turned expressive eyes toward the ceiling to convey the extent of her rapture.

"I took him in my room to give you a chance to fuss up a little, after messing about with Theresa. Shall I make some tea?"

Jerry's eyes were no longer starry, but cold as ice. "Who is it?"

"Sh, he'll hear you. Duane Allerton—the stunnerest thing I've seen in years!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Sunday School Lesson

By Rev. F. A. Fitzwater, D.D., Dean of the Evening School, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.

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Lesson for September 6

PAUL WRITES TO THE PHILIPPIANS.

LESSON TEXT—PHIL 1:7-16; 4:8.

GOLDEN TEXT—"I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."—Phil. 4:13.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Paul and His Friends.

JUNIOR TOPIC—Paul Pressing Toward the Goal.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Choosing the Best Things.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—The Christian's Goal.

The contents of the epistle may be summarized as follows:

1. Salutation (1:1-2).

2. Thanksgiving and prayer in which he shows his loving interest in them (1:3-11).

3. Triumph of the gospel in spite of opposition (1:12-26).

4. Duties enjoined (1:27-2:18).

5. Paul's promise to send Timothy and Epaphroditus (2:19-30).

6. Exhortations and warnings (3:1-4:1).

7. Renewed appeal for unity (4:2-9).

8. Personal matters (4:10-23).

The essential message of Philippians is a revelation of the mind which should dominate the Christian.

1. All Things Loss for Christ (3:7-9).

The occasion for this remarkable declaration was the claim of the Judaizing teachers for legal righteousness. In chapter 3:4-6 he enumerates the grounds upon which he had a right to base his claims for legal righteousness.

1. "Circumcised the eighth day," in keeping with the demands of the law.

2. "Of the stock of Israel," related by blood and birth.

3. "Tribe of Benjamin," from which the first king was chosen, and which always remained loyal to the nation.

4. "An Hebrew of the Hebrews," in contrast with some of mixed parentage.

5. "Touching the law, a Pharisee," the sect most zealous for the ritual of Judaism.

6. "Concerning zeal, persecuting the church." A passionate effort to crush the church.

7. "Touching the righteousness which is in the law, blameless," as to the condition of life demanded by the law.

All of these, valuable in themselves, when placed alongside of the excellency of the knowledge of Christ were abandoned for a better thing. The vision of Christ gave him the true perspective of values. In this light he saw the utter worthlessness of these things. After some thirty years of such trials and sufferings as perhaps no other human being ever knew, he has no regrets, and still counts them as refuse in comparison with what he had gained in Christ.

11. Paul's Present Desire (vv. 10-11).

1. "That I May Know Him."

Personal acquaintance with the Lord was his supreme desire. To know the saving grace of Christ is good, but to know Christ is infinitely better.

2. "The Power of His Resurrection."

This is an advance thought over personal acquaintance. It is the expression of the life of Christ through the apostle. It is the power you gain to overcome, the mastery over sin and self.

3. "Fellowship of His Sufferings."

Not only identified with Christ in His sufferings by imputation, but that he might fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ (Col. 1:24).

4. "Attain Unto the Resurrection of the Dead" (v. 11).

This will be accomplished when the Lord comes (I Thess. 4:16-17).

III. Pressing Toward the Goal (vv. 12-16).

Paul clearly grasped the meaning of his perfection in Christ, yet he was keenly conscious of his personal limitations. Herein is expressed the true law of progress in the spiritual life.

1. Conscious of Limitations (v. 12).

The first step towards progress is to be profoundly dissatisfied with personal attainments. No intellectual advancement is ever made by those who think they know enough, who are satisfied with what they have.

2. Conscious of a Transcendent Goal (v. 13).

The Christian life is an upward calling.

3. A Resolute Determination to Reach the Goal (v. 14).

He declares, "This one thing I do."

IV. The Right Occupation of the Mind (ch. 4:1-8).

The ideal controls the man. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." When once the mind is guarded and controlled by the peace of God, it will dwell upon spiritual things.

Faith

"Every man may lose the sunshine for a time because of the clouds but happy is he if he still retains his faith."

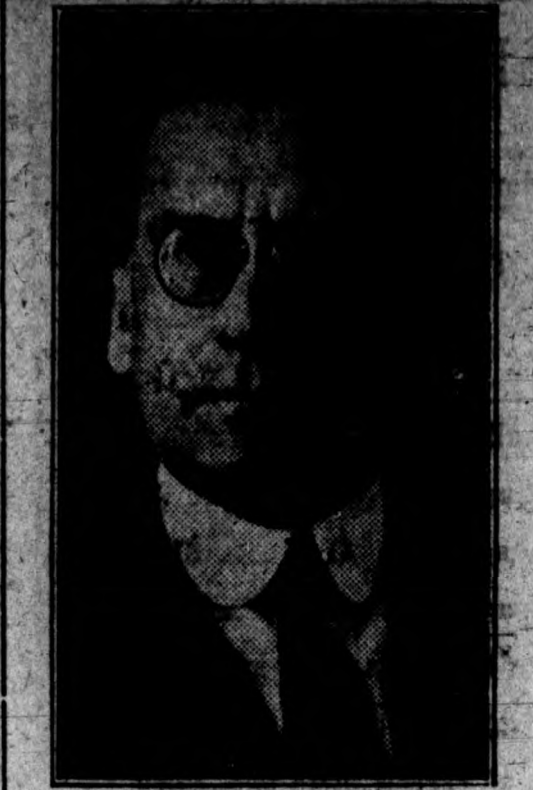
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