THE BARNWELL PROPLE-SENTINEL, BARNWELL, SOUTH CAROLINA

TTTTTTT **PRUDENCE'S** DAUGHTER 3 **By Ethel Hueston** WNU Service Copyright by the Bobbs-Merrill Co.

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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 Theress, 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 masterpiece, "The Ocean Rider." Allerton calls on Jerry. The girl, recalling his conduct at the studio party, refuses to see him. .

CHAPTER V .- At a hotel dinner Jerry sees Duane and is conscious of his admiration but refuses to change her attitude toward him. Jerry becomes convinced she has not the ability to become an artist and offers her expensive painting equipment to an almost penniless girl student, Greta Val, who cannot understand her generosity. A painful scene results.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK)

CHAPTER VI

trust the end to Jerry's inherent sweetness, and the two girls set out together, at once, in search of Jerry's spitfire. She did not answer their ring at the Griller studios, and after perelstent pressing on the button one of the artists on the second floor looked out from the window, and, recognizing Theresa, agreed to press his buzzer to give them admittance. "We want Greta Val," said Theresa

"Where is her room?"

"In the basement," he called cheerfully. "And dark as the deuce, so watch your step as you go down. The door on the right, clear at the end." hand in hand, down the dark stairs, and through the dark basement corridor to the door at the end, on the right.

"Listen," Theresa whispered. "Didn't I tell you?"

The sound of passionate, strangled sobbing came out to them from behind | you won't mind." the door. Theresa knocked smartly, but received no answer. She turned the knob, but the door was locked from within. She pounded heavily, incessantly, and presently the strangled sobbing ceased, and intense silence prevailed.

"Greta, come here and open this door," ordered Theresa.

"Go away," was the muffled rejoinder.

"Open the door, you little simpleton," said Theresa, "Right away. It is Theresa Brady.'

"Go away. I tell you!"

"Greta, you ought to be ashamed of yourself! Now you come and open this door as fast as ever you can, or I'll bang it down!"

The sternness of her voice had its effect at last. Greta shuffled across the room and opened the door. A pitiful figure, she stood before them, her thin hair stringing about her face, her cheap blouse twisted and pulled awry; her unlovely face swollen with weeping and stained with tears. When she realized that it was Jerry who stood with Theresa in the dark hallway, she cried out faintly and covered her face with her hands. Theresa stood back, made way for Jerry. She had done her part. She knew that Jerry now could be given a free, loose rein. Jerry ran into the dingy basement room at once, and put both arms about the wretched, cowering figure.

"Don't cry," she said, "don't cry. I don't mind a bit, honestly I don't. We all do silly things when we're excited." She pulled her softly across the

to control it-a reason there for her "You are more beautiful than ever effort. But with Jerrold himself in such shrewd and successful dominance of his own business, she saw no such occasion. And still she believed that somewhere, somehow, she must stuffe on a thing that would command her effort and hold her interest. In the meanwhile she devoted her time to catering sweetly to Thereas. Thereas, who was working with a more consuming passion than ever before, and with ever-increasing disregard for every natural safeguard of health."

When she went up to the studio at sten o'clock one morning with the Very gingerly they made their way, breakfast tray for Theresa, she was surprised to find Mimi there before her. Mimi seldom intruded and was always curtly discouraged by Theresa when she did.

> It was Mimi who spoke to Jerry first. "Come right in," she said. "We're having our daily battle, but-

> "Oh, please don't let me interfere with the war," said Jerry, laughing. "I'll run down and wait till the signing of the treaty."

"No, don't go," said Theresa gloomily. "She may cut it short if you stay. She's bothering me frightfully."

"Jerry, do something with her." pleaded Mimi. "She's a perfect fool. We're invited-both of us-to Atlantic City for the week-end, all expenses paid and everything, and she won't even talk about it."

"I don't want to go, and I can't go. and I won't go. What is there to say about it?" Theresa disposed of the subject bruskly.

"It would be lovely," said Jerry. "Perhaps it would do you" good, Theresa, you look so tired."

Theresa said nothing.

"I'm getting sick of it," said Mimi quite furiously. "I need a little companionship, I tell you. If you don't stop being so stingy and so piggish, Theresa, I'll get married, and then-

"Oh, good Lord! Again!" Theresa burst into scornful laughter. "Jerry, witness this. I've stuck along here through the last two husbands, but I'm through. You get married again, Mimi, and I'm off. And that's final." Mimi laugher lightly. "Oh, you can't tell, I might have good luck another time."

"Not you. You don't know how to pick them."

"Oh, I think I'll run on down-" interrupted Jerry in some confusion. "You stay where you are," said The

resa.

Jerry."

Thank you." She did not even flush beneath the warmth of his eyes. She would have returned to the table, but he retained her one instant longer. "Then you really prefer the violent Russian method to my more plebelan style?"

"Yes, very much."

They abandoned bridge, then, and played penny ante, the seven of them, gambling furiously for pennies. Jerry was very quiet, her hands like ice, but she kept a steady eye upon her cards, and after two hours was a winner by 42 cents. She said she knew it was playing a wicked poker to win and leave, but she had an appointment with Theresa at eleven, she must really go. Leonid also insisted he had an engagement uptown and: would walk by Reilly's alley with her on his way for a bus. . And they went out quickly, the others barely pausing in their play to say good-by, although Duane's eyes followed her to the door She did not look back.

. Theresa surprised her one morning by asking abruptly:

"When are you going home, Jerry?" Jerry blushed and marveled that she did so. She would have said she had never thought of going home.

"I don't know-perhaps not at all," she said confusedly." "I am not thinking of it-yet. Theresa, what do girls do when-there is nothing to do-and no reason for doing it?"

"God knows. I've often wondered," said Theresa tersely. She had tried to help Jerry come

into her own, had offered countless suggestions in that impersonal way of hers which kept her interest free from all intrusiveness. But to every suggestion Jerry had but the one answer: "But why, Theresa? Why?"

For Jerry, still passionately in search of a raison d'etre, saw no enticement in a hard manual work which would wear her out mentally, physically-for the sake of earning a few dollars she did not need-depriving some other girl who did need it of just that same amount. It seemed to Jerry it would be little more than a robbery.

Theresa watched her moodily during those days, wondering what would come of it, knowing that eventually Jerry would go home. "When you go home," she would say-not "if," and Jerry always flushed and answered stubbornly:

"But I do not know yet if I shall."





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MRS JANIE KIRKLAND Sept. 1st. 1925. __. Administratrix.

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Jerry Adrift

For a long time Jerry stood, breathless, bewildered, in the center of her room, a rigid, lovely figure in her amazement, while Theresa rolled on the couch with choking laughter.

-did to me?" she gasped at last.

"Oh. Jerry !" cried Theresa, struggling up to a sitting posture, wiping her eyes with the sleeve of her paintstained smock. "Did I see it !-- I can see it now!" Theresa flung herself joyously among the cushions again. "The insolent-impudent-"

"I'll bet you never got one like that before," interrupted Theresa. "The little spitfire! Were you ever slapped before, Jerry?"

Jerry shook her head; she was still awed, still breathless with the unexpectedness of it. "Never! I was never deliberately hurt-by anybodyin my life. P-Prudence doesn't do such things."

Theresa sobered suddenly. "It's a shame," she said sympathetically. "The poor kid! She was so happy she didn't know what-"

"Happy! Do you call that happiness! Well, if that's the way a genius feels happy, thank God I'm commonplace. I'm glad she was happy! If she had been a little peeved, she would doubtless have killed me outright !"

Jerry's eyes were flashing with resentment, her fine lips twitching. Tears came into her eyes.

"I-I thought she would be pleased," she stammered. "I thought she would like it."

Theresa reached for her hand, caressed it with unusual gentleness. "Don't take it that way, Jerry," she urged. "You don't understand. Think what a barren, bitter life the poor little tramp leads. She was amazed beyond reason, she couldn't believe it-you were so bright and so joyousof course she thought you were making fun. It was too good to be true. These things don't happen once in a lifetime. She'll be sick about this, you'll see. Why, she didn't know what she was doing, she's an awfully nice little thing-I-I hope you aren't going to hold it against her, and-"

"Oh, she can have the stuff, if that's what you mean. But keep her out of my sight! I never want to see her again! I hate her!"

Oh, very well Theresa knew the temper of this kind of human fint with which they had to deal. She knew no kindly messenger could bridge the gap Greta had so dramatically created between herself and the one who wished to help her-that she would accept of no second-hand bounty after her stormy passion. No use to send a word of forgiveness, for Greta would not believe.

room toward the cot, and sat beside her, holding her in her arms, calling Her soft caressive names, "silly little goose," and "foolish child," while Theresa watched them soberly, her unfathomable eyes not on Greta, who by "D-did you see what-that creature | rights should have been the center of the scene, but on Jerry's tender, sorry face. After a little, when Greta lay quiet in her arm, except for an occasional racking shudder of her thin shoulders, Jerry explained:

> "You see, I thought perhaps I could paint a little myself, but I can't really, and I don't want to be bothered. But it would be wicked to throw those lovely things away, and when Theresa told me about you I was so happy I could hardly wait to get hold of you. It was very stupid, the way I told you. I do things so quickly, all in a flash, on the spur of the moment, and I don't wonder you thought I was crazy. But I really do not want the things, and it will make me so happy if you will just take them off my hands, you know."

> Greta did not speak, but pressed her thin, unlovely, fervent lips upon Jerry's fur-wrapped shoulder. A few minutes later, when Greta was straightened and washed and brushed, they returned, the three of them together, to Jerry's room, and joyously carried down to the street the boxes, the easel, the blocks of canvas. Jerry called a taxi, and they drove away to Greta's room with her priceless treasures:

When Theresa and Jerry were turning at last to leave her alone with her riches, suddenly the power of speech returned. She caught Jerry's hand.

"Miss Harmer," she stammered, the words tripping each other up on her eager tongue, "the first picture I get hung at the academy-you shall have it-for nothing !"

The air with which she said it was triumphant, and Jerry thanked her sweetly. But when they were on the street alone she smiled about it.

Theresa turned upon her somberly. "Don't laugh. It may be years from now, but some day you'll get that picture. And one day, Jerry, you'll be proud and glad to remember you gave the poor little fool her first chance. You wait!"

. ٠ The days passed slowly and Jerry did not find an avenue for the active expression of her personality she so ardently desired. She had no illusions in regard to herself, she was an ordinary, midwestern girl, very charming, very beautiful, but one who had not been drawn upon the knees of the gods. She could play nicely, sing very sweetly, but could do no more with music than amuse herself. Upon her college work she could obtain a certificate for teaching school, but she felt no such inclination. She might

"Don't go on my account," said Mimi. "I don't mind Theresa. She's just jealous."

"Jealous! Not a bit of it. I'm just tired of supporting husbands, that's all."

"Well, the last two were-a littlenh-"

"I should say they were. One stole half the furniture to bock for booze, and the other made love to everybody in the house-including me-so you know he was crazy-and neither one of them earned a cent during theirtheir incumbency, as you might say. Well, suppose you go on down now, Mimi, you make me wild. I want to said Jerry. "You're flesh may be work."

"Isn't she polite, Jerry? I don't see how you can stand her. It makes me I have a present for you!" furious, just to look at her."

Mimi trailed out, in a fine hauteur. and closed the door upon the two girls

"If you ever get married, Jerry," Theresa said, "don't let Mimi have. anything to do with picking him out. She has the rottenest luck with husbands."

Jerry professed her entire disinclination for a husband of any picking. But her eyes were cloudy.

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A few nights later she saw Duane Allerton again. It was a studio dinner at Aimee Glorian's. While the other four of the little party played bridge, Jerry and Leonid Koraev, one of the new school of Russian actors, with whom New York abounds, washed and dried the dishes, and then turned on the phonograph, and tagoed gayly about the table in the center of the room where the others were playing. Leonid was obviously enchanted, Jerry gay and not deterring. He held her close in his arms, drawing her ardently closer at frequent intervals. Jerry laughed, thrust a bare white elbow between them, crooking it impudently almost in his very face, holding him a little away. Leonid kissed her arm. Jerry was looking up, directly into his eyes, teasing, laughing, as they danced slowly about.

He shifted his arm suddenly, crushing her elbow away, holding her so close that she was obliged to tilt back her head to avoid his face touching hers

"I shall bite your chin if you do that again," she warned him merrily. That was when she saw Duane, who had come in quietly and was standing in the shadow of a towering highboy in the corner. Jerry strove in vain to throw off the chill of depression, to smile with the same assiduous warmth upon Leonid. She could not.

The others at the table, quarreling fiercely over a hand, did not even stop to welcome Duane when he joined them. When Jerry and Leonid paused to hear the argument Duane hurriedly

. Theresa came to her door one night.

Jerry was just ready to leave, going uptown to a theater with Aimee Glorlan.

"Theresa, you go to bed," said Jerry crossly. "You look so tired. I just wish my Prudence could get hold of you for a few days. She'd make you step around !"

"I step around too much as it is." said Theresa, laughing faintly. "That's the trouble with me. But I am tired, Jerry. I am really going to rest." "I'll believe that when I see it." tired, but it won't rest."

"You'll see, one of these days. Jerry, Jerry was girlishly excited. "A pres-

ent for me. Theresa? Where is it? What-" "Leave your door unlocked. It will

be in your room when you come back. I hope you are going to like it." "Oh, Theresa, I know I shall love it.

I can't imagine what-oh, Theresa, I hone_"

"You hope-what?" "Oh. I shall love anything you give me. Theresa, you so seldom do things like that. But I hope it is just a. little teeny scratch of yours-a splash of paint on an inch of canvas if no more. I should love something of yours. Fve been wanting one so awfully much and-"

"You're very inquisitive," said Theresa, "But I shan't tell you a thing. It will be here when you come back." "I've a big notion not to go at all," declared Jerry. "I don't care for the old show-I want to see my present." "You go along." Theresa tossed her wrap from the chair across her shoulders. She followed her out into the hall and leaned over the banister as Jerry stood on the second step below, smiling up at her. "Jerry, you wished once that I might have been your sister. Do you still?"

"Yes, more than ever."

"I wish so, too," Theresa acknowledged soberly. "But of course it couldn't possibly be, not by any manner of means." She hesitated a little. "The things that go into making a Jerry, and those that go into a Theresa- Oh, no, not by the wildest stretch of imagination." She laughed a little, ruefully, and, leaning over, kissed Jerry suddenly on the top of her head. "Run along now, and be good girl."

(TO BE CONTINUED.) ANNOUNCE SERVICES AT BAPTIST CHURCH

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