

# PRUDENCE'S DAUGHTER

By Ethel Hueston

WNU Service

Copyright by the Bobba-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 Dea 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 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 penniless girl student, Greta Val, who cannot understand her generosity. A painful scene results.

**CHAPTER VII.**—Returning from an evening of gaiety, Jerry is shocked at hearing from Mimi that Theresa has killed herself. She also learns that Mimi is Theresa's mother, and is pained at the seeming frivolousness of the older woman in the face of the tragedy. The "present" Theresa had promised Jerry proves to be her picture, "The Ocean Rider." Jerry is deeply moved. After the funeral of her friend she decides to go home.

**CHAPTER VI.**—Jerry, with Theresa's help, convinces Duane of her good intentions, and the two girls "make up." At a party Jerry again sees Duane, and will not recognize him. Theresa hints that Jerry should go home, and promises her a "present."

### PART TWO

**CHAPTER I.**—At home Jerry is enthusiastically welcomed by her adoring parents. She wins their sympathy with the pathetic stories of Theresa and of Greta Val.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK)

## CHAPTER II

### Jerry Comes Into Her Own

Jerry seemed to settle again into the routine-of-every-day life in her Middle Western home without change. She shared in the work of the house as she had done before she went to New York, practiced her music, read a great deal, and drove out very often in the handsome little "Harmer" which was her personal possession.

Her return was hailed with a great lavishness of celebration on the part of her friends, for she had long been a leader in the particular little set she claimed as hers. Immediately she was made the occasion for a gay series of dances, dinners and parties. Little flirtations, inconsequential affairs, which had faded away and died upon her departure, struggled back into a semblance of rejuvenation on her return, and although they failed to stir Jerry to active interest, at least they played their part in whiling away the hours, and helping to occupy her thoughts, which were not happy ones for the most part.

Even with so much to amuse and engage her, the days passed slowly, and Jerry, for all the demands on her time, remained distrustful and preoccupied, almost listless. And Prudence drove herself well-nigh to distraction in her maternal anxiety to bridge the dangerous chasm between times past and times present, but all in vain she racked her fertile brain for things to stimulate Jerry's interest.

"Oh, my dear, you haven't taught me to dance for nearly two years!" she exclaimed one night, in the extreme of desperation.

Jerrold and Jerry broke into laughter over her abject submission to martyrdom for her daughter's sake. For Prudence found in dancing nothing but punishment and tribulation.

Married life for her had been an intricate matter at best, having as she did the sacred shadow of Methodism for a background. The church itself had been the first shadow to cloud the heaven of their domestic harmony. Church, to Prudence, meant Methodism, and Jerrold, in the ardor of his young love, attended services with her in the beginning with some fair display of interest. His enthusiasm, however, was for Prudence only, not for the church of her affiliation.

When she asked him how he liked it he said: "Oh, very much," to please Prudence.

After a time, growing suspicious as to the depth of this interest, she

pressed him further. Jerrold admitted at last that as far as he was concerned, he considered it no church at all, no real worship, no divine service. Prudence was shocked into speechlessness. But Jerrold, hard driven, stuck to his ground. He said the way the Methodists clubbed about the door and chatted and laughed was his idea of rank irreverence. And for a preacher to get down on his knees in the pulpit and talk in that offhand and familiar fashion to the Divine Being instead of reading respectfully from a book—he called it sacrilege. He was willing to go, to please Prudence, he was willing to shake hands, and discuss his wife's health and the state fair and the corn crop at the door—to please her—he was willing to follow through countless intimate paragraphs of extemporaneous prayer—but he did not call it church, and it was not his idea of worship.

Prudence wrote to her father. And her father wrote back, with that gentle and forbearing patience which seems more rare and more divine in the ministry than anywhere else, that Prudence must go with her husband. "We have learned," he wrote, "that there are lessons in stones, and sermons in running brooks. So if Jerrold finds no religion in our church, it is up to you to find it in his."

Prudence swallowed hard, but she did it.

It was not, as Jerrold frankly admitted, that he cared particularly about attending any church with a painful degree of assiduity, but when he had church, he wanted church, and not a Sunday morning reception without refreshments.

Of course Prudence had had to learn to dance. Having become an Episcopalian she could not plead the Methodist Discipline in rebuttal, and thus unexpectedly torn adrift from her spiritual backbone, she agreed with Jerrold, rather faintly, that it would be a shame for her to go through life sitting out every enticing waltz and luring one-step. She must certainly learn to dance.

She encountered difficulties from the start. A professional instructor was brought in to teach her. And after many painful, painstaking lessons, she managed to get around very nicely. But when Prudence, in fear and trembling, got on the floor with any other than the instructor, she had trouble.

"It isn't that I don't try," she told her husband despairingly, but eager in her own defense in the face of his derision, "I do try! I put my whole mind on it. I know exactly what I am supposed to do, I count every step, and I never listen to a word my partner says, and I keep both eyes shut so I won't be afraid of running into the wall! But I can't keep off his feet, nor from under them. You needn't laugh, either, for I can't help it."

When Jerry had come of an age to take a personal interest in her mother's social life, and to feel a personal responsibility for her public appearance, she shared this burden with her father. And at regular intervals, perhaps twice a year, the entire household was thrown into a tumultuous state of excitement with teaching Prudence to dance.

"Why can't you dance? Why can't you?" demanded Jerry earnestly. "Aunt Fanny dances beautifully, Aunt Connie dances, both the Twin Aunts adore it. Haven't they as much Methodist blood as you have? Why can't you learn?"

"I don't know," acknowledged her mother unhappily. "I certainly work hard enough to learn anything! I just can't, and that's all there is to it." When Prudence, therefore, of her own volition and without coercion from anyone, voluntarily proffered herself as a willing sacrifice to learn to dance again, she was driven to desperation. To her surprise, to her great concern as well, Jerry only laughed, and would not accept such martyrdom at her hands.

"Nonsense, mother, you can't dance, and you don't want to. Why bother? You'd better just stick to Wesley and eschew the devil and all his works."

"Bridge, then," pleaded Prudence hopefully. "You really ought to teach me something, you know."

Jerry consented to add a few final touches to a course in cards which had already extended futilely over a period of twenty years, but she warned her mother to let no one inveigle her into playing for points.

"For do your level best, mother, you can still lose the family fortune a great deal faster than father can earn it, if you go in for points, the way you play it."

And so March blustered away, and April came, and May. And in all these months Jerry could not fathom that great mystery of what girls do, who have nothing to do, and go quite mad over doing it!

It was a morning late in May when she was called to the telephone. A girl of her acquaintance, Rae Forsythe, was going over to the other side of town to look at a house. She asked Jerry to go with her. Jerry, who had driven her own car from the time she was fifteen years old, was used to these invitations to go with her friends on errands to remote and inaccessible places. Jerry understood it very well, but her understanding was quite without malice. She did not blame them. She was sure if she had to go a long way to a strange part of town, and had no car of her own, she herself would invite as company for the occasion—one who had.

So she accepted the invitation very sweetly, and said she would stop by for Rae in the car, about eleven o'clock.

She knew that Rae was going to be married in the fall, and that her father

had given her ten thousand dollars to provide a bridal home. And this expedition, as she surmised, was in search of a house. She picked up her friend at the designated hour, and turned her car buoyantly to the north side of the city.

"But why go away out there, Rae? It's a crazy place to look for a house," she protested.

"Yes, but property is so much cheaper. We want to get house and furniture all for ten thousand, you see. And



"Will You Tell Me," Jerry Said Plaintively, "Why My Iowa Builds Such Ghastly Homes?"

then, Grant has bought a drug store out by the university, and it will be much nicer for him. He can come home for luncheon," she explained with the pretty proprietary shyness of prenuptial days.

Following Rae's directions, Jerry drove slowly out along Central avenue and turned down Seventeenth street. When they came to the house, she stopped the car, and both girls turned about in their seats and looked at it.

It was not prepossessing. Set entirely too far forward in a small lawn at the top of a steep terrace, it stood very stiff, very square, very high, with an awkward square porch, clumsy square windows, the whole in grievous need of paint.

"Will you tell me," Jerry said plaintively, "why my Iowa builds itself such ghastly homes?"

"He said it was a barn of a thing," assented Rae. "But it is very cheap. He said—the real estate man, I mean—said it could be entirely built over for a few thousand. And it has good points, a garage in the back when we get rich enough for a car—just opposite the little park you see—on the car line—and quite near the university and Grant's drug store."

With these points to its credit, Jerry followed her distastefully up the steps of the terrace, and still more distastefully on the clumsy, stiff square porch.

"Why do they do it, Rae?" she wondered. "Such stiff, straight, stupid lines—the doors, the windows, the columns. Couldn't they put a little curve in once in a while for the same money?"

"Beauty is very expensive," said Rae lightly. "No wonder we all go off somewhere, to California, or to New York, if this is the best we can do for ourselves." Jerry went on gloomily. "I don't blame us. Fancy living in a thing like this! Not just one, either—all the inexpensive poorman houses are exactly like it. The gypsies do better in tents."

"Oh, bother the gypsies, Jerry; come on in and have a look." Rae opened the door with the key which had been given her, and led the way inside where they stared curiously about them, a frowning disapproval on their two young faces.

"People must have lived in it some time," said Jerry. "Probably they died, poor things. I don't wonder."

The house was divided with scrupulous exactness into four sections, rooms Jerry decided one must doubtless call them—to the left a stiff square parlor leading to a stiff square parlor bedroom beyond—to the right a solemn dining room, with a sober kitchen adjoining. The stairs rose in a direct and businesslike manner, without pretense or artifice, to the second floor, where there was another mathematical division of space, a bedroom, a bath to the left, two bedrooms to the right.

Jerry stared and stared. "Wouldn't you think they must have died, Rae?" she asked. "It would be like living in a cemetery, wouldn't it? Wouldn't you think that some time one of them would have taken a hammer to those walls, just to break the deadly continuity of the thing? Poor corpses, I don't blame you a bit. I think you're lucky."

Rae laughed at her. "You are funny, Jerry. But it is a horrid old barn of a house, isn't it? But then they are only asking thirty-five hundred for it." "Cheap enough, unless one has to live in it," murmured Jerry. "I hold it against the state, Rae," she went on. "I almost wish I had been born in Arkansas, or Nevada, or Wyoming."

"Don't blame the state," protested Rae. "People don't have to live in this particular house unless they wish." "But the whole street is like it. And the next one is worse, and the next still worse. Oh, some few houses are nice enough, I suppose, but in the main—hopeless! Our own used to be a funny, straight-up-and-down thing, advertise in The People-Sentinel.

too. We have pictures of it. They built it over when I was a baby. No, it is the state, Rae. We get that straight-up-and-downness from the corn—I fancy."

Rae, intent upon her search for a home for herself and her young pharmacist, paid slight attention to her friend's plaintive ramblings. She looked about her, with growing disfavor. And while she looked, Jerry stood in the doorway, and stared with increasing amazement about the place.

"It couldn't be a home, you know," she said to herself. "It might do as a garage, even as a stable if one didn't love one's horses. One could call them stalls, dinner-stall, sleeping stall, cooking stall—it's the way they look. And you know really it wouldn't be so hard to sort of switch things around a little—knock out a wall or two—twist that staircase about some way—and—"

Jerry's eyes narrowed speculatively. She drew vague little designs in the air with a gloved finger. A curious brightness came into her face.

"It is impossible," Rae said, coming back from her inspection. "I wouldn't have it as a gift."

"Thirty-five hundred. Is that what you said? Can I get it on terms? Let's go down right away. I have an idea."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

# Sunday School Lesson

(By REV. F. B. FITZWATER, D.D., Dean of the Evening School, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)  
(©, 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

### Lesson for October 11

#### PAUL IN CORINTH

LESSON TEXT—Acts 18:1-11. GOLDEN TEXT—"Be not afraid, but speak, and hold not thy peace."—Acts 18:9.

PRIMARY TOPIC—God Protecting Paul.

JUNIOR TOPIC—Paul in Workshop and Pulpit.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Paul's Experiences in Corinth.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Paul Plants the Church in Corinth.

I. The True Missionary Method (vv. 1-3).

Paul came to Corinth a stranger in a strange city. He did not have an advance agent to do his advertising. His method in gaining a foothold in Corinth was as follows:

1. Finding a Home (v. 2).

This he found with Aquila and Priscilla, Jews, who were recently expelled from Rome by the cruel edict of Claudius.

2. He Toiled for His Daily Bread (v. 3).

He was of the same craft with them, being a tentmaker. Every child among the Jews was taught some trade by means of which he could gain a livelihood, should occasion require.

11. Preaching in the Synagogue at Corinth (vv. 4-8).

1. Though Compelled to Toil for a Living While Getting a Foothold in Corinth, He Did Not Lose Sight of His Main Work (v. 4).

He reasoned in the synagogue every Sabbath, persuading the Jews and Greeks. While the missionary should not be above honest toil when necessity arises, he must not allow toil to interfere with preaching the gospel.

2. His Activity Was Increased When Silas and Timothy Came (v. 5).

This resulted from three causes:

(1) They brought good news from the church at Thessalonica (I Thess. 3:6).

To hear of the steadfastness of those who had confessed Christ under his ministry, put new vigor into his labors.

(2) They brought pecuniary gifts from the Macedonian church (Phil. 4:15; II Cor. 11:9).

Being relieved from the necessity of toiling for a living, he could now devote more time and energy to the preaching of the gospel.

(3) Silas and Timothy became assistants to Paul in the work.

3. Paul Opposed (v. 6).

His increased activity was met with increased opposition. As the Lord's ministers become more aggressive in their work, the ministers of Satan put forth corresponding efforts in opposition.

4. Paul Announces His Purpose to Turn to the Gentiles (v. 6).

Because of their blasphemy and opposition, he ceased to work among the Jews. There is a time when good judgment causes one to abandon work where efforts have been fruitless, but it is difficult to know just when to do it. Oftentimes lasting harm is done to the work by pressing efforts when people have turned against the truth. Paul's declaration, "I am clean," was a most solemn one.

5. He Did Not Go Far Away (v. 7).

He remained sufficiently near those whose hearts God had touched that they could easily find him. It is likewise true that although Christ is obliged to depart from the soul that refuses Him entrance, He lingers with yearning love around that heart.

6. His Success (v. 8).

Crispus, the chief ruler of the synagogue, was converted. Perhaps Paul's severe action in turning away from them moved Crispus to act.

111 Paul's Vision (vv. 9-11).

His experiences since coming to Europe were very trying. He needed encouragement at this time. It is just like the Lord to come at the

time of the servant's greatest need.

Note the Lord's words to him.

1. "Be Not Afraid." When one is executing the commission of the Lord, he need not be afraid.

2. "Speak and Hold Not Thy Peace." The one who has heard the voice of God cannot refrain from speaking. He cannot be still.

3. "I Am With Thee." The Lord is with every one who faithfully carries out His commission.

4. "No Man Shall Set on Thee, to Hurt Thee."

The one sent by the Lord to do a work is immune from danger and harm until his work is done.

5. "I Have Much People in This City." It is most encouraging to know that in the great cities the Lord has His own people, and that the one who goes in His name shall have fruit for his service.

### All Are His

It is not the high summer alone that is God's. The winter also is His—and all man's winters are His—the winter of our poverty, the winter of our sorrow, the winter of unhappiness, even the winter of our discontent.—George Macdonald.

### Character

Character requires a still air. There may be storm and upheaval around, but there must be peace within for the soul to thrive.—Rev. T. T. Munger.

### Character

Character requires a still air. There may be storm and upheaval around, but there must be peace within for the soul to thrive.—Rev. T. T. Munger.

### Character

Character requires a still air. There may be storm and upheaval around, but there must be peace within for the soul to thrive.—Rev. T. T. Munger.

### Character

Character requires a still air. There may be storm and upheaval around, but there must be peace within for the soul to thrive.—Rev. T. T. Munger.

### Character

Character requires a still air. There may be storm and upheaval around, but there must be peace within for the soul to thrive.—Rev. T. T. Munger.

### Character

Character requires a still air. There may be storm and upheaval around, but there must be peace within for the soul to thrive.—Rev. T. T. Munger.

### Character

Character requires a still air. There may be storm and upheaval around, but there must be peace within for the soul to thrive.—Rev. T. T. Munger.

### Character

Character requires a still air. There may be storm and upheaval around, but there must be peace within for the soul to thrive.—Rev. T. T. Munger.

### Character

Character requires a still air. There may be storm and upheaval around, but there must be peace within for the soul to thrive.—Rev. T. T. Munger.

### Character

Character requires a still air. There may be storm and upheaval around, but there must be peace within for the soul to thrive.—Rev. T. T. Munger.

### Character

Character requires a still air. There may be storm and upheaval around, but there must be peace within for the soul to thrive.—Rev. T. T. Munger.

### Character

Character requires a still air. There may be storm and upheaval around, but there must be peace within for the soul to thrive.—Rev. T. T. Munger.

### Character

Character requires a still air. There may be storm and upheaval around, but there must be peace within for the soul to thrive.—Rev. T. T. Munger.

### Character

Character requires a still air. There may be storm and upheaval around, but there must be peace within for the soul to thrive.—Rev. T. T. Munger.

### Character

Character requires a still air. There may be storm and upheaval around, but there must be peace within for the soul to thrive.—Rev. T. T. Munger.

### Character

Character requires a still air. There may be storm and upheaval around, but there must be peace within for the soul to thrive.—Rev. T. T. Munger.

### Character

Character requires a still air. There may be storm and upheaval around, but there must be peace within for the soul to thrive.—Rev. T. T. Munger.

### Character

Character requires a still air. There may be storm and upheaval around, but there must be peace within for the soul to thrive.—Rev. T. T. Munger.

### Character

Character requires a still air. There may be storm and upheaval around, but there must be peace within for the soul to thrive.—Rev. T. T. Munger.

### Character

Character requires a still air. There may be storm and upheaval around, but there must be peace within for the soul to thrive.—Rev. T. T. Munger.

### Character

Character requires a still air. There may be storm and upheaval around, but there must be peace within for the soul to thrive.—Rev. T. T. Munger.

### Character

Character requires a still air. There may be storm and upheaval around, but there must be peace within for the soul to thrive.—Rev. T. T. Munger.

### Character

Character requires a still air. There may be storm and upheaval around, but there must be peace within for the soul to thrive.—Rev. T. T. Munger.

### Character

Character requires a still air. There may be storm and upheaval around, but there must be peace within for the soul to thrive.—Rev. T. T. Munger.

### Character

Character requires a still air. There may be storm and upheaval around, but there must be peace within for the soul to thrive.—Rev. T. T. Munger.

### Character

Character requires a still air. There may be storm and upheaval around, but there must be peace within for the soul to thrive.—Rev. T. T. Munger.

### Character

Character requires a still air. There may be storm and upheaval around, but there must be peace within for the soul to thrive.—Rev. T. T. Munger.

### Character

Character requires a still air. There may be storm and upheaval around, but there must be peace within for the soul to thrive.—Rev. T. T. Munger.

### Character

Character requires a still air. There may be storm and upheaval around, but there must be peace within for the soul to thrive.—Rev. T. T. Munger.

### Character

Character requires a still air. There may be storm and upheaval around, but there must be peace within for the soul to thrive.—Rev. T. T. Munger.

## HOW'S THIS?

HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will do what we claim for it—will cure Catarrh of the Bladder, or Discharge caused by Catarrh.

</