

# 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 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 extensive painting equipment to an almost penniless girl student, Greta Val, who cannot understand her generosity. A painful scene results.

**CHAPTER VI**—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 VII**—Jerry, with Theresa's help, convinces Greta 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 sympathies with the pathetic stories of Theresa and of Greta Val.

**CHAPTER II**—Unable to settle into the routine of everyday life in her home city, Jerry is dissatisfied.

**CHAPTER III**—The "sameness" that lack of individuality in the houses in the city, has shocked Jerry's artistic instincts, and given her an idea. She determines to create a standard of beauty in house building, borrowing money from her father, Jerrold Harmer, to do it, and incidentally determining that the work shall be her "career." A letter from Rhoda La Faye informs her that Duane Allerton has lost his fortune in Wall Street and is practically destitute. In pity and sympathy she writes Allerton, offering him a position in her father's automobile factory.

**CHAPTER IV**—Allerton applies to Jerry's father for a position, partly explaining the situation, which Mr. Harmer, in a measure, understands. He is rather favorably impressed with Allerton, and after a brief interview tells him to go and see "Prudence."

### CHAPTER V Jerry's Mother

Duane's plaintive announcement at the hospitable door of the Harmer home found echo in a soft peal of sympathetic laughter from within, and she came herself to receive him. Prudence, both hands outstretched in welcome.

"I'm Prudence," she said. "I am Jerry's mother. Come right in, won't you? It was just like my husband to send you to me in some such crazy fashion."

Duane felt a pleasant, curious quiet come over him as he looked at her. Prudence! Jerry had thought it was falling in love like—Prudence. Jerrold had sent him in triumph to—Prudence. This was Prudence.

In spite of the extreme slenderness of her figure, in spite of the delicate pallor of her creamy skin and the faint suggestion of silver in the soft brown hair, there was nothing of frailty about her, rather a sort of youthful, undying buoyancy. Duane loved the humorous droop of her sensitive lips, the humorous light of interest in her bright eyes.

Prudence laughed, holding his hand companionably in hers, as she drew him into the wide lovely room, where she motioned him lightly to an easy chair, and then tucked herself cozily into one corner of another, far too wide for her, leaning comfortably on the upholstered arm in his direction. She could have vent aloud over him, and yet she liked him. Prudence, with the rigid training of her Methodist ancestry, still stoutly affirmed that she never took a dislike to any human being—that she was positively without

personal aversion. But when she liked, it was with a quick unerring instinct which had never betrayed her trust.

She rejoiced that she felt this liking for the unfortunate young knight errant, who had come to the Middle West on such an absurd, boyish quest. Jerry might fool her father, might amaze and bewilder even one as skeptical as Duane, but Prudence saw through every little flaw in her armor, saw what lay beneath her stubborn resistance and her eager impulse, both springing as they did from the same emotion.

She found herself apologizing for her daughter. "You must really excuse Jerry if sometimes she seems a little self-willed, almost strong-headed, her father says. I can't imagine where she got so much backbone. I'm very easy about everything, and her father is wax in the hands of anyone who tries to wheedle him, but Jerry has a terrible mind once she gets it made up."

Duane found himself thinking less of Jerry than of Prudence, rather, thinking through Prudence to Jerry again. His impression of that lovely though willful young woman had to undergo a swift transformation now that he saw Prudence. She explained everything he had not understood before. He found her a rational accounting for the moods of a maddening maiden.

Prudence did not ask questions. She just talked, laughing with him, at New York, at Jerry, at the Middle West, and at his curious obedience to the caprice of her always capricious daughter.

An then she told her husband that she hoped he would be very tactful that night when Jerry came home, so that things might work themselves out to a neat conclusion without interference on his part.

"Tact? What do you mean tact?" he demanded.

"Tact—you know what tact is, don't you? It means, say nothing and believe everything you hear," she explained sweepingly. "It means, don't say a word to Jerry about the young man, don't so much as breathe his name—and if she mentions him of her own accord, believe everything she says even if you know she's making it up word for word as she goes along."

Jerrold, who had always found her counsel good, consented to follow the dictates of tact as she portrayed it in his dealing with Jerry. And so all during dinner they talked with passionate concentration of a thousand things that on this night interested them not in the least—of Jerry's houses and her struggles with labor problems, of Jerrold's business, and Prudence's innocent pursuits, of politics, wars and religion, but not one of the three raised a voice on the subject of Duane Allerton.

After dinner they sat down for a practice game of three-handed bridge, but when Prudence, playing spades, revoked twice in hot succession without a word of protest from her opponents, she put her cards on the table.

"You're not paying attention," she accused them. "How can you expect to teach me to play bridge unless you watch me? I trumped hearts twice, and here I have two hearts in my hand, and now I don't know what to do with them."

Jerry laughed. "Pretend they're trump. Anything is fair if you can get away with it," she said indifferently.

And then her father, abandoning the admonitions of Prudence and the guidance of tact, turned on her in desperation.

"See here, Jerry, I'll stand for a lot—and heaven knows I've had to—but when it comes to bringing a strange young man out here from New York and dumping him down on me without warning, and washing your hands of him in cold blood—well, you can't do it."

Jerry stood up. She looked her father straight in the face, but her voice

"Oh, absolutely, I came on purpose." Jerrold sighed. But he told him to hang about, and put in the time as best he could, to try not to get in people's way, and if he accidentally came across anything he could do, to feel perfectly free to do it. He gave him cards to the best clubs, offered him the use of a car at any time he wished it and told him to get as much fun out of life as he could.

"How much salary do you want?"

"How much can I get?"

"Well, I fancy I could get men quite capable of doing what you're going to do for fifteen dollars a week, and had of the chance," Jerrold said, smiling faintly. "But it lends a sort of tone to the establishment to have your clothes and your accent in our employ, so say twenty-five. And you might lounge gracefully about in the showroom as much as you can; you are sure to attract attention to the house if not to the motor."

Duane thanked him, and said he would try to be worthy of so much trust. He said he had other clothes, far more comment-creating than those he was wearing, and that his entire wardrobe was henceforth at the disposal of the Harmer Motor.

And then he laid serious and studied siege to the stubborn heart of Jerry. Every morning on the stroke of ten, a messenger appeared at the door with a box of flowers, violet, orchid and rose. Jerry gave them to the maids, sent them to the neighbors, but finally, in a burst of resentment at the persistence she was beginning to feel was more than flesh and blood could bear, she whirled the unopened box into the street.

"And you may have to go to work, too," she told him. "She seems quite to have set her heart on making you work. She used to scoff at the nobility of labor as applied to herself, but she seems to have no such scruples in regard to you. Perhaps she is going to ennoble you in spite of yourself. But possibly you will not mind, you do not look at all lazy."

"I've worked before—as you might say. Well, I never washed cars for a living, but perhaps I can if I must."

He asked Prudence if it surprised or disappointed her, when Jerry gave up her dreams of Art, her hope of becoming a painter.

"Not a bit," this amazing woman told him. "It didn't surprise me, and it certainly didn't disappoint me. I was glad of it. I knew all the time she couldn't paint."

"Then why did you send her—alone—to study, to—"

"I knew it, but she didn't. She had to find out somehow, didn't she?" And then she talked more of Jerry, of a Jerry he had felt might be in existence but had not known in person. "She may not be much of an artist," she said, "but she's a beautiful, wonderful daughter to Jerrold and me. We don't care whether she can paint or not, she's ours."

After a little, when he felt he could safely venture to intrude upon the intimately personal, he asked rather awkwardly:

"Would you mind telling me—how—you fell in love?"

Prudence blushed a little, laughed delightedly. "Oh, the silliest thing," she said apologetically. "Didn't Jerry tell you?"

And then she told him of that early morning on the lovely Iowa countryside, when she went coasting down a steep grade on a borrowed bicycle into disaster and wreckage at the bottom. When he sympathized, laughing, with the Prudence lying in the dust by the roadside, battered and crumpled and torn, with the ruins of the borrowed wheel about her, and on her conscience—

"Oh, don't be sorry," she pleaded gaily, joining his laughter. "for I opened my eyes and there stood over me—Jerrold—Jerry's father—and we looked at each other—"

Duane's lips were a rigid line. "Love at first sight!" he muttered grimly. "I might have known it."

Prudence nodded. "Yes, love at first sight," she repeated softly. "Don't you let anyone tell you there's no such thing. There is! At least there was in our day. Oh, well, perhaps it is not technically and scientifically down in the books as love at first sight. But there is that little pleased wakening up, that warm attraction—and if it stops, it is nothing. But if it goes on and on, it is love at first sight. Like ours! But perhaps things are different now, times are changed, and girls are very different."

Duane was looking past Prudence now, beyond her, to the heart of Jerry, her daughter, unchanged with the changing times. In that moment he knew with undoubting sureness why he had come to this remote and curious place in answer to the impulsive appeal of her letter. His eyes, on Prudence's face, saw not hers but Jerry's.

"I'm surprised she didn't tell you about it," Prudence was saying. "From the time she could talk, she has adored that bit of the family history. When she was a baby, and a little girl—yes, and until she was a pretty big one, she would always say she was going to fall in love like Prudence. She thought nothing else was really love! She used to tell perfect strangers, with the utmost frankness and assurance, that it would come to her like that—love—a sudden look, and knowing—!" Prudence laughed tenderly. "She got over it, of course. When she was old enough to understand, she realized that it doesn't happen like that once in a thousand years, or more."

Duane said nothing. For once, Prudence was wrong. Jerry had not changed. All through her babyhood, and into her woman's estate, that had been the dominant hope and faith of

her gay romantic heart. And he, with profane, half-drunken fingers, and hot half-drunken lips, had rent the veil from the beautiful illusion that had been her tenderest dream.

"I love Jerry," he said aloud to Prudence, in a very slow and sober voice. "Did you know it?"

"I—rather thought so," said Prudence, with a little quivering of her sensitive lips. But she smiled immediately. "I—I don't mind a bit," she said bravely, in gentle apology for that betrayal of her lips.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Sunday School 'Lesson'

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D.D., Dean of the Evening School, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)

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### Lesson for November 1

#### THE FIGHT AGAINST STRONG DRINK

(Temperance Lesson)  
LESSON TEXT—Eph. 6:10-20.  
GOLDEN TEXT—"Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might."—Eph. 6:10.  
PRIMARY TOPIC—Loving and Obeying Our Parents.  
JUNIOR TOPIC—How to Be Strong.  
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Strong Armor for a Hard Fight.  
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—The Fight Against Strong Drink.

This is not a temperance lesson in the usual sense that it deals with intoxicants, but in the sense that it has to do with the believer's walk in conflict with the devil. Perhaps there has been no time when the evil one has made such a terrific fight as he is now doing in his attempt to nullify the Eighteenth amendment. The Christian has been saved by grace. Though his redemption is free, between its beginning and consummation there is a real, severe and protracted conflict. This conflict is most difficult and dangerous because it is not with flesh and blood, but with principalities, powers and spiritual hosts of wickedness in high places. Though the conflict is severe and painful, we should bravely battle on because the issue is sure if we go forth in the panoply of God.

#### I. The Source of the Believer's Strength (v. 10).

It is in the Lord. Only as the branch is united to the vine, or as the limb is united to the body, is there strength of life. We dare not attempt this conflict in human strength and wisdom.

#### II. The Enemy (vv. 11-12).

The enemy is the devil, a personal malicious being, with his many subordinates. His personality is proven by the names given him, and actions predicated of him. He has an exalted position, and is mighty in power, and all unsaved men are under his power. He is the original sinner, and is extremely cunning. He has power over death; enters into men; blinds their eyes; lays snares for them, and sifts God's servants. In carrying on his work, he has his churches and ministers. However, he is resting under a curse. The death blow was given on the cross, and he will receive his doom in the lake of fire.

#### III. The Christian's Armor (vv. 13-17).

This means that his weapons of offensive and defensive warfare are not of man's devices. Just as his strength is from the Lord, so is his armor. The believer dare not act merely on the defensive. He must attack his spiritual enemies as well as resist their spiritual attack.

#### 1. A Girdle of Truth (v. 14).

The truth of God, sincerely and honestly embraced, alone will avail in this conflict. Reason, tradition, speculation and dead orthodoxy will fall in the crucial hour.

#### 2. The Breastplate of Christ's Righteousness (v. 14).

As the metal plate covered the vital organs of the warrior, so the righteousness of Christ protects us from the enemy's assault.

#### 3. Feet Shod With the Preparation of the Gospel of Peace (v. 15).

This suggests the firm foothold of the soldier and his alacrity—readiness to proclaim the message of peace.

#### 4. Shield of Faith (v. 16).

By this he is able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. Christ is the object of that faith.

#### 5. The Helmet of Salvation (v. 17).

Consciousness of salvation enables a man, knowing that he is a child of God, and fellow-citizen with the saints, to lift up his head with confidence and to vigorously assault the enemy.

#### 6. The Sword of the Spirit (v. 17).

This is the Word of God, the Christian's offensive weapon; with it he can most effectively put his enemy to flight. This Christ used in the temptations in the wilderness, Matt. 4:4, 7, 10, 11. The church of Christ has won all her triumphs by the Word of God. Where she goes on, using this, she goes on conquering, but when she falls back upon reason, culture, traditions, science, or the commandments of men, she goes down in defeat before the adversary.

#### IV. The Way to Get Strength to Use the Armor, and Courage to Face the foe (vv. 18-20).

This is by prayer—and prayer alone.

#### 1. Every Variety and Method of Prayer Should Be Employed (v. 18).

2. He Prays for His Comrades, "All the Saints" (v. 18).

He sees all the believers standing shoulder to shoulder against the enemy.

#### 3. He Is Persistent (v. 18).

Jerry Stood Up, Looked Her Father Straight in the Face, Her Voice Was Very Gentle. "Why Can't I?" Was All She Said.

was very gentle. "Why can't I?" was all she said.

Jerrold looked at Prudence for assistance. Prudence was patiently counting the superfluous hairs.

After all, what was there to say? Why couldn't she? Obviously, she had. And that was the end of it.

The next morning Jerrold called Duane into the office.

"Do you want a position?" he asked, still hopeful for the best.

## TAX NOTICE!

TAX LEVIES BY SCHOOL DISTRICTS FOR THE YEAR 1925.

School District	6-0-1 School, No. Mills	Special Local, No. Mills	Constitutional School, No. Mills	Back Indebtedness, No. Mills	Bonds, No. Mills	Local Maintenance, No. Mills	Road Tax, No. Mills	Ordinary County, No. Mills	State, No. Mills	Total No. Mills
Ashleigh	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	4	4	36
Barbary Branch	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	8	4	40
Barnwell	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	18	4	50
Big Fork	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	12	4	44
Blackville	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	19	4	51
Cedar Grove	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	5	4	37
Diamond	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	8	4	40
Double Pond	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	8	4	40
Dunbarton	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	12	4	44
Edisto	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	2	4	34
Elko	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	21	4	53
Ellenton	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	8	4	40
Four Mile	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	8	4	40
Friendship	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	8	4	40
Greene's	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	8	4	40
Healing Springs	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	12	4	44
Hercules	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	16	4	48
Hilda	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	8	4	40
Joyce Branch	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	4	4	36
Kline	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	12	4	44
Lee's	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	4	4	36
Long Branch	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	6	4	38
Meyer's Mill	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	4	4	36
Morris	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	8	4	40
Mount Calvary	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	25	4	57
New Forest	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	25	4	57
Oak Grove	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	8	4	40
Old Columbia	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	2	4	34
Pleasant Hill	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	8	4	40
Red Oak	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	8	4	40
Reedy Branch	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	15	4	47
Reeve's Creek	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	30	4	62
San Hill	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	5	4	37
Seven Pines	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	4	4	36
Tinker's Creek	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	8	4	40
Upper Richland	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	3	4	35
Williston	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	27	4	59

Books open October 15th, 1925 and close March 15th, 1926. January 1st a penalty of 1 per cent.; February, 2 per cent.; March, 7 per cent. After March 15th all unpaid taxes will be turned over to the Sheriff for collection. DOG LICENSE \$1.25 payable in January, 1926.

J. B. ARMSTRONG,  
County Treasurer.

**Notice of Final Discharge.**  
Templeton, deceased, and petition notice is hereby given that I will file my final report with the Hon. Jno. K. Snelling, Judge of Probate, on the 24th day of November, 1925, as administrator of the estate of Julia A. Oct. 22, 1925—4t.

J. M. TEMPLETON,  
Administrator.

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