

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 goes 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.

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 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" of the 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.—Mrs. Harmer, understanding much more of the situation than Allerton realizes, asks an instinctive liking to the young man.

CHAPTER VI.—Mr. Harmer gives Duane a position in his auto factory. Jerry's business enterprise—making over ugly looking houses into things of beauty and selling them at a profit—is not altogether a success, but she perseveres. Despite her studied aloofness Allerton finds opportunity to assure Jerry of his love and his determination to win her.

CHAPTER VII.—Jerry, with her mother, goes to visit her aunts, Carol and Lark, in a distant part of the state. Jerrold Harmer invites Allerton to stay at the Harmer home while they are away. Duane does so, and Jerrold, after judging him closely, is willing to accept him as a son-in-law.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK)

CHAPTER VIII

Between Friends

During the dinner hour on an early evening in November Jerry was called to the telephone, and when she came back a moment later to her place there was a curious, quizzical smile upon her lips and in her eyes.

"It was Adela Longley," she explained. "She wanted me to go to the theater with her."

"Adela Longley?" Prudence was gently surprised.

"Are you going?" asked Jerrold, with his usual lack of inter-penetration.

"It was Adela Longley," Jerry repeated, for his enlightenment. "Of course I am not going. I told her I am very busy tonight."

Jerry and her mother exchanged glances of smiling tolerance—tolerance for Jerrold's mannish incomprehension of delicate social situations, smiling because they loved him. For

from New York down, the veriest hamlet has its central select set which seems a thing of merest idle chance, and yet the laws of the Medes and Persians themselves were not a whit more binding.

Adela Longley was one who hovered as it were in the remote whorls of that society which circled about Jerry as a point of pivot. She belonged to the large social life of Des Moines, but was not, and could not be, a part of that inner nucleus which is so rigidly a thing apart. And yet Jerry was the very soul of democracy; she said she abhorred snobbishness of all things in the world; she made no slightest distinction as to place or person—only as to personality. She didn't care for Adela Longley. "Oh, she's a different sort, very nice of course—I don't care about her." It was Adela, Jerry felt, who kept Adela in the social fringe.

"Maybe she thinks if she gets a little clubby with you I may give her a better price on a car," suggested Jerrold, always glad to help out with his opinion.

Jerry was interested. "A car! Another car? Why, she has a car now!" "She's tired of it. She wants to trade it in on a Harmer. She has been in three times this week to see about it."

Jerry lowered the misty lashes reflectively. Only Jerry knew how very strange a thing that was. She was not above sounding her father for confirmation of her suspicion.

"She has a Harkness! It cost nearly five thousand dollars more than mine."

"Yes, she said she would have nothing but a Harkness in the beginning, but she doesn't like it now she has it. She wants to trade it in for a Harmer roadster like yours."

"Like mine! But you had mine made specially for me, and I designed—"

"Yes, I know. Duane told her—"

"Who told her?"

"Oh—Mr. Allerton, you know, Duane Allerton. He is on the floor, you see. He showed her the models, and she's been talking to him about it."

"Oh, I see." Jerry had her confirmation. "Well, go on. What did he—tell her?"

"He said we will not duplicate the body of your car for anybody, but that we will design another special for her, any style she likes. But we do not care to duplicate yours under any circumstances."

"Adela Longley made fun of the Harmer when she got hers," said Jerry reflectively. "She said she wanted a good car or none at all. The girls used to tease me about it."

"Well, maybe she thinks more of it now. Duane says she was enthusiastic about the demonstration."

"Who gave her the demonstration?"

"He did."

"I should think," Jerry's voice was so soft as to be almost inaudible, "I should think the salesman would do that."

"They do ordinarily. But she had talked to him on the floor several times, and asked him particularly to take her out. So of course he did."

Jerry had lost her appetite for dinner. Her thoughts were running along a new line.

"Myrtle Ingersoll and I went to a matinee Wednesday," she said slowly. "She wanted to come by the office and ask you to go with us."

"Ask who?"

"You, father. She thinks you are such a dear. I told her you are a perfect slave to business and never go out in the afternoon, and she wanted to come by and ask you anyhow, thought you might be pleased with the attention. I didn't think anything of it then. But I'm thinking plenty now."

Jerrold laughed easily. "Oh, they think up sillier excuses than that to get a look at him. Not that I blame them at all! There aren't enough good-looking young fellows to go the rounds here, you know."

It had not before occurred to Jerry to wonder what Duane was doing during the evening, with whom he was going out, what friendships he was forming. Now that this phase of the situation was so forcibly drawn to her attention, she realized very clearly that in a town the size of Des Moines, a young man of good appearance, who could dance, play bridge, and with great personal charm to his credit, was not at all likely to pass by unobserved.

And if further corroboration were necessary, she received it in painful plenty on Monday evening at Grace McCartney's shower for Rae Forsythe, when all the girls of their particular clique were together. Jerry was late in arriving, and was greeted at once with a gay protesting outburst.

"Oh, Jerry, how could you be so selfish!"

"Jerry Harmer, you ought to be ashamed of yourself! Anything as good-looking as that!"

"Where in the world did your father find it?"

Jerry realized it would be foolish to pretend ignorance as to their meaning, in a town as small and as fraternal as Des Moines. She laughed it off as best she could, explained gayly that she left the management of the Harmer Motor to her father, and agreed that Duane Allerton was certainly a very handsome thing.

"Do you know him, Jerry?" asked Edith Weatherby.

"Yes, I met him in New York."

This was greeted with merry, significant exclamations and laughter.

"Oh, so it's like that!" they cried.

"No wonder!"

"It seems he had some sort of financial reverse," she went on quickly. "I don't know much about it, but he wanted to make a change, and you

know father is always taking on men." "Do you like him, Jerry?" persisted Edith Weatherby.

"Jerry was not to be caught unguarded. "Of course. Why not? I hardly know the man."

"And you're not personally interested, are you?" continued her interrogator. "Because he told me he had lost a lot of money, and I told father—father likes him very much—and I told father I was sure he would rather work in a bank than in a factory. You know my father is always taking on men, too."

Jerry's eyes were serene and unclouded. "Yes, of course. That would be lovely for Mr. Allerton. I am sure his opportunity would be much greater in the bank than with my father."

More than ever Jerry regretted that hasty impulse of hers which had brought Duane Allerton to Iowa. And yet she took a bitter, morbid satisfaction in having them know that after all she had known him first, that she had been in a sense the motive of his coming—yes, indeed, she had, and in a far more intimate sense than Jerry would have them suspect.

On the evening of Thanksgiving occurred the annual dinner-dance at the club, one of the real events of the year to which the younger set at least looked forward for weeks with keen anticipation. Usually Jerry made one of a group of her particular friends, while Prudence and Jerrold filled up a table with couples of their own age and interests. But, for this night, Jerry persistently refused all invitations, and insisted on a family trio, Prudence, Jerrold and herself. To her friends she said she thought her mother would like it. To Prudence she said honestly:

"Oh, mother, I'm tired! I don't feel like pretending to be interested in a lot of things—when I am not."

On the afternoon of the dance she sat curled in a big chair before the fire with a magazine she did not read, and Jerrold sat opposite her with the evening paper, smoking, and neither of them answered when Prudence reminded them for the third time that they must hurry and dress. Finally, at her insistence, Jerrold dropped the paper and sighed.

"I'm getting too old for such goings-on," he said plaintively. "I feel just like sitting here in my own house by my own fire, and going to bed at a respectable hour."

"Too late," Prudence told him, laughing. "You have to go or you get no dinner. Mary and Katie have gone out, and there is nothing to eat. You must go with us or fast."

Jerrold sighed again. Then he turned to Jerry, with the news that had been a burden to him for two days.

"Oh! Jerry—by the way—Duane will be there."

Jerry did not move, did not turn her eyes. "Oh, will he?"

"Yes. The Weatherbys asked him to go, and I told him to go by all means. I don't feel that he should miss a good time just because you feel a little—er—sensitive about his presence, do you? It's a wonder—your haven't run into him before this. They're inviting him everywhere. And besides—"

"Oh, don't hesitate on my account. Go right ahead. Besides what?"

"Besides, as I've said before, there are more nice girls in this town than there are nice boys. Other men have daughters as well as I, and daughters requiring beaming. And I must say that some fathers seem to have daughters with a greater degree of that sweet reasonableness they talk about than my own."

Jerry smiled sympathetically. "Poor father!" she said. "You did have rather bad luck getting only me. But however much you may prefer other fathers' daughters to your own, you can't get rid of me. No trading daughters. Things aren't done that way. You must keep what you get, whether you like it or not."

She touched him lightly on the shoulder as she passed by and went quickly up the stairs.

Jerrold looked at Prudence.

"Is she going?" he asked in a loud whisper.

"I don't know."

They tiptoed together to the doorway and listened. There was no sound from Jerry's room above.

They tiptoed back. "Now if she has any notion of going there and snubbing him in public I won't stand for it," Jerrold said, still whispering. "After all, she brought him here, and she shant—"

"Oh, don't you worry about that. She wants to make him eat the dust before her, but she'll never give anybody else a chance to laugh at him. You'll see!" And then she added, half hopefully, half wistfully, "Perhaps they will make it all up tonight, and then we'll have him here for Thanksgiving dinner tomorrow!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Clyde, the Clown

By ROSCOE G. SCOTT

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EVERY town has a Clyde Davis. God saw fit in His great plan for this world to send down into each community somebody to make other people laugh. Everything Clyde Davis did was funny—at least to us, who spent our rather listless days in Middletown, Ind. When he came after his mail the post office always rang with a good shout of old-fashioned merriment. Our church socials went flat if Clyde happened to be away in Indianapolis seeing a show. He won more baseball games for our school team than all the members of the nine.

In our amateur theatricals he shone best. Our home newspaper would merely have to say:

The play given next Tuesday evening at the Opera House has a talented cast, the chief comedy role falling into the capable hands of our true humorist, Clyde Davis.

That was the trouble with Mildred Walker. She took Clyde's love making as a joke. Not that she didn't care. She did. Mildred Walker would tingle under the quaint bits of love making performed by our town humorist—until she saw his face and then she would break from his arms with laughter—saying his face looked so much like Buster Keaton's.

A year before, Millie graduated from the local high school. Clyde had been out of school three years and was trying with friendly overtures to build up a defunct little garage business taken over from a slipshod uncle. He had the promise of a good automobile agency when he got on his feet and he would have been standing there erect months ago, had he had Mildred. But she pooh-poohed such an extravagant compliment.

Then to make matters far worse, two things came along. The first was a catastrophe—Millie Walker inherited nearly a hundred thousand dollars from her Grandfather Walker. The second was the advent of a dramatic coach, who hailed from Boston and coached plays for a living, after an alleged successful fling in metropolitan vaudeville. The whole thing looked like the makeup of the old fashioned melodrama with Clyde Davis the dejected hero, Millie, the pure hearted heroine, and DeVoss Langdon—he of Boston—the villain. Langdon talked knowingly of "back stage acting" and "hogging the spotlight" and very early he branded Clyde a "ham comedian"—but he retained him in the cast, for there was none other to be found.

One hesitates to jump to conclusions, but at the local hotel several of us boobs unwisely told this Langdon of Mildred's fortune, by way of getting reflected glory for ourselves.

The night of the play I saw Clyde take Millie to the darkest corner of the theater and I saw her run away from him. I knew the jig was up between the two. Clyde muffed every chance at a laugh that night and was funny only because he was so miserable and acted so rottenly.

She came to him afterward. I think she felt guilty maybe. He told us that De Voss was leaving after business arrangements the next night and Millie was going away with him. He confided in me the whole story. Millie had told him that her folks were set on Clyde and thought her love for the coach infatuation. "But gosh, Be," he said to me tragically, "it's the real stuff." He told me how he had offered his clowning to help her get away, for the Walker home is less than fifty yards from our little depot and facing away from the tracks onto the Main street. Clyde was to amuse the family with stunts just at train time and Mildred was to beat it with her sutor. My protests were hushed. He said he wanted to:

I watched him the afternoon of the elopement. I had a point of vantage that nobody has ever seen. He started his fooling with Millie's little sister, Bessie. But nothing would tempt the parents from the house. For some strange reason Clyde's feeling had lost its charm. He clowned with the little sister, with Millie's great Dane, he called in vain to the house for them to see his stunts; once Mrs. Walker came to the door; but she went back and far away the engine of the East-bound train whistled for Middletown. Her folks had always come out before to smile over his antics. Millie might think he was not honest in his desire to serve. If he failed she would only despise him. De Voss had gone to the train in the hotel hack fifteen minutes before. Millie was prisoned by parental eyes.

An idea! His fooling was forgotten. I saw him stagger about. I heard him shriek, "Oh God, I am dying!" Then he fell headlong and before I could get to him, Millie's father and mother were bending over him and he was half laughing, half crying. Into our circle came Mildred, parting us savagely and taking up his head in her arms. I heard him whisper to her in a true stage whisper that she must rush. But she held on and he was not allowed to explain. And the Boston dramatic coach disgustedly boarded the train and the villain had been—true to form—foiled.

"I am so glad you did it, Clyde," she said as she cried over him. "I thought it was all real and then I knew how much you meant to me." Which all goes to prove that the old melodramas were not so far off after all!

TAX NOTICE!

TAX LEVIES BY SCHOOL DISTRICTS FOR THE YEAR 1925.

School District	Total No. Mills	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
Ashleigh	5 1/2	11	2	1	4 1/2	1	3	4	4	36
Barbery 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	2	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.

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