

PRUDENCE'S DAUGHTER

By Ethel Hueston

WNU Service
Copyright by the Bobbs-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 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 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 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" 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, takes 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 studies, Jerry's 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 aunt, 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.

CHAPTER VIII.—Jerry begins to realize, and in a measure resent, the popularity of Duane Allerton with the younger set of Des Moines. The Harmers are invited to the annual Thanksgiving dinner dance at the club.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK)

CHAPTER IX

A Little for Remembrance

At a quarter to seven Prudence tapped lightly on Jerry's door.

"It'll be right down." Jerry's voice from behind the closed door was very low, a little strained. She did not ask her mother to come in, and Prudence made no such offer, but went directly down and stood silently, anxiously beside her husband in the lower hall and awaited the coming of her daughter.

Jerry wore the flame-colored gown of chiffon velvet, and as she stood above them on the steps, smiling down at them, involuntarily they exclaimed at the fresh, bright revelation of her beauty.

"Of course a daughter studying Art

in New York will wear what she pleases—in New York," said Jerrold, frowning with a great assumption of disapproval, although his eyes shone with his pride and pleasure in her loveliness. "But if you ask me—though nobody did—I call that dress a little—well, snappy for the old home town."

"It is beautiful," said Prudence. "I thought you did not like it, Jerry. You



Jerrold Carefully Placed the Great Cloak About His Daughter's Shoulders.

haven't worn it once since you came home."

Jerrold carefully placed the great cloak about his daughter's shoulders. "You have too much rouge on," he objected.

"I know it," she assented. "But I am a shocking color tonight in the natural. So pale I am positively yellow. Do you think perhaps I may be getting thin-blooded, mother? I never used to look so white."

"Perhaps you need a tonic," Prudence suggested, though she knew in her heart that Jerry needed no such thing.

Jerrold carefully assisted Prudence and Jerry into the car and sat in the corner beside them, holding Jerry's hand.

Jerry's fingers were like ice. But there was nothing of drooping sadness in her pose; rather with a strained alertness she remained stiffly upright, her eyes brilliant, her slender chin tilted to an unwontedly high degree.

They knew everyone at the clubhouse, and as they made their way to the table reserved for them in a far corner they were obliged to stop by many chairs for a laughing word with one and another. They saw Duane on the moment of their entrance. He was at a table with Irvin Weatherby and his wife and Edith, the oldest of his three daughters. Happily, that table was not directly on the aisle they passed through. They lifted their hands to Jerry as she went by, nodding, laughing, and Jerry swept them all in a quick, bright greeting, forming the words, "I'll see you later," with her lips as she passed.

Duane was amazed at the studied perfection of her manner, the absolutely impersonal friendliness of her glance.

"Let me get someone to sit with us," Jerrold suggested, as they reached their table. "I'm afraid we may seem dull. We should have made up a party."

Jerry put a pleading hand on his arm. "No, father, please. I'd so much rather be—just by ourselves."

"I don't want him to think you—we—I don't want anyone to think—anything."

Jerrold floundered for words. In his partisanship of Jerry, he would have no stranger, nor Duane Allerton nor any other, have a chance to suspect her of any loneliness or subject to any slight.

Jerry smiled gratefully for his concern as she slipped prettily into her chair. She shook her head.

"You certainly are a sweet old thing, father. But I am not trying to impress him. I don't care to make him jealous. I don't want to try any childish bluffing. I just feel like having you and mother. So why bother?"

For at least the thousandth time in his life Jerrold told himself proudly that Jerry was a little brick. She looked about the great room with her usual air of friendly interest, nodded to her friends here and there, chatted a little with those near her, and discussed the gowns, complexions and coiffures of the other women with her mother. She even made a brave pretense of eating her dinner as it was placed before her. But when once in a while her fingers touched her father's hand, the icy chill of them cut him like a flash.

At first, in his loyalty to her, he would not even look across to the Weatherly table after that first greeting as they entered the room. But finally, when he realized that Jerry had herself perfectly in hand and needed no anxiety of his, he turned that way. Duane's eyes, smoldering, somber, were fixed upon her lovely profile, the cloudy blackness of her dark hair, the creamy whiteness of her throat and the shoulder half turned from him.

Jerrold could not withhold a friendly, sympathetic smile, and Duane re-

sponded with a grateful, unsmiling nod.

"Any fool could see what's in his mind," Jerrold thought. "The whole town will be buzzing with it now."

When they went into the ballroom the orchestra was playing. They found a pleasant place for Prudence to sit, and Jerry danced with her father. Then she danced with young Doctor Morse, and then with Newton Macklin, each time returning to her place beside her mother. It was after the third dance, when Duane had performed his duty as guest to his hostess and to Edith and had sat out a stupid dance with old Mr. Weatherby, that he excused himself with stumbling words, and with stubborn determination, with trepidation in his heart, he turned his steps toward Jerry.

They saw him coming. Jerrold's pleasant smile froze upon his features, and he toyed nervously with the narrow chain at his watch. Prudence held her breath. Only Jerry kept up her light, bright chatter, although her fingers shook. Duane continued doggedly toward her, his eyes upon the cloudy blackness of her hair.

Jerrold spoke quickly as he drew near, holding out his hand. His voice was very friendly.

"Oh, hello, Duane. How do you like the Middle West at its very wickedest?"

"Oh very much, sir, thank you." Duane clung to his hand like a man drowning, but Jerrold passed him on, perforce, to Prudence.

"You've met my wife, I know—"

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Harmer. But it seems a very long time. It is very good to see you again."

Prudence lifted her hand, lifted both hands, greeted him with a warm, almost foolish effusiveness, but she could not postpone the inevitable. He looked beyond her to Jerry.

"G—good evening," he said lamely, and his eyes were riveted to the naughty lift of her chin.

Jerry smiled. Mindful of the eyes of the friendly, always interested home town, she lifted a slender, ice-cold hand and dropped it for a moment in his. She caught her breath at the sudden contact. If he retained it, if he drew it warmly into his, caressed it, as he had done in the studio that unforgettable and unforgettable night, she knew she could not withstand the tenderness of his touch. Duane held it barely a second longer than is allowed by a strict convention, and released it slowly.

"W—will you sit down?" she offered generously, in gratitude for his relinquishment.

The way he dropped into a chair beside her gave somehow the impression of a ship tossed in a stormy sea, suddenly and surprisingly finding that its anchor held.

There was an awkward interval. "Will you dance, Mrs. Harmer?" Prudence stood up at once. "To love to," she declared, quite as if she meant it.

Then Jerry laughed. She touched her hand to Duane's arm. "Let me warn you! Mother cannot dance. She is likely to do perfectly terrible things on the floor. Father and I have been teaching her to dance for twenty years, and she can't do it yet! She's only trying to be polite to you."

"Oh, Jerry," protested Prudence, blushing. "Sometimes I am sure I get along quite nicely."

"I am not a bit alarmed," Duane assured her. And then to Jerry, very pleadingly, "Please wait."

Prudence was in a desperate quandary. She so wanted to be pleasant to the poor boy, but when she talked she always lost the step. She danced conscientiously half-way around the room, before she spoke.

"I am so glad to see you again, Mr. Allerton. I—I wish things were a little different. I know we should be very good friends—if we had a chance."

"Would you mind—I suppose you would rather not call me—Duane," he said hopefully yet diffidently.

"I'd love to. It is a nice name, isn't it? And Jerrold and I always speak of you as Duane—when we are alone."

Duane smiled a little ruefully at that. "Your husband is wonderful to me," he said. "I never met anyone like him before. He—he is just fine."

"Yes, isn't he? I knew you would like him."

Duane patiently helped her back into the rhythm, and when they were dancing smoothly again, unable to resist his great desire to talk of Jerry, he said:

"She is so beautiful, isn't she? She seems lovelier every time I see her."

"Yes, she is a beautiful girl. Everyone says so."

"She always seems so—well poised—so sophisticated. She is always sure of herself, never perturbed. Sophisticated, that is the word for it. That was what deceived me about her at first."

"Yes, she looks sophisticated, but really she is the most innocent and artless thing imaginable. You'd be surprised."

"I don't think the others are like Jerry, though—such an air of assurance, and such artless innocence beneath it."

"Why, Duane, I've heard those girls, Jerry and her friends, say things to each other, discuss things, that honesty I should not dream of saying to one of my sisters—even to Jerrold! They don't know what they're talking about, I tell you. They think it's smart to appear sophisticated and blasé—and at heart they are children. Oh, after a while they learn—but they haven't yet. Isn't it too bad that men don't understand them—as their mothers do?"

When they returned to Jerrold and Jerry, who were waiting for them, Prudence said brightly:

"Now, you see, Jerry, I did very well, after all I was only out of step a time or two, wasn't I, Duane—Mr. Allerton? And we talked all the time, and you know usually I can't talk when I'm dancing. I think I may learn after all—in time."

Others came up, joined the little group, chatted a while and drifted on. When the music began again Duane turned to Jerry.

"W—will you dance?"

"Yes," she answered briefly. Jerry and Duane had danced the full length of the room without a word between them.

"Jerry," he said at last, very softly, "I realize, of course, that you wore this gown mostly in defiance, but I hope it was just a little bit for remembrance too."

"Mr. Allerton, please—"

"Jerry! Was it a little for remembrance?"

"Mr. Allerton, I ask you to help me. I am trying so hard to let things go off—nicely—so no one will suspect—anything. Don't make it harder for me than it is already."

"But, Jerry, if you would only let me talk to you—just once—let me tell you—let me explain—"

"There isn't a thing in the world to tell me, a thing in the world to explain. I understand you perfectly—now. And I am not such a fool as to think you don't understand me as well. I know you do." And then she added bitterly, "With the experience you've had."

His eyes contracted sharply at the cruelty of her words. "You didn't need to turn the knife, Jerry. The first cut was sharp enough."

Again they danced in silence. "Jerry, I love you. Doesn't that make any difference?"

"No. If you love me—it does not make any difference."

After a long interval he said, very softly: "Jerry, tell me, when you are with me—like this—doesn't it make you think a little bit—of that night in the studio? You were so sweet, Jerry. You were the loveliest thing I ever saw. I shall never forget the feeling I had when you first looked up at me—the flame-colored gown—your cloudy black hair—and, most of all, that brave, glad brightness in your eyes. Oh, Jerry, it was a wonderful night—you can't deny that—it was a beautiful night—you can't—"

"Don't do that!" Jerry's voice was very low, very intense. "Don't! I am trying—so hard—to let things go—when you talk to me—like that—I've just got to be insulting to you to keep—"

"To keep from loving me, Jerry," he finished, when her voice faltered.

Jerry lifted her misty blue eyes under the shadowing fringe of the dark lashes, looked at him, directly, very frankly, and answered surprisingly: "Yes."

"Oh, Jerry," he pleaded. "You love me already. You can't put me off any longer, you—"

A slight, almost imperceptible movement, and Jerry was free of his arm. She called softly across to Newton Macklin, standing near them:

"Oh, Newton, we have been looking everywhere for you." When he had joined them she slipped her fingers in his arm. She looked at Duane with ice-cold eyes, and smiled, with ice-cold lips. "It was a wonderful dance, Mr. Allerton. Will you tell mother I am going with Newton to find Rae Forsythe, and that I shall stay with the girls for a while? Thank you so much."

Duane merely bowed, said nothing, and turned away.

"Newton," Jerry whispered faintly, "I feel sick. Will you take me home? Mother is having such a nice time I don't want to bother her. Will you take me home, and then come back and tell her later on?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

MONEY TO LOAN

Loans made same day application received. No Red Tape HARLEY & BLATT Attorneys-at-Law Barnwell, S. C.

Notice to Prove Claims.

Notice is hereby given that all persons holding claims against the estate of Clark Brown will be and appear in the Probate Court on Thursday, the 10th day of December, 1925, to prove and establish them in open Court, and all persons indebted to said estate, will make prompt payment to the undersigned, on or before that day.

HORACE BROWN, Administrator, GEORGIA BROWN, Administratrix, Estate of Clark Brown, deceased. Barnwell, S. C., Nov. 14, 1925 3t.

For Satisfactory Weights and Grades, Ship Your Cotton to MID-DLETON and PETERSON, Inc., Savannah, Ga.

Send Us Your Job Work.

TAX NOTICE!

TAX LEVIES BY SCHOOL DISTRICTS FOR THE YEAR 1925.

School District	State, No. Mills	Ordinary County, No. Mills	Local Maintenance, No. Mills	Road Tax, No. Mills	Bonds, No. Mills	Back Indebtedness, No. Mills	Constitutional School, No. Mills	Special Local, No. Mills	6-0-1 School, 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.

LONG TERM MONEY TO LEND
6 per cent. interest on large amounts
Private funds for small loans.

BROWN & BUSH
LAWYERS BARNWELL, SOUTH CAROLINA.

LONG TERM MONEY TO LEND
Farm Loans 6 per cent., large amounts. Town property in Barnwell, residential and business, 7 per cent.
Loans procured promptly at lowest cost.
Allendale, Bamberg and Barnwell Counties.

THOMAS M. BOULWARE
Attorney-at-law Barnwell, S. C.

BAYER Genuine
ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!
Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians 24 years for

Colds Headache
Pain Neuralgia
Toothache Lumbago
Neuritis Rheumatism

Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions, handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monacogalactin, of Kallstadt.

Advertise in THE PEOPLE-SENTINEL