

PRUDENCE

of the PARSONAGE

By ETHEL HUESTON

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In this new serial of ours we have the story of a small-town minister's family and its struggles with poverty, with hard-headed—and fat-headed—church officers, with temptations of flesh and spirit. We have, too, a picture of its joys, its inspirations, its ambitions—yes, and its love affairs. Miss Hueston, the author, writes with perfect sympathy: she is a small-town minister's daughter; and this tale is dedicated to her mother, who "devoted her life to rearing a whole household of young Methodists." We feel sure you will enjoy "Prudence."

THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER I.

Introducing Her.

None but the residents consider Mount Mark, Iowa, much of a town, and the very most patriotic of them all has no word of praise for the ugly little red C. B. & Q. railway station. Mount Mark is anything but proud of the little station. At the same time it certainly does owe the railroad and the state a debt of gratitude for its presence there. It is the favorite social rendezvous for the community! The arrival of a passenger train in Mount Mark is an event—something in the nature of a C. B. & Q. "at home," and is always attended by a large and enthusiastic gathering of "our best people." All that is lacking are the proverbial "light refreshments!"

So it happened that one sultry morning, late in the month of August, there was the usual flutter of excitement and confusion on the platform and in the waiting room of the station. The habits were there in force. Conspicuous among them were four gayly dressed young men, smoking cigarettes and gazing with lack-luster eyes upon the animated scene, which evidently bored them.

The Daily News reporter, in a well-cared, light gray suit and tan shoes, and with eyeglasses scientifically balanced on his aquiline nose, was making pointed inquiries into the private plans of the travelers. The young woman going to Burlington to spend the weekend was surrounded with about fifteen other young women who had come to "see her off." Mount Mark is a very respectable town, be it understood, and girls do not go to the station without an excuse!

A man in a black business suit stood alone on the platform, his hands in his pockets, his eyes wandering from one to another of the strange faces about him. His plain white ready-made tie proclaimed his calling.

"It's the new Methodist minister," volunteered the baggage master, cross-

girl in Mount Mark has turned you down already."

But the Methodist minister, gazing away down the track, where a thin curl of smoke announced the coming of No. 9 and Prudence—heard nothing of this conversation. He was not a handsome man. His hair was gray at the temples, his face was earnest, only saved from severity by the little clusters of lines at his eyes and mouth which proclaimed that he laughed often and with relish.

"Train going east!"

The minister stood back from the crowd, but when the train came pounding in a brightness leaped into his eyes. A slender girl stood in the vestibule, waving wildly at him a small gloved hand. When the train stopped she leaped lightly from the steps.

"Father!" she cried excitedly, and small and slight as she was, she elbowed her way swiftly through the gaping crowd. "Oh, father!" And she flung her arms about him joyously, unconscious of admiring eyes. Her father kissed her warmly. "Where is your baggage?" he asked, a hand held out to relieve her.

"Here!" And with a radiant smile she thrust upon him a box of candy and a gaudy-covered magazine.

"Your suitcase," he explained patiently.

"Oh!" she gasped. "Run, father run! I left it on the train!"

Father did run, but Prudence, fleet-footed, outdistanced him and clambered on board, panting.

When she rejoined her father her face was flushed. "Oh, father," she said quite snappily, "isn't that just like me?"

"Yes, very like," he agreed, and he smiled.

"And so this is Mount Mark! Isn't it a funny name, father? Why do they call it Mount Mark?"

"I don't know. I hadn't thought to inquire. We turn here, Prudence. This is Main street. The city part of the town—the business part—is to the south."

"It's a pretty street, isn't it?" she cried. "Such nice big maples, and such shady, porchy houses. I love houses with porches, don't you? Has the parsonage a porch?"

"Yes, a big one on the south, and a tiny one in front. We have the house fixed up pretty well, Prudence, but of course you'll have to go over it yourself and arrange it as you like. I must go to a trustees' meeting at two o'clock, but we can get a good deal done before then. Mrs. Adams is coming to help you this afternoon. She is one of our Ladies, and very kind. There, that is the parsonage!"

Prudence gazed in silence. Many would not have considered it a beautiful dwelling, but to Prudence it was heavenly. Fortunately the wide, grassy, shaded lawn greeted one first. Great, spreading maples bordered the street, and clustering rosebushes lined the walk leading up to the house. The parsonage, to Prudence's gratified eyes, looked homey, and big, and inviting. There were many windows, and the well-known lace curtains looked down upon Prudence tripping happily up the little board walk—or so it seemed to her.

"Two whole stories, and an attic besides! Not to mention the bathroom! Oh, father, the night after you wrote there was a bathroom, Constance thanked God for it when she said her prayers. And a furnace, too! And electric lights! Oh, we have waited a long time for it, and we've been very patient indeed, but, between you and me, father, I am most mightily glad we've hit the luxury land at last. I'm sure we'll all feel much more religious in a parsonage that has a bathroom and electric lights! Oh, father!"

He had thrown open the door, and Prudence stood upon the threshold of her new home. Together she and her father went from room to room, up-stairs and down, moving a table to the left, a bed to the right—according to her own good pleasure. Afterward they had a cozy luncheon for two in the "dining room."

"Oh, it is so elegant to have a dining room," breathed Prudence happily. "I always pretended it was rather fun, and a great saving of work, to eat and cook and study and live in one room, but inwardly the idea always outraged me. Is that the school over there?"

"Yes, that's where Connie will go. There is only one high school in Mount Mark, so the twins will have to go to the other side of town—a long walk, but in good weather they can come home for dinner."

"Oh, that's a lovely place over there,

father!" exclaimed Prudence, looking from the living room windows toward the south. "Isn't it beautiful?"

"Yes. The Avery family lives there. The parents are very old and feeble, and the daughters are all—elderly—and all schoolteachers. There are four of them, and the youngest is forty-six. Dear me, it is two o'clock already, and I must go at once. Mrs. Adams will be here in a few minutes, and you will not be lonely."

But when Mrs. Adams arrived at the parsonage she knocked repeatedly, and in vain. Finally she gathered her robes



In the Barn of All Places.

about her and went into the back yard. She peered into the woodshed, and saw no one. She went into the barn lot, and found it empty. In despair, she plunged into the barn—and stopped abruptly.

In a shadowy corner was a slender figure kneeling beside an overturned nailkeg, her face buried in her hands. Evidently this was Prudence engaged in prayer—and in the barn, of all places in the world!

"A—a—hem!" stammered Mrs. Adams inquiringly.

"Amen!" This was spoken aloud and hurriedly, and Prudence leaped to her feet. Her fair hair hung about her face in damp, babyish tendrils, and her face was flushed and dusty, but alight with friendly interest. She ran forward eagerly, thrusting forth a slim and grimy hand.

"You are Mrs. Adams, aren't you? I am Prudence Starr. It is so kind of you to come the very first day," she cried. "It makes me love you right at the start."

"Ye—yes, I am Mrs. Adams," Mrs. Adams was embarrassed. She could not banish from her mental vision that kneeling figure by the nailkeg. Interrogation was written all over her ample face, and Prudence promptly read it and hastened to reply.

"I do not generally say my prayers in the barn, Mrs. Adams, I assure you. But—well, when I found this grand, old, rambling barn, I was so thankful I couldn't resist praying about it."

"But a barn!" ejaculated the perplexed "member." "Do you call that a blessing?"

"Yes, indeed I do," declared Prudence. Then she explained patiently: "Oh, it is on the children's account, you know. They have always longed for a big, romantic barn to play in. That's why I couldn't resist saying my prayers—I was so happy I couldn't hold in."

As they walked slowly toward the house, Mrs. Adams looked at this parsonage girl in frank curiosity and some dismay, which she strongly endeavored to conceal from the bright-eyed Prudence. The Ladies had said it would be so nice to have a grown girl in the parsonage! Prudence was nineteen from all account, but she looked like a child, and—well, it was not exactly grown-up to give thanks for a barn, to say the very least! Yet this girl had full charge of four younger children, and was further burdened with the entire care of a minister-father! Well, well! Mrs. Adams sighed a little.

"You are tired," said Prudence sympathetically. "It's so hot walking, isn't it? Let's sit on the porch until you are nicely rested."

"This is a fine chance for us to get acquainted," said the good woman with eagerness.

Now, if the truth must be told, there had been some ill-feeling in the Ladies' Aid society concerning the reception of Prudence. After the session of conference, when Rev. Mr. Starr was assigned to Mount Mark, the Ladies of the church had felt great interest in the man and his family. They inquired on every hand, and learned several interesting items. The mother had been taken from the family five years before, after a long illness, and Prudence, the eldest daughter, had taken charge of the household. There were five children. So much was known, and being women, they looked forward with eager curiosity to the coming of Prudence, the young mistress of the parsonage.

Mr. Starr had arrived at Mount Mark a week ahead of his family. Prudence and the other children had spent the week visiting at the home of their aunt, and Prudence had come on a day in advance of the others to "wind everything up," as she had expressed it.

Do you think that impulsive, lovable Prudence will make a hit with the saintly (but gossip) members of the Ladies' Aid society?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MAN'S WAR ON WILD THINGS

Trifles Seemingly of Small Significance Have Power to Cause Much Irritation.

There are awful little things between two people. Here are some of them:

M43. When tired, the wife has a peculiar yawn, roughly: "Hoo-hoo! Hoo-hoo!" The husband hears it coming and sometimes curls within him.

M98. Every morning in his bath the husband sings, "There is a fountain B'd with blood drawn from Emmanuel's veins"—always the same.

M124. The wife buys shoes a quarter size too small and always slips them off under the table at dinner. Then she loses them and develops great agitation. This fills her husband with an unaccountable rage.

M68. The wife is afflicted with the cliché habit and can generally sum up a situation by phrases such as: "All is not gold that glitters." Or, "Such is life," or "Well, well, it's a weary world." The husband can hear them coming.

There are scores of these little cruel things which wear away love as surely as trickling water will wear away a stone.—W. L. George, in Atlantic.

Plants That Give Heat.

We do not, as a rule, think of plants as giving out heat, yet at certain times some flowers show an astonishing rise of temperature. Most remarkable in this respect are certain kinds of arum. Just at the opening of the flower, in these cases, there is a great liberation of heat; this is due to the fact that the respiration, or breathing, is at such times very vigorous. Some very interesting experiments have been carried out in connection with these arums by means of placing a thermometer just inside the spathe. One of the most remarkable cases was that of species growing on the Mediterranean coast, and known as arum italicum. The temperature of the air was 60 degrees at the time of the experiment. That inside the spathe was 110 degrees! At that time the blossoms, which when expanded are practically scentless, gave out a fragrance suggestive of wine. It is said that plants of this type are practically common in Mexico.—St. Nicholas.

Acquiring Good Speaking Voice.

The formation of a good or a bad speaking voice is a question of habit. But in order to acquire that habit easily the child must hear nicely modulated voices about him. If your own voice is harsh or nasal your child may unconsciously imitate your mode of speaking. Or if companions talk "through the nose" he may assimilate their way of talking.

Try your best to keep your voice in the proper pitch while your children are about, and keep a watchful ear on their voices. If you hear one word spoken in a nasal twang correct it at once, so that the child will know the difference between the right and the wrong ways.

Economical Combination.

A quart of oysters contains less than twice as much nourishment as a quart of skim milk, and yet it often costs several times as much. Both are useful, wholesome foods, and in the oyster one has a special flavor. A combination of the two in oyster stew or creamed oysters is an economical way of using the oysters, since it makes a given quantity "go further."

Mental Steering Gear Goes Wrong.

Science has at last explained why automobiles skid, but the police courts have had a good working theory for some time.—Washington Post.

IF KIDNEYS ACT BAD TAKE SALTS

Says Backache is sign you have been eating too much meat.

When you wake up with backache and dull misery in the kidney region it generally means you have been eating too much meat, says a well-known authority. Meat forms uric acid which overworks the kidneys in their effort to filter it from the blood and they become sort of paralyzed and sluggish. When your kidneys get sluggish and clog you must relieve them, like you relieve your bowels; removing all the body's urinous waste, else you have backache, sick headache, dizzy spells; your stomach sours, tongue is coated, and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine is cloudy, full of sediment, channels often get sore, water scalds and you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night.

Either consult a good, reliable physician at once or get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean and stimulate sluggish kidneys, also to neutralize acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder weakness. Jad Salts is a life saver for regular meat eaters. It is inexpensive, cannot injure and makes a delightful, effervescent lithia-water drink.

Try this easy way to heal your skin

The fragrance of Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap usually stops all itching and burning and makes your tortured skin feel cool and comfortable at last. Won't you try the easy Resinol way to heal eczema or similar skin eruptions? Sold by all druggists. Sample free, Dept. 27, Resinol, Baltimore.



A GRIPPE

WEEKS' BREAK-UP-A-COLD TABLETS

A Different Atmosphere.

"I'm looking for employment, sir. I'll be frank with you. I've just been released from prison."

"Ahem! One of the model prisons?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I'm willing to give you a chance, but every man we employ is expected to hustle. If you think you can get down to hard work and long hours after the life of elegant leisure you have doubtless enjoyed in prison, I'll make a place for you."—Exchange.

Hopes Women Will Adopt This Habit As Well As Men

Glass of hot water each morning helps us look and feel clean, sweet, fresh.

Happy, bright, alert—vigorous and vivacious—a good clear skin; a natural, rosy complexion and freedom from illness are assured only by clean, healthy blood. If only every woman and likewise every man could realize the wonders of the morning inside bath, what a gratifying change would take place.

Instead of the thousands of sickly, anemic-looking men, women and girls with pasty or muddy complexions; instead of the multitudes of "nerve wrecks," "rundowns," "brain fags" and pessimists we should see a virile, optimistic throng of rosy-cheeked people everywhere.

An inside bath is had by drinking, each morning before breakfast, a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to wash from the stomach, liver, kidneys and ten yards of bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour fermentations and poisons, thus cleansing, sweetening and freshening the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach.

Those subject to sick headache, biliousness, nasty breath, rheumatism, colds; and particularly those who have a pallid, sallow complexion and who are constipated very often, are urged to obtain a quarter pound of limestone phosphate at the drug store which will cost but a trifle but is sufficient to demonstrate the quick and remarkable change in both health and appearance awaiting those who practice internal sanitation. We must remember that inside cleanliness is more important than outside, because the skin does not absorb impurities to contaminate the blood, while the pores in the thirty feet of bowels do.



"Run, Father, Run!"

ing the platform. "I know him. He's not a bad sort."

"They say he's got five kids, and most of 'em girls," responded the Adams express man. "I want to be on hand when they get here, to pick out a girl."

"Yah!" mocked the telegraph operator, bobbing his head through the window, "you need to. They tell me every