

PRUDENCE OF THE PARSONAGE

by
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MR. STARR, a widower Methodist minister, has been assigned to the congregation at Mount Mark, Iowa. He and his daughter, Prudence—she is nineteen, and the eldest of five girls—have come on ahead to get the new parsonage ready for the younger members of the family. Of course the whole town, especially the Methodists, is throbbing with curiosity about the newcomers. Mrs. Adams, a member of the Ladies' Aid society, hurried over to call on Prudence, and nosing around found the girl on her knees praying in the barn. So she began at once to "pump" the girl for all she was worth—it would be great stuff to tell the neighbors—and is still at it.

CHAPTER I—Continued.

But to return to the Ladies—the parsonage girls always capitalized the Ladies of their father's church—"One of us should go and help the dear child," said Mrs. Scott, the president of the Aids, when they assembled for their business meeting, "help her, and welcome her, and advise her."

"I was thinking of going over," said one, and another, and several others. "Oh, that will not do at all," said the president. "I think in a case like this the president herself should represent the society. Therefore, I will undertake this duty for you."

But this called forth a storm of protest and it became so clamorous that it was unofficially decided to draw cuts! Which was done, and in consequence of that drawing of cuts, Mrs. Adams now sat on the front porch of the old gray parsonage, cheered by the knowledge that every other Lady of the Aid was envying her!

"Now, just be real sociable and tell me all about yourself, and the others, too," urged Mrs. Adams. "I want to know all about every one of you. Tell me everything."

"There isn't much to tell," said Prudence, smiling. "There are five of us; I am the oldest—I am nineteen. Then comes Fairy, then the twins, and then the baby."

"Are the twins boys, or a boy and a girl?"

"Neither," said Prudence, "they are both girls."

"More girls!" gasped Mrs. Adams. "And the baby?"

"She is a girl, too." And Prudence laughed. "In short, we are all girls except father. He couldn't be, of course—or I suppose he would, for our family does seem to run to girls."

"Prudence is a very nice name for a minister's daughter," said Mrs. Adams suggestively.

"Yes—for some ministers' daughters," assented Prudence. "But is sadly unsuitable for me."

Mrs. Adams looked critically at this young daughter of the parsonage. Then her eyes wandered down to her clothes, and lingered, in silent questioning, on Prudence's dress. It was a very peculiar color. In fact, it was no color at all—no named color. Prudence's eyes had followed Mrs. Adams' glance, and she spoke frankly.

"I suppose you're wondering if this dress is any color! Well, I think it really is, but it isn't any of the regular shades. It is my own invention, but I've never named it. Fairy grew up and out and around, and one day when I was so nearly out of clothes I hardly felt I could attend church any more, she suggested that I cut an old one of hers down for me! At first I laughed, and then I was insulted. Fairy is three years younger than I, and before then she had got my handed-downs. But now the tables were turned. From that time on Fairy's clothes were cut down for me. I still feel bitter about it. Fairy is dark, and dark blues are becoming to her. She handed down this dress—it was dark blue then. But I was not wanting a dark blue, and I thought it would be less recognizable if I gave it a contrasting color. I chose lavender. I dyed it four times, and this was the result."

"Do the twins dress alike?" inquired Mrs. Adams, when she could control her voice.

"Yes—unfortunately for Connie. They do it on purpose to escape the handed-downs! They won't even have hair ribbons different. And the result is that poor Connie never gets one new thing except shoes. She says she

cannot help thinking the Lord in her prayers that all of us outwear our shoes before we can outgrow them.—Connie is only nine. Fairy is sixteen, and the twins are thirteen. They are a very clever lot of girls."

"And what are you going to do?" inquired Mrs. Adams, looking with real affection at the bright, sweet face. "You ought to go to school. You're just a girl yourself."

"I don't want to go to school," laughed Prudence. "Not any more. I like it, just taking care of father and the girls—with Fairy to keep me balanced! I read, but I do not like to study.—No, you'll have to get along with me just the way I am, Mrs. Adams. It's all I can do to keep things going now, without spending half the time dreaming of big things to do in the future."

"Don't you have dreams?" gasped Mrs. Adams. "Don't you have dreams of the future? Girls in books nowadays dream—"

"Yes, I dream," interrupted Prudence. "I dream lots—but it's mostly of what Fairy and others will do when I get them properly raised. You'll like the girls, Mrs. Adams, I know you will. They really are a gifted little bunch—except me, I'm just common little Prudence of the Parsonage—but the others!" And Prudence flung out her hands dramatically.

CHAPTER II.

The Rest of the Family.

It was Saturday morning when the four young parsonage girls arrived in Mount Mark. The elderly Misses Avery, next door, looked out of their windows, pending their appearance on Main street, with interest and concern. They were Episcopallians themselves, and in all their long lives they had never so much as heard of a widower-rector with five daughters and no housekeeper. There was something blood-curdling in the bare idea.

The Misses Avery considered Prudence herself rather a sweet, silly little thing.

"You have some real nice people in the Methodist church," Miss Dora had told her. "I dare say you will find a few of them very likable."

"Oh, I will like them all," said Prudence quickly and seriously.

"Like them all," echoed Miss Dora. "Oh, impossible!"

"Not for us," said Prudence. "We are used to it, you know. When we dislike people at first sight, we visit them, and talk to them, and invite them to the parsonage, and entertain them with our best linen and silver-ware, and keep on getting friendlier and friendlier, and—first thing you know, we like them fine!"

So the Misses Avery concluded that Prudence was not entirely responsible. And they wondered, with something akin to an agony of fear, if the younger girls "had it, too!" and when Miss Alice cried excitedly, "Quick! Quick! They are coming!" they trooped to Miss Alice's window with a speed that would have done credit to the parsonage girls themselves.

First came the minister, whom they knew very well by this time, and considered quite respectable. He was lively, as was to be expected of a Methodist minister, and told jokes, and laughed at them! Now, a comical rector—oh, a very different matter—it wasn't done, that's all! At any rate, here came the Methodist minister, laughing, and on one side of him tripped a small, earnest-looking maiden, clasping his hand, and gazing alternately up into his face and down at the stylish cement sidewalk beneath her feet. On the other side was Fairy. The Misses Avery knew the girls by name already—having talked much with Prudence.

"Such a Fairy!" gasped Miss Millicent, and the others echoed the gasp but wordlessly.

For Fairy was very nearly as tall as her father, built upon generous lines, rather commanding in appearance, a little splendid-looking. Even from their windows they could discern something distinctly Junolike in this sixteen-year-old girl, with the easy, elastic stride that matched her father's, and the graceful head, well carried. A young goddess—named Fairy! Behind them, laughing and chattering, like three children, as they were—came the twins with Prudence, each with an arm around her waist. And Prudence was a very little taller than they. When they reached the fence that bordered the parsonage, the scene for a moment resembled a miniature

riot. The smaller girls jumped and exclaimed, and clasped their hands. Fairy leaned over the fence, and stared intently at this, their parsonage home. Then the serious little girl scrambled under the fence, followed closely by the lithe-limbed twins. A pause, a very short one—and then Prudence, too, was wriggling beneath the fence.

"Hold the wire up for me, papa!" cried Fairy. "I'm too fat." And a second later she was running gracefully across the lawn toward the parsonage. The Methodist minister laughed boyishly, and placing his hands on the fence post, he vaulted lightly over, and reached the house with his daughters. Then the Misses Avery, school-teachers and elderly, looked at one another.

"Did you ever?" gasped the oldest Miss Avery, and the others slowly shook their heads.

Now, think! Did you ever see a rector jumping a three-wire fence, and running full speed across his front yard in pursuit of a flying family? It may possibly have occurred—we have never seen it. Neither had the three Misses Avery. Nor did they ever expect to. And if they had seen it, it is quite likely they would have joined the backsliders at that instant.

But without wasting much time on this gruesome thought, they hurried to a window commanding the best view of the parsonage, and raised it. Then they clustered behind the curtains, and watched and listened. There was plenty to hear! From the parsonage windows came the sound of scampering feet and banging doors. Once there was the unmistakable clatter of a chair overturned. With it all there was a constant chorus of "Oh, look!" "Oh! Oh!" "Oh, how sweet!" "Oh, papa!" "Oh, Prudence!" "Look, Larkie, look at this!"

Then the eldest Miss Avery closed the window overlooking the parsonage and confronted her sisters.

"We must just make the best of it," she said quietly.

But next door the gray old parsonage was full to overflowing with satisfaction and happiness and love. Everyone has experienced the ecstatic, creepy sensation of sleeping in a brand-new home. The parsonage girls reveled in the memory of that first night for many days. "It may be haunted for all we know," cried Carol deliciously. "Just think, Connie, there may be seven ghosts camped on the head of your bed, waiting—"

"Carol!"

When the family gathered for worship on that first Sabbath morning, Mr. Starr said, as he turned the leaves of his well-worn Bible, "I think it



"Quick! They Are Coming!"

would be well for you to help with the morning worship now. When I finish reading the chapter, Connie, you will make the first prayer. Just pray for whatever you wish as you do at night for yourself. I will follow you."

Connie's eyes were wide with responsibility during the reading of the chapter, but when she began to speak her voice did not falter. Connie had nine years of good Methodist experience back of her!

"Our Father, who art in heaven, we bow ourselves before thy footstool in humility and reverence. Thou art our God, our Creator, our Savior. Bless us this day, and cause thy face to shine upon us. Blot out our transgressions, pardon our trespasses. Wash us, that we may be whiter than snow. Hide not thy face from the eyes of thy children, turn not upon us in wrath. Pity us, Lord, as we kneel here prostrate before thy majesty and glory. Let the words of our mouths and the meditations of our hearts be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, our strength and our Redeemer. And finally save us, an unbroken family around thy throne in heaven, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

This was followed by an electric silence. Prudence was biting her lips

painfully, and counting by tens as fast as she could. Fairy was mentally going over the prayer, sentence by sentence, and attributing each petition to the individual member in the old church at Exminster to whom it belonged. The twins were a little amazed, and quite proud. Connie was an honor to the parsonage—but they were concerned lest they themselves should not do quite so well when their days came.

But in less than a moment the minister-father began his prayer. When he said "Amen," Prudence was on her feet and half-way upstairs before the others were fairly risen. Fairy stood gazing intently out of the window for a moment, and then went out to the barn to see if the horse was through eating. Mr. Starr walked gravely and soberly out the front door, and around the house. He ran into Fairy coming out the kitchen door, and they glanced quickly at each other.

"Hurry, papa," she whispered; "you can't hold in much longer! Neither can I!"

And together, choking with laughter, they hurried into the barn and gave full vent to their feelings.

Doesn't it seem that the happy-go-lucky houseful of parsonage girls will win the friendship of the Avery spinsters and tear away the barrier of enobishness and reserve which hedges them in?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ONE OF EARTH'S QUIET SPOTS

Very Little Movement Noted in the College Town During the Drowsy Summer Months.

Only the dead sleep more serenely, more beautifully than the college town in summer. When you enter it you feel that a peace that passeth all understanding has somehow descended upon the place. It is a woman whose lover is away and who spends the lazy days dreaming of him and waiting for his return.

Downtown in the evening, girls saunter the streets in pairs and are not too scornful of the wandering commercial salesman. At the hotel lights are low and the lobby is quiet; in the bar are a few citizens, a drummer and maybe two or three students who are tutoring through the summer.

Mornings on "The Hill" you get still more surely the sensation of loneliness. The clock in the library tower chimes the three-quarters, and like an echo come the soprano voices of the little group of left-over coeds, singing behind the open windows of a conservatory.

The blue lake below you is unmarred by crew or sail. Even the bronze image of the friend of the founder, in the quadrangle, seems to relax a bit in its chair—and to be waiting for September and the breath of life.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

What's in a Name?

It is interesting to know how certain flowers got their names, observes London Tit-Bits. Many were named after individuals. For instance, fuchsias were so called after Leonard Fuchs, Dubliner were named from Andre Dahl, who brought them from Peru. The camelia was so called from a missionary named Kamel, who brought some magnificent specimens of the flower to France from Japan. He called it the Rose of Japan, but his friends changed it to camelia. Magnolias were named in honor of Professor Magnol de Montpellier, who first brought the beautiful trees to France from America and Asia. The Latin word for "to wash" is "lavare," and lavender received its name because the Romans put the flowers into the water used for washing to perfume their hands.

Intellectual Free Rein.

Why should we believe that in the intellectual realm alone the interest of the undeveloped child should be of such paramount and controlling importance? Why not then in the moral and physical realms? Yet youth is proverbially a period of limitation, requiring processes, often painful, of curbing and restraint. Give the youth, whether boy or girl, free rein in yielding to moral—or immoral—interests, and moral ruin will generally result. Give the growing boy the liberty to follow his physical inclinations, and disaster must surely follow. On what fair assumption, then, may we claim that in things intellectual the child's interest should prevail?—Alfred E. Stearns, in Atlantic.

Careful.

"Had your vacation yet, old man?" "Not yet. I'm going to take mine the same time the boss takes his. Then he can't see how easily the office can get along without me."—New York World.

Rights Hard to Define.

"My idea is that every strap-hanger should have 50 cubic feet of air." "And what are your rights if some other strap-hanger sticks his nose over into your air?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

ANY CHEST COLD

MAY BRING

Bronchitis or Tonsillitis

The irritating, tickling cough affects the lung tissue and wears down nature's power to resist disease germs.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

suppresses the cold, allays the inflammation, steadily removes the irritation and rebuilds the resistive power to prevent lung trouble.

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The World's Greatest External Remedy.

Coughs and Colds (on chest and another between shoulder blades) Weak Chests, Any Local Pain. Insist on Having ALLCOCK'S.



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is no more necessary than Smallpox. Army experience has demonstrated the almost miraculous efficacy, and harmlessness, of Antityphoid Vaccination. Be vaccinated NOW by your physician, you and your family. It is more vital than house insurance. Ask your physician, druggist, or send for "Have you had Typhoid?" telling of Typhoid Vaccine, results from us, and danger from Typhoid Carriers. THE CUTLER LABORATORY, BERKELEY, CAL. PRODUCING VACCINES & SERUMS UNDER U. S. GOV. LICENSE

A Masculine Mrs. Blunderby.

Visitor—Do you employ many women on your farm, Mr. Hawbuck? Uncle Si—No, sir; they be too contrarious an' onsartin. Gimme manual labor every time.—Boston Transcript.

"Father, what did you do in the great war?" "I nursed you while your mother was selling flags."

He—I could die tangoing. She—That's no reason why you should expect me to keep a suicide pact.—Philadelphia Ledger.

BIG EATERS GET KIDNEY TROUBLE

Take Salts at first sign of Bladder irritation or Back-ache.

The American men and women must guard constantly against kidney trouble, because we eat too much and all our food is rich. Our blood is filled with uric acid which the kidneys strive to filter out, they weaken from overwork, become sluggish; the eliminative tissues clog and the result is kidney trouble, bladder weakness and a general decline in health.

When your kidneys feel like lumps of lead; your back hurts or the urine is cloudy, full of sediment or you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night; if you suffer with sick headache or dizzy, nervous spells, acid stomach, or you have rheumatism when the weather is bad, 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 flush and stimulate clogged kidneys; to neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer is a source of irritation, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure, makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water beverage, and belongs in every home, because nobody can make a mistake by having a good kidney flushing any time.