

# PRUDENCE'S DAUGHTER

By **ETHEL HUESTON**

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## THE MODERN GIRL

This is a story of love and heart interest without a villain in it, a story of everyday people, their problems and joys, a story of delicious humor, of cheerfulness and optimism without a Pollyanna character. The stories of Ethel Hueston are immensely popular. Her Prudence, in "Prudence of the Parsonage," "Prudence Says So" and "Prudence's Sisters," has become one of the famous girls of fiction. But Prudence is no longer a girl. She now has a grown daughter and this latest book in the series is mostly about her, although Prudence still figures in it as joyously and as charmingly as of yore. This daughter is a modern girl, typical of the times and like so many girls of today engaged in a search for what she calls freedom, soul expression, etc. The story opens in Greenwich Village, with its picturesque and hectic life. Then the heroine, having learned several things about life, goes back to Des Moines. Yet true love seems to be the same—whether in Greenwich Village or Des Moines.

## Part One

### CHAPTER I

#### Jerry Was Not Deceived

It was lacking but twenty minutes of midnight. At the top of four staggeringly steep flights of dusty stairs the studio apartment of Carter Blake was ringing with unaccustomed blazes and glare of wild hilarity, supplanting the dull drab of steady life at the easel for the first time in nearly two years.

At twenty minutes to twelve the gaiety was at its height.

On a stool in the center of the room a small phonograph shrilled out the melody of the latest tango, and three couples danced intermittently about it, stopping at will to light a cigarette, to drain a glass from the tray on the table, or to join for a moment in the conversation that went on among the others scattered about the room.

Among the cushions on the wide couch, her feet crossed beneath her, in a startling gown of orange and black, a girl with vividly reddened hair, with crimson cheeks and impeccably painted lips, leaned drowsily against the shoulder of Korzky, the young Russian sculptor, her slender profile lifted to his face. In her slim, nervous fingers was a cigarette, which she held first to his lips, then to her own, with easy impartiality.

In the window-seat, alone, strumming soft southern melodies on a banjo, in discordant defiance of the blatant jazz, half reclining upon the cushions, lay Mary Donya, a class on the window sill at her side, a cigarette dropping futilely away to ashes in a tray, while Almee Glorian perched like a pretty, angelic imp on the heavy, old-fashioned table against the wall, her fair face seraphic in its gentle sweetness, swaying to the rhythmic motion of the cocktail shaker, of which she had proclaimed herself officiating goddess.

At twenty minutes to midnight, a yellow taxi stopped before the entrance, four flights below, and Rhoda La Faye, in a golden cloak, her golden hair an aureole in the reflection of the bright street-lights, sprang out at the instant of its stopping, her sharp eyes on the registering meter as she said: "One seventy! Right!"

She hurriedly pressed two one-dollar bills into the hand of the driver. "Come, Jerry!" she cried, with the quickness that characterized her every word and motion, and thrust out a nervous, hurrying hand from the folds of her cloak. Fairy Geraldine Harmer clasped it eagerly, almost shyly, as she followed breathlessly up the four long flights of stairs to Carter Blake's studio on the top floor.

Rhoda lifted the knocker, let it fall heavily, and, waiting for no response, opened the door and ran in, drawing Jerry with her. They were greeted with a burst of merry laughter, noisy welcome. Bertrande Rochester, abandoning the discussion before the picture, joined them immediately, catching Rhoda about the waist with a deft arm, and whirling her unceremoniously into the dance around the phonograph.

For a moment Jerry stood alone, slender and lovely, with glowing, questioning eyes, and quickening pulses.

"It's Jerry!—Jerry Harmer!" Rhoda tossed lightly over her shoulder, interrupted in what she would say by Bertrande Rochester, who kissed her as they danced. "Awfully nice little kid!—From Iowa!—We went to school together—until I got fired!"

Almee Glorian, of the angelic sweetness, slipped at once from the table, and drew away Jerry's cloak, which she piled with the others on a chest near the door.

"What will you have?" She turned hospitably to the table, with its brave display of bottles and glasses—a non-descript lot, those last, of every conceivable size and shape, and including three cracked teacups. "These are orange blossoms—I am making them for myself. I can't stand Scotch—plenty for you, too, if you like. Duane

Allerton is mixing highballs in the kitchen. And there's apricot brandy with cream if you want to start easy Duane, bring the highballs, the girls are here!" she called, prettily imperative. Then to Jerry again, "You'd better stick to orange blossoms with me—three parts gin to a whiff of orange—and you can love your wickedest enemy. Carter Blake has gone down for champagne. He'll be back in a minute. What—"

"I—I hardly know." Jerry flushed, stammered a little, in some confusion. Almee swept her a quick, appraising look, and smiled in friendly fashion.

"I see," she said. "You want apricot brandy with cream, and mostly cream, don't you?"

"Who called for a highball?" Duane Allerton came in from the kitchen, laughing, his cuffs pushed high, a bottle in one hand, a medicine glass in the other. "Mixed, or straight?"

Almee laughed softly, slipping her hand coyly into the curve of Jerry's pretty, bare, white arm.

"Brandy, weak, oh, awfully weak," she told him. "She hadn't registered when I called you. This is Rhoda La Faye's little protégée from the Middle West—Jerry Harmer. Isn't she beautiful, Duane? Miss Harmer, this is Duane Allerton. He's nice enough, but stupid. He's in business, isn't that disgusting? Duane, since Franzy isn't here tonight, why don't you take Jerry under your wing and make a little love to her? You're so good at love-making. Like his looks, Jerry? Don't be bashful. If you see anyone you like better, just say so. You're company, so you can take your choice."

"Oh, no—really—I think—"

"Well, I think myself you're getting the pick of the party," Almee agreed

pleasantly. "Try him out, anyhow. If you don't like his method, bring him back and I'll give you Billy Sparr. And welcome. He does nothing but stand over there and measure chins and ankles with a pencil. Now show her a good time, Duane. Give her brandy, and keep it weak. She hasn't the slightest rudiments of a real thirst."

Almee touched Duane's arm warningly, caressed Jerry with a light, feinting gesture, and turned away to reach for a cigarette.

Jerry lifted her blue, bright, happy eyes and looked at Duane Allerton. With that look, she forgot the great smoke-clouded room. She forgot the strange effrontery and the fragrant intimacy of the looks, the words, the attitudes, of those about her. She gazed into Duane Allerton's eyes, and a great happiness swelled in her gentle breast.

He took her hands, both hands, smiled at her, seeming in that smile to draw her physically, intimately, into the affectionate warmth of his charming camaraderie.

"You beautiful thing!" he whispered. Jerry's heart sang within her. He put his arm about her, and they danced twice across the room. Not one word could Jerry speak. Twice she lifted her dark misty lashes, and lowered them quickly, thrilled with the breathless pleasure she felt in his touch, in the light of his eyes intent on her lovely face.

As they came up to the door on the third round, he guided her neatly into the small kitchen—a scant and impoverished relation to the kitchens Jerry had known—and came to a stop before the bottles on the rickety table.

"You can't have a real good time when you are thirsty. Almee said apricot brandy—it's trash. It takes hours to get happy on it—and then you're not. I know what you want."

He filled a small glass for her, a large coffee cup for himself. Jerry sipped at it daintily, not liking it, barely able to repress a shudder of distaste. But under the warmth of his eyes she steeled herself to Spartan resolution, and drained it to the last drop. And rejoiced that she did

so, because he smiled at her gladly, as he tossed off his own.

He put the glasses back on the table again, took her hands in his and glowed upon her.

"You are beautiful, you are perfectly beautiful," he said. His voice was low-pitched, caressing, his eyes very direct and very earnest. He lit a cigarette and gave it to Jerry, lit another for himself.

Jerry had smoked before, in college—for fun—with the girls of her sorority, behind stuffed keyholes and carefully blanketed windows. That was mischief. This was another matter. But she took the cigarette when he gave it, tugged at it determinedly but with distaste, and was ashamed because she got smoke in her eyes, and because bits of tobacco came out between her lips.

She wished he had not thought of smoking. It seemed such idle waste to use those tender fingers of his for holding cigarettes. She liked that intimate, boyish way he had of catching her hands in both of his when he said: "You beautiful thing."

"Is—is it your studio?" she asked, suddenly embarrassed because she said nothing.

"Your voice is just like music," he told her, and the earnestness of his voice was almost like a sadness. But he smiled immediately. "Lord, no! I wouldn't have it. Looks like a barn to me. I hardly know the chap. Some artist. Carter Blake his name is—nice fellow, he seems, too. They just asked me to come along, and so I did."

"You seem so much at home—the way you go from room to room—I thought perhaps you lived here."

Duane smiled his pleasure. He liked that type, ingenuous, artless—he knew what unerring pains, what constant alertness, it entailed for a girl to retain that pretty assumption of artless innocence. He admired one who could do it, one who would take the trouble. It was the type that most intrigued him.

"You are adorable," he said, and then, smiling, his arm about her, he drew her into the dance once more and back into the studio.

In the doorway they encountered Carter Blake, hatless, his bottle of champagne wrapped in a handkerchief, just coming back.

"Come on, quick," he called to them, without waiting for introduction. "You're the girl from Iowa, aren't you? We want you to launch the contract. Here's the champagne. It'll be midnight in a minute."

The phonograph was turned off, and the others straggled over toward the easel in the corner. Carter Blake pulled it about until it faced them and they saw a printed contract securely fastened upon it with brass thumb-tacks. The girls ran quickly about the studio to fetch the flowers from every vase and jar, piling them in a rosy heap beneath the precious bit of paper on the easel.

"To launch the contract?" Jerry was greatly puzzled.

"It's his five-year contract with International," explained Almee, who stood near her. "Picture a month for five years! That's what the party is for, you know, to celebrate the contract. They only signed this morning."

They pressed more closely about the easel, Jerry standing out before them all, the bottle of champagne in her hand.

"Now, just a minute," Carter Blake ordered briskly. "I'll fire the revolver on the stroke of twelve. Then you souse the contract—"

"Souse it?" Jerry was deeply anxious, not understanding.

"For luck. Didn't you ever see a ship launched? It's a contract party, as I told you," explained Rhoda. "How is she to smash the bottle, Carter?"

Some one hastily brought an electric iron from the kitchen, and Duane held it for her.

He smiled at her anxious uncertainty. "Be careful! Hold the bottle away from you when you break the neck off; don't soil your gown! Then just throw it over the contract."

"Be ready now," cautioned Carter. "It lacks but a minute."

The clock on the mantel chimed the hour, and on the last stroke, Carter fired his revolver into the air.

"Quick," whispered Duane in her ear.

With a strong sure blow, Jerry struck the neck from the bottle and flung a stream of the golden fragrant liquor over the contract on the easel.

The others applauded gayly, clapping their hands, crowding about Carter to shake his hand in congratulation. The girls kissed him, many times, telling him how wonderful it was, and how happy they were.

When Jerry was drawn up to him in the pressure about her, "Oh, it is just wonderful," she breathed ecstatically, still but half comprehending what it was all about. But because the others did, and because he seemed to expect it, and Jerry would not for the world have hurt his feelings, she kissed him, too.

Carter Blake, seeing her in that moment for the first time, amazed and delighted with her loveliness, put both arms about her and kissed her again

and again, until Duane pulled him away, reminding him that he had signed but one contract and was taking the privileges of a score!

Then they had supper, a generous, conglomerate supper, erratic in its variety, sandwiches, Russian soups, strange things en casserole, quaint foreign pastries, Italian ices, and cheeses from every land. Duane and Jerry sat together, very close, very quiet, in the wide window-seat, looking out over the East river to the misty midnight towers of New York on the other side. The others talked of art, of colors, schools and contracts. But Jerry and Duane in the window heard not a word that was spoken, and hardly talked at all.

It cut into a particularly long and sober silence between them when she said, "Are you an artist?"

Duane laughed. "Oh, Lord, no. I'm on Wall Street. And heaven knows it's where I should be any place but! They're fleeing me right and left."

"Who are?" Jerry was almost resentful in his behalf. "Heaven knows. Somebody. At least it would seem so. I'm getting the ragged edge of it on all ends. I'm not slick enough. I never catch on to what's going on until it's gone. And then it's too late. Don't make me talk about business. I'd rather go on thinking how beautiful you are."

After a while someone started the phonograph once more and they danced. And he took her again to the kitchen, where she had a tiny highball, which she barely touched to her lips, and he had a very large one, and another, and then another. And finally, laughing at what he called her intemperate temperance, he drained her glass as well.

They were a long time in the kitchen, laughing for no apparent reason, looking at each other deeply, with pleased and intimate understanding, while Duane drank and smoked. When they went back to the studio, the lights were dimmer, the music softer, the voices more subdued.

Almee, with the face of angel sweetness, dancing by the door as they came in, released the tip of the bearded man's lips from between her lips to call to them:

"Do you like him, Jerry? Pretty well satisfied?"

And Rhoda paused in the midst of a particularly daring rendition of the tango to wave a friendly hand to her. Jerry flushed deeply, with the unconscious, instinctive recoil of her innocence and her inexperience. Her eyes clouded a little. But she smiled forgivingly.

"Rhoda's really a very nice girl," she said apologetically to Duane. "They are all nice, of course, I know they are. But I have known Rhoda a long time, and she is quite—or, really, she is quite proper. Of course, Iowa would be shocked!"

Duane drew her closer in his arm, so that her breath, with the slight scent of her first highball, touched his face. He did not leave her. The others came and went at will, flirted here, and loitered there, but Duane held his place at Jerry's side, kept her slender hands within his hands, touched the velvet folds of the seductive gown with tender fingers. And Jerry remained blind to the careless familiarity of it all, deaf to its blatant noise, seeing his warm eyes alone, hearing only his gentle voice, feeling but the caressiveness of his wandering touch.

It looks as if Jerry from Iowa had plunged into troubled waters. Is she a strong swimmer?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### Earliest Book Plates

It probably was because books were so few and precious in that early dawn of bookmaking and printing and illustrating that the first book plates were not as book plates as today. A king or queen or lord or lady did not have printed a mere tag, reading: "This book belongs to Beatrice Aragon." Instead, Beatrice of Aragon, for her book plate, had her picture together with the picture of her husband, Matthias I. Corvinus, king of Hungary 1443-90, at the foot of page two in their joint book, "De Spiritu Sancto," written by Sigismundus de Sigismundus and illuminated by Attavante dell Attavante.

All in all, those early days of books had much in their favor. You didn't have to worry much about borrowed volumes. You had no worries, either, about sectional bookcases. Your one volume was per se a first edition.

#### Pertaining to Ages

A century begins with the beginning of the first day in its first year, and does not end until the close of the last day in its hundredth year. The mode of reckoning is often confused with the common mode of stating the age of a person. A person born at the beginning of the Christian era would be called one year old during his second year, that is during the course of the year two; he would be called two during the year three; and forty during the year forty-one, etc.

#### IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

## Sunday School Lesson

By REV. F. H. FITZWATER, D.D., Dean of the Evening School, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.  
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Lesson for July 13

### THE GOSPEL IN LYSTRA

LESSON TEXT—Acts 14:1-28. GOLDEN TEXT—"Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."—Matt. 5:10.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Paul Heals a Lame Man. JUNIOR TOPIC—Paul Stoned at Lystra.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Going Forward in the Face of Difficulties. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Tribulations and Triumphs of Missionaries.

I. Paul and Barnabas Preaching at Iconium (vv. 1-7).

Their experience here was similar to that at Antioch. They entered the Jewish synagogue and preached, causing a multitude of Jews and Gentiles to believe. The unbelieving Jews stirred up the Gentiles to the most bitter opposition.

1. Their Manner of Preaching (v. 1).

This is suggested by the little word "so" in verse one. They so spake that a great multitude believed. They were true preachers. Only that which brings conviction of sin and induces decisions for Christ can be truly called preaching in the Biblical sense. It is not enough to merely bring the truth to the people. It must be brought in such a way that men and women will decide for Christ. This is also true of the Sunday school teacher.

2. Their Attitude Towards Opposition (v. 3).

This is suggested by the word "therefore." Long time therefore they tarried. The opposition did not prevent their preaching, but incited them to continue preaching.

3. The Lord Accompanied Their Preaching With Miracles (v. 3).

Since the opposition was so fierce, the Lord granted special help which was needed.

4. The Effect of Their Preaching (v. 4).

The multitude of the city was divided. Where men faithfully preach the gospel, there will be division.

5. Paul and Barnabas Assaulted (vv. 5-7).

The Jews and the Gentiles united in this assault. Being apprised of their effort, they fled to Lystra and Derbe.

II. An Attempt to Worship Paul and Barnabas as Gods (vv. 8-18).

1. The Occasion (vv. 8-10).

It was the healing of the lame man. God's gracious power shown in healing this lame man occasioned a new difficulty. That which ought to have been a help was turned into a hindrance. This was a notable miracle. The man was a confirmed cripple. He had never walked. On hearing Paul preach, faith was born in his heart (Rom. 10-17). When Paul perceived that he trusted Christ, he called with a loud voice that all could hear for the man to stand upright. The cure was instantaneous for he leaped up and walked (v. 10).

2. The Method (vv. 11-13).

Barnabas they called Jupiter and Paul, Mercurius, because he was the chief speaker. The priest of Jupiter brought oxen and garlands ready to offer sacrifice unto these men (v. 13).

3. Their Efforts Frustrated (vv. 14-18).

This foolish act was happily averted by the fact of the apostasy.

(1) They denied that they were divine beings, and declared that to worship beings with like passions to themselves was criminal.

(2) They directed the people to turn away from these vain things unto the living God who made heaven and earth, and has left witness of Himself in that He has always done good, giving rain and fruitful seasons, and filling their hearts with gladness.

III. The Stoning of Paul (vv. 19-22).

Wicked Jews from Antioch and Iconium pursued Paul with relentless hate to this place where they stirred up the very people who were willing to worship them a little while before. This shows that satanic worship can soon be turned into satanic hate. This hatred took form in stoning Paul and dragging him out of the city for dead. God raised him up, and with undaunted courage, he pressed on with his missionary duties, bearing the good tidings to the lost.

IV. The Organization of Churches in the Field (vv. 23-28).

Evangelization with Paul did not mean a hasty and superficial preaching of the gospel, but the establishment of a permanent work. Elders were appointed in every church. The work of the missionary is not done until self-governing and self-propagating churches are established on the field.

#### Seeing Christ in Men

St. Vincent de Paul made it a rule of his life to be always looking for the Christ in every man he saw or met. When that is a master-thought in anyone, in that person all men see Christ.—Dr. R. F. Horton.

#### Our Destiny

We make our destiny by our thinking, and the only determinism in nature is furnished by the verdict of the mind. The course of history is the course of thought.—Harold Begbie.



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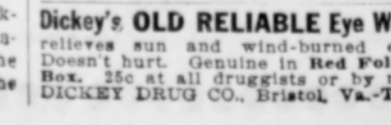
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