



PRUDENCE'S DAUGHTER

IN NEW YORK

SYNOPSIS—PART ONE—At a merry party in the studio apartment of Carter Blake, New York, Jerry (Geraldine Harmer, Prudence's daughter, meets Dumas Allerton, wealthy miser. He admires her tremendously and she likes him. But Allerton gets a bit exhilarated, with unfortunate results. Jerry, resenting his assumption of familiarity, leaves the party abruptly, 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 asks her parents to let her go to New York for study.

CHAPTER II—Continued

"Oh, a perfectly ridiculous thing," explained Jerry lightly. "She did some illustrations in the college magazine, and they were a little—advanced, you might say, and Rhoda said they were artistic, and she wouldn't apologize, and a few other things like that. But, father, no one could say Rhoda La Faye was not a genius!"

"And of course," Prudence went on, as though it were all her own idea to begin with, "no one could expect an artistic, gifted, temperamental girl like that to plod along here in Iowa like the ordinary daughters of farmers and ministers and merchant." And she will be very helpful to Jerry, I am sure."

Jerry looked at her mother keenly, frowning, with questioning eyes. When she was alone with her father she said confidentially:

"I'd better keep my eye on mother. She's had too much experience. After bringing up that whole crowd in the parsonage, how can one lone daughter hope to be a match for her? I seem to be getting my own way, but I think she's working me, for all that."

The letter from Rhoda La Faye, in response to Jerry's query, was warmly satisfying in every particular. She said she would be only too happy to meet Jerry, to assist her in every possible way, and happily she knew just the place for her, right down in Greenwich Village on Rell's alley with Mimi Delaney, a particular friend of Rhoda's own, who was letting rooms to students. She promised to meet Jerry at the station, and to be entirely her slave and handmaiden until she was properly domiciled in the big city. And begged her please to excuse the haste of her note, as she was very busy.

Jerrold was not pleased—he did not like the idea of the Village, he disapproved of Rhoda La Faye, he thought Jerry's plan to study art was "all piffle." And when he was alone with Prudence at night, and grieving over her restlessness, her sleepless hours, he expressed himself very forcibly on the subject of daughters.

"It's selfishness," he said. Jerry's place is here with you. She has no business going off to New York or any place else. A daughter's place is with her mother."

"Why, Jerrold? Why should we expect her to live our life, just because she is our daughter?"

"Why? Because she is our daughter, that's why! Didn't we bring her into the world? Didn't we raise her? Didn't—"

"Yes, but we did it to please ourselves, didn't we? Jerry certainly didn't have much to say about it?"

"A child," he said didactically, "owes its parents everything in the world, owes it—"

"Love," said Prudence softly. "Just love. Nothing else. And that's enough, Jerrold, if we've done our part."

The great, lovely house was vastly confused in those days, with the packing of Jerry's clothes and books and the thousand pretty, intimate things a young student of art would be sure to want in a strange, big city. And there were dressmakers thrumming steadily away on their machines, turning out new gowns, new suits, new wraps, for Jerry to wear in her pursuit of Art.

"Um, I think you'd better draw it in more about the hips," Jerry's critical young voice floated out to her father, where he sat staring at the newspaper that he did not see. They were going to miss Jerry! After college, he had thought it was all over, that Jerry's future was ended with her education, and they were all to settle down to the joy of home, and having a daughter in it.

Jerrold sighed.

"Yes, a little more, don't you think, mother? I really am rather properly built, you know, and I've no reason to be ashamed of it. Is that better, mother? You know the men do like—"

"I thought you were going to New York to study art!" her father broke almost peevishly.

"Um, I am," assented Jerry absently. "But mother and I know, whether you do or not, that the more you know about men the faster you progress in art."

"Yes, of course," said Prudence. That night, when Jerry had gone upstairs, Prudence sat on the arm of her husband's chair, slipping lower and lower beside him, until her face was buried against his shoulder.

"Well, you were all for her going, so I suppose it's settled," he said tully.

"Yes, it's settled," Prudence's voice was muffled.

"Well, you want her to go, don't you?"

"Yes, of course, I want her to go," there was a sob in Prudence's throat.

"Well, then I suppose you're satisfied."

"I—yes, I'm satisfied," Prudence's shoulders rose and fell, heavily, and she pressed her face more deeply against his shoulder.

Then Jerrold drew her quickly about on his knees, until she was huddled in his arms, heart-broken, sobbing like a child, although a woman past forty with a grownup daughter going away.

"Don't cry, Prudence," he said, holding her very close to him, his own eyes wet.

Presently she lifted her face, stained with tears, and laughed at her foolishness, and patted away her tears with a filmy bit of lace and soft linen ridiculously serving as a handkerchief.

After that there was nothing for Jerrold to do but procure the tickets for Jerry, look after the checking of her baggage, and see that she had money enough for her needs. And nothing for Prudence to do but take her daughter in her arms—and let her go.

CHAPTER III

Jerry Is Free

Rhoda La Faye met Jerry at Grand Central station in New York as she had promised. Rhoda surprised Jerry, pleased her greatly—she seemed quite different from the old Rhoda of college days—so brisk, so tailored, so assertive. She caught Jerry's hands in hers, kissed her warmly on both cheeks, exclaimed over her bright beauty, all in one breath, while with Jerry's light bag in her hand she was drawing her swiftly through the great station and out to a waiting taxi. Immediately they were off—somewhere—anywhere—Jerry neither knew nor cared.

She had been in New York before with her father and Prudence. Then, with a soft lelaureliness impervious to the stirring pressure about them, they had followed a red-capped porter to a taxi—a porter who had been obliged to return many times to find them in the midst of the confusion and the crowd—and had settled themselves in a comfortable suite of rooms in a spacious hotel to enjoy a pleasant, nicely ordered orgy of shopping, theaters and drives. Another time they were met at the station by Aunt Connie herself, in her car, with her chauffeur in sober livery, and were driven swiftly out to her great home in Englewood, to enjoy the solicitous ministrations of her efficient maids.

That was Prudence's way of doing New York. This was different. This was freedom. Jerry loved it—loved the quick, confident hustling of this tall, unhesitating girl of her own age—a girl who alone and independent had taken New York by the horns and forced it into subjection.

"Listen, Angel-face," the indomitable creature was saying, "will you forgive me if I desert you tonight? I have heaps to do. I have to put backgrounds in three pictures that I promised word-of-honor would be ready at ten tomorrow. Besides, I need the money. I shall have to sit up all night to get them done, anyhow."

"Oh, I am so sorry! I am afraid my coming today has bothered you, and—"

"Oh, please don't say that. I love having you here. It only happens this way once in a while—sometimes for weeks I haven't a thing to do—and I correspondingly little to eat," she confided, with a light bit of laughter. "But Theresa Brady will look out for you. She has a room at Mimi Delaney's, where you are to live. And she said she would take you out for dinner, and help you get settled and everything. She is a marvelous girl—Theresa Brady—the most talented thing you ever saw. You will adore her."

And before Rhoda had finished her eulogy of Theresa Brady the taxi whirled up in a short, bare, grimy street and stopped before a little, squat, twisted house that had one time done service as a rich man's stable. Rhoda, with Jerry's bag, was out in the street with the stopping of the

car, and after a sharp glance at the recording meter, tossed a bill to the driver, and held out a nervous, hurrying hand to Jerry.

In response to her impatient pressure on the button the door was opened after a little by a lovely rose-and-cream-colored woman, in a trailing rose-and-cream-colored gown, who smiled radiantly upon Jerry, her white hand, flaunting a brave display of flashing rings and tinkling thin silver bracelets, outstretched in friendly welcome.

"The little girl from Iowa!" she said, and her voice was one of musical vibrations.

"Hello, Mimi!" said Rhoda, her brisk tone seeming almost harsh in contrast. "Theresa here? Listen, Mimi! This is Miss Harmer, Mrs. Delaney. Mrs. Delaney is your hostess, Jerry, your landlady if you wish, and also, I hope, your friend. I have to fly—honestly, it is a shame, but it's a rush order. You know how these things are, Mimi!" She put her arm about Jerry regretfully. "It is a crime, I know, to leave you like this, Angel-face, but you don't know what it is to work for your bread and butter."

"Oh, I don't mind a bit," said Jerry, bravely trying to hide her sense of loneliness and disappointment. "I shall write some letters, and unpack my bag. I don't mind at all."

Rhoda squeezed her gratefully. "You are a darling! Mimi will take good care of you. But let me warn you! Keep all your lovers out of her sight. She's a beau-catcher! She took two from me, and three from Theresa, and heaven only knows how many from other poor working girls! Call Theresa, will you, Mimi? She is going to take her out for dinner."

Rhoda dropped a snatchy kiss somewhere in the direction of Jerry's face and ran away.

Mrs. Delaney took Jerry's bag, and led her up a very narrow, very dark and very winding stairway.

"Rhoda says you are a plutocrat," she said musically. "And so we gave

you our best foot forward—second floor front. Rhoda says 'Plute' is your middle name."

"She does me a great injustice," said Jerry, smiling.

"I think you will like this. It is quite nice and roomy. Remember I am your landlady, so pretend to be a little pleased with it anyhow, not to hurt my feelings."

Jerry could not but smile at the "roominess" of which she had so bravely boasted. To the vision of her generous, Middle Western eyes, it was chokingly, crampingly small, a smallness overemphasized by its gaudy cretonning in vivid orange and black. But Jerry said nothing at all of that, she only smiled, and assured her silver-tongued hostess that she knew she was going to be very happy in her new home.

"Here is your kitchenette," explained Mimi, opening a door in the rear.

"Oh, I don't want to cook. I am going to study very hard. I shall take my meals out somewhere."

"Oh, you will not like going out for breakfast, I am sure," protested Mimi. "No one goes out for breakfast! And surely you will want your luncheon in, and your tea! One eats so little. But of course, you shall do just as you wish! But everyone prefers—just you needn't take the room at all, you know, Miss Harmer, unless you like it."

"Oh, I do like it, and I have taken it already. And now that I think of it, I am sure you are right, and I shall very much prefer having my little breakfast in. I'll get an electric grill and a percolator, and then I can have parties, too."

"I shouldn't wish you to take the room unless you like it," said Mimi with her engaging frankness. "But I am glad you do like it. I need the money. I was quite ill last year, and have had no engagement for some months, and you know how we in the profession squander our salary when we are working!" She laughed exultingly for that particular foible of the profession. "Theresa and I have this house together. A maid comes in every morning to do the rooms. Wait till I call Theresa!"

And then she swept out to the hallway, and called, her voice ringing like the cadences of a lilted song, that Miss Harmer was here, and Theresa should come down.

Jerry thought she would like Theresa. She was tall and large, yet thin, seeming taller, larger and thinner in the presence of Mimi, who was

short in stature and appeared small, though with a suggestive roundness both of face and figure. Theresa was dark, unfathomably intense, with a sort of subdued or repressed ferocity in the tones of her voice, the deep lines of her face, and in every quick, sure movement. Jerry thought she seemed younger than Mimi, although more quiet, more reserved, much colder. She looked tired. There were dark circles beneath her eyes, lines of weariness in every feature. Smudges of paint showed upon her rumpled smock, and her nails were rough and ragged, obviously bit to the quick. She held out her hand, a large, thin, capable hand, stained with ink and paint and the smoke of countless cigarettes. Jerry's met it warmly. They smiled at each other.

"It's like Rhoda to dump you off in a strange city and wash her hands of you," she said, and the friendliness of her voice as she spoke of Rhoda's vagaries forbade a suspicion of malice. "She is working wickedly hard."

"Is she doing well? Does she work very hard?" Jerry asked, with great eagerness.

"Um, both. She works like the devil at back jobs, to get a little money ahead so she can study."

"There's no money in art, and everyone knows it," said Mimi, musically peevish. "Rhoda and Theresa—they are both fools. I always say so. They should take up something new, something modern, something there is money in. It's all very well to talk of starving for art—starving for art, I call it."

Theresa laughed. "You should talk!" she said derisively. "I don't see that you've acquired such a fortune behind the footlights! Not that you're behind them very often, I must say." Then, Mimi effectually silenced, she turned to Jerry. "You want to fuss up a little after your journey, I suppose. Come up when you are ready, will you? I am on the third floor at the back. Be careful not to stumble, it's very dark. Will you come out to dinner with us, Mimi?"

"No, thanks, I have a date. Here are the keys, Miss Harmer—this is the door downstairs, this is your room. If you want anything, don't hesitate to ask. Come, Theresa, let the poor child shake off the dust of travel."

They went out, smiling back at her, closing the door after them. Their voices came to her from the narrow hallway.

"You look a mess," said Mimi discontentedly, but still with musical resonance. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Oh, don't bother me! I'm tired as the deuce!"

"Why don't you go to bed, Theresa? You're such a fool to slave so. And nothing to come of it, either. Fame—puff, what's fame? A bank account is the only way to judge a talent!"

"Who's your date?"

"Phil Mills. Lie down, Theresa. I'll bring you a cup of tea. And for heaven's sake, wash your hands. I was ashamed for her to see your finger nails. You're certainly a mess. Do lie down a while, you look positively yellow."

Their voices receded as Theresa drew herself wearily up the stairs, and Jerry, standing in the center of her tiny new home, looked about her with quizzical, humorous eyes, and laughed. It was ridiculously small, ridiculously gaudy, ridiculously frugal in its very flamboyance. The bathroom was no more than a stuffy dark closet. The vaulted kitchenette was a shelf, a hole in the wall.

"Oh, Prudence!" laughed Jerry, thinking of her mother, sure she was happy, but there were tears in her eyes.

Jerry has certainly got in with some queer fish. How will she fit in with her surroundings?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Sign That Worked

He was a burglar. After effecting an entrance into the bank he found his way, easily enough, to the strong room. When the light of the lantern fell on the door he saw this sign written in red letters:

"Save your dynamite. This safe is not locked. Turn the knob and it will open."

For a moment he ruminated. "Anyhow," he reflected, "there's no harm in trying it if it really is unlocked."

He grasped the knob and turned it. Instantly the office was flooded with light, an alarm bell rang loudly, an electric shock rendered him helpless, while a panel in the wall opened and out rushed a bulldog which seized him firmly.

An hour later, when the cell door closed on him, he sighed:

"I know what's wrong with me. I'm too trusting. I have too much faith in human nature."

Longevity From Sap?

Longevity through the utilization of sap from trees as a food for human beings is the theory of an Oregon scientist, who is investigating whether there is any foundation for a myth that the ancients who lived to a great age drank the sap of trees. Man must be satisfied with a life of seventy or eighty years, while a redwood tree in California, which was a seedling 525 years before Christ, goes on living at 2,500 years of age, he reasoned. If this scientist can find and isolate the long-life substance in the California redwood, he believes he will have something better than a gland cure for restoring youth and prolonging life, says Capper's Weekly.

MY FAVORITE STORIES

By IRVIN S. COBB

The Curse of an Active Mind

My father, for the greater part of his life, was in the steamboat business. He was an official of a company operating packets on the lower Ohio river. The headquarters of the line was the gathering place of pilots, captains, mates, clerks and engineers—a collection of quaint types and homely philosophers. One of the regular visitors was a grizzled master who had as quick a wit and as gorgeous an inventive faculty as any man I ever saw. His fictions and fables, told with an air of sincerity, were local classics.

I was a small boy but I still remember it as though it were yesterday, when on a summer afternoon the talk drifted to the subject of mules. Somebody ventured the opinion that the mule was a stupid animal.

Instantly our champion romancer spoke up:

"Don't you believe it," he said. "The average mule has got more sense than the average horse has got. What's more, every mule has got something that no horse ever had—and that's imagination. Why, I know of an instance when a mule was killed by the power of his imagination."

"It happened forty years ago when I was a young shaver, on my uncle's farm up the Tennessee river. My uncle owned an old gray mule. He had the mule on pasture in a ten-acre lot. In the middle of the lot was a long crib full of popcorn."

"Along about the middle of July came the most terrific hot spell that ever occurred in this country. The thermometer went to 118 in the shade and stayed right there day and night for three weeks. At the end of the third week, on the hottest day of all, the sun set fire to the roof of that corncrib and it burned to the ground. Naturally, the heat popped all the corn and it fell three inches deep, all over that ten-acre lot. The mule thought it was snow and laid down in its tracks and froze to death."

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Tired, Lame, Achy?

Are you dragging around with a constant backache? Feel weak, worn and achy; so miserable you can't enjoy a moment's comfort? How about your kidneys? Well kidneys filter off body poisons. But when the kidneys slow up, poisons accumulate and upset the system. Backache is apt to follow, with sharp pains, dizziness and annoying kidney irregularities. Don't delay! If you suspect faulty kidney action, use Doan's Pills. Doan's have helped thousands—are recommended the world over. Ask your neighbor!

A California Case

Mrs. A. E. McClellan, 517 W. Dryden St., Glendale, Calif., says: "My back was lame and when I stood up, sharp catches took me across my kidneys and it was difficult to get up or down. I always had that tired feeling. Dizziness, too, was another symptom. So I finally started using Doan's Pills. They completely cured me."

DOAN'S PILLS

STIMULANT DIURETIC TO THE KIDNEYS
 Foster-Milburn Co., Mfg. Chem., Buffalo, N. Y.

Poetry Profitable

"Had a queer experience recently," said the Billville poet. "Robbers held me up on the highway. Didn't have a cent in my pocket—only a poem which I was taking to the editor."

"Didn't take the poem, did he?"

"No. Read three lines of it, handed it back to me and said, 'Friend, here's two nob. You need it worse than I do.'—Northern Daily Mail.

To Have a Clear, Sweet Skin

Touch pimples, redness, roughness or itching, if any, with Cuticura Ointment, then bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Rinse, dry gently and dust on a little Cuticura Talcum to leave a fascinating fragrance on skin. Everywhere 25c each.—Advertisement

Early Broadcasting

As early as 1896 the capital of Hungary, Budapest, had an organization called "Telefon Hírmondó," which broadcast music, news and whole operas by telephone.

Green's August Flower

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 Successful for 50 years.
 5c and 10c bottles—
 ALL DRUGGISTS

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PETALUMA HATCHERY
 Accredited by Sonoma County Farm Bureau. White Leghorn chicks only. If you want good fall layers and broilers that bring a good price, raise chicks in the fall. Write for FREE 1926 Catalog. L. W. CLARK, Box 155, Petaluma, Calif.

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PLACED ANYWHERE ATTRACTS AND KILLS ALL FLIES. Nest clean, ornamental, all season. Made of metal, can't spill or tip over, will not injure anything, guaranteed effective. Sold by dealers, or prepared, \$1.25. HAROLD SUMERS, 100 De Kalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

MORTON HOSPITAL

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Dickey's OLD RELIABLE Eye Water

relieves sun and wind-burned eyes. Doesn't hurt. Genuine in Red Folding Box. 25c at all drugstores or by mail. DICKEY DRUG CO., Bristol, Va.—Tenn.

At the Literary

"During the literary exercises at the Toad Rock schoolhouse tuther night, Dodd Yammer and the rest of his quartette rix and began to sing," in the cross-roads store, related Lulu Dumm of Slippery Slap.

"How did it take with the crowd?" asked an acquaintance.

"Well, 'peared like they didn't keer much for it. 'Tennyrate, when they broke and ran, four, five children were knocked down and tromped on in the rush."—Kansas City Star.

Lights for Caverns

The Shenandoah caverns in Virginia and the Tumpangos caverns in Utah are both being wired for electric light. Electric lamps of from 100 to 300 watts are to be used, and when these underground places have their electric illuminating equipment in order the sightseer will be able to see their beauties in safety and comfort.

Wireless Torpedo

To counteract the pilotless airplane, an aerial torpedo has been invented. It is claimed that the torpedo can be made to pursue and destroy the pilotless airplane through wireless control.

No matter how severe or deep seated the skin trouble may be, it usually responds to the comforting, healing touch of Resinol

W. N. U., San Francisco, No. 30-1925