

# Prudence's Daughter

By ETHEL HUESTON

Copyright by the Bobbs-Merrill Co.  
WNU Service

## NOT INTERESTED

SYNOPSIS—PART ONE—At a merry party in the studio apartment of Carter Blake, New York, Jerry (Geraldine) Harmer, Prudence's daughter, meets Duane Allerton, wealthy idler. 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. With some misgivings, they agree to her going. 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, who is talented and eccentric and the two become fast friends. Jerry now devotes herself to Theresa, who returns her liking.

## CHAPTER IV—Continued

"Art Trainers! That is what I am, I suppose, an Art Trainer."  
"Oh, no, Jerry, you're a student. If you want to amuse yourself studying Art—"  
"It's nobody's business but my own," Jerry finished promptly, when Rhoda hesitated again.  
"Right!" Rhoda laughed, agreeing. Rhoda begged her to stay for dinner—promising to cook most delectable things on the grill, to take her out anywhere she liked, to go to the theater, generously profuse in her enticement. But Jerry would not be persuaded. She said she had to go home and fix something for Theresa, who was looking wretchedly ill, who had no proper regard for food, or rest, or exercise, and who certainly required a strong coercive hand to force her into reason. "Theresa's making heaps of money," Rhoda said surprisingly. "She's doing marvelously."  
"Theresa?"  
"Yes, why not?"  
"But—then—why—for heaven's sake, then, why doesn't she get a decent room, and eat a decent meal once in a while? I thought—"  
"Well, you thought wrong. It isn't the money with people like Theresa—like all of us. It's that burning up inside—we can't help it. Don't try to know what I'm talking about, old Angel-face; the more you think about it the less you'll understand!"

It was the next morning when Jerry slipped softly upstairs with a breakfast tray that Theresa asked her diffidently, almost apologetically, if she would care to see a few of her "things."  
"Oh, I should love to," Jerry cried flushing with pleasure.  
Theresa was vaguely surprised, a little troubled, at her eagerness. "If you wanted to see them, why didn't you ask me?"  
"Oh, I couldn't ask, Theresa. I thought perhaps you'd rather not show me—I was just hoping you would suggest it some time."  
For the first time in the weeks she had known Theresa, she really took time to do a thing quietly, deliberately and with comfortable easiness. She spent the full morning with Jerry, showing her dozens of little sketches, unfinished bits of landscape, lovely heads, delicately draped figures without number, discussing them meanwhile with an impersonal, judicious interest that charmed and fascinated Jerry. She touched upon their beauties of composition and execution generously, but without personal warmth. And she pointed out their defects with a keen eye and an unsparing tongue. And then she said:  
"I have saved my best till the last, Jerry. This is my one passion, my darling and my adored."  
It was typical of Theresa that she did not keep it on display, "her darling and adored," but packed away with tender care in a dark closet, obviously the one thing in her life that received her tender care. Jerry almost held her breath as Theresa brought it out, removed the protecting wrappers, and turned it about for her to see.

It was a cruel green ocean, lashing great waves into white foam, an ocean of blackening shadows, and shifting lights. At first glance, Jerry saw only the turbulence of a multitude of waters, and then, looking deeper, standing out with sharp incisiveness once she had discerned its presence, riding the highest, wildest wave of all, stretched the slim white body of a woman, triumphant white face upraised, dominant white arms flung wide—a joyous, jubilant, fearless figure of youth, swept on the black waters, sprayed with the white.  
Jerry cried out, enraptured.  
"Theresa! Oh, Theresa! It is beautiful! It is the most—thrilling—thing I ever saw. It makes you feel so full of—freedom!"  
Theresa nodded, her dark eyes alight with pleasure. "Um, freedom. I've been working on it for years, Jerry. A thousand or more, I think. I used to spend the summer on the coast in Maine with my nurse—when I was a kid, you know. I adored the ocean. It is the only really free—really relentless—thing I ever saw. It knows no law but its own. Oh, yes, I know what scientists say about the moon, and the tides. No, no, what little moon

riding the heavens could harness a fathomless ocean! I used to sit, like an ugly blackbird, on the highest rocks, and adore the ocean in a storm. A hundred times I went home drenched to the skin, soaked, but exalted with rapture; to be soundly whipped for my mischief, and put to bed in disgrace." She paused, smiling at Jerry.  
"Go on, go on," she begged feverishly. "Tell me."  
"First, I suppose it was just a personal emotion—I wanted to ride the waves. I chafed at my bondage to solid, sordid earth. I thrilled myself to a rapture by fancying myself swept high on the topmost wave. And so before long—my thought a mother to the thing, I suppose—it really seemed to me I saw her, the Ocean Rider, a lovely, slim, white woman triumphant on the waves. I worshiped it. It was a god to me. I have only been able to work on it when the passion is hot upon me, so it has been a very slow thing. A dozen times, in a storm, I have gone off to the islands to do another bit on my Ocean Rider. It isn't right yet. The ocean is good enough, but the Rider—I haven't quite got it." There was brooding discontent in Theresa's voice. "The light in her eyes—it's not right. I wonder, Jerry—"  
Her voice took on a sudden wheedlingness Jerry had never heard in it before. "I wonder—would you mind—would you let me use your eyes? I have wanted a hundred times to ask you but—"  
"Oh, Theresa, I shouldn't mind at all—I should love it. Why didn't you ask me before? But she looks so lovely to me the way she is. I'm afraid you will spoil her."  
Theresa shook her head. "Not right. It's her eyes. I've known it all the time—that is, I've felt there was something lacking. And when I saw you, I knew what it was. She must

have overestimated the importance of an unessential trifle, but she was glad Theresa was pleased with her.  
As she was tripping, almost happily, almost as in the days before the studio party of such sorry memories, down the stairs to her own room, she was stopped by Mimi, a radiant vision in a filmy gown of silk and silver lace, who held a cautioning finger across her lips to insure silence.  
"Sh!" She whispered. "Go quick, and get dolled up. You have a caller—the best-looking thing you ever saw in your life!"  
She turned expressive eyes toward the ceiling to convey the extent of her rapture.  
"I took him in my room to give you a chance to fuss up a little, after messing about with Theresa. Shall I make some tea?"  
Jerry's eyes were no longer starry, but cold as ice. "Who is it?"  
"Sh, he'll hear you. Duane Allerton—the stunnerest thing I've seen in years!"

## CHAPTER V

### Jerry Meets a Genius.

Jerry's slender hand upon the filmy banister of the stairway grew suddenly tense so that the blue veins stood out clearly upon the delicate whiteness of her skin.  
"Will you tell Mr. Allerton," she said gently but with firmness, "that I do not care to see him? I—"  
"Sh, for heaven's sake!" begged Mimi. "He'll hear you. I'll tell him you're out. I'll give him a cup of tea, if you don't mind, to put him in a good humor and then—"  
"But I'm not out, and I'm not busy, and I'm not engaged. I'm just not interested."  
Jerry's enunciation was perfect, the hallway narrow, the transom open. She went into her room and closed the door. Theresa in a similar circumstance would have slammed it furiously, but Jerry was not given to furious slammings as a means of expression. She closed it softly.  
Mimi, left alone, distracted and bewildered in her predicament, threw out both jeweled hands in a remonstrative, anxious gesture.  
"Now, what can you do with a girl like that?" she wailed.  
The answer came from the farther doorway, Mimi's doorway, where Duane Allerton stood and laughed, but ruefully.  
"Not much, I'm afraid. Not especially keen about seeing me, is she?"  
With a visible effort, Mimi pulled herself together, dimpled, used the long lashes to the best possible effect.  
"She's tired, poor thing," she said sympathetically. "You must excuse her. She works so hard, you know."  
"Oh, she does! I understood that she did not work at all."  
"I mean she—she's tired, anyhow. And nervous, she's frightfully nervous. Don't hold it against her. Can't I give you a cup of tea—"  
"Oh, no, thanks. I feel I shouldn't pollute her atmosphere any longer than is absolutely necessary. Awfully good of you; thanks very much."  
He went downstairs at once, and let himself out into the narrow street. And Mimi knocked on Jerry's door, opening it herself without waiting for an answer.  
"Jerry," she began plaintively, "you have hurt his feelings just terribly, poor boy—and so good-looking. Now, that's positively not nice."  
"Go and cheer him up if you like," said Jerry. "He's easily comforted."  
"He wouldn't wait—I mean—you might at least have introduced me. The best-looking thing—"

Jerry learned afterward that he had gone to Rhoda for her address, and two days later he went to her again, to ask her to intercede for him, to reconstitute with her disagreeable recommendation from the Middle West. He asked Rhoda if Jerry was a flirt.  
"A flirt?" echoed Rhoda vaguely.  
"Good heavens, I don't know. What is a flirt? They used to say in college that she was, but they meant it nicely, every one was crazy about her. That's Iowa, you know. A girl who is quite wickedly awful in the Middle West seems like an angel from heaven when she's transplanted to Greenwich. Don't ask me anything about her. I don't know. She's a lovely thing, and I think a lot of her."

It did not remotely occur to Jerry that she was unhappy. Instead, she felt that she was quite joyful, carefree. She took a great deal of pleasure in doing things for Theresa, making her comfortable—Theresa, who cared as little for comfort as a honey-bee for snow. She scoured the market for tempting delicacies, and became very proficient in preparing them nicely on her little grill. One day Theresa asked if she would mind rummaging through a couple of old boxes for her, in search of a particular bit of material she particularly needed for a costume.  
Jerry flushed with pleasure.  
"Oh, will you let me? May I go through the drawers, and everything, and fold things up—I'll be very quiet."  
Theresa laughed at her. "Go as far as you like," she said generously. "Funny thing about you, Jerry. You never bother me. Most people nag me

to sixes and sevens over nothing at all. Mimi especially. I feel she is coming when she starts up the last flight of stairs, and I begin to see cross-eyed right away. You are the nicest kid."  
After that, Jerry took entire charge of Theresa's room and Theresa's belongings, sorting out soiled bits of silk for the laundry, things Theresa had overlooked for months, and washing out especially fine pieces with her own hands.  
"Oh, Theresa," she said one day, "I wish you were my sister."  
"Oh, good heavens!"  
"Yes, I do. I had a little brother, but he died. I cannot remember him. Oh, I do wish you were my sister! Then I should be satisfied just to live on this way and take care of you and do little things for you. I should feel I was very important, indeed—you do paint such exquisite things, Theresa—I should be so proud of you. I'd probably take all the credit for everything you do, and brag about the way I brought you up."  
Jerry laughed gleefully at this picture of herself, but Theresa did not join her merriment.  
"Funny thing, Jerry, but you are the first person in the world—the first woman—who ever wanted me for anything—friend, foe, or fellow citizen. I think I must be quite getting on in the world, to have somebody craving me for—anything. I feel quite stuck up about it."

She put her brushes down abruptly and went out of the room without apology, and Jerry, with that new wisdom of hers which was only intuition and not the least understanding, went on with the papers she was filing and paid no attention when she went, nor when she came again.  
Jerry went about a great deal, sometimes with Mimi. She was not fond of Mimi, but enjoyed her immensely. She was a constant source of gay delight, with her pretty vanities and boasted conquests, where Theresa was like a brooding pain to her. She laughed at Mimi, but in her heart she wept aloud over soul and body-worn Theresa.  
Duane Allerton sent her flowers. Rhoda, in such a case, would have tossed them from her window in holy scorn. Theresa would have crushed them to crumpled petals between her bare hands, the thorns of them pricking her skin to crimson. Jerry looked at them, gave them to Mimi. He wrote to her. Jerry read the notes, and tore them up. She never thought of returning them to him, unopened, although she knew from whom they came. That would have been too dramatic, too theatrical, for her. The waste basket served her purpose well enough.  
One afternoon she saw him. She was dancing at tea at the Biltmore with Mimi and two young friends of hers, boys fresh from college. One was cubbishly infatuated with Jerry, and she, in mischief, had set herself to tantalize him to the limit of her charm. In the midst of her pretty coquetry she looked up suddenly, and saw Duane Allerton at a table across from them, sitting with a woman, very lovely, very sophisticated, very young. "Francie," Jerry thought at once.  
Mimi would have redoubled her attentions to the young admirer, to whet Allerton's interest, to stir his jealousy. Jerry could not do that, she did not even think of it. She yielded to the natural hush that swept over her at seeing him, and sat, a subdued, softened figure, with the others at the table. She knew his eyes remained steadily on her face. She knew he marveled that she permitted the silly exaggeration of this ardent boy's devotion, and yet repulsed his own more finished advances. Jerry herself did not know why she did.

Jerry may not be a flirt, but she is doing just the thing to attract Allerton—if he's in earnest. Is he?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Shoes of Olden Time

In the early days of American history when necessity was oftentimes the mother of invention for comfort, the knitting needles played a part in the shoe styles of our ancestors. During the severe weather even governors had to walk about in deep snows and warm footwear was necessary. In the old South church at Boston there is on display a pair of shoes worn by Governor Phillips. They are heavily lined with sheep's wool and covered with dark-brown yarn in stockinette stitch. The soles are of leather. Probably every bit of the yarn was made by hand by the busy wife who had to find time to keep her lord and master warmly clad in days when the servant question was as difficult as it is today. If not more so, and labor not a question of pay, but scarcity of folk.

### Anne de Rohan

Anne de Rohan, the daughter of Catherine de Parthenay, heiress to the house of Soissons, was born in 1562 and acquired, like her mother, a high reputation in the literary world. She would have been one of the greatest poetesses of her age, but her devoted piety turned her talent into another channel. She died, unmarried, in 1646. She was a Protestant and was celebrated for her courage as well as her learning.—Chicago Journal.

## IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL Sunday School Lesson

By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D.D., Dean of the Evening School, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.  
(©, 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

### Lesson for August 23

#### THE MACEDONIAN CALL

LESSON TEXT—Acts 16:6-15.  
GOLDEN TEXT—"Come over into Macedonia, and help us."—Acts 16:9.  
PRIMARY TOPIC—Paul's Wonderful Vision.  
JUNIOR TOPIC—Paul Called to Europe.  
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—The Macedonian Call and What It Led To.  
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—The Hand of God in Missions.

#### I. Forbidden by the Holy Spirit to Preach the Word in Asia (vv. 6-8).

The inclination of Paul and his companions was to tarry in the provinces of Asia Minor preaching the Word, but contrary to their inclination they were hurried along. There were many people in Asia who yet needed the Gospel. They might have reasoned, what difference would it make where we preach so the Gospel is preached? We have here a fine lesson on Divine guidance. The Holy Spirit is as active and faithful in closing doors as in opening them. "The stops are well as the steps of good men are ordered of the Lord." We ought as shut-ins to recognize God's hand in the "shut-ins" as in the "open-outs."

#### II. The Call to Macedonia (vv. 9-12).

The Gospel having broken the confines of the Jewish city and country, the middle wall of partition having been abolished, the time has come for it to leap across the Aegean sea and begin its conquest on another continent. Christianity thus ceased to be an oriental religion, and through the centuries has been mainly occidental.

#### 1. The Vision (v. 9).

Being hemmed in on all sides, a vision was given to Paul of a man of Macedonia pleading for help. This made plain to him the closed doors about him. In finding the Divine will we should look both ways. Before there can be any great forward movement, there must be a vision. There is no victory without a vision.

#### 2. The Advance (vv. 10-12.)

As soon as the Divine way was known, they moved forward therein. Visions must be quickly translated, and aggressive action taken or else they are blotted from our skies. Paul never questioned the wisdom of God nor delayed action. This is characteristic of all God's true servants. With a straight course, Paul moved out of his own country to the strategic center of a new continent.

#### III. The First Convert in Europe (vv. 13-15).

The missionaries first went to Philippi and spent several days in studying conditions there. The Jewish element in this city was comparatively insignificant. So much so that they could not have a synagogue. Therefore, the devout people were accustomed to worship by the river side. To this humble gathering Paul came and preached to the women assembled there. A certain woman from Thyatira named Lydia, a proselyte, believed his message and was baptized. The steps in Lydia's conversion are worthy of note, for they are typical:

#### 1. Attendance at the Place of Worship (v. 13).

Usually those whom God is calling are found at the place of prayer. Lydia was a woman of wealth, culture and wide experience, and yet she had need of Christ. She was seeking the heavenly light. God sends many an inquirer to the prayer meeting.

#### 2. Listening to the Preaching of the Word of God (vv. 13-14).

The instrument used in the conversion of sinners is the Word of God. "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God" (Rom. 10:17). It is highly important that at every prayer meeting the Word of God shall be spoken so that the inquirer after God may find the light.

#### 3. Her Heart Was Opened by the Lord (v. 14).

Only the Lord can convert a soul. It is our business to preach the Word of God, and it is God's business to open the heart of the inquirer. Regeneration is a supernatural work. When the Gospel is preached the Spirit of God opens the sinner's heart for the reception of Christ.

#### 4. She Was Baptized (v. 15).

Every one whose heart the Lord has opened desires to confess Him in baptism. Baptism is an outward sign of inward grace.

#### 5. Her Household Believed (v. 15).

Real conversion cannot be concealed. When one is converted those in the household will find it out.

#### 6. Practical Hospitality (v. 15).

Those who have experienced God's saving grace are thus disposed to have part in His work by rendering aid to His ministers.

#### True Humility

True humility consists not in thinking little of oneself, but in not thinking of oneself at all.—Capt. J. Arthur Hadfield.

#### Selfishness

Nothing parches the soul like selfishness; the heart that feeds upon itself grows old fast.—W. L. Watkins.

#### Our Tasks

"Our tasks are easier when we pray about them."

**Ford owners all over the world buy Champion X for Ford Cars, Trucks and Fordson Tractors, as a matter of course.**

Champion X for Fords 60c. Blue Box for all other cars, 75c. More than 95,000 dealers sell Champions. You will know the genuine by the double-ribbed core.

Champion Spark Plug Co.  
Toledo, Ohio  
Windsor, Ont., London, Paris

**Cuticura Soap**  
Best for Baby

Soap, Ointment, Talcum sold everywhere. Genuine. Free of Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. M, Malden, Mass.

**Great Temperance Apostle**  
Father Mathew was Theobald Mathew, apostle of temperance, born in Tipperary, Ireland, studied for the Catholic priesthood, but joined the Capuchin Minorites; was in 1814 ordained a priest and located in Cork, where at sight of the cruel effects of drunkenness on the mass of the people he resolved on a crusade to stamp it out; he started on this enterprise in 1827, but it took a year and a half before his mission bore any fruit, and then it was accompanied with marvelous success wherever he went. He lived from 1790 to 1856.

**Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN**  
Say "Bayer Aspirin"

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 for 24 years.

**Safe** Accept only a 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 Manufacturing of Monacoeleciester of Salicylicacid

**The First Circus**  
The sermon had been about Daniel and the preacher described vividly the prophet's extraordinary experience. On the way home from church little Betty said to her aunt: "What a fuss they made about it, auntie."  
"About what, dear?"  
"About Daniel going into the lions' den. I guess it must have been the first circus they ever saw."

**Good Luck Means Work**  
When a miner finds a nugget, folks usually say that he is lucky. But it isn't luck. The miner went for nuggets where they were—and dug, and dug. When you land a prize it is because of word—and brains. The possessor of good luck is a worker.—Grit.

**Correct Answer**  
Wagshill Diner (with menu)—Chicken croquets, eh? I say, waiter, what part of a chicken is the croquet?  
Waiter—That part that's left over from the day before, sir.—Boston Transcript.

**Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION**

**BELLA'S Hot Water Sure Relief**  
25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

**SAVE YOUR EYES!**  
Use Dr. Thompson's Eye-water. Buy at your druggist's or 127 River Street, N. Y. Booklet.