RURAL ENTERPRISE

Prudence's Daughter SundaySchool

HOME AGAIN

SYNOPSIS .- PART ONE-At a merry party in the studio apart-ment of Carter Blake, New York, Jerry (Geraldine) Harmer, Pru-dence's daughter, meeta Duane Allerton, wealthy idler. He admires her trephendously, and she likes him, Pat Allerton gets a bit exhilerated, with unfortunate results. Jerry, resenting his as-sumption of familiarity, leaves the party abruptly. The story urns to Jerry's childhood and outh at her home in Des Mölnes, only child of a wealthy father, when she is twenty she feels the Art and asks her parent call of Art and asks her parents to let her go to New York for study. With some misgiving, they agree to her going. In New York Jerry makes her home with a Mrs. Delaney ("Mimi"), an act-ress, who, with Theresa, a paint-er, 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 herself to Theresa, who returns her liking. Jerry poses for Ther-esa's masterpice, "The Ocean Rider." Allerton calls on Jerry. The girl refuses to see him. At a hotel dinner Jerry sees Duane and is conscious of his admiration, bul refuses to change her attitude toward him. Jerry be-comes convinced she has not the ability to become an artist. At a party Jerry again sees Duane, and will not recognize him. Theresa hints that Jerry should go home, and promises her a "present." Returning from an evening of gayety, Jerry is shocked at hearing from Mimi that Theresa has killed herself. She also learns that Mimi is Theresa's mother. The "present" Theresa had promised Jerry proves to be her pleture, "The Ocean Rider."

CHAPTER VII—Continued

"How should I know? She didn't tell me. She should have told me!" "Prudence would know," was all

Jerry could say to that. Mimi lay rigid among the cushions, twisting her hands into painful knows. cutting her flesh with the gaudy stones. Jerry looked at her-the lavish toss of the hennaed hair, the carefully ivoried skin with its layers of cream and rouge, the voluptuous figure with its molding of fine French stays.

Jerry saw her in a cloud of artificial lights, the center of artificial laughter, flirtations, affairs and intrigues-saw also the light kindliness, the generous delicacy of speech and manner. the friendly camaraderie. And she saw Theresa dead by her own hand in the undertaking parlor with the flowers in the window, Mietta's, on the corner.

And then, as poor, suffering Mimi faded out, Jerry saw Prudence, clearcut and vivid, saw the fine-lined, tender face, the gentle twist of the humorous mouth, the laughing, plaintive sympathy of the soft, sweet eyes.

Jerry stared and stared. Her eyes burned painfully, her throat throbbed. there was a great longing in her heart. In that moment, Prudence's daugh-

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gay defiance of wintry wind and sleet. the world she had dreamed of. At the round table in the dining room each other across a bowl of fragile would come back. You said-"

Cecil Brunner roses. cheerfully. a gale like this.

Jerrold absently. He was remember- I am !" ing the dangerous rush of taxis, when city streets are glassed with Ice.

each other, and rejoiced with pleasant the rosebuds and the candle lights. thing !" But in their hearts they were trying very alert and self-possessed young childishness to worry!

The doorbell sounded suddenly, over, admired. Upon intense inward thoughts like theirs, even the soft reverberation of the most carefully modulated electric



Jerry Was Going Home. bell in the world could not sound less

than clamorous. "Such a night!" gasped Prudence at that sudden ringing, thinking that a telegraph boy would have to face the gale to carry a message.

Jerrold shoved his chair back quickly from the table, and both listened, o'clock. A union for genius, that's the position who does need the money." intent, alert, as Katle opened the door. need of the century! Above the incoherent breathlessness At half past two in the morning of her murmurs of amazement, a fresh voice sounded brightly. enraptured, spellbound, on the wide

fireplace a great pine log crackled in | coming, how it was the last thing in she had played on us. It's what The-"But see here," remonstrated Jer-Prudence and Jerrold sat opposite rold, "you told me all the time she taking Prudence with him, feeling that

Prudence gave him a furious look. She was wondering if sionately. "Oh, for a visit, of course-Greenwich Village was whipped with but to bring all her things and stay "But, Prudence, you said-"

Prudence glowered him into silence.

Rhoda, and her passionate devotion little tramp of the alleys. to her work. She told them of lovely When Prudence asked about paper. resa, and Mimi, Jerry's lip quivered, her eyes shadowed, as she said: "I'll tell you about them after a

little. I'm coming to that." She told them of her conquests in the city, her gay flirtations, her pro-Korzky, had done for her. She exhibof poetry, warmly inscribed to her by authors and poets of a dozen nationalities. She displayed a hundred little testimonies of her triumph in the city,

a triumph social, if not artistic. "It isn't the laborers who are slavedriven," she declared warmly. "They don't need unions to protect them. It is a genius union we need, something think?" to keep geniuses from working themselves to death. There was a violinist in our building-mother, I tell

you truly, that man began to work into business. before I was up, and was at it every whenever I went out, or came in, I money by asking father."

writer, twelve o'clock, one o'clock, two would be keeping some girl out of a

with her all the way, so carefully, so

tenderly, and released the safety fas-

tenings on the end. Then she drew it

Jerry's parents stared at It, ex-

"It-It looks like you," Prudence

"The eyes-they are mine. As they

were when I went to New York, when

she first saw me-Theresa"-Jerry

choked over the words. "Let me tell

She hastly switched out the bright

Rider" with eyes like Jerry's own.

hers, as if she had fooled us allslipped neatly out of a mess and left us looking at-cobwebs on our fingers I can just imagine-in heaven-she would be laughing to think of the joke resa would!

Jerroid would have gone away then, overwrought and highly strained young

daughters would do best in bed. Pru-"It's a nice aight to be in," she said "I did not," she declared quite pas- dence, with that tender insight of hers that was never known to fail, knew better. Jerry was unburdening forever, I never dreamed of such a her heart, inding relief, had come to "Rotten weather to be out," agreed thing. I can't tell you how surprised them, as she always came, when the things she undertook to do had proved too hard for her. And so they stayed ICon and on, and talked more of The-And so they smiled cheerfully at "Now, Jerrold, I know what I said! resa, and presently Jerry was talking I knew she would come for a visit, of other things-of the mad frenzy words that they were warm and bright but this is really coming home, and I that goaded all artists to desperation, (vv. 1-4). by the fireplace, with the pine log, and couldn't remotely fancy such a lovely of their intemperate folly, their unbounded love.

They went upstairs, the three of And then she was telling them of to assure themselves that Jerry was them, to Jerry's lovely room, and Pru- Greta Val, the little chambermaid, and dence and Jerrold stood about, get- how Graves McDowell was fairly livperson who could certainly take care ting in the way, while Jerry unpacked ing in her talent, feasting his own of herself if anybody could, and what the bags, the boxes and the trunk. starved heart on the fuel he fed to Everything was exhibited, exclaimed hers. She told them of her little part And while she unpacked she told her wealth together, brushes and easel them of New York, of Graves Mc- and boards, and with a profuse hand Dowell, and the lessons in Art, of had tossed them on the unfortunate

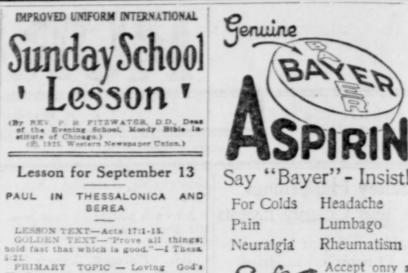
Almee, and the trashy column of so- She stood up, and glared at me, and clety scandal she wrote for a daily slapped me in the face-right there!" the girls in the house with her. The- laugh, and did. particularly at Jerternal displeasure.

know. "What do other girls do?" she posals. She showed them the little asked him. "Girls who are not genmarble faur the Russian sculptor, luses by birth-and lucky they are, if you ask me-but girls who would go ited the autographed novels and books mad doing nothing! What do they do?" Jerrold cleverly evaded the issue by reaching for a cigarette, a prettily perfumed, gold-tipped thing that Jerry had brought in a handsome box, a parting gift from a young admirer, thus shifting the question to Prudence. Prudence was very sober. "I don't know," she said. "What do you

> today. Only the emphasis is placed They talked of girls, of some who upon the literal suffering of the Mesbecame teachers, some who went into siah, while they spiritualize and althe public libraries and museums, some legorize the teaching of the glorious coming of the Messiah to judge His

"That's all right if you have to earn night when I went to bed. There was a living," objected Jerry. "But doesn't a composer at Rhoda's-once I was it seem silly to work hard at somestaying all night-at two o'clock in thing you don't care a thing about, the morning we heard, oh, very softly, just to earn a little money you do not a little tripping melody on the keys. need? Of course, if one has a real Rhoda said it happened often-ran fondness for a thing-but I haven't! I through his mind during the night, un- think it would be perfectly trashy of til he got up and worked it out of his me to go downtown and pound a typesystem-using the soft pedal not to writer eight hours a day for twenty disturb the others. There was a young dollars a week-when I don't adore writer across the alley from us- pounding typewriters-and can get the could hear that dull thud of her type- "And besides," said Prudence, "it

He Proclaimed Did Suffer and Rise From the Dead; Therefore, He Is That Christ, the Predicted Messiah (v. 3).



BEREA

JUNIOR TOPIC - Studying God's

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOP-

-Two Kinds of Hearers. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOP-

I. Paul Preaching in Thessaionica

He observed the divine order, to

anxious for his kinsmen in the

the Jews first wherever he went (Acts

1:8; Rom. 2:9-10). He was exceeding-

flesh, but whenever they proved them-

selves unworthy, he turned to the Gen-

isters, to expound the Scriptures, to

prove their positions by the Word.

Concerning the Christ, he set forth

(1) The Scriptures prove that

Christ must be a sufferer (v. 3). "It

behooved Christ to suffer." No plain-

er reference need be made than Isalah

53, but it seems that the rabbis of

that time had explained away the fact

of a suffering Messiah so that the

Jewish people were only looking for

a glorious and powerful king to come;

therefore they rejected Christ because

of His lowly appearance. The same

method of exegesis is employed by

many Bible teachers and preachers

enemies and to reign upon the earth

(II Sam. 7:8-16; Isa. 53; Jer. 23:5-8;

Zech. 9:14; Luke 1:1-13; Acts 15:14-

From the Dead (v. 3).

churches today.

(2) That Christ Must Rise Again

This he proved by the Scriptures.

The resurrection of Christ, and the

bodily resurrection of telievers, needs

sound and practical exposition in our

(3) That the Historic Jesus Whom

17).

three propositions:

LESSON TEXT-Acts 17:1-15.

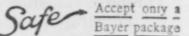
IC-Searching the Scriptures.

1. His Method (vv. 1-2).

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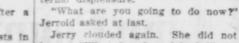
Bishop Waldorf said in an address in Wichita:

"In their success talks to Young Men's Christian associations some of our millionaires enunciate rather anti-Christian views.

"In a recent talk of this kind an aged millionaire said earnestly:

"'I tell ye, young fellers, in this race for success, it ain't enough to know how to push yerself along-ye got to know how to push the other fellow

tiles. His own kinsmen first should In the drama, of how she had piled te the method of every missionary, but should not stop there. He went out on the Sabbath day so as to find them assembled together. 2. His Message (v. 3). "And what do you think she did? His message was always and ever the same, viz., that Jesus is the Christ. To the Jew the essential thing was Jerry could laugh at it now, could to be convinced from the Scriptures. So Paul expounded to them the Scriprold's amazement, at Prudence's matures. This is the business of all min-



ter, she ran suddenly to Mimi, caught her in her strong, tender arms, kissed her, cried over her, fondled her, and Mimi, after one slight, apologetic, high-strained laugh, buried her face in Jerry's arms and broke into helpless weeping.

Jerry helped her out of the lavish gown, out of the confining closeness of the French stays, and into a loose, light robe. She bathed her face, stroked her hair, hung over her with pitiful, sweet solicitude. And Mimi clung to her all night long, sobbing brokenly, writhing in hysterical anguish, and would not let her go.

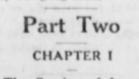
Jerry stayed with Mimi in the house on Reilly's alley until after the funeral -Theresa's funeral-when groups of her brilliant, wondering friends crowded into the little flower-filled room at Mietta's to do last honor to her tragic memory, and went away again, after- I'm moving back !" ward, slowly, talking it over, agreeing that after all, in a way, it seemed rather a congruous thing, that such and setting a chair for her-which for Jerry did not wish to pain them a one as Theresa, divinely driven, Prudence slyly pulled nearer to hers. with the emotion her vivid face could should flash like a meteor across a starry sky to fade at once in a final, dominant flash at the height of her brilliance, rather than fade away, as many do, into a dull and doddering the bowl of Cecil Brunners, with never in between them. mediocrity.

The night after the funeral Jerry. slipping softly down the hall toward Mimi's room, was arrested by the sliken, silvery voice

"Ob, you bad boy! This is the third-at six dollars a pint!'

Jerry turned slowly back to her room. She was not deceived by that brave resumption of the old routine. She knew that Miml's heart, artificial, shallow though it might be, had suffered a grievously cruel shock and she marveled that the hollow shell could send back an echo so musical to a world that had given her only its bitter dregs.

Jerry went into her room, pulled out her bags, and began at once to pack the things of her possession. Jerry was going home.



The Coming of Jerry

It was a blustering, blizzardly night In early March. The state of lowr lay flat and bare under the lash of an rest, and Prudence tagged across at angry winter, reluctant to loose its her heels, and sat on the arm of her hold.

"Where's mother?" And Jerry herself, wrapped in her great fur cloak, a soft fur tam drawn protectingly low over her ears, ran in upon them, leaving the maid and the

driver to handle boxes, bags and trunk as best they could. "Look who's here!" she cried, as she caught Pridence in her arms. And a moment later she went to her father, to be lifted bodily from her

tiptoes and kissed a dozen times. claiming, marveling at its beauty. "And you'd better help him with the trunk, father," she said, when she whispered. could think of it. "It's terribly heavy."

"Your trunk, Jerry !" Prudence was amazed. "Did you bring your trunk !" "Yes, I brought everything." Jerry ssured her gayly. "I'm coming home. you."

Then she kissed Katle, who was haslights, leaving only the one soft Roman tily laying another place on the table | candle burning on her dressing table, and Jerrold whipped back toward his not fail to reveal. And she came own. And very soon they were at the across to them, piled cushions on the table, three of them now, smiling top of one of the three steps which led almost tearfully at one another across up to the raised day bed, and snuggled

a thought for the dangerous ky streets "Do you want me to go out?" Jerof Greenwich Village and New York. rold offered generously, feeling that "But, Jerry, we never dreamed of this was to be the climax of Jerry's confidence.

uch a thing; why didn't 'ou tell us! Why didn't you send us word, why-" Jerry smiled at him, drew both his "I didn't know is myself," she said.

vou down-

that Jerry was home.

Just all of a sudden I knew I was her arm. "Oh, no, father, of course oming, and here I am. You're look. not.

And then she told them of the house ing darling, mother. I'll bet Katie has spoiled you without me here to hold on Reilly's alley, of Mimi, with the little careful after this, and don't go And she jumped up to kiss Katie, terrible, tragic Theresa in her attic

thinking she had forgotten her, and room upstairs.

"I felt just like a mother toward out to the kitchen to greet Mary, but that girl," she declared brokenly. She not needing to go so far, for Mary was just outside the door, peeping told of Theresa's rare talent, of her joyously in upon her. She came strange intensity, her impatient, imback after a moment, said she was pulsive kindliness.

"Mother, she killed herself." ravenously hungry, but she did not Jerrold let his cigarette go out, li eat. She laughed at her mother, at another feverishly, let it go out again her father, and presently they left the table, and Jerry sat in Prudence's Prudence held Jerry in a close arm lap-a ridiculous lap-full for slender weeping with her softly. And Jerr talked sadly on and on, told them of rudence-and laughed at her again. Mimi's pitiful, frivolous life, her was And Prudence showed the few silvering threads in her hair, and declared ed motherhood. Sometimes as shi talked, she lay in Prudence's lap, cry they would all turn brown again now ing bitterly, only to sit up again with And then Jerry went over and sat passionate earnestness to go on with sedately in a chair to let her mother

the tragic tale. "The worst of it-or maybe the best of it," she amended doubtfully, as she ples to every shore-returning again

chair, and told her over and over tried to shake away her tears, "is that and again to you-making the heavy Inside the Harmer home was quiet again how surprised she was, how she I know she is glad of it. I can just load lighter and the dark road brighter warmth and cheery light. In the wide had not the slightest suspicion of her | imagine that gay, defiant laugh of for all .-- Grit,

lity, having a "It's a great res daughter," Jerrold said, standing up. 4-10a). Prudence and Jerrold were still sitting suddenly shocked to know it was after

four o'clock. "I'm afraid we went into day bed against the wall, listening as this thing too lightly, Prudence." Jerry talked. And when at last the They all laughed over that, and Jerry trunk was emptied, she turned slowly kissed both parents a warm good night, to the great crate she had brought and closed the door behind them.

In their own room, Jerrold turned to his wife to air a grievance that had lurket within his memory throughout out slowly, the shadows deepening in all the happy evening. her eyes-Theresa's gallant "Ocean

"See here, Prudence, you did, too, expect Jerry to come home to stay. You said all the time she would come back.

Prudence caught his broad shoulders in her two slender hands, and shook him sternly. As a measure of discipline it was absurd, for Jerrold was tall and strong, and Prudence both slender and slight in strength. But as expressive of her pent-up emotions and representative of her scorn for his understanding, it was triumphant. "Oh, Jerrold, will you never learn?"

must always be surprised at a

"Always be surprised at a woman! It pleases her, it flatters her, it makes her feel how very unusual she is to do the unexpected thing. Be surprised, Jerrold, always be surprised! Women love it!"

"Then you did expect her home !" "Of course I did." Prudence said knees impulsively within the clasp of this with a complacent pride in her astuteness.

"But you said-"

"Oh, bother what I said. You be a golden hair and the silken gowns, of about telling everything you hear." "Shades of the Parsonage and John Wesley defend us," he ejaculated devoutly.

> "Oh, well, if it comes to that," said Prodence, "I learned a great many things in the Parsonage that John Wesley never heard of !"

Well, Jerry is home again, where she belongs. And now what's she going to do?

Beauty in Cheerfulness

Cheerfulness is almost as necessary as air, food and water. It stirs hearts as a pebble thrown into a lake sends rip-

II. The Attitude of the Jews (vv.

While some Jews believed and many Greeks, the envy of certain Jews was so aroused at Paul's success that they gathered together the worthless fellows of the town and set on foot a riot. They assaulted the house of Jason and dragged him before the rulers, having failed to get the missionaries. In their indictment of the missionaries they uttered unwittingly some great truths. They said: "These that have turned the world upside down." It is true that the gospel is

revolutionary, but it is not treason to right government. The real truth. however, is that the world is now upside down. The work of the gospel is to set it right side up. They turned the preaching of Paul into a specious lie. He did preach the kingship of

Jesus (see verse 7), but not as they endeavored to make it appear. Jesus is most assuredly coming to reign on this earth (Ps. 2). Let all men acknowledge Him in humble submission.

III. Paul Preaching in Berea (vv. 10b-15).

1. His Method (v. 10). He entered the Jewish synagogue and preached Jesus unto them. 2. The Reception of the Gospel by

the Bereans (vv. 11-12). It was with gladness of heart. The

message was just as new to these Jews and just as counter to their way of thinking as it was to the Thessalonian Jews, but they had a more noble disposition. The success of the gospel depends altogther on the disposition of the hearers. Two things are said of them:

(1) They received the message gladly.

(2) They searched the Scriptures daily for the truthfulness of the preaching. For this worthy act Paul says they were more noble than those at Thessalonica.

Human Welfare

The utilization of the forces of earth for human welfare can only be achieved by brotherhood and co-operation .- Lily Dougal,

Peace

There is no peace, now or hereafter. for him who rejects the Prince of Peace.

A Holy Purpose A holy purpose is better than a great fortune .- Christian-Evangelist

out o' the way.'" Not to Blame

Surgeon General Ireland of the War department was discussing the reformation of drug victims.

"To reform these people is a difficult thing," he said. "Whenever I look at a collection of drug victims, with their sensual mouths and weak chins, I can't help thinking of the Chinese proverb:

"'Rotten wood can't be carved.""

Necessity Before Luxury

"Will you ask her to marry you?" "Not till I get my car paid for."-Chicago Daily News.

Watch Your Kidneys!

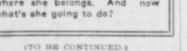
Your health depends upon your eys. When your kidneys are in lood and nerves are poisoned and nysterious ills result. You feel d mysterious ills result. You feel duil and drowsy; get up often at night and suffer annoying kidney irregularities. Your back aches; you have headaches and dizzy spells; your nerves are constantly on edge and you are always tired. If your kidneys are aluggish, help them with Doan's Pills. Doan's act on the kidneys only. Are recommended the world over. Ask your neighbor!

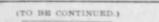
A California Case

W. E. Hedges, rancher, 707 Dela Valla St., Madera, Calif., says: "My back became lame and when I stooped it was dif-ficult to straighten be cause of the y and dis

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







she walled. "Don't you know that you woman?"

"But you said-"