BY ETHEL HUESTON

PRUDENCE'S DAUGHTER

CHAPTER III—Continued

—11—

Jerrold looked at her. "I thought you didn't see any sense in making money you don't need, just—"

"Oh, this is a different thing! This is—well, I'm doing something for the money! I've got a right to the money if I earn it. It's—don't you see how it is, mother?"

"Of course I do."

"And think of the poor old house," Jerry finished pathetically. "After all these years of being a barn, and a blot on the landscape, just think how it will feel to wake up some morning and find it is pretty, and lovely, and that people are stopping in the street to exclaim over it! Think how you'd feel if you were a house."

Jerrold considered that too much of a strain on a business imagination like his, but he finally agreed that it was a sound practical proposition, and if Jerry had made up her mind to it, he thought it might turn out rather nicely all around. And he would go with her the very next day to look it over, and get figures on it, and if it seemed all she said, they would buy it and pitch in.

"Buy it!" Jerry repeated, in great surprise. "It is bought! I bought it this afternoon. I gave him my five hundred dollars, and I don't have to make another payment for three months, and I figure that by that time I ought to have it looking like pretty much of a place. What I want the money from you for, is to begin tearing things down."

When dinner was over, Jerry looked regretfully at the waning light. She should have liked to dash her father and mother out to look at the house right away, but it was too dark. So she pulled out all the old House Beautifuls, and spread them over the dining room table, and worked feverishly with a pencil and a pad of paper, sketching out little nooks and corners as she intended having them in her finished product.

"Lucky thing I studied Art, after all," she said brightly. "I never thought I'd find such a real practical use for all that nonsense."

Prudence hung over her with pleased solicitude, charmed with her avid interest, agreeing with every word she uttered.

"I may not make such a lot on this one," Jerry admitted later rather reluctantly to Jerrold. "Because I don't know how to figure down the expenses of it. But with the experience I get on this one, I'll make a killing of the next."

"What do you mean, 'the next'? Is this the first of a series?"

Jerry pulled herself up, surprised. "That was a funny thing to say," she admitted. "I hadn't thought of a next one." She went on brightly, "But of course you can see that I must not waste all this experience, and if I can make a little on the first I can make heaps more on the second. So when you come to think of it, of course this is just the beginning."

As Jerrold had grown older, had learned to entrust his affairs to others in his employ, he had gradually fallen into a way of going steadily later to the office, so that now it was customary in the home to have breakfast at nine o'clock, after which Jerrold took his own time about getting off. But on the morning after Jerry discovered her passion, he found himself a tardy member of the household. Jerry pounded on the bathroom door three times while he was shaving, urging him to make haste, and when he hurried down at last, to show her indignantly that it then wanted ten minutes of the hour, she said:

"Oh, I forgot to tell you. I told them we'd have breakfast at eight-thirty."

That was the beginning of Jerry's most feverish month. She bargained with contractors, plumbers and builders. She studied designs, she puzzled over matching colors. And in the end, the house of dreams that evolved from her tender thoughts was built on most engaging lines. Jerry was nothing if not thorough. The stiff steep steps leading up to her house from the street had met with destruction first of all, and in their place developed a pretty stair that "went on the bias," as she said, angling up the green terrace in a most inviting manner, and then drifted up to the veranda which was extended around the house to the left, while the stiff square windows and the stiff oblong door in front were torn out for a sweep of graceful French windows.

The awkward square parlor and parlor bedroom, comprising the left-hand portion of the first floor, were thrown together to make a broad living room, with window seats all the way around and shelves for books and handsome built-in cabinets. The staircase which had so particularly annoyed her was completely thrown into the discard, and a very broad one erected in its stead, rising from a wide base in the rear of the living room and turning itself about in some curious fashion finally to reach the top, where the changes were yet more drastic. One sleeping room was entirely done away with, to be transformed into a pretty informal sitting room or lounge at the head of the stairs, a novel and engaging version of an exaggerated hall.

Jerry felt she had never been so happy, and she had never worked so hard in all her life. She encountered many obstacles. Indeed, many times she was appalled by them. It was hard for her to believe that human beings like herself could be so grossly stupid as to misunderstand and misinterpret instructions so plainly, so lucidly, so painstakingly given. She was amazed to learn that laborers, regardless of the delicacy of the work on which they were engaged, regardless of the imperative need of haste, regardless of the honor that was theirs in assisting to beautify and ennoble and elevate an inherent weakness in the structure of their own home town, would drop a shovel on the stroke of the hour, and would even walk sturdily out on strike for a trivial detail they called a principle, but which to her seemed a flagrant breach of contract.

She was pained and bewildered to discover that her carefully matured plans, set down in consistent black and white, signed, agreed to, and included in the financial estimates of the contractors, turned out to be not at all as she had intended, and that she was obliged to replan, refigure and reallow in order to develop her cherished dreams to concrete fact. And she was especially shocked and upset to find that there were things that a lather, in loyalty to his laboring brothers, would flatly decline to do, things a plumber would wash his hands of, things a plasterer would openly sneer at, things a bricklayer would consider an insult to his profession—and thus oblige her to deal with a totally new organization of workmen to meet the exigencies of the case.

And she found the cost of her work mounted heavenward on soaring wings, and that her anticipated earnings sank with a corresponding ratio. In spite of her natural easy generosity, she soon found herself dickering constantly over trifles, arguing with great heat, even with anger, trying to cut down a dollar or so here, grudgingly allowing a dollar or so there, where she felt the expenditure must not be denied.

"Why, I have to argue over fifty cents, like any street peddler," she said to her father plaintively, regretting this new but necessary niggardliness of hers. "Already they've forced me up and up much farther than I intended. Why, if I don't stand up for my rights, I won't make five hundred dollars on the whole business! And the way I've worked over it!"

"Oh, I thought you did not care about making money," he said. "I thought you said there was no nobility in the simple earning of a dollar or so."

"In the bare earning of it—there isn't. But this is a different matter altogether."

Jerry was joyously, mysteriously, passionately happy. She told herself quite often that she had entirely forgotten Duane Allerton, that she had entirely forgiven him for his vulgar insolence. And she worked harder than ever. Within a month she took an option on another wretched little hovel, four-roomed, moth-eaten, run down at the corners, a disgrace to its street, and immediately began getting estimates for its rebuilding, and making roseate sketches of its future estate.

Jerrold had taken her to his bank in the beginning of her business adventuring and obtained for her an audience with the president, Irvin Weatherby, a member of Jerrold's club and his particular friend. Jerrold was extremely businesslike on this occasion.

"I know you have met my daughter, Jerry," he said, "but I want you to get in touch with her in a professional way as well. She is going into business for herself, and I am starting her off with a checking account of three thousand dollars, but should like for you to extend her an additional credit of two thousand if she needs it."

Jerry explained her business interest with the impulsive eagerness of her youth. And Irvin Weatherby looked at her, nodded his approval, sighed dismally at her father.

"Ain't girls the darnedest, any more?" he asked plaintively. "That second daughter of mine, Emily—know what the little fool's doing? Secretary to a dairyman over in Chicago, twenty-five a week, and crazy about it. Says she won't be dependent on any man for a living, father or what-not. I hope to God she gets married, that's all I've got to say."

Jerry laughed at his concern. "Look at Judge Daniel's daughter. Clerking in the ten-cent! You ought to be glad you drew nothing worse than a secretary—you might have got a laundress or—an Art Trailer."

Jerry still insisted, when she thought of it, that she would not work for the sake of acquiring money—she could get that from her father. But she sat up nights figuring how she could cut down the expenses of her business.

"That's a different thing," she always said. "The only way you can tell how you're getting along is by how much you make."

In July she started work on the second cottage, impatient to get it into human, habitable shape before the coming winter. And in August she took an option, indorsed by her father, on a huge, six-storied rooming-house for women, the veriest skeleton of a house as Jerry saw houses, built with no more regard for esthetic satisfaction than a freight train, but with accommodations for two hundred women.

Jerry worked feverishly over that with a pencil and a pad of paper. If she rented two hundred rooms, at an average of thirty dollars a month, the earnings of the house would be six thousand a month. If she paid twelve thousand for the house, spent five thousand making it what she called fit to live in, allowed a running expense of perhaps a thousand a month prior to making a sale outright—Jerry's figures turned to aureate dreams.

She told her father she would bet any amount he wished that she could sell the house it was going to be for twenty-five thousand dollars. Jerrold agreed with her. Prudence said she knew right from the beginning that Jerry was right. So she bought the house, and in her new absorption in estimates, plans and figures, fell into a way of forgetting to go home for meals at proper hours, and lost a preposterous amount of sleep in her efforts.

Jerry had returned to Iowa in March. It was early in September when she had her first letter from Rhoda La Faye. Rhoda was brisk and to the point, in correspondence as well

She Hastily Pulled Out a Pad of Paper and Wrote a Letter.

as in person. Her letter consisted of three paragraphs. The first told Jerry how very much she, Rhoda, loved her, missed her, admired her. The second told her that she, Rhoda, had just been awarded the scholarship by the Academy for her picture, and was leaving the first of October for a year's study and travel through the art centers of Europe. The third said that Duane Allerton, whom perhaps Jerry would remember, had lost all his money in a terrible crash in Wall Street, that the poor fellow was completely broke, down and out, and up against it, as recorded in the daily papers, that he did not know where to turn for the next meal, and was said to be looking for a job, but of course couldn't get one because he did not know how to do anything. And wasn't it a shame, a nice fellow like Duane? And now he would probably become a tramp and a bum like other nice young fellows who are left money they don't know how to take care of. And with oceans and heaps of love—

Rhoda inclosed voluminous clippings from the daily press of New York to substantiate the last two paragraphs of her letter. There were photographs of her prize-winning picture, of Rhoda herself, and columns in praise of her and of her work. Jerry ungratefully tossed them to the floor. There were other and more sensational clippings recounting the financial troubles of young Duane Allerton and his desperate plight, with a tragically penciled sketch showing him, down at the heels, treading the rails as he would doubtless be a few years hence. Jerry read every one of them. She was trembling. She knew that was because she was a tender-hearted girl, and even in her own bitterness of disillusionment, could feel but sorry for the misfortune of any human being. The thought of a young man—any young man—alone in New York, not knowing where to turn for the next meal, where to lay his head at night—Jerry had read of the miserable ones who sat on the benches in Central park all night—and winter coming on—it struck chill to her gentle heart.

She hastily pulled out a pad of paper and wrote a letter.

"My Dear Mr. Allerton:

"A letter from my friend, Rhoda La Faye, inclosing newspaper clippings, has just informed me of your disaster on Wall Street. Rhoda says you are unable to get a position, and are without funds. My father is an automobile manufacturer and employs a great many men. If you care to come to the Middle West, he will be glad to give you some kind of position. I do not know what kind of work it will be, nor how much you can earn, but at least it will take care of you until you can get on your feet again. If you have not the money to pay for your ticket, wire me collect, and my father will send it by telegraph.

"It is only fair to warn you that you may have to work pretty hard, for while my father is the kindest man in the world, he believes that every man should earn his wages.

"Sincerely yours,

"GERALDINE HARMER."

CHAPTER IV

And Jerry Disposes

One lovely September morning, at eleven o'clock, a smartly dressed young man stepped briskly into the office of the Harmer Motor company. He held his soft gray hat in his hand, and smiled, as he said he wished to see Mr. Harmer, if you please. The charm of his manner was not lost upon the young girl at the desk, who told him with real regret that Mr. Harmer was in a very important conference, and had left word that he did not wish to be disturbed. She professed her entire willingness to produce any other person connected with the establishment who could be of any possible interest to him. But the young man shook his head. He said he must see Mr. Harmer in person, and should very much appreciate the earliest possible moment—consistent with Mr. Harmer's convenience, of course.

The girl said she would see, and what name, please?

"Duane Allerton, from New York city."

She smiled. She had been expecting "New York city" from the moment she noted his entrance. She went away and came back almost at once, saying that Mr. Harmer was very busy indeed, and that another hour, or indeed another day would suit him better, but recommending the services of his business manager, who was available at the moment.

Duane considered that report. He took a letter from his pocket.

"Will you give this to Mr. Harmer," he asked pleasantly, "and tell him that I will return at any hour, or any day, he cares to designate? But I prefer not to see the business manager, unless he insists."

The girl smiled, and went away with the letter, curiously studying the address on the envelope. She was gone some time. There was something like awe in her face when she came back and said Mr. Harmer was waiting for Mr. Allerton in his private office. She pointed the way, and Duane Allerton, the soft gray hat still in his hand, a light of deep amusement in his dark eyes, opened the door and walked in.

Jerrold was standing up, the letter in his hand and the two men studied each other with equal interest. Jerrold put out his hand.

"I'm sorry I kept you waiting," he said, indicating an easy chair close to his own. "In apology, may I explain that the young woman, my daughter, did not evidently deem it necessary to mention this little—er—invitation, to me?"

"Do you mean to say you didn't know—"

"Not the slightest suggestion of a hint. It is news to me."

Duane broke into a short pleased laugh, and Jerrold after a puzzled, anxious moment joined him.

"I like that!" Duane said.

Jerrold shoved a box of cigarettes toward him. Each took one and lit it in silence. Duane leaned back comfortably in his chair, and smiled at his host. But Jerrold, under cover of the cigarette, was sharply appraising, remarking the dapper smartness of Duane's clothes, the weave, the tailoring, the studied niceness of colors and tones.

"Do you want a job?" he asked hopeful of a refusal.

"Yes, please."

"What can you do?"

"Lord knows."

"Know anything about cars?"

"I can drive them."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-seven."

"How long has your father been dead?"

"Twelve years."

Jerrold faced him shrewdly. "Are you as badly off as my daughter seems to believe?"

Duane hesitated. "Well, perhaps not quite. I didn't lose as much as the papers said. Didn't have that much."

"Then your father died when you were fifteen. My impression would be that a man who could earn a fortune, would hardly entrust his son's entire future to his own disposal—at fifteen."

Duane flushed a little. "I hope you won't be such a poor sport as to tell your daughter that. As a matter of fact, I lost more than I could afford to, but my father tied up enough to take care of me, however much of a fool I might turn out."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Sand Feet for Clowns

Stilts usually employed by circus clowns to give them gigantic stature during their antics in the rings have feet of sand to aid the performer in walking and to maintain his balance. The poles are of stout hickory flattened and widened at the tops to fit the wearer's thighs and fitted with straps to hold them in position.

Toward the bottom the props are rounded and tapered, ending in soft shoes filled with coarse sand which are fastened on the sticks so that the heels support the points. Wide trousers or other apparel cover the stilts for their full length, and the clowns appear to walk on their heels.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

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THUNDER AND LIGHTNING

"Come on, hurry along," said Old King Thunder to Old Queen Thunder. "Let's have a surprise party to the Earth people."

"Let's do that," said Old Queen Thunder.

"Now, as you know without a doubt, when Old King Thunder speaks to Old Queen Thunder they yell at each other and roar at each other at the very "tip-tops" of their voices.

This is the way they enjoy talking.

Just the way we will talk in fairly low voices, or shout only when we are excited, they shout if ever they speak.

Sometimes their voices are louder than at other times, but they never speak in low tones.

They love their noisy, loud conversation, and they have brought up all their children to talk in the same way.

Can you imagine belonging to a family that never once said:

You would never hear that if you belonged to the Thunder family.

In fact, many a time has King Thunder shouted to one of the Thunder Cloud children and said:

"What a weak little rumble. Roar louder. Give a real rumble. Let's hear how you can do it."

And then you will notice that the little distant rumbles and the little roars become stronger and louder, and then great, great rolling ones are louder than all.

The huge ones are King and Queen Thunder talking. The ones that get louder and louder but never the loudest of all, but yet are very loud rumbles after having been little ones—they are the children.

"It's cold weather now," said Old King Thunder, "around here, and they don't expect one of our storms at this

They Yell at Each Other.

time of the year, so we'll just give them a good surprise."

"You have the grandest ideas," said Old Queen Thunder.

Old King Thunder and Old Queen Thunder rest when they are not having parties and noisy talks. That gives them so much more strength and energy when the time comes for a good, stormy time.

They went where it was warm most of the time, but now and again they like to surprise people, and they come suddenly around when it just seems too silly to have a thunder and lightning storm.

They called their Lightning friends and asked them to join their fun.

And as you know the Lightning family and the Thunder family have been friends for years and years.

No two families are greater friends than these two.

Well, the Thunder family and the Lightning family went rumbling and crashing and yelling and roaring and flashing and forking about their sky playground, and the Thunder children played hide and seek around the mountains and the hills.

And then along came the Raindrop children and Old King of the Clouds and then there was excitement.

Not only were they having their party when it was cold but they had it in the middle of the night.

People got up out of nice, warm beds and pulled down windows in bedrooms and the noise was so great hardly any slept through it.

It quieted down soon again, but not until it had given almost everyone enough noise to wake them up.

The Thunder family and the Lightning family had other plans and engagements and could not stay around long, but they had a splendid little surprise party and said they loved parties which were arranged on the spur of the moment.

"That's the way with my dear old King," roared Old Queen Thunder. And the Old King added:

"That's the appreciative kind of Old Queen I have."

"Our dear parents," said the children.

And the thunder gradually died away, and the lightning disappeared, and only the rain remained around for awhile!"

Conundrums

When would it seem that a lawyer is out of temper? When he asks cross-questions.

What is it that you cannot see though it is always before you? Your future.

How do extravagant dresses differ from law books? The first are costly modes, the second mostly codes.

Why is a cellar door like sin? Both lead to abasement.

What is that which we often return but never borrow? Thanks.

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for STOMACH CATARRH

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"I have a very weak stomach, and Beecham's Pills are about the only laxative I can take that does not nauseate me.

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For constipation, biliousness, sick headaches and other digestive ailments take

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For Tender Faces

EMOLLIENT MEDICINAL ANTISEPTIC

Score Up Another One

Along with the current reports concerning America's leadership in telephones and flivvers, let it not be forgotten that ours is also the country which consumes more chewing gum than the whole of the Old world.—Boston Transcript.

Highly Finished

She—Isn't this dress a gem?

He—Yes, and it shows a perfect setting.—Alliston Recorder.

Genuine BAYER

ASPIRIN

Say "Bayer"-Insist!

For Colds Headache
Pain Lumbago
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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 Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

Some Modern Wonders

The great wonders of the world are sometimes listed as the telephone, wireless telegraphy, radium, spectrum analysis, the airplane (?), anesthetics and antitoxins and X-rays.

Not Far Away

"Are foodstuffs allowed in the mails?" "Well, we deliver a lot of mush," answered the postman.

There is no chance of "a good time" in being great. The great are hurled along by circumstance.

I have been too much occupied with things themselves to think either of their beginning or their end.—Goethe.

Quick Safe Relief

CORNS

In one minute—or less—the pain ends. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pad is the safe, sure, healing treatment for corns. At drug and shoe stores.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone

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