By ETHEL HUESTON

CHAPTER VI—Continued

Jerrold looked at Prudence for assistance. Prudence was patiently counting the superfluous hearts, After all, what was there to say?

Why couldn't she? Obviously, she had. And that was the end of it. The next morning Jerrold called

Duane into the office. "Do you want a position?" he asked, still hopeful for the best.

"Oh, absolutely. I came on purpose Jerrold sighed. But he told him to hang about, and put in the time as best he could, to try not to get in people's way, and if he accidentally came across anything he could do, to feel perfectly free to do it. He gave him cards to the best clubs, offered him the use of a car at any time he wished it and told him to get as much fun out of life as he could.

"How much salary do you want?" "How much can I get?"

"Well, I fancy I could get men quite of the chance," Jerrold said, smiling faintly. "But it lends a sort of tone to the establishment to have your clothes and your accent in our employ, so say twenty-five. And you might lounge gracefully about in the showroom as often did. much as you can; you are sure to attract attention to the house if not to the motor.'

Duane thanked him, and said he would try to be worthy of so much | making him the subject of an avid attrust. He said he had other clothes, far more comment-creating than those he was wearing, and that his entire wardrobe was henceforth at the disposal of the Harmer Motor.

And then he laid serious and studied siege to the stubborn heart of Jerry. Every morning on the stroke of ten, a a box of flowers, violet, orchid and rose. Jerry gave them to the maids, sent them to the neighbors, but finally, in a burst of resentment at the per- Duane's face. sistence she was beginning to feel was more than flesh and blood could bear, she whirled the unopened box into the street the moment the messenger had

disappeared. The next morning when the bell rang, she ran furlously down to receive the hated tribute, but stopped on the stairs in some amazement, even in anger. Her mother was opening

"Mother!"

"They are for me." Prudence tipped to banish that springing distrust in Jerry's mutinous eyes.

"Since when is father so devoted?" The clock struck ten-a curious coincidence. And then, as Prudence took of yellow roses and lilles of the valley, Jerry saw the card-Duane Allerton. Her eyes flashed, darkened with rage. She thrust out angry hands, and caught the delicate flowers roughly, to tear them from her mother's arm. Prudence gently but with great firmness retained her hold.

'Jerry! They're mine." The soft voice was softer than ever before. Jerry's hands clung mutinously for a moment and then dropped

weakly to her sides. "Mother, please," she whispered. "I-I can't stand them in the house." And then, with a pitiful attempt to laugh away her display of emotion, she said with a sorry smile, "I-I must be developing nerves."

Prudence looked into her eyes, relented quickly, "I'll send them down to Carol. Katle can take them to the mail at once. Julia adores flowers."

The next morning, at ten o'clock, Jerry stood at the window listening for the expected, unwelcome ring at her door. It did not come. Ten-thirty eleven-and no flowers. There was league against her?

Jerry had no slightest doubt of the honor and the uprightness of her stubborn stand. It was really a final desperate struggle in defense of her most | ground. He told Prudence about it. sacred, girlish principle of purity, that inherent niceness of thought, reserve of person, that tarnishes at best, so quickly. Jerry had flirted, had frivoled joyously from beau to beau, had aughed at tencative, truanting caresses in sheer light-heartedness of spiritthat was when the real Jerry had glamour of her guarded youth, she ed it to her father, would brook no trifling.

She worked with passionate intensity, bending over the sketches for her houses and her columns of figures far. far into the night. She did not sleep well, she had no appetite, and unusual dark circles outlined the lovely misty

On her first attempt at renovation, the old house on Seventeenth street opposite the park, after weeks of work and worry and passionate devotion, she cleared but a paltry three hundred dollars, for all the fabulous towering of her hopes, Jerry laughed at that, ramely.

"I don't care! See how much fun I've had. And look what a lot of things | Prudence. I tearned! I'll make it up on the next oue, you'll see!'

in her work could account for the pathetic pallor of her face. In the end. Jerrold felt that nothing would come of it. He said so to Prudence, many

times. Prudence said nothing. She asked if Duane was taking an interest in the business, if he worked hard, earned his salary.

"You bet he earns it, staying in the same town with that daughter of yours," Jerrold said resentfully; and added more moderately: "Well, no, I can't say that he works much-if any. But he sticks around. And people come in to look him over-and incidentally get a view of the car while they're in. And the boys seem to like

Jerrold had indeed no ground for feeling that Duane, even as a prospective, somewhat poorly prospective, son-inlaw, had any designs upon the ultimate management of the Harmer Motor. In spite of his conscientious attendance in the showroom, his effacement from capable of doing what you're going to the active business of the concern was do for fifteen dollars a week, and glad complete. But he developed an inordinate interest in the rich, prosy little Middle Western city and asked endless questions about it, questions of intimate import, when he and Jerrold were having luncheon together as they

"I'm trying to acclimate myself to the corn belt," he said lightly, in explanation of this interest in things about town. But Jerrold, who was tention and study, knew it was something deeper than that.

"Why, do you know," Duane asked him one day, "you can pick up land along the river, and near the railroads, for a song, absolutely for a song? Bullding sites that ought to be worth-well, I suppose not quite their messenger appeared at the door with weight in gold-but worth a fortune anyhow in ten to twenty years."

> Jerrold said he supposed so, his shrewd, always kind eyes, fixed on

"They haven't half the factories, the manufacturing plants, they ought to have here. The town could support a hundred times the amount of business it's got. It's towns like this where a big business really pays, isn't if? Where property is cheap, expenses low, facilities good? Isn't that the way they figure?"

"It's the way my father figured when he started the factory, I should

"And besides, for a rich farming the box to show her name on the tag. state like this, they haven't got half the elevator business they ought to have. Have they? If the middlemen have to get fifty per cent of the farm income, the least they can do is turn the business middlemen and keep the profits in the state. Shouldn't you say so?"

"It seeems no more than reason-

"There's a pile of money here for any one that goes after it, isn't there?" "What's the matter with you? Are you trying to sell me the Middle

"No, I just want to find out if I am sold on it myself," Duane explained, laughing. "I haven't got a whole lot of capital left, you know, after my foolish fliers in the last three years. I want to be sure what I'm doing before I go in again. But it seems to me that this town-Well, it's as though it were asleep. -Somebody's going to step in here and pick up a few fine spots for factories, a few choice corners for grain elevators, and then after a while sit back and take his exercise dipping coupons. And it seems to me was just born for a coupon-clipper."

"I wish you luck, my toy. I can't think of a pleasanter indoor sport." to leave the Harmer Motor company sad suspicion in her eyes as she to Jerrold's manipulation, Jerrold was glanced now and then, furtively, at her satisfied that it should be so, for he was on his feet. mother. Would her very own work in knew the young man was keeping a wary eye on things in general, and that when the opportunity came for him to cut loose for himself, this time at least he would be sure of his

"That's nice," she said, warm in her approval. "It's just like families-they so much better in separate houses.

"You can hardly call him part of the family," protested Jerrold. "The way that girl acts-it's insulting!" Duane wrote to Jerry. She did not

trouble to return the letter by post, slipped by untouched. But with that she merely tore the envelope across tender ideal enshrined in the romantic a couple of times, unopened, and hand-

"Take it down and give it to him, will you?

"Now, Jerry, have a heart," objected the badgered father. "Why do you insist on dragging me into this thing; Why, it will make him feel like a fool to have me pass it across to him, ing out over East river to the brave with the compilments of the house, lights of New York. She returned to and so forth. Mail it! Stamps are the time and the place with a violer cheap enough!"

"Daughters are a nulsance, after all, aren't they, father?" she agreed, and went out at once in her little car inspect the cottage on which she was

engaged. Jerrold, thus left with the scraps of the futile correspondence, turned to

"What shall I do?" he asked help-

"I don't know," she said gently.

"What do you think?" So Jerrold carried it down to the office and sent for Duane. "It's nore of my business, of course," he said. 'Don't think I care how much you correspond with the family-and don't blame me-but I don't know what else to do with it. She gave it to me and said to bring it to you."

He passed the bits of paper to Duane hastily as though they turned his fingers. Duane examined them hopefully, saw the unbroken seal of

"She didn't read it, did she?" he said dejectedly.

"I don't know, maybe she did," said Jerry's father. "She took it upstairs. and it was quite a while before she came down. Maybe she read it while she was up, and then sealed it, again to fool you. I wouldn't put it past

Duane laughed, and examined the envelope more hopefully, but the seal no faint trace of tampering

"I know they say, Never say die, and try, try again, and all that nonsense." Jerrold went on gloomily. "But I don't put much stock in it in this case. Jerry's not a stubborn girl, naturally. If she makes a mistake, she always admits it and rights about face. I don't think she likes you-if you'll excuse me for saying so. And I don't

"You don't need to," said Duane grimly. "But she does like me. And she brought me out here, and by the Eternal, I'll stick if it takes ten

"Well, I think you're wasting your time, my boy, but have it your own Jerrold was sympathetic. don't understand girls myself. Prudence isn't like that-you can always talk her down."

Duane had been in Des Moines one full bitter month without a word from Jerry. And then one morning there was a telephone call in the machine shop, and Duane knew it was Opportunity calling for him by the modern,



'The Starter Won't Work. Will You Take Me In Quickly, Please?"

mechanical contrivance, as it seems she often calls. The boy turned from lie, "but I can't understand all she the telephone and called out to the says.' man in charge of the repair shop;

"Send a tow car for Miss Harmer. She troke down out on Eleventh, oth-And so while Duane was satisfied er side of the park. She's in a hurry,' Before the man in charge could make a move or give an order, Duane

> "Hold up that call a minute," he said with impressive authority in his "I've got to speak to Mr. Harmer. I'll be right back,"

He broke into the sacred precinct of the president's office without cere-"Listen, Mr. Harmer," he began

with boyish eagerness. "Her car broke down-Jerry's-and she phoned for a tow. May I go after her?" Jerrold looked at him, laughed a little, shook his head. "Sure you may.

And God help you!" Jerry sat patiently behind the wheel of her handsome little roadster, beneath the groaning branches of a great maple, a skeleton in the late fall, and waited for the tow car. Her thoughtwere far from the quiet Iowa street She was away, in Brooklyn, in a lit tle smoke-clouded studio, far up, look start when the tow car in a cloud of dust swept up abreast of her, and stopped with a crunching and grinding

of her father's employees. "I can't imagine what's the matter," she began brightly. "It's deader than-" face when she met Duane Allerton's died at Oxford about 1292 .- Kansas eyes, her voice became a still cold City Times.

hing. "The starter won't work. Will ou take me in quickly, please?"

Duane got out and stood beside Rer. Why, how do you do?" he said. hink I met you once before-in Brook-

"I don't recall it." "Good! Let's both forget it and start afresh! It will be so much bet-

ter in the end." "Will you hurry, please? I have a usiness appointment." She consulted the platinum and diamond wrist watch

with a most professional alertness. "You've changed," he told her, not heeding her words, his eyes on the slender contour of her face. "You are paler. Perhans you use less rouge ere than in the city.'

"I . don't use any on my car." she said, and turned her back upon him Duane got out the chains and stened her car to his, but when he ad finished he came to her again.

"You're just as beautiful as ever," he said softly. Jerry did not turn her head.

"I'm afraid you will have to sit in our own car to steer it," he said regretfully. "I'm sorry, I'd so much rather have you ride with me, but-" "I don't mind. I'd rather." She

he wheel He stood beside the car, very close o it, leaning upon the door. She did

slipped quickly into her place beside

ot meet his eyes. "Jerry," he said very softly, "don't you think you're treating me very

She hesitated a moment. The appeal of his voice was a positive pain to her, but Jerry had listened to that appeal before, to her sorrow. Her

one was low, her accents incisively cold as she answered: "Yes. Why not?" He could not but smile at the direct nclusiveness of her retort. He turned about and started for the tow

car ahead. Suddenly she leaned forward, and called after him. "Mr. Allerton," she said, and he came back to her with hopeful eager-"I wish you would go away again. I was very foolish to send for you. I-didn't realize how it would be. I will pay your way back to New York and give you money enough toto take care of you-until you get

"No, thanks, Miss Harmer, I am staying right on in Des Moines," he said quietly, without smiling.

started again-"

"I-I wish you would go," she said pleadingly. "It-it makes me very unappy-having you here."

He shook his head. "I am sorry, I ave a nice position with your father. shouldn't think of leaving."

Jerry's chin lifted defiantly. "I hall tell my father to discharge you,' she threatened.

"Then when I come begging to your back door, will your maid refuse me a crust of bread to stay my hunger?"

he asked lightly. "If my father dismisses you and offers you a ticket home, you will be

glad enough to go." "If your father dismissed me and gave me a ticket to Heaven itself, Jerry, I would not go without you. shall never leave Des Moines until I

take you with me. "I'll go away myself then," she cried furiously. "I don't have to stay hereto be insulted - and humiliated-

"I shall walt until you come back, Jerry," he said soberly.

"I'll never come back!" "Oh, yes, you will come back," he said softly. "As long as your Prudence is here, you will come back." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Her Affliction

Little Millie had achieved great success at her school, and was being moved to a higher grade. Needless to say, her parents were pleased with her and anxious to hear how she would get on in the new class.

When she returned home at lunch time the first question her mother asked was this: "Well, darling," she said, "how did

you like your new teacher?" "She seems very nice," replied Mil-

"How is that?" asked her mother.

"Does she talk too quietly?" "Oh, no. mummy," returned Millie. "but"-with the nir of one who knows -"I think she's got a predicament in

Beat Everything in Sight

her speech.

Here is a good one about a little lad who was given his first watch the other day as a gift on his ninth birthday. His aunt tells the story.

"Although he seemed pleased," she said, "when he first opened the box his enthusiasm was quite restrained. But he dashed into the house on his return from school that day, and exclaimed jubilantly.

"'My, but I've got a dandy watch!" "'I'm glad you like it,' said his mother, duly pleased at his pleasure. "'Yes,' he said, 'It's half an hour ahead of Jine's watch, and it's a whole hour ahead of the clock in the drug store! Gee, it beats them all!"-St. Paul Dispatch.

Monk Man of Learning

The epithet "Admirable Doctor" was bestowed upon Roger Bacon (1214-Roger Bacon (1214-1292), an English monk of the Franciscan order. He was without doubt the greatest philosopher of his time. His great work, the Opus Majus, was written about 1265, and first printed in 1733. It treats of nearly all the of brakes. She stepped out briskly, sciences. He was accused of practicing black magic; and in 1278 a council with her usual cordial smile for one of the Franciscans, jealous of his sucommitted him to prison in Paris. The smile froze upon her where he remained for ten years. He



of declarary

MERE INTRODUCTION

Old Man (flercely)-You've stepped

right on my corn.

Man (joyfully) -- Then you have a corn, sir? I thought so from the appearance of your boot, but wasn't quite certain, so I subjected your foot to a slight pressure, for which I humbly beg your pardon, and feel sure you will grant it when I tell you that you can save yourself from all future suffering by purchasing a box of my wonderful corn-plasters!

GEORGE WAS WISE



"George isn't engaged, is he?" "I don't think so. He said he was nobody's fool."

Safety First

Doctor (bandaging the arm of a beggar who has been run over)-It's a wonder you don't use soap and water now and then.

Beggar-I have thought of it, sir, but there's so many kinds of soap about now, and it's so hard to tell which is and which is not injurious to the skin, that I don't like to take any risks!

Knew All About Them

Old Sailor-Yes, mum, that's Lady-How interesting! And what is that little one just in front?

"Oh, that's just a tug." "Oh, yes, of course, tug-of-war, I've

heard of them."-Bucknell Belle Hop.



Wifie-You're taking a big chance of being held up by not coming home until after midnight.

Hubby-I suppose I am-a sort of twelve to one chance, so to speak.

Why Court in Dark That love is blind who can deny?
And so permit me to remark
That doubtless is the reason why

We do our courting in the dark.

Probably He sauntered into a railroad offic with much self-assurance and an air of familiarity, threw down his business card and inquired:

"Well," said the good-looking stenog, "they'd all take me for it if I'd let

"Who's the main squeeze around

Out of Bounds

"Hello, there," hailed the motorist.

"Haw, haw, thass a good one," guffawed the native. "To think one of you city fellers would get lost here in Cross Timbers."-American Legion

He Knew Better

The son of a lawyer at Morbihan came to Paris for his studies. Asked how he liked it, he said:

"The streets are so dangerous at

"Why don't you carry a revolver?" "What! And have it stolen?"-

Diplomacy

Sans Gene, Paris.

"So Pruddler has given up smoking?"

"Yes. On the advice of his doctor. at the request of his wife, and by command of his mother-in-law!"-Ber lin Schmutzige Wasche.

Caught

"I have been arrested for driving too

couldn't get away with it."

"Too fast, you mean!" "No, too slowly. I stole the car but Brought Up on a Farm



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