# Prudence's Daughter

#### CHAPTER VII-Continued

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Those days in Jerry's lovely home with Jerry's father, Duane felt were the happiest of his entire life. They had breakfast together in the morning, reading the papers over their coffee, drove to the factory together, and went out for luncheon to a cafe or club somewhere. And in the evening they played pinochle, smoked and read, sometimes just smoked and talked. They went to the Princess to patronize the stock company which will go down in history as the start-in-life of Fay Bainter. Once Jerrold had some men in, and they played poker.

Sometimes Duane forgot that Jerrold was to be his frther-in-law, thought of him only as a remarkably companionable old chap, and easy to have around.

"You know, Mr. Harmer," he said one night, "since I've been so-so keen on Jerry-and so d-n mad at her stubbornness-I've sort of lost interest in -you know-women and things. That's not natural. Does it hang over-or do you get back when you've been married a while?"

"You act like a blase old roue," said Jerrold, "but you talk like a kid." And then he said with a great assumption of sternness, "See here, young fellow, I'm on Jerry's side. Don't you try to get anything out of me that you may be able to use against me later on. You stick to the straight and narrow." He laughed a little. "I won't say that in all my twenty years I haven't felt the fleeting intrigue of a foreign dimple or curl, or maybe an ankle-and there's no denying that a woman does get on your nerves, especially the way she lugs your tobacco out of your reach-but I'm strong for Prudence. But of course, there aren't many Prudences. You wouldn't expect that.'

One night he asked about that picture in Jerry's room, the Ocean Rider. "It's a haunting thing," he said. "It

makes you think of Jerry somehow-' "Oh, dldn't you know Theresa? The picture gave me the creeps, too, at first. The eyes are Jerry's. She has nice eyes; maybe you've noticed it," he added slyly. "Not as nice now, I think, as when she left. She looks morecloudy. But very nice. The picture is a shock at first sight. Makes you feel as if you've caught her stepping out of the bath.'

life. Duane was shocked, hurt. It opinion. seemed a terrible thing for Jerry to go through, and lacking the support of his tenderness and sympathy. He hated himself, as though he had failed her when she had need of him.

Once he said, "Why do you suppose she wouldn't flirt with me-when she did with others? And I know sheliked me well enough.

Jerrold sald, "I don't know, what do you think?" And did not realize he had caught that cleverness of evasion from

"Did she tell you I was drunk that night?" Duane persisted morbidly.

she needs us," said Jerrold proudly. "She struggles along by herself, until she knows she is whipped. Then she comes to Prudence and me. She was like that when she was a baby. She would work for half a day trying to fix a broken toy by herself-a thing I could do in a minute-but she never came until she had worn herself out working at it alone and found it too much for her. Prudence likes that; she thinks it shows character."

After a blissful week that was full of reminiscences of Prudence and Jerry in the past and countless hopes for Prudence and Jerry in the future, the telegram came to announce their returning, and Jerrold said regretfully:

"Sorry, old fellow, I've got to chuck you out. The girls will be home this evening."

Duane's disappointment and his regret at leaving were almost childish. In the intimacy of Jerry's home he had almost forgotten their estrangement and felt she should be coming to him

as Prudence came back to Jerrold. "I wonder what would happen if I just stuck on and faced the music," he sald to Jerrold, "as if I had a right to

"Oh, good lord," was all Jerry's father had to say.

So Duane packed his bags bitterly, unhappily, and moved back to the sor-

did stupidity of his hotel room. Jerrold spent the rest of the day going through the house, removing every

trace of evidence as to the presence of a guest. He cautioned the maids, over and over, to breathe not a word of what had transpired, and in the evening met his wife and daughter at the

In deference to the returning of Prudence, he generously removed the bronze smoking stand from the side of the bed and put it back in the stairway lounge where she had left it. He always made that concession on the night that Prudence returned. And Prudence in gratitude for his generosity, always carried it back when they went to bed, and put it where his hand could not fail to find it the mo-

ment he should awaken. He kissed Prudence first, kissed her twice. Then he turned to Jerry. Jerry always surprised him. She took hold of both of his arms, and looked deep, deep into his eyes, her own unsmiling. pleading, anxious. Jerrold met them bravely, although his heart sank guiltlly beneath the weight on his con-

### By ETHEL HUESTON

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her lynx-bright eyes could read and understand.

But Jerry said nothing. She released her tense grip upon his arms after a moment, and kissed him.

#### CHAPTER VIII

Between Friends

During the dinner hour on an early evening in November Jerry was called to the telephone, and when she came back a moment later to her place there was a curious, quizzical smile upon her lips and in her eyes.

"It was Adela Longley," she explained. "She wanted me to go to the theater with her."

"Adela Longley!" Prudence was gently surprised.

"Are you going?" asked Jerrold, with his usual lack of inter-penetration. "It was Adela Longley," Jerry repeated, for his enlightenment. "Of ourse I am not going. I told her I

am very busy tonight." Jerry and her mother exchanged glances of smiling tolerance-tolerance for Jerrold's mannish incomprehension of delicate social situations, smiling tecause they loved him. For from New York down, the veriest hamlet has its central select set which seems a thing of merest idle chance, and yet the laws of the Medes and Persians themselves were not a whit more binding.

Adela Longley was one who hovered as it were in the remote whorls of that society which circled about Jerry as a point of pivot. She belonged to the large social life of Des Moines, but was not, and could not be, a part of that inner nucleus which is so rigidly a thing apart. And yet Jerry was the very soul of democracy; she said she abhorred snobbishness of all things in the world; she made no slightest distinction as to place or person-only as to personality. She didn't care for Adela Longley. "Oh, she's a different sort, very nice of course—I don't care about ner." It was Adela, Jerry felt, who kept Adela in the social fringe.

"Maybe she thinks if she gets a little clubby with you I may give her a He told Duane then of Theresa and better price on a car," suggested Jerher tragic death, her even more tragic | rold, always glad to help out with his

Jerry was interested. "A car! Another car? Why, she has a car now!" "She's tired of it. She wants to trade it in on a Harmer. She has been in three times this week to see

Jerry lowered the misty lashes reflectively. Only Jerry knew how very strange a thing that was. She was not above sounding her father for confirmation of her suspicion.

"She has a Harkness! It cost nearly five thousand dollars more than

"Yes, she said she would have noth-"Jerry never tells us things until ing but a Harkness in the teginning, but she doesn't like it now she has it. She wants to trade it in for a Harmer

roadster like yours." "Like mine! But you had mine made specially for me, and I de-

"Yes, I know. Duane told her-" "Who told her?"

signed-

"Oh-Mr. Allerton, you know, Duane Allerton. He is on the floor, you see. He showed her the models, and she's een talking to him about it."

"Oh, I see." Jerry had her confirmation. "Well, go on. What did-hetell her?"

"He said we will not duplicate the body of your car for anybody, but that we will design another special for her, any style she likes. But we do not care to duplicate yours under any circumstances."

"Adela Longley made fun of the Harmer when she got hers," said Jerry reflectively. "She said she wanted a good car or none at all. The girls used to tease me about it."

"Well, maybe she thinks more of it now. Duane says she was enthusias-

tic about the demonstration." "Who gave her the demonstration?"

"I should think," Jerry's voice was

"They do ordinarily. But she had talked to him on the floor several times, and asked him particularly to take her out. So of course he did." Jerry had lost her appetite for din-

ner. Her thoughts were running along "Myrtle Ingersoll and I went to a atinee Wednesday," she sald slowly.

She wanted to come by the office and ask you to go with us." "Ask who?"

"You, father. She thinks you are such a dear. I told her you are a perfect slave to business and never go out in the afternoon, and she wanted to come by and ask you anyhow, thought you might be pleased with the attention. I didn't think anything of it then. But I'm thinking plenty now."

Jerrold laughed easily. "Oh, they think up sillier excuses than that to get a look at him. Not that I blame them at all! There aren't enough good-looking young fellows to go the Jerrold sat opposite her with the everounds here, you know."

It had not before occurred to Jerry to wonder what Duane was doing during the evening, with whom he was they must hurry and dress Finally, Herald.

science. He wondered if he bore a | going out, what friendships he was mark engraved upon his features that forming. Now that this phase of the situation was so forcitly drawn to her attention, she realized very clearly that in a town the size of Des Moines, a young man of good appearance, who could dance, play bridge, and with great personal charm to his credit. was not at all likely to pass by unobserved.

> And if further corroboration were ecessary, she received it in painful plenitude on Monday evening at Grac-McCartney's shower for Rae Forsythe, when all the girls of their particular clique were together. Jerry was late in arriving, and was greeted at once with a gay protesting outburst. "Oh, Jerry, how could you be so

selfish!" "Jerry Harmer, you ought to be ashamed of yourself! Anything as

good-looking as that!" "Where in the world did your father find it?"

Jerry realized it would be foolish to pretend ignorance as to their meaning, in a town as small and as fraternal as Des Moines. She laughed it off as best she could, explained gayly that she left the ... anagement of the Harmer Motor to her father, and agreed that Duane Allerton was certainly a very handsome thing.

"Do you know him, Jerry?" asked Edith Weatherby.

"Yes, I met him in New York." This was greeted with merry, significant exclamations and laughter. "Oh, so it's like that!" they cried.

"It seems he had some sort of financial reverses," she went on quickly.



Jerrold Carefully Placed the Great Cloak About His Daughter's Shoul-

"I don't know much about it, but he wanted to make a change, and you know father is always taking on men." "Do you like him, Jerry?" persisted Edith Weatherty.

Jerry was not to be caught unguarded. "Of course. Why not? I hardly know the man."

"And you're not personally interested, are you?" continued her interrogator. "Because he told me he had lost a lot of money, and I told fatherfather likes him very much-and I told father I was sure he would rather work in a bank than in a factory. You | though nobody did-I call that dress know my father is always taking on a little-well, snappy for the old home men, too."

Jerry's eyes were serene and unclouded. "Yes, of course. That would be lovely for Mr. Allerton. I am sure his opportunity would be much greater in the bank than with my father."

More than ever Jerry regretted that hasty impulse of hers which had brought Duane Allerton to Iowa. And yet she took a bitter, morbid satisfaction in having them know that after to soft as to be almost inaudible, "I all she had known him first, that she should think the salesmen would do had been in a sense the motive of his coming-as, indeed, she had, and ina far more intimate sense than Jerry would have them suspect.

On the evening of Thanksgiving occurred the annual dinner-dance at the club, one of the real events of the year | thing. to which the younger set at least looked forward for weeks with keen anticipation. Usually Jerry made one of a group of her particular friends. while Prudence and Jerrold filled up a table with couples of their own age and interests. But, for this night Jerry persistently refused all invitations, and insisted on a family trio Prudence, Jerrold and herself. To ber friends she said she thought her mother would like it. To Pruden she said honestly:

"Oh, mother, I'm tired! I don't feel like pretending to be interested in lot of things-when I am not."

On the afternoon of the dance si sat curled in a big chair before the fire with a magazine she did not read, and ning paper, smoking, and neither of them answered when Prudence reminded them for the third time that at her insistence, Jerrold dropped the

paper and sighed.

"I'm getting too old for such goingson," he said plaintively. "I feel just like sitting here in my own house by my own fire, and going to bed at a

"Too late," Prudence told him, laughing. "You have to go or you get no dinner. Mary and Katle have gone out, and there is nothing to eat. You must go with us or fast.'

Jerrold sighed again. Then he turned to Jerry, with the news that had been a burden to him for two

"Oh! Jerry-by the way-Duane will

Jerry did not move, did not turn her eyes. "Oh, will he?"

"Yes. The Weatherbys asked him to go, and I told him to go by all means. I don't feel that he should miss a good time just because you feel a little-er-sensitive about his presence, do you? It's a wonder you haven't run into him before this. They're inviting him everywhere. And

"Oh, don't hesitate on my account.

Go right ahead. Besides what?" "Besides, as I've said before, there are more nice girls in this town than there are nice boys. Other men have daughters as well as I, and daughters requiring beauing. And I must say that some fathers seem to have daughters with a greater degree of that sweet reasonableness they talk about than my own."

Jerry smiled sympathetically. "Poor father!" she said. "You did have rather bad luck getting only me. But however much you may prefer other fathers' daughters to your own, you can't get rid of me. No trading daughters. Things aren't done that way. You must keep what you get, whether you like it or not."

She touched him lightly on the shoulder as she passed by and went quickly up the stairs.

Jerrold looked at Prudence. "Is she going?" he asked in a loud

whisper.

"I don't know." They tiptoed together to the doorway and listened. There was no

sound from Jerry's room above. They tiptoed tack. "Now if she has any notion of going there and snubbing him in public I won't stand for Jerrold said, still whispering. 'After all, she brought him here, and she shan't-'

"Oh, don't you worry about that. She wants to make him eat the dust before her, but she'll never give anybody else a chance to laugh at him. You'll see!" And then she added, half hopefully, half wistfully, "Perhaps they will make it all up tonight, and then we'll have him here for Thanks giving dinner tomorrow!"

#### CHAPTER IX

A Little for Remembrance

At a quarter to seven Prudence ped lightly on Jerry's door

"I'll be right down." Jerry's voice from behind the closed door was very ow, a little strained. She did not ask er mother to come in, and Prudence made no such offer, but went directly down and stood silently, anxiously beside her husband in the lower hall and awaited the coming of her daughter.

Jerry wore the flame-colored gown of chiffon velvet, and as she stood above them on the steps, smiling down at them, involuntarily they exclaimed at the fresh, bright revelation of her beauty.

"Of course a daughter studying Art in New York will wear what she pleases-in New York," said Jerrold, frowning with a great assumption of sapproval, although his eyes shone vith his pride and pleasure in her loveliness. "But If you ask meown.

"It is teautiful," said Prudence. "I thought you did not like it, Jerry. You haven't worn it once since you came

Jerrold carefully placed the great oak about his daughter's shoulders. "You have too much rouge on," he jected.

"I know it" she assented. "But I am a shocking color tonight in the natural. So pale I am positively yelow. Do you think perhaps I may be getting thin-blooded, mother? I never used to look so white."

"Perhaps you need a tonic," Prudence suggested, though she knew in her heart that Jerry needed no such

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### Life and Death

A man with an uncanny mania for nggling with figures produced pencil and paper and said to a friend: "Put down the number of your living brothers. Multiply it by two. Add three. Multiply the result by five. Add the number of living sisters. Multiply the result by ten. Add the number of dead brothers and sisters. Subtract 150 from the result." The friend did it, "Now," said the other with cunning smile, "the right-hand figure will be the number of deaths, the middle figure the number of living sisters, and the left-hand figure the number of living brothers." And so it was .- Tit-

Another very annoying place to live is just beyond your income.-Everett

# The Nights were Torment

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a brand new woman!

Mrs. M. J. Bradley had come to the point where she could scarcely do her housework. Two years of suffering from indigestion had shattered her health. What little she ate caused stomach fermentation, gas bloating and pain. She lay awake through the long hours of the night and was tired out through the day.



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## Derisive Nickname

The nickname "Jupiter Scapin" was conferred upon Napoleon Bonaparte by the Abbe de Pradt, in allusion to the strange mixture of greatness and pettiness manifested in his character. "Scapin" is a knavish and thievish valet in Moliere's comedy "Les Fourberies de Scapin."

"In short, when you have penetrated through all the circles of power and splendor, you were not dealing with a gentleman, at last; but with an impostor and a rogue; and he fully deserves the epithet of Jupiter Scapin, or a sort of Scamp Jupiter."-Emerson's "Representative Men."

Weakness of saving your money for a rainy day, is that every day is a

Brain Development

Dr. J. S. Bolton, noted British psychologist, believes that men and women will some day become a race of intellectual giants compared with the present generation. We have hardly tapped the possibilities of brain development, he says. "Even when employed to the maximum by the higher individuals of the race," declares the psychologist, "the brain is only workng to a tithe of its potential capacity. Few people appreciate what a large proportion of their apparent thinking s merely repetition of things learned by heart, gossip, scandal and the like."

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Innocent "Burglars"

A man passing the Wilson home in George street, Providence, R. I., at night observed a dim light within. As no one was supposed to be home, he halted, and when two figures glided by the light, he called the police. A squad surrounded the house, entered It and climbed all over it, but there was no burglar. The mystery was dispelled by an inspector. He noted that a second floor room of the Hinckley home across the street bore a light and that children were moving about the room. He explained that the light was being reflected in a mirror in the Wilson home. The movements of the children, also shown in the mirror, were the "burglars."

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