



Prudence Says So

By Ethel Hueston,
Author of Prudence of the Parsonage
The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Publishers, Indianapolis.

CHAPTER IV. (Continued.)

The twins were undoubtedly lazy, and slept as late as possible on the morning of the wedding. So it was that when Lark slipped into the dining room three minutes late for breakfast, she found the whole family, with the exception of Carol, well in the midst of their meal.

"She was sick," she began quickly, then interrupting herself—"Oh, good morning! Beg pardon for forgetting my manners. But Carol was sick, Prudence, and I hope you and Fairy are ashamed of yourselves—and auntie, too—for making fun of her. She couldn't sleep all night and rolled and tossed and her head hurt and she talked in her sleep."

"I thought she didn't sleep."

"Well, she didn't sleep much, but when she did she mumbled and said things and—"

Then the dining room door opened again and Carol—her hair about her shoulders, her feet bare, enveloped in a soft and clinging kimono of faded blue—stalked majestically into the room. There was woe in her eyes, and her voice was tragic.

"It is gone," she said. "It is gone!" Her appearance was uncanny to say the least, and the family gazed at her with some concern, despite the fact that Carol's vagaries were so common as to be unusually elicited small respect.

"Gone!" she cried, striking her palms together. "Gone!"

"If you do anything to spoil that wedding, pap'll whip you, if you are seven years old," said Fairy.

Lark sprang to her sister's side. "What's gone, Carrie?" she pleaded with sympathy, almost with tears.

"What's gone? Are you out of your mind?"

"Not out of my complexion," was the dramatic answer.

Even Lark fell back for the moment, stunned. "Your complexion," she faltered.

"Look! Look at me, Lark. Don't you see? My complexion is gone—my beautiful complexion that I loved, look at me! Oh, I would gladly have sacrificed a leg, or an arm, or my eyes, but not my complexion!"

"Sure enough, now that they looked carefully, they could indeed perceive that the usual soft creaminess of Carol's skin was pricked and sparsed with ugly red spots. Her eyes were watery, shot with blood. For some time they gazed in silence, then they cried together.

"Papa!" cried Fairy. "It's raspberry coming out, Carol!"

The corners of Carol's lips twitched slightly and it was with difficulty that she maintained her wounded regal bearing. But Lark, always quick to resent an indignity to this twin of her own, turned upon them angrily.

"Fairy! Fairy! You are a wicked unfeeling thing! You sit there and laugh and talk about pie when Carol is sick and suffering—her lovely complexion ruined, and it was the joy of my life, that complexion was. Papa—why don't you do something?"

But he only laughed harder than ever. "If there's anything more precious than Carol's vanity because of her beauty, it's Lark's vanity for me," he said.

Aunt Grace drew Carol to her side, examined the ruined complexion closely. Then she smiled, but there was regret in her eyes.

"Well, Carol, you've spoiled your part of the wedding sure enough. You've got the measles."

"Then came the silence of utter horror."

"Not the measles," begged Carol, rounded afebrile. "Give me diphtheria or smallpox, or—or even leprosy, and I'll bear it bravely and with a smile, but it shall not be said that Carol's measles spoiled the wedding."

"Oh, Carol!" wailed Prudence. "don't give the measles—please don't. I've waited all my life for this wedding—don't spoil it!"

"Well, it's your own fault, Prue," interrupted Lark. "If you hadn't kept all cooped up when we were little, you'd have had the measles long ago. Now, like as not the whole family'll get 'em, and serve you right. No self-respecting family has any business to row up without having the measles."

"What shall we do now?" queried Prudence practically.

"Well, I always said it was a mistake," said Fairy. "A big wedding—"

"Oh, Fairy, please don't tell me that again. I know it so well. Papa, whatever shall we do? Maybe Jerry isn't had them either?"

"Why, it's easily arranged," said Lark. "We'll just postpone the wedding until Carol's quite well again."

"Bad luck," said Connie.

"Too much work," said Fairy.

"Well, she can't get married without Carol, can she?" ejaculated Lark.

"Are you sure it's measles, Aunt Grace?"

"Yes, it's measles."

"Then," said Fairy, "we'll get Alice Bird or Katie Free to bridesmaid with Lark. They are the same size and either will do all right. She can wear Carol's dress. You won't mind that, will you, Carol?"

"No," said Carol moodily, "of course I won't. The only real embroidery dress I ever had in my life—and haven't got that yet! But go ahead and get anybody you like. I'm hoodooed, that's what it is. It's a punishment because you and Jim cheated yesterday, Lark."

"What did you do?" asked Connie.

"You seem to be getting the punishment!"

"Shall we have Alice or Katie? Which do you prefer, Lark?"

"You'll have to get them both," said the stolid answer. "I won't bridesmaid without Carol."

"Don't be silly, Lark. You'll have to."

"Then wait for Carol."

"Papa, you must make her."

"No," said Prudence slowly, with a white face. "We'll postpone it. I won't get married without the whole family."

"I said right from the start—"

"Oh, yes, Fairy, we know what you said," interjected Carol. "We know how you'll get married. First man that gets moonshine enough into his head to propose to you, you'll trot him post haste to the justice before he thinks twice."

In the end, the wedding was postponed a couple of months—for both Connie and Fairy took the measles. But when at last the wedding party, marshaled by Connie with a huge white basket of flowers, trailed down the time honored aisle of the Methodist church, it was without one dissenting voice pronounced the crowning achievement of Mr. Starr's whole pastorate.

"I was proud of us, Lark," Carol told her twin, after it was over, and Prudence had gone, and the girls had wept themselves weak on each other's shoulders. "We get so in the habit of doing things wrong that I half expected myself to pipe up ahead of father with the ceremony. It seems—awful—without Prudence—but it's a satisfaction to know that she was the best married bride Mount Mark has ever seen."

"Jerry looked awfully handsome, didn't he? Did you notice how he glowed at Prudence? I wish you were artistic, Carol, so you could illustrate my books. Jerry'd make a fine illustration."

"We looked nice, too. We're not a bad looking bunch when you come right down to facts. Of course, it is fine to be as smart as you are, Larkie, but I'm not jealous. We're mighty lucky to have both beauty and brains in our township—and since one can't be both, I may say I'd just as lief be pretty. It's so much easier."

"Carol!"

"What?"

"We're nearly grown up now. We'll have to begin to settle down. Prudence says so."

For a few seconds Carol wavered, tremulous. Then she said pluckily, "All right. Just wait till I powder my nose, will you? It gets so shiny when I cry."

"Carol!"

"What?"

"Isn't the house still?"

"Yes—ghastly."

"I never thought Prudence was much of a chatterbox, but—listen! There isn't a sound."

Carol held out a hand and Lark clutched it desperately.

"Let's—let's go find the folks—This is—awful! Little old Prudence is gone!"

slouched, they smoked, they lounged, they loitered. The churches knew them not. They were the slum element, the Bowers of Mount Mark, Iowa.

Prudence, in her day, had passed them by with a shy slight nod and a glance of tender pity. Fairy and Lark, and even Connie, sailed by with high heads and scornful eyes—haughty, proud, icily removed. But Carol, by some weird and inexplicable fancy, treated them with sweet and gracious solicitude, quite friendly. Her smile as she passed was as sweet as for her dearest friend. Her "Good morning" wasn't this glorious weather?" was as affably cordial as her "Breakfast is ready, papa!"

This was the one subject of dispute between the twins.

"Oh, please don't, Carol. It does make me so ashamed," Lark entreated.

"You mustn't be narrow minded, Larkie," Carol argued. "We're minister's girls and we've got to be a good influence—an encouragement to the poor, weak and erring, you know. Maybe my smiles will be an inspiration to them."

And on this point Carol stood firm even against the tears of her precious twin.

One evening at the dinner table Fairy said, with a mocking smile, "How are your Slaughterhouse friends today, Carol? When I was at the dentist's I saw you coming along, beaming at them in your own inimitable way."

"Oh, they seemed all right," Carol answered, with a deprecating glance toward her father and her aunt.

"I see by last night's paper that Guy Fleisher is just out after his last thirty days up," Fairy continued solicitously. "Did he find his incarceration trying?"

"I didn't discuss it with him," Carol said indignantly. "I never talk to them. I just say 'Good morning' in Christian charity."

Aunt Grace's eyes were smiling as always, but for the first time Carol felt that the smiles were at, instead of with, her.

"You would laugh to see her, Aunt Grace," Fairy explained. "They are generally half intoxicated, sometimes wholly. And Carol trips by, clean, white and shining. They are always lounging against the store windows or posts for support, bleary eyed, dissipated, swaggering, staggery. Carol nods and smiles as only Carol can. 'Good morning, joyous isn't it a lovely day? Are you feeling well? And they grin at her and sway ingratiatingly against one another and say, 'Mornin', Carol. Carol is the only really decent person in town that has anything to do with them.'"

"Carol means all right," declared Lark angrily.

"Yes, indeed," assented Fairy. "They call them the Slaughterhouse quartet, auntie, because whenever they are sober enough to walk without police assistance, they wander through the streets slaughtering the peace and serenity of the quiet town with their rendition of all the late, disgraceful sentimental ditties. They are in many ways striking characters. I do not wholly misunderstand their attraction for romantic Carol. They are something like the troubadours of old—only more so."

Carol's face was crimson. "I don't like them," she cried, "but I'm sorry for them. I think maybe I can make them see the difference between us, me so nice and respectable you know, and them so—animalish! It may arouse their better natures—I suppose they have better natures. I want to show them that the decent element, we Christians, are sorry for them and want them to be better."

"Carol wants to be an influence," Fairy continued. "Of course, it is a little embarrassing for the rest of us to have her on such friendly terms with the most unmentionable characters in all Mount Mark. But Carol is like so many reformers—in the presence of one of our great truth she has eyes for it only, ignoring a thousand other, greater truths."

"I am sorry for them," Carol repeated, more weakly, abashed by the presence of the united family. Fairy's dissertations on this subject had usually occurred in private.

Mr. Starr mentally resolved that he would talk this over with Carol when the others were not present, for he knew from her face and her voice that she was really sensitive on the subject. And he knew, too, that it is difficult to explain to the very young that the finest of ideas are not applicable to all cases by all people. But it happened that he was spared the necessity of dealing with Carol privately, for matters adjusted themselves without his assistance.

The second night following was an eventful one in the parsonage. One of the bishops of the church was in Mount Mark for a business conference with the religious leaders, and was to spend the night at the parsonage. The meeting was called for eight-thirty for the convenience of the business men concerned, and was to be held in the

church offices. The men left early, followed shortly by Fairy who desired to spend the evening at the Avery home, testing their supply of winter apples. The twins and Connie, with the newest and most thrilling book Mr. Carnegie afforded the town, went upstairs to lie on the bed and take turns reading aloud. And for a few hours the parsonage was as calm and peaceful as though it were not designed for the housing of merry minister's daughters.

Aunt Grace sat downstairs darning stockings. The girls' intentions had been the best in the world, but in less than a year the family darning had fallen entirely into the capable and willing hands of the gentle chaperon. It was but half past ten. The girls had just seen their heroine rescued from a watery grave and married to her bold preserver by a minister who happened to be writing a sermon on the beach—no mention of how the license was secured, extemporaneously—and with sighs of gratified sentiment they lay happily on the bed thinking it all over. And then, from beneath the peach trees clustered on the south side of the parsonage, a burst of melody arose.

"Good morning, Carrie, how are you this morning?"

The girls sat up abruptly, staring at one another, as the curious ugly song wafted in upon them. Conviction dawned slowly, sadly, but unquestionably.

The Slaughterhouse quartet was serenading Carol in return for her winsome smiles!

Carol herself was literally struck dumb. Her face grew crimson, then white. In her heart, she repeated psalms of thanksgiving that Fairy was away, and that her father and the bishop would not be in until this colossal disaster was averted.

Connie was mortified. It seemed like a wholesale parsonage insult. Lark, after the first awful realization, lay back on the bed and rolled convulsively.

"You're an influence all right, Carol," she gurgled. "Will you listen to that?"

For Rufus Rastus Johnson Brown was the second choice of her cavaliers below in the darkness.

"Rufus Rastus," Lark cried, and then was choked with laughter. "Of course, it would be—proper if they sang hymns—but—oh, listen!"

The rollicking strains of Budweiser were swung gaily out upon the night. Carol writhed in anguish. The serenade was bad enough but this unmerciful mocking derision of her adored twin was unendurable.

Then the quartet waxed sentimental. They sang, and not badly, a few old southern melodies, and started slowly around the corner of the house, still singing.

It has been said that Aunt Grace was always kind, always gentle, unsuspicious and without guile. She had heard the serenade and promptly concluded that it was the work of some of the high school boys who were unanimously devoted to Carol. She had a big box of chocolates upstairs, for Connie's birthday celebration. She could get them and make lemonade, and—

She opened the door softly and stepped out, directly in the path of the startled youths. Full of her hospitable intent, she was not discerning as parsonage people need to be.

"Come in, boys," she said cordially, "the girls will be down in a minute."

The appearance of a guardian angel summoning them to Paradise could not have confounded them more utterly. The stumblers all over one another in trying to back away from her. She laughed softly.

"Don't be bashful. We enjoyed it very much. Yes, come right in."

Undoubtedly they would have declined if only they could have thought of the proper method of doing so. As it was, they only succeeded in shambling through the parsonage door, instinctively concealing their half smoked cigars beneath their fingers.

Aunt Grace ushered them into the pleasant living room and ran up to summon her nieces.

Left alone, the boys looked at one another with amazement and with grief, and the leader, the touching tenor, said with true musical fervor, "Well, this is a go!"

In the meantime, the girls, with horror, had heard their aunt's invitation. What in the world did she mean? Was it a trick between her and Fairy? Had they hired the awful Slaughterers to bring this disgrace upon the parsonage? Sternly they faced her when she opened their door.

"Come down, girls—I invited them in. I'm going to make lemonade and serve my nice chocolates. Hurry down."

"You invited them in!" echoed Connie.

"The Slaughterhouse quartet," hissed Lark.

Then Aunt Grace whirled about and

stared at them. "Mercy!" she whispered, remembering for the first time Fairy's words. "Mercy! Is it—that! I thought it was high school boys and—mercy!"

"Mercy is good," said Carol grimly. "You'll have to put them out," suggested Connie.

"I can't! How can I?—How did I know?—What on earth—Oh, Carol, whatever made you smile at them?" she wailed helplessly. "You know how men are when they are smiled at! The bishop is over."

"You'll have to get them out before the bishop comes back," said Carol. "You must. And if any of you ever give this away to father or Fairy I'll—"

"You'd better go down a minute, girls," urged their aunt. "That will be the easiest way. I'll just pass the candy and invite them to come again and then they'll go. Hurry now, and we'll get rid of them before the others come. Be as decent as you can, and it'll soon be over."

Thus adjured, with the dignity of the bishop and the laughter of Fairy ever in their thoughts, the girls arose and went down, proudly, calmly, loftily. Their inborn senses of humor came to their assistance when they entered the living room. The Slaughterhouse boys looked far more slaughtered than slaughtering. They sat limply in their chairs, nervously twitching their yellowed slimy fingers, their dull eyes intent upon the worn spots in the carpet. It was funny! Even Carol smiled, not the serene sweet smile that melted hearts, but the grim hard smile of the joker when the tables are turned! She flattered herself that this wretched travesty on parsonage courtesy would be ended before there were any further witnesses to her downfall from her proud fine heights, but she was doomed to disappointment. Fairy, on the Avery's porch, had heard the serenade. After the first shock and after the helpless laughter that followed, she bade her friends good night.

"Oh, I've just got to go," she said. "It's a joke on Carol. I wouldn't miss it for twenty-five bushels of apples—even as good as these are."

Her eyes twinkling with delight, she ran home and waited behind the rose bushes until the moment for her appearance seemed at hand. Then she stepped into the room where her outraged sisters were stoically passing precious and luscious chocolates to tobacco saturated youths.

"Good evening," she said. "The Averys and I enjoyed the concert, too. I do love to hear music outdoors on still nights like these. Carol, maybe your friends would like a drink. Are there any lemons, auntie? We might have a little lemonade."

IS THE DIRECTOIRE INFLUENCE TO BE FELT AGAIN?

FROM PARIS COME RUMORS TO THIS EFFECT AND NOW AND AGAIN ONE SEES PROOF OF IT

NEW BLOUSES OF SATIN AND GEORGETTE

New York, Sept. 30.—We have lately been hearing rumors from Paris that the period of the Directoire is likely to make itself felt again in our dress.

In the accompanying sketch is a dress which shows the Directoire influence very markedly. This type of

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very large, though some small ones are seen.

A Skirt of Many Gores.

In the matter of separate skirts, there is a striking novelty which has made a strong appeal to many women. This is the fourteen gores skirt, of which an illustration is shown here. Not even the number of gores has deterred them from taking a fancy to this skirt, the novelty and the effectiveness of it having far outweighed the task of making it. The most effective developments are in two materials, making the alternate gores of the different materials. Needless to say, in this line the chief beauty of the skirt. One may use the same material in two contrasting colors or contrasting materials in the same shade. These skirts are often made in two colors of serge, as black and white, or

Reflecting the Directoire Style.

dress strikes the eye at once as being very distinct from other styles. At first glance one might easily mistake it for a coat on account of the large collar rising high at the back of the neck, the equally large revers and the double breasted effect of the short, fitted body. At this of the year a dress in coat effect is especially desirable, and one of this type has many charms. The long tunic parted in front and attached to the rather short waisted body can be worn to advantage by the woman of average proportions.

Tunics are quite fashionable this season and there is a large variety of different styles.

Collars, high in the back and open in front, on the order of the one in the illustration, are very good style. Even in separate collars to be worn with dresses and suits the style that goes well up in the back and almost touches the hair is one of the very newest from Paris. Most collars continue to be again copying in.

Press Edwards of Omaha is visiting this week with relatives and friends in Eddyville. This is Mr. Edwards' first visit to his old home in thirty years.

Dr. F. E. Vance returned Friday from Minneapolis where he has been attending a meeting of the Rock Island surgeons.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Myrick, Milan Bollhaugh and Mr. and Mrs. Ward Albough attended the fair in Oskaloosa on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Berry spent Thursday in Albia visiting Dr. and Mrs. Wray.

Mrs. John Morris and Mrs. Geo. Chittwood were business callers in Albia Thursday.

Harry Miller of Frederick was a caller in Eddyville Thursday.

The school was closed Thursday and Friday in order that the teachers might have an opportunity to attend the teachers' meeting in Ottumwa this week.

Walter Sperry of Weeping Water, Nebr., came Thursday for a visit with his sister Mrs. W. H. Morrison of Leado.

Onnie Law of Des Moines had business in town Thursday.

Mrs. Asa Fellows and children returned Saturday from a visit with relatives in Ohio.

Mrs. Everett Peppers and baby returned home Monday after a visit with relatives in Ottumwa.

Miss Rope Hinkle returned to her



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- AGENCY.**
- Rev. W. H. Perdew and family are visiting at the W. F. Clements home.
 - Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Kibler spent Sunday with relatives in Ottumwa.
 - T. H. Newell is remodeling his residence on Main street and expects to make it modern in every respect.
 - Mrs. Rose Harper of Kenosha, Wis., is visiting here with relatives.
 - Mrs. Wm. Wise and Miss Hazel Gandy of Bloomfield are visiting here with their sister Mrs. Cuba Shadford.
 - Clint Miller of Beaver Crossing, Neb., was Saturday for a visit with relatives and friends. He will be accompanied home by Mrs. Miller and two sons who have been here for several weeks.
 - Geo. Faucett and Robert Burris are each erecting new residences on their lots in the northwest part of town.
 - Mrs. O. C. Shadford entertained the Agency-Ottumwa Picnic club at her home Friday. A four course luncheon was served at 1 o'clock and the afternoon was pleasantly spent with fancy work.
 - Mr. and Mrs. Ray Miller from near Beaver Crossing, Nebr., visited Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Miller.
 - Circle No. 3 of the M. E. Ladies' Aid society will give a fish supper in the basement of the church this evening.
- EDDYVILLE**
- Mrs. Wm. Schaffer was called to Kansas this week by the illness of her mother Mrs. Belle Truax.
- DOUDS-LEANDRO.**
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