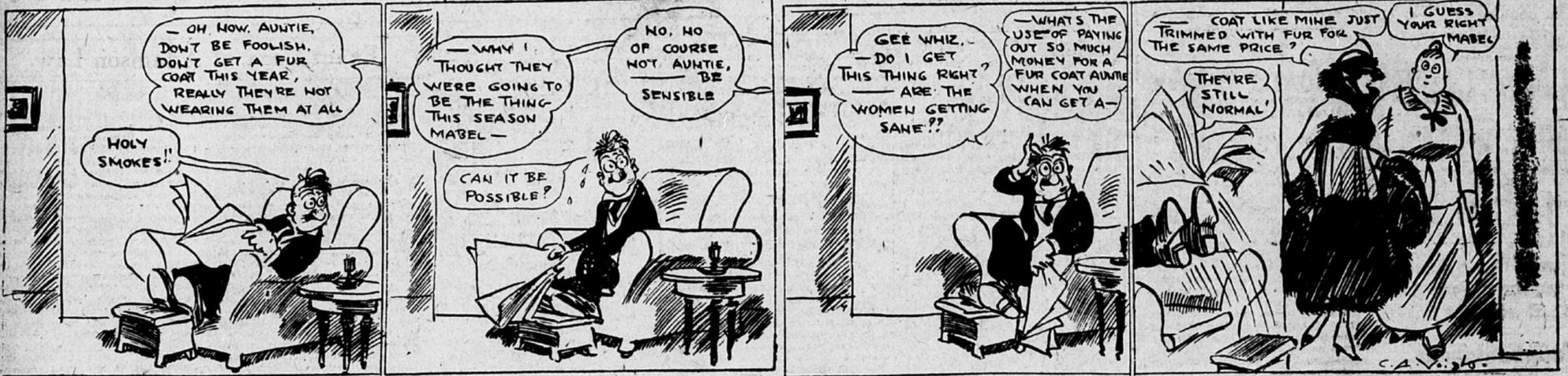


STEY DINK — JUST FOR A MOMENT THERE PETEY WAS WORRIED



Prudence Says So

By Ethel Hueston,

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

CHAPTER IX. (Continued.)

She turned back to the table, her face flushed, eyes shining. "It's professor! He's in town just overnight, and he's coming out. I'll have to phone Joe—"

"Anything I despise and abominate it's a breaker of dates," chanted Connie, "ought to be condemned in the decalogue."

"Oh, that's different," explained Carol. "This is professor! Besides, this will sort of even up for the Thanksgiving banquet last year."

"But that was Phil and this is Joe!"

"Oh, that's all right. It's just the principle, you know, nothing personal about it. Seven-six-two, please. Yes. Seven-six-two? Is Joe there? Oh, hello. Joe. Oh, Joe, I'm so sorry to go back on you the last minute like this, but one of my old school teachers is in town just for tonight and is coming here, and of course I can't leave. I'm so sorry. I've been looking forward to it for so long, but—oh, that is nice of you. You'll forgive me this once, won't you? Oh, thanks, Joe, you're so kind."

"Hurry up and phone Roy, Larkie. You'll have to break your toes."

Lark immediately did so, while Carol stood thoughtfully beside the table, her brows puckered unconsciously.

"I think," she said at last slowly, with wary eyes on her father's quiet face, "I think I'll let the tuck out of my old rose dress. It's too short."

"Too short! Why, Carol!" interrupted her aunt.

"Too short for the occasion, I mean. I'll put it back tomorrow." Once more her eyes turned cautiously fatherward. "You see, professor still has the 'little twinnie' idea in his brain, and I'm going to get it out. It isn't consistent with our five feet seven. We're grown up. Professor has got to see it. You skoot upstairs, Connie. I've a dear, and bring it down, both of them, Lark's too. Lark—where did you put that ripping knife? Aunt Grace, will you put the iron on for me? It's perfectly right that professor should see we're growing up. We'll have to emphasize it something extra, or he might overlook it. It makes him feel Methuselah because he's so awfully smart. But I'll soon change his mind for him."

Lark stoutly refused to be "grown up" for the occasion, as Carol put it. She said it was too much bother to get out the tuck and then put it right back, just for nonsense. At first this disappointed Carol, but finally she accepted it gracefully.

"All right," she said, "I guess I can grow up enough for both of us. Professor is not stupid; if he sees I'm a young lady, he'll naturally know that you are, too, since we are twins. You can help me rip then if you like—you begin around on that side."

In less than two minutes the whole family was engaged in growing Carol up for the occasion. They didn't see any sense in it, but Carol seemed so unalterably convinced that it was necessary that they hated to question her motives. And, as was both habitual and comfortable, they proceeded to do as she directed.

If her idea had been utterly to dumfound the unsuspecting professor, she succeeded admirably. Carefully she planned her appearance, giving him just the proper interval of patient waiting in the presence of her aunt and sisters. Then, a slow parting of the curtains and Carol stood out, brightly, gladly, her slender hands held out in welcome, Carol, with long skirts swishing around her white slippered feet, her slender throat rising cream-white above the soft fold of old rose lace, her graceful head with its royal crown of bronze-gold hair, tilted most charmingly.

The professor sprang to his feet and stared at her. "Why, Carol," he exclaimed soberly, almost sadly, as he crossed the room and took her hand. "Why, Carol! Whatever have you been doing to yourself overnight?"

Of course, it was far more "overnight" than the professor knew, but Carol saw to it that there was nothing to arouse his suspicion on that score. He lifted her hand high, and looked frankly down the long lines of her skirt, with the white toes of her slippers showing beneath. He shook his head. And though he smiled again, his voice was sober.

"I'm beginning to feel my age," he said.

This was not what Carol wanted, and she resumed her old childish manner with a gleeful laugh.

silent, her eyes upon the hands in her lap. Once or twice she lifted them swiftly to his face, and lowered them instantly again. Only he noticed that they were raised, that they were unusually deep, and that something lay within shining brightly, like the reflection of a star in a clear dark pool of water.

"I must go now," he said. "I just want a little visit with my uncle. I just want to see you, and tell you about it. I knew you would like it."

Carol's hand was the first placed in his, and she murmured an inaudible word of farewell, her eyes downcast, and turned quickly away. "Don't let them wait for me," she whispered to Lark, and then she disappeared.

The professor turned away from the hospitable door very much depressed. He shook his head impatiently and thrust his hands deep into his pockets like a troubled boy. Half way down the board walk he stopped, and smiled. Carol was standing among the rose bushes, tall and slim in the cloudy moonlight, waiting for him. She held out her hand with a friendly smile.

"I came to take you a piece if you want me," she said. "It's so hard to get when there's a roomful, isn't it? I thought maybe you wouldn't mind."

"Mind? It was dear of you to think of it," he said gratefully, drawing her hand into the curve of his arm. "I was wishing I could talk with you alone. You won't be cold?"

"Oh, no, I like to be out in the night air. Oh," she protested, when he turned north from the parsonage instead of south, as he should have gone. "I only came for a piece, you know. And you want to visit with your uncle. The long lashes hid the truth, though he could not see it."

"Yes, all right. But we'll walk a little way first. I'll visit him later on. Or I can write him a letter if necessary." He felt at peace with all the world. His resentment toward Carol had vanished at the first glimpse of her friendly smile.

"I want to talk to you about being a preacher, you know. I think it is the most wonderful thing in the world, I certainly do." Her eyes were upon his face now seriously. "I didn't say much, I was surprised, and I was ashamed, too, Professor, for I never could do it in the world. Never! It always makes me feel cheap and exasperated when I see how much nicer other folks are than I. But I do think it is wonderful. Really sometimes, I have thought you ought to be a preacher because you're so nice. So many preachers aren't, and that's the kind we need."

The professor put his other hand over Carol's, which was restlessly fidgeting in the crease in his sleeve. He did not speak. Her girlish, impulsive words touched him very deeply.

"I wouldn't want the girls to know it, they'd think it was so funny, but—" She paused uncertainly and looked questioningly into his face. "Maybe you won't understand what I mean, but sometimes I'd like to be good myself. Awfully good, I mean." She smiled whimsically. "Wouldn't you smile again if she could hear that?" Now you won't give me away, will you? But I mean it. I don't think of it very often, but sometimes, why, Professor, honestly, I wouldn't care if I were as good as Prudence!" She paused dramatically and the professor pressed the slender hand more closely in his.

"Oh, I don't worry about it. I suppose one hasn't any business to expect a good complexion and just natural goodness, both at once, but—" She smiled again. "Five thousand dollars," she added dreamily. "Five thousand dollars! What shall I call you now? Professor is not appropriate any more, is it?"

Carol gasped. "Oh, mercy! What would Prudence say?" She giggled merrily. "Oh, mercy!" She was silent a moment then. "I'll have to be contented with plain Mr. Duke, I suppose, until you get a D. D. Duckie, D. D.," she added, laughing. But in an instant she was sober again. "I do love our job. If I were a man I'd be a minister myself. Reverend Carol Starr," she said loftily, then laughed. Carol's laughter always followed fast upon her earnest words. "Reverend Carol Starr. Wouldn't I be a peach?"

He laughed, too, recovering his equanimity as her customary buoyant brightness returned to her.

"You are," he said, and Carol answered: "Thanks," very dryly. "We must go back now," she added presently. And they turned at once, walking slowly back toward the parsonage.

"Can't you write to me a little often, Carol? I hate to be a bother, but my uncle never writes letters, and I like to know how my friends here are getting along, marriages, and deaths, and just plain gossip. I'll like it very much if you can. I do enjoy a good correspondence with—"

"Do you?" she asked sweetly. "How you have changed! When I was a

BEAUTY CHATS

By EDNA KENT FORBES

When To Make-Up

A PRETTY, RED-HAIRED GIRL, with an white powder that really forms an almost unbelievable number of freckles, went to an expensive photographer to have her picture taken, and wept at the results. The soft shadow over the face, then, of course, we used his stick and eyebrow pencil. Having used some make-up, it seemed necessary to use it all over the face. Well, the pictures were a success, proving that make-up has its occasional uses of the stage.



For street wear and evening, the taste is questionable. If you are ill or tired, and feel it important to make a good appearance, the most delicate flush of rouge frequently saves the situation. If you wear a green hat or a green parasol, and find on certain days that color and full green shade of them makes you look quite dead, again a bit of rouge will help. Shades that go well with you at one time, look badly others. But good taste should always decide upon the amount of make-up, and its necessity. A woman's first duty, to herself and others, is to look pleasing, and if make-up helps to give that effect, by all means use it.

But first strive to keep your health in such shape that color and clear skin and rested expression come natural—rouge and other preparations should only be used occasionally, to hide a temporary spell of ill health.

Questions and Answers
An twenty years of age; my hair which is black is turning gray of the temples. Please advise a harmless stain.—E. E. R.
Reply—Send a stamped addressed envelope for the recipe, as this space is very limited.

What can I do for enlarged pores? Mrs. E. T. D.
Reply—You need a good skin cream. I shall be pleased to send the recipe for one, if you send a stamped, addressed envelope. Scrubbing the face with a complexion brush, then rinsing in water from cool to very cold, and the use of a soap, will help much toward making the skin firm and close grained.

Courier's Drawing Puzzle

The next act will be — COMPLETE THE PICTURE BY DRAWING A LINE THROUGH THE DOTS, BEGIN AT NO. 1 AND TAKE THEM NUMERICALLY.

She moved her fingers slightly in his hand, and he looked down at them. Then he lifted them and looked again, admiring the slender fingers and the pink nails.

"Don't look," she entreated. "They're teaching me things. I can't help it. This spot on my thumb is fried egg. Here are three doughnuts on my arm—see them? And here's a regular pan-

cake." She pointed out the pancake in her palm, sorrowfully.

(To be continued.)

BIG PLANT IS BURNED.
Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Oct. 14.—Fire of mysterious origin today completely destroyed the large plant of the Price Fireproofing Co. of this city, with a loss of probably \$25,000.