

The Prodigal Village

By Irving Bacheller

The dances in the Normal school and in the homes of the well-to-do were imitations of the great party at J. Patterson Bing's. The costumes of certain of the young ladies were, to quote a clause from the posters of the Messrs. Barnum and Bailey, still clinging to the billboard; "the most daring and amazing bareback performances in the history of the circus ring." Phyllis Bing, the unrivaled metropolitan performer, set the pace. It was distinctly too rapid for her followers. If one may say it kindly, she was as cold and heartless and beautiful in her act as a piece of bronze or Italian marble. She was not ashamed of herself. She did it so easily and gracefully and unconsciously and obligingly, so to speak, as if her license had never been questioned. It was not so with Vivian Mead and Frances Smith and Pauline Baker. They limped and struggled in their efforts to keep up. To begin with, the art of their modiste had been fussy, imitative and timid. It lacked the master touch. Their spirits were also improperly prepared for such publicity. They blushed and looked apologies and were visibly uncomfortable when they entered the dance hall.

On this point, Judge Crooker delivered a famous opinion. It was: "I feel sorry for those girls, but their mothers ought to be spanked!"

There is evidence that this sentence of his was carried out in due time and in a most effectual manner. But the works of art which these mothers had put on exhibition at the Normal school sprang into overwhelming popularity with the young men and their carls were quickly fitted. In half an hour, they had ceased to blush. Their eyes no longer spoke apologies. They were new women. Their imitation was complete. They had become, in the language of Judge Crooker, "perfect Phyllisines!"

The dancing tried to be as nauchary as that remarkable Phyllisina pastime at the mansion of the Bings and succeeded well, if not too handsomely. The modern dances and dress were now definitely established in Bingville.

Just before the holidays, the extension of the ample home of the millionaire was decorated, furnished and ready to be shown. Mrs. Bing and Phyllis, who had been having a fling in New York, came home for the holidays. John arrived the next day from the great Padelford school to be with the family through the winter recess. Mrs. Bing gave a tea to the ladies of Bingville. She wanted them to see the improvements and become aware of her good will. She had thought of an evening party, but there were many men in the village whom she didn't care to have in her house. So it came a tea.

The women talked of leaking roofs and water pipes and useless bathrooms and outrageous costs. Phyllis sat in the palm room with the village girls. It happened that they talked mainly about their fathers. Some had complained of paternal strictness.

"Men are terrible! They make so much trouble," said Frances Smith. "It seems as if they hated to see anybody have a good time."

"Mother and I do as we please and say nothing," said Phyllis. "We never tell father anything—men don't understand."

Some of the girls smiled and looked into one another's eyes.

There had been a curious unrecurrent in the party. It did not break the surface of the stream until Mrs. Bing

asked Mrs. Pendleton Ames, "Where is Pauline Baker?"

A silence fell upon the group around her.

Mrs. Ames leaned toward Mrs. Bing and whispered, "Haven't you heard the news?"

"No. I had to scold Susan Crowder and Martha Featherstraw as soon as I got here for neglecting their work and they've badly spoken to me since. What is it?"

"Pauline Baker has run away with a strange young man," Mrs. Ames whispered.

Mrs. Bing threw up both hands, opened her mouth and looked toward the ceiling.

"You don't mean it!" she gasped.

"It's a fact," Susan told me. Mr. Baker doesn't know the truth yet and she doesn't dare to tell him. She's scared stiff. Pauline went over to Hazelmead last week to visit Emma Stacy against his wishes. She met the young man at a dance. Susan got a letter from Pauline last night making a clean breast of the matter. They are married and stopping at a hotel in New York."

"My lord! I should think she would be scared stiff," said Mrs. Bing.

"I think there is a good reason for the stiffness of Susan," said Mrs. Singleton, the wife of the Congregational minister. "We all know that Mr. Baker objected to these modern dances and the way that Pauline dressed. He used to say that it was walking on the edge of a precipice."

There was a breath of silence in which one could hear only a faint rustle like the stir of some invisible spirit.

Mrs. Bing sighed. "He may be all right," she said in a low, calm voice.

"But the indications are not favorable," Mrs. Singleton remarked.

The gossip ceased abruptly, for the girls were coming from the palm room.

The next morning Mrs. Bing went to see Susan Baker to offer sympathy and a helping hand. Mable Bing was, after all, a good-hearted woman. By this time, Mr. Baker had been told. He had kicked a hole in the long looking-glass in Pauline's bedroom and flung a pot of rouge through the window and scattered talcum powder all over the place and torn a new silk gown into rags and burned it in the kitchen stove and left the house slamming the door behind him. Susan had gone to bed and he had probably gone to the club or somewhere. Perhaps he would commit suicide. Of all this, it is enough to say that for some hours there was abundant occupation for the tender sympathies of Mrs. J. Patterson Bing. Before she left, Mr. Baker had returned for luncheon and seemed to be quite calm and self-possessed when he greeted her in the hall below stairs.

On entering her home, about one o'clock, Mrs. Bing received a letter from the land of Martha.

"Phyllis told me to give you this as soon as you returned," said the girl.

"What does this mean?" Mrs. Bing whispered to herself, as she tore open the envelope.

Her face grew pale and her hands trembled as she read the letter.

"Dearest Mamma," it began, "I am going to Hazelmead for luncheon with Gordon King. I couldn't ask you because I didn't know where you were. We have waited an hour. I am sure you wouldn't want me to miss having a lovely time. I shall be home before five. Don't tell father! He hates Gordon so."

"Phyllis,"

"The boy who insulted her! My God!" Mrs. Bing exclaimed in a whisper. She hurried to the door of the butler's pantry. Indignation was in the sound of her footsteps.

"Martha," she called.

Martha came.

"Tell James to bring the big car at once. I'm going to Hazelmead."

"Without luncheon?" the girl asked.

"Just give me a sandwich and I'll eat it in my hand."

"I want you to hurry," she said to James as she entered the glowing limousine with the sandwich half consumed.

They drove at top speed over the smooth, stife road to the mill city. At half past two, Mrs. Bing alighted at the fashionable Gray Goose Inn where the best people had their luncheon parties. She found Phyllis and Gordon in a cozy alcove, sipping cognac and smoking cigarettes, with an ice tub and a champagne bottle beside them. To tell the whole truth, it was a timely arrival. Phyllis, with no notion of the peril of it, was indeed having "a lovely time"—the time of her young life, in fact. For half an hour, she had been hanging on the edge of the giddy precipice of elopement. She was within one sip of a decision to let go.

Mrs. Bing was admirably cool. In her manner there was little to indicate that she had seen the unusual and highly festive accessories. She sat down beside them and said: "My dear, I was very lonely and thought I would come and look you up. Is your luncheon finished?"

"Yes," said Phyllis.

"Then let us go and get into the car. We'll drop Mr. King at his home."

When at last they were seated in the limousine, the angry lady lifted the brakes in a way of speaking.

"I am astonished that you would go to luncheon with this young man who has insulted you," she said.

Phyllis began to cry.

Turning to young Gordon King, the indignant lady added: "I think you are a disreputable boy. You must never come to my house again—never!"

He made no answer and left the car without a word at the door of the

King residence.

There were miles and miles of weeping on the way home. Phyllis had recovered her composure but began again when her mother remarked, "I wonder where you learned to drink champagne and cognac and smoke cigarettes," as if her own home had not been a perfect academy of dissipation. The girl sat in a corner, her eyes covered with her handkerchief and the only words she uttered on the way home were these: "Don't tell father!"

While this was happening, Mr. Baker confided his troubles to Judge Crooker in the latter's office. The judge heard him through and then delivered another notable opinion to wit: "There are many subjects on which the judgment of the average man is of little value, but in the matter of bringing up a daughter it is apt to be sound. Also there are many subjects on which the judgment of the average woman may be trusted, but in the matter of bringing up a daughter it is apt to be unsound. I say this, after some forty years of observation."

"What is the reason?" Mr. Baker asked.

"Well, a daughter has to be prepared to deal with men," the judge went on. "The masculine temperament is involved in all the critical problems of her life. Naturally the average man is pretty well informed on the subject of men. You have prospered these late years. You have been so busy getting rich that you have just used your home to eat and sleep in. You can't do a home any road by eating and snoring and reading a paper in it."

"My wife would have her own way there," said Baker.

"That doesn't alter the fact that you have neglected your home. You have let things slide. You wore yourself out in this matter of money-getting. You were tired when you got home at night—all in, as they say. The bank was the main thing with you. I repeat that you let things slide at home and the longer they slide the faster they slide when they're going down hill. You can always count on that in a case of sliding."

"The young have a taste for velocity and often it comes so unaccountably fast that they don't know what to do with it, so they're apt to get their necks broken unless there's some one to put on the brakes."

Mr. Emmanuel Baker arose and began to stride up and down the room.

"Don't worry, judge! I don't know what to do," he exclaimed.

"There's only one thing to do. Go and find the young people and give them your blessing. If you can discover a spark of manhood in the fellow, make the most of it. The chances are against that, but let us hope for the best. Above all, I want you to be gentle with Pauline. You are more to blame than she is."

"I don't see how I can spare the time, but I'll have to," said Baker.

"Time! Fiddlesticks!" the judge exclaimed. "What a darn fool money makes of a man! You have lost your sense of proportion, your appreciation of values. Bill Pritchard used to talk that way to me. He has been lying twenty years in his grave. He hadn't a minute to spare until one day he fell dead—then leisure and lots of leisure. It would seem—and the business has doubled since he quit worrying about it. My friend, you can not take a cent into Paradise, but the soul of Pauline is a different kind of property. It might be a help to you there. Give plenty of time to this job, and good luck to you."

The spirit of the old, dead days spoke in the voice of the judge—spoke with a kindly dignity. It had ever been the voice of Justice, tempered with Mercy—the most feared and respected voice in the upper counties. His grave, smooth-shaven face, his kindly gray eyes, his noble brow with its crown of white hair were fitting accessories of the throne of Justice and Mercy.

"I'll go this afternoon. Thank you, judge," said Baker, as he left the office.

Pauline had announced in her letter that her husband's name was Herbert Middleton. Mr. Baker sent a telegram to Pauline to apprise her of his arrival in the morning. It was a fatherly message of love and good-will. At the hotel in New York, Mr. Baker learned that Mr. and Mrs. Middleton had checked out the day before. Nobody could tell him where they had gone. One of the men at the porter's desk told of putting them in a taxicab with their grips and a steamer trunk soon after luncheon. He didn't know where they went. Mr. Baker's telegram was there unopened. He called at every hotel desk in the city, but he could get no trace of them. He telephoned to Mrs. Baker. She had heard nothing from Pauline. In despair, he went to the police department and told his story to the chief.

"It looks as if there was something crooked about it," said the chief. "There are many cases like this. Just read that."

The officer picked up a newspaper clipping, which lay on his desk, and passed it to Mr. Baker. It was from the New York Evening Post. The banker read aloud this startling information:

"The New York police report that approximately 3,000 girls have run away or disappeared from their homes in the past eleven months, and the bureau of missing persons estimates that the number who have disappeared throughout the country approximates 68,000."

"It's rather astonishing," the chief

went on. "The women seem to have gone crazy these days. Maybe it's the new dancing and the movies that are breaking down the morals of the little suburban towns or maybe it's the excitement of the war. Anyhow, they keep the city supplied with run-aways and vamps. You are not the first anxious father I have seen to-day. You can go home. I'll put a man on the case and let you know what happens."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Ask Your Soldier Boy How "Cootles" Got Such a Hold.

He'll tell you that the battlefronts of Europe were swarming with rats, which carried the dangerous vermin and caused our men misery. Don't let rats bring disease into your home. When you see the first one get RAT-SNAP. That will finish the quick. Three sizes, 35c, 65c, \$1.00. Sold and guaranteed by Allen Bros. Co.

The chap who whines that he was a fool to get married never seems to remember that he was a fool before that.—Monett (Mo.) Journal.

To Stop a Cough Quick

take HAYES' HEALING HONEY, a cough medicine which stops the cough by healing the inflamed and irritated tissues. A box of GROVE'S O-PEN-TRATE SALVE for Chest Colds, Head Colds and Croup is enclosed with every bottle of HAYES' HEALING HONEY. The salve should be rubbed on the chest and throat of children suffering from a Cold or Croup.

The healing effect of Hayes' Healing Honey inside the throat combined with the healing effect of Grove's O-Pen-Trate Salve through the pores of the skin soon stops a cough.

Both remedies are packed in one carton and the cost of the combined treatment is 35c.

Just ask your druggist for HAYES' HEALING HONEY.

FORECLOSURE SALE LOUISBURG DWELLINGS.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in that deed of trust made by J. W. Hollingsworth and wife to Wm. H. Ruffin, Trustee, dated March 4th, 1911, and recorded in the Registry of Franklin County in Book 179, page 126, default having been made in the payment of the debt thereby secured and demand for foreclosure having been made on said trustee by the holder of said indebtedness, the undersigned, APRIL 11TH, 1921, at about the hour of noon, at the Court House door, in Louisburg, N. C., offer for sale at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash, those desirable lots and dwellings thereon in said deed of trust conveyed and described as follows:

FIRST LOT: Adjoining the land of Richard Perry, on the West side of Kenmore Avenue, and bounded as follows: Beginning at a stake on Kenmore Avenue, corner of the Perry lot and said lot No. 1, and running thence along Kenmore Avenue N 32 1-2d E Sixty Five feet to a stake on an alley between said lot and lot No. 2 in the Map and Survey of the "White Grove Property"; thence along said alley N 57 1-2d W Two hundred and twelve feet to a stake on an alley in the rear of said lots; thence along said alley in the rear of said lots S 32 1-2d W Sixty Five feet to the Perry lot; thence along the line of the Perry lot S 57 1-2d E Two hundred and twelve feet to the point of beginning on Kenmore Avenue; said lot being Lot No. 1 according to the Map and Survey of the "White Grove Property."

SECOND LOT: That lot situate on the east side of Main street in the said town of Louisburg, adjoining the lot of Richard Perry and more particularly defined as follows: Lot No. 1 in the Map and Survey of the "White Grove Property" on Main St and bounded as follows: Beginning at the corner of said Lot No. 1 and the Perry lot on Main Street; thence along Main Street N 32 1-2d E 65 feet to an alley between Lots Nos. 1 and 2; thence along said alley S 57 1-2d E 78 feet to another alley between this lot and Lot No. 1 on Kenmore Avenue; thence along the line of the last named alley S 32 1-2d W 65 feet to the Perry lot line; thence along Perry's line N 57 1-2d W 78 feet to the beginning.

This March 11th, 1921.

3-11-5t WM. H. RUFFIN, Trustee.

NOTICE OF SALE.

By virtue of the power contained in an order of the Superior Court of Franklin County in the proceeding of Haywood Perry et al, Vs. John Perry et al, I shall on

MONDAY the 11th Day of April, 1921 at the Court house door in the Town of Louisburg, N. C. sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, a certain tract or parcel of land, situated in Hayeville Township in Franklin County, N. C. and bounded as follows, on the North by the lands of J. A. Hawkin's estate, on the east by the lands of Grover Green, on the south by the lands of Celestia Alston and on the west by the lands of Hattie Perry, containing eighteen and one-half acres, more or less, and known as the Sid Perry tract of land. Time of sale, 12 o'clock M.


This March 9th, 1921.

W. M. PERSON, Commissioner.

A TONIC

Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic restores Energy and Vitality by Purifying and Enriching the Blood. When you feel its strengthening, invigorating effect, see how it brings color to the cheeks and how it improves the appetite, you will then appreciate its true tonic value.

Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic is simply Iron and Quinine suspended in syrup. So pleasant even children like it. The blood needs QUININE to Purify it and IRON to Enrich it. Destroys Malarial germs and Grip germs by its Strengthening, Invigorating Effect. 50c.



ACCESSIBLE to the Last Degree

The LALLEY LIGHT is without a doubt the most accessible plant of its kind made.

You do not have to spend hours of labor tearing down the entire plant, to make some minor adjustment.

In fact, if it should ever become necessary, the entire plant can be taken down and re-assembled in a very short time—and the only tools you will need are a wrench and a screw driver.

Seems unbelievable, but it is true.

The features which make the Lalley so simple and accessible are practically exclusive with this plant—They are money-saving features.—They are time-saving features.—They are labor-saving features.

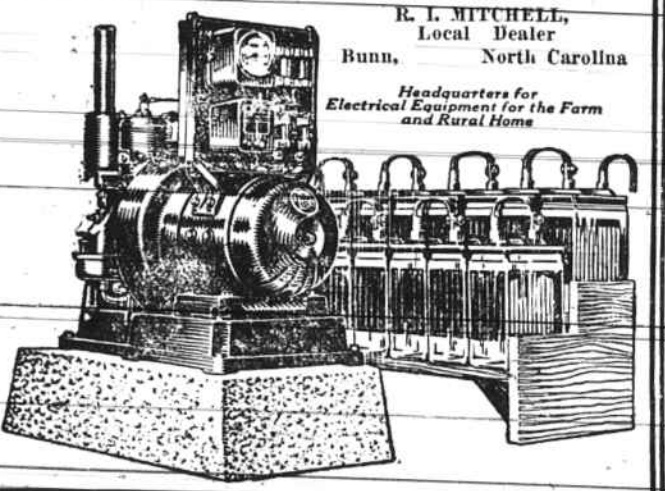
And features such as these have won for the LALLEY LIGHT world-wide recognition, as the most dependable plant; the most efficient plant; a most powerful plant, and the most satisfactory plant from every standpoint, in supplying bright cheerful lights to every part of the farm and home—in furnishing power in plenty to operate every electrically driven device.

But we prefer to talk about the LALLEY LIGHT, rather than write about it. Come in and let us talk it over. Get the LALLEY Book and check up on every point of interest.

Be Sure—See the LALLEY First.

R. I. MITCHELL,
Local Dealer
Bunn, North Carolina

Headquarters for
Electrical Equipment for the Farm
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NOTICE.

Having qualified as administrator of the estate of W. F. Washington, deceased, late of Granville County, all persons holding claims against his estate are hereby notified to present them to the undersigned on or before the 17th day of March, 1921, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please come forward and make immediate settlement. This March 17th, 1921.

3-17-6t S. M. WASHINGTON, Adm'r.

A standpatter is one who holds a point of vantage near the feed trough.—Baltimore Sun.

Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days

Druggists refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure itching, Eiland, Bleeding or Protruding Piles, and you can get restful sleep after the first application. Price 60c.

NOTICE.

Having qualified as administrator of the estate of Mrs. Pattie Perry, deceased, late of Franklin County, all persons holding claims against said estate are hereby notified to present them to the undersigned on or before the 4th day of March, 1921, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please come forward and make immediate settlement. This March 3rd, 1921.

3-4-6t A. S. MOORE, Adm'r.

No Worms in a Healthy Child

All children troubled with Worms have an unhealthy color, which indicates poor blood, and as a rule, there is more or less stomach disturbance. GROVE'S TASTELESS chill TONIC given regularly for two or three weeks will enrich the blood, improve the digestion, and act as a General Strengthening Tonic to the whole system. Nature will then throw off or dispel the worms, and the Child will be in perfect health. Pleasant to take. 60c per bottle.

THE SEASON IS NOW HERE

to give prompt attention to your Garden, your Poultry and your Stock.

I am prepared to help you get good results with my Choice Garden Seed, Poultry Supplies and the famous Dr. Hess Stock and Poultry Tonics.

You will find me next to O. Y. Yarbboro's office.

Please Call No. 42.

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