

# MISS LULU BETT

by  
**Zona Gale**

Illustrations by  
**Irwin Myers**



Copyright by D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

(Continued from last week.)

Said Dwight: "They'll think what they always think when a wife leaves her husband. They'll think you couldn't get along. That's all."  
"I should hate that," said Lulu.  
"Well, I should hate the other, let me tell you."  
"Dwight, Dwight," said Ina. "Let's go in the house. I'm afraid they'll hear—"  
As they rose, Mrs. Bett plucked at her returned daughter's sleeve.  
"Lulu," she said, "was his other wife—was she there?"  
"No, no, mother. She wasn't there."  
Mrs. Bett's lips moved, repeating the words. "Then that ain't so bad," she said. "I was afraid maybe she turned you out."  
"No," Lulu said, "it wasn't that bad, mother."

Mrs. Bett brightened. In little matters, she quarreled and resented, but the large issues left her blank.  
Through some indeterminate sense of the importance due this crisis, the Deacons entered their parlor. Dwight lighted that high, central burner and faced about, saying:  
"In fact, I simply will not have it, Lulu! You expect, I take it, to make your home with us in the future, on the old terms."  
"Well—"

"I mean, did Ninian give you any money?"  
"No. He didn't give me any money—only enough to get home on. And I kept my suit—why!" she flung her head back, "I wouldn't have taken any money!"  
"That means," said Dwight, "that you will have to continue to live here—on the old terms, and of course I'm quite willing that you should. Let me tell you, however, that this is on condition—on condition that this disgraceful business is kept to ourselves."  
She made no attempt to combat him now. She looked back at him, quivering, and in a great surprise, but she said nothing.

"Truly, Lulu," said Ina, "wouldn't that be best? They'll talk anyway. But this way they'll only talk about you, and the other way it'd be about all of us."  
Lulu said only: "But the other way would be the truth."  
Dwight's eyes narrowed: "My dear Lulu," he said, "are you sure of that?"  
"Sure?"  
"Yes. Did he give you any proofs?"  
"Proofs?"  
"Letters—documents of any sort? Any sort of assurance that he was speaking the truth?"  
"Why, no," said Lulu. "Proofs—no. He told me."  
"He told you?"  
"That was hard enough to have to do. It was terrible for him to have to do. What proofs—" She stopped, puzzled.

"Didn't it occur to you," said Dwight, "that he might have told you that because he didn't want to have to go on with it?"  
As she met his look some power seemed to go from Lulu. She sat down, looked weakly at them, and with her closed lips her jaw was slightly fallen. She said nothing. And seeing on her skirt a spot of dust she began to rub at it.

"Why, Dwight!" Ina cried, and moved to her sister's side.  
"I may as well tell you," he said, "that I myself have no idea that Ninian told you the truth. He was always imagining things—you saw that. I know him pretty well—have been more or less in touch with him the whole time. In short, I haven't the least idea he was ever married before."  
Lulu continued to rub at her skirt. "I never thought of that," she said. "Look here," Dwight went on persuasively, "hadn't you and he had some little tiff when he told you?"  
"No—no! Why, not once. Why, we weren't a bit like you and Ina."  
She spoke simply and from her heart and without ruse.

"Evidently not," Dwight said dryly. Lulu went on: "He was very good to me. This dress—and my shoes—and my hat. And another dress, too." She found the pins and took off her hat. "He liked the red wing," she said. "I wanted black—oh, Dwight! He did tell me the truth!" It was as if the red wing had abruptly borne mute witness.

Dwight's tone now mounted. His manner, it mounted too.  
"Even if it is true," said he, "I desire that you should keep silent and protect my family from this scandal. I merely mention my doubts to you for your own profit."  
She said no more, but rose and moved to the door.  
"Lulu—you see! With Di and all!" Ina begged. "We just couldn't have this known—even if it was so."

"You have it in your hands," said Dwight, "to repay me, Lulu, for anything that you feel I may have done for you in the past. You also have it in your hands to decide whether your home here continues. That is not a pleasant position for me to fix myself in. It is distinctly unpleasant, I may say. But you see for yourself." Lulu went on, into the passage.  
"Wasn't she married when she thought she was?" Mrs. Bett cried shrilly.  
"Mamma," said Ina. "Do, please, remember Monona. Yes—Dwight thinks she's married all right now—and that it's all right, all the time."  
"Well, I hope so, for pity sakes," said Mrs. Bett, and left the room with her daughter.

Hearing the stir, Monona upstairs lifted her voice:  
"Mamma! Come on and hear my prayers, why don't you?"  
When they came downstairs next morning, Lulu had breakfast ready.  
"Well!" cried Ina in her curving tones, "if this isn't like old times."  
Lulu said yes, it was like old times, and brought the bacon to the table.  
"Lulu's the only one in this house who can cook the bacon so's it'll chew," Mrs. Bett volunteered. She was wholly affable, and held contentedly to Ina's last word that Dwight thought now it was all right.

"Ho!" said Dwight. "The happy family, once more about the festive coaster." He gauged the moment to call for good cheer. Ina, too, became breezy, blithe. Monona caught their spirit and laughed, head thrown well back and gently shaken.  
Di came in. She had been told that Auntie Lulu was at home, and that she, Di, wasn't to say anything to her about anything, nor anything to anybody else about Auntie Lulu being back. Under these prohibitions, which loosed a thousand speculations, Di was very nearly paralyzed. She stared at her Aunt Lulu incessantly.  
Not one of them had, even a talent or the casual, save Lulu herself. Lulu was amazingly herself. She took her old place assumed her old offices. When Monona declared against bacon, it was Lulu who suggested milk toast and went to make it.

"Mamma," Di whispered then, like escaping steam, "isn't Uncle Ninian coming too?"  
"Hush. No. Now don't ask any more questions."  
"Well, can't I tell Bobby and Jenny she's here?"  
"No. Don't say anything at all about her."  
"But, mamma. What has she done?"  
"Di! Do as mamma tells you. Don't you think mamma knows best?"  
Di of course did not think so, had not thought so for a long time. But now Dwight said:  
"Daughter! Are you a little girl or are you our grown-up young lady?"  
"I don't know," said Di reasonably, "but I think you're treating me like a little girl now."  
"Shame, Di," said Ina, unabashed

by the accident of reason being on the side of Di.  
"I'm eighteen," Di reminded them forlornly, "and through high school."  
"Then act so," boomed her father.  
Baffled, thwarted, bewildered, Di went over to Jenny Flows' and there imparted understanding by the simple process of letting Jenny guess, to questions skillfully shaped.  
When Dwight said, "Look at my

beautiful handkerchief," displayed a hole, sent his Ina for a better, Lulu, with a manner of haste, addressed him:  
"Dwight, it's a funny thing, but I haven't Ninian's Oregon address."  
"Well?"  
"Well, I wish you'd give it to me." Dwight tightened and lifted his lips. "It would seem," he said, "that you have no real use for that particular address, Lulu."  
"Yes, I have. I want it. You have it, haven't you, Dwight?"  
"Certainly I have it."  
"Won't you please write it down for me?" She had ready a bit of paper and a pencil stump.  
"My dear Lulu, now why revive anything? Why not be sensible and leave this alone? No good can come by—"  
"But why shouldn't I have his address?"  
"If everything is over between you, why should you?"  
"But you say he's still my husband."  
Dwight flushed. "If my brother has shown his inclination as plainly as I judge that he has, it is certainly not my place to put you in touch with him again."  
"You won't give it to me?"  
"My dear Lulu, in all kindness—no."  
His Ina came running back, bearing handkerchiefs with different colored borders for him to choose from. He chose the initial that she had embroidered, and had not the good taste not to kiss her.

"They were all on the porch that evening, when Lulu came downstairs. "Where are you going?" Ina demanded, sisterly. And on hearing that Lulu had an errand, added still more sisterly: "Well, but mercy, what you so dressed up for?"

Lulu was in a thin black and white gown which they had never seen, and wore the tilting hat with the red wing.  
"Ninian bought me this," Lulu only said.  
"But, Lulu, don't you think it might be better to keep, well—out of sight for a few days?" Ina's lifted look besought her.  
"Why?" Lulu asked.  
"Why set people wondering till we have to?"  
"They don't have to wonder, far as I'm concerned," said Lulu, and went down the walk.

Ina looked at Dwight. "She never spoke to me like that in her life before," she said.  
She watched her sister's black and white figure going directly down the street.  
"That gives me the funniest feeling," said Ina, "as if Lulu had on clothes bought for her by some one that wasn't—that was—"  
"By her husband who has left her," said Dwight sadly.  
"Is that what it is, papa?" Di asked. "For a wonder, she was asked: had been there the greater part of the day—most of the time staring, fascinated, at her Aunt Lulu."  
"That's what it is, my little girl," said Dwight, and shook his head.  
"Well, I think it's a shame," said Di stoutly. "And I think Uncle Ninian is a sludge."  
"Di!"  
"I do. And I'd be ashamed to think anything else. I'd like to tell everybody."  
"There is," said Dwight, "no need for secrecy—now."  
"Dwight!" said Ina—Ina's eyes always remained expressionless, but it must have been her lashes that looked so startled.

"No need whatever for secrecy," he repeated with firmness. "The truth is Lulu's husband has tired of her and sent her home. We must face it."  
"But, Dwight—how awful for Lulu!"  
"Lulu," said Dwight, "has us to stand by her."  
Lulu, walking down the main street, thought:  
"Now Miss Chambers is seeing me. Now Miss Curtis. There's somebody behind the vines at Miss Martin's. Here comes Miss Grove and I've got to speak to her . . ."  
One and another and another met her, and every one cried out at her some version of:  
"Lulu Bett!" Or, "Well, it isn't Lulu Bett any more, is it? Well, what are you doing here? I thought . . ."  
"I'm back to stay," she said.  
"The idea! Well, where you hiding that handsome husband of yours? Say, but we were surprised! You're the sly one—"  
"My—Mr. Deacon isn't here."  
"Oh, I see."  
"No. He's West."  
"Oh, I see."

Having no arts, she must needs let the conversation die like this, could invent nothing concealing or gracious on which to move away.  
She went to the post office. It was early, there were few at the post office—with only one or two there had she to go through her examination. Then she went to the general delivery window, tense, for a new ordeal.  
To her relief, the face which was shown there was one strange to her, a slim youth, reading a letter of his own, and smiling.  
"Excuse me," said Lulu faintly. The youth looked up, with eyes warmed by the words on the pink paper which he held.  
"Could you give me the address of Mr. Ninian Deacon?"  
"Let's see—you mean Dwight Deacon, I guess?"  
"No. It's his brother. He's been here. From Oregon. I thought he might have given you his address—"  
she dwindled away.  
"Wait a minute," said the youth,

"Nope. No address here. Say, why don't you send it to his brother? He'd know. Dwight Deacon, the dentist."  
"I'll do that," Lulu said absurdly, and turned away.  
She went back up the street, walking fast now to get away from them all. Once or twice she pretended not to see a familiar face. But when she passed the mirror in an insurance office window, she saw her reflection and turned away.

"Lulu!" cried Ina. "Oh, you wouldn't."  
"I would," said Lulu. "I will." Dwight was sobered. This unimaginable Lulu looked capable of it. But then he sneered.  
"And get turned out of this house, as you would be?"  
"Dwight!" cried his Ina. "Oh, you wouldn't!"  
"I would," said Dwight. "I will. Lulu knows it."  
"I shall tell what I know and then leave your house anyway," said Lulu, "unless you get Ninian's word. And I want you should write him now."  
"Leave your mother? And Ina?" he asked.  
"Leave everything," said Lulu.  
"Oh, Dwight," said Ina, "we can't get along without Lulu." She did not say in what particulars, but Dwight knew.

Dwight looked at Lulu, an upward, sidewise look, with a manner of peering out to see if she meant it. And he saw.  
He shrugged, pursed his lips crookedly, rolled his head to signify the inexpressible. "Isn't that like a woman?" he demanded. He rose. "Rather than let you in for a show of temper," he said grandly, "I'd do anything." He wrote the letter, addressed it, his hand elaborately curved in secrecy about the envelope, pocketed it.  
"Ina and I'll walk down with you to mail it," said Lulu.  
Dwight hesitated, frowned. His Ina watched him with consulting brows.  
"I was going," said Dwight, "to propose a little stroll before bedtime." He roved about the room. "Where's my beautiful straw hat? There's nothing like a brisk walk to induce sound, restful sleep," he told them. He hummed a bar.

"You'll be all right, mother?" Lulu asked.  
Mrs. Bett did not look up. "These cardamon her got a little mite too dry," she said.  
(Continued next week.)

**BOALSBURG.**  
Edward Weber, of Huntingdon, is visiting at the home of his uncle, S. E. Weber.  
Miss Anna Sweeney returned home Thursday after a week's visit in Centre Hall.  
Mrs. Charles Kuhn is entertaining her brother, Charles Knarr, from Okla-homa.  
Miss Mary Corl, of Pleasant Gap, visited at the home of her brother, Charles Corl, over Sunday.  
D. M. Snyder, who has been employed in Lewisburg during the summer, returned home last week.  
Richard Goheen went to Lancaster on Monday to enroll as a student in Franklin and Marshall College.  
Prof. Whitehead and family moved from State College and are occupying the Coxey home on Church street.  
Capt. and Mrs. Febinger are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank McFarlane, until their home at State College is ready for occupancy.  
W. H. Stuart purchased the lumber for his residence from the P. B. Lone-barger saw mill at Port Matilda, and the farmers in this vicinity are hauling the lumber.

Twenty-five members of the Knights of Malta, of Williamsport, an orchestra and male quartet conducted a memorial service in the Reformed church on Sunday evening.  
Among the visitors at the home of Mrs. Amanda Fisher last week were, Father Nevin Fisher, of Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. William Fisher, of Sun-bury, and Charles Fisher, of Danville.

**Marriage Licenses.**  
John H. Fritz, Bigler, and Olive M. Conway, Howard.  
Howard O. Smead and Rose E. Howard, Bellefonte.  
Steve Almasi and Annie Pinchock, Clarence.  
Clarence L. Lucas and Margaret S. Shilling, Bellefonte.  
Walter H. Kyler and Frances Kyler, Shawsville.  
Andrew Williams and Helen E. Witherite, Runville.  
Charles M. Noel and Alice K. Ger-nerd, State College.

**Beyond His Abilities.**  
A new prison chaplain had just been appointed. He had big ideas as to the importance of his office. During his first round of inspection he entered one of the cells, and in a very pompous manner said to the prisoner who occupied it: "Well, my man, do you know who I am?"  
"No, and I don't care," came the nonchalant reply.  
"Well, I'm your new chaplain."  
"Oh, you are?" said the man. "I have heard of you before."  
"What did you hear?" inquired the chaplain, forgetting his dignity in his curiosity.  
"Well, I heard that the last two churches you were in you preached them both empty, but I don't think you'll find it such an easy matter to do the same thing here."—Judge.

**Not Her Darling.**  
Mr. Meek, a widower, with one daughter, had married Mrs. Wild, a widow with a daughter.  
The curate was visiting the newly wedded folks, and the new Mrs. Meek was trying to make a good impression on him.  
"Yes," she was saying, "my step-daughter is as dear to me as my own daughter. I show no preference, and love them equally."  
There was a step outside the door, then a tap.  
Mrs. Wild put on her kindest smile. "Is that you, darling?" she asked.  
"No, ma," came the weary voice of her stepdaughter, "it's me."—Judge.

—The "Watchman" gives all the news while it is news.

**FARM NOTES.**  
—Change of pasture is good for the sheep.  
—Swine that are to be exhibited at the fairs should be serum treated before being shipped.  
—Throughout the entire country there is a general awakening of interest in better livestock.  
—Rotten plums and peaches under the trees will carry the rot fungus over winter and start the rot in spring. Rake up and burn these or dig and plow them under.  
—Agriculture is not receiving all it deserves at the hands of the government, but its position is far in advance of that which it occupied in public affairs 30 or 40 years ago.  
—Veterinarians are required by law to report to the State veterinarian, Harrisburg, all cases of hog cholera coming to their attention. Hog owners and dealers should do so just as promptly.  
—Pod spot is a very common pest on beans in moist gardens. Pick the sound unspotted pods for seed and store them by themselves. Avoid hoeing or working among beans when they are wet.  
—It is always better to let the horse ally his thirst before his grain is fed to him, and if any water is allowed soon after the grain feed, it should be merely a swallow or two until an hour or two has elapsed and the stomach has been given time to perform its gastric digestion.  
—It has been figured out that a farm woman in the United States, living on the same farm for 50 years has walked 5710 miles to and from the well, and has carried nearly 2000 tons of water, according to a report from Ohio extension service. It would have cost only \$18 to extend a pipe from the well and put a pump in the kitchen.

—Young alfalfa sometimes becomes weedy previous to its first cutting. There is a temptation to mow the crop early so as to check the weeds. This is a mistake. It is much better to let the crop grow, weed and all, until the alfalfa has reached the stage when it is ordinarily cut; that is, when the renewal shoots have appeared on the crowns of most of the plants.  
—Potash may be conserved by green manuring or turning under a cover crop, or by dressing heavily with barnyard manure, or by balancing poultry manure with nitrate of soda and acid phosphate, or by saving wood ashes to mix with nitrate of soda and acid phosphate.  
—Potash does not leach out of the ground. It will remain in the soil until used.  
—It is said that a 50-bushel crop of corn will take from the soil 82½ pounds of nitrogen, 31 pounds of phosphorus and 65 pounds of potash.  
As wheat does not yield the large crops that does corn, the drain on the soil is not so heavy. For instance, a 25-bushel crop of wheat will take from the soil 53 pounds of nitrogen, 15 pounds of phosphorus and 25 pounds of potash.  
Two tons of clover removes 83 pounds of nitrogen, 15 pounds of phosphorus and 88 pounds of potash, while a mixed crop of clover and timothy (1½ tons per acre) will remove 59 pounds of nitrogen, 14 pounds of phosphorus and 46 pounds of potash.  
A single ton of timothy will take from the soil 85 pounds of nitrogen, 10½ pounds of phosphorus and 18 pounds of potash.  
At this rate of soil exhaustion the nitrogen contained in the surface foot of average corn or wheat would be exhausted in 115 years, while the phosphorus supply in the surface foot would last 16 years, and the potash about 256 years.  
Should the soils lose their productive power at the expiration of the periods mentioned, it follows that there must be a gradual lessening of production from now on to the period of completed exhaustion.  
To check this gradual lessening of production and at the same time continue to remove large crops year after year, it is a problem that confronts the farmer. That it can be done, and is done, by the practical agriculturists of the country, as follows:  
Where legumes are grown, say two-fifths of the time, the nitrogen supply is maintained.  
The feeding of the crops grown on the same farm, and the proper care of the barnyard manure, together with its return to the land, means that only such fertilizing ingredients as compose the animal body, and the ingredients in such other products as wool, cheese and butter as are sold from the farm, are actually lost forever to the soil. This permanent loss is in phosphorus and potassium compounds.  
These compounds can be supplied from three sources only.  
First. They may be purchased in the form of feeding stuffs for farm animals and find their way into the soil through the manure.  
Second. They may be purchased directly in the form of commercial fertilizers.  
Third. They may be supplied from the sub-soil running down to a depth of three or even four feet from the surface.  
Roots of all crops penetrate the soil to the depth of two to four, and even as far as six feet. They take directly the ingredients from the sub-soil, and upon their decay tend to increase its porosity. This facilitates the capillary movement of water, which reacts as an agent to convey fertilizing ingredients as they become soluble in the lower soils up to near the surface where they are readily available to the feeding roots of succeeding crops.  
While in theory it is possible to completely exhaust the soil in 100 or more years, in practice it is possible to maintain its productive power, and to even increase it by the use of legumes, by the generous application of barnyard manure, and by purchasing from time to time those ash ingredients like potash and phosphoric acid. The pride that we now feel over the richness of our wheat and corn soils will soon disappear if we are not wise enough to put back a goodly part of the ingredients that we are so busily engaged in removing.

"Well," she thought, almost in Ina's own manner, and at its appearance she felt surprise and pleasure.  
"Well!" she thought, almost in Ina's own manner.  
Abruptly her confidence rose. Something of this confidence was still upon her when she returned. They were in the dining room now, all save Di, who was on the porch with Bobby, and Monona, who was in bed and might be heard extravagantly singing.  
Lulu sat down with her hat on. When Dwight inquired playfully, "Don't we look like company?" she did not reply. He looked at her speculatively. Where had she gone, with whom had she talked, what had she told? Ina looked at her rather fearfully. But Mrs. Bett rocked contentedly and ate cardamon seeds.  
"Whom did you see?" Ina asked.  
Lulu named them.  
"See them to talk to?" from Dwight. Oh, yes. They had all stopped.  
"What did they say?" Ina burst out. They had inquired for Ninian, Lulu said; and said no more.  
Dwight mused this. Lulu might have told every one of these women that cock-and-bull story with which she had come home. It might be all over town. Of course, in that case he could turn Lulu out—should do so, in fact. Still the story would be all over town.  
"Dwight," said Lulu, "I want Ninian's address."  
"Going to write to him!" Ina cried incredulously.  
"I want to ask him for the proofs that Dwight wanted."  
"My dear Lulu," Dwight said impatiently, "you are not the one to write. Have you no delicacy?"  
Lulu smiled—a strange smile, originating and dying in one corner of her mouth.  
"Yes," she said, "so much delicacy that I want to be sure whether I'm married or not."  
Dwight cleared his throat with a movement which seemed to use his shoulders for the purpose.  
"I myself will take this up with my brother," he said. "I will write to him about it."  
Lulu sprang to her feet. "Write to him now!" she cried.  
"Really," said Dwight, lifting his brows.  
"Now—now!" Lulu said. She moved about, collecting writing materials from their casual lodgments on shelf and table. She set all before him and stood by him. "Write him now," she said again.  
"My dear Lulu, don't be absurd." She said: "Ina, help me. If it was Dwight—and they didn't know whether he had another wife, or not, and you wanted to ask him—oh, don't you see? Help me."  
Ina was not yet the woman to cry for justice for its own sake, nor even to stand by another woman. She was primitive, and her instinct was to look to her own male merely.  
"Well," she said, "of course. But why not let Dwight do it in his own way? Wouldn't that be better?"  
She put it to her sister fairly: Now, no matter what Dwight's way was, wouldn't that be better?  
"Mother!" said Lulu. She looked irresolutely toward her mother. But Mrs. Bett was eating cardamon seeds with exceeding gusto, and Lulu looked away. Caught by the gesture, Mrs. Bett voiced her grievance.  
"Lulu," she said, "Set down. Take off your hat, why don't you?"  
Lulu turned upon Dwight a quiet face which he had never seen before. "You write that letter to Ninian," she said, "and you make him tell you so you'll understand. I know he spoke the truth. But I want you to know."  
"M—m," said Dwight. "And then I suppose you're going to tell it all over town—as soon as you have the proofs."  
"I'm going to tell it all over town," said Lulu, "just as it is—unless you write to him now."

and at its appearance she felt surprise and pleasure.  
"Well!" she thought, almost in Ina's own manner.  
Abruptly her confidence rose. Something of this confidence was still upon her when she returned. They were in the dining room now, all save Di, who was on the porch with Bobby, and Monona, who was in bed and might be heard extravagantly singing.  
Lulu sat down with her hat on. When Dwight inquired playfully, "Don't we look like company?" she did not reply. He looked at her speculatively. Where had she gone, with whom had she talked, what had she told? Ina looked at her rather fearfully. But Mrs. Bett rocked contentedly and ate cardamon seeds.  
"Whom did you see?" Ina asked.  
Lulu named them.  
"See them to talk to?" from Dwight. Oh, yes. They had all stopped.  
"What did they say?" Ina burst out. They had inquired for Ninian, Lulu said; and said no more.  
Dwight mused this. Lulu might have told every one of these women that cock-and-bull story with which she had come home. It might be all over town. Of course, in that case he could turn Lulu out—should do so, in fact. Still the story would be all over town.  
"Dwight," said Lulu, "I want Ninian's address."  
"Going to write to him!" Ina cried incredulously.  
"I want to ask him for the proofs that Dwight wanted."  
"My dear Lulu," Dwight said impatiently, "you are not the one to write. Have you no delicacy?"  
Lulu smiled—a strange smile, originating and dying in one corner of her mouth.  
"Yes," she said, "so much delicacy that I want to be sure whether I'm married or not."  
Dwight cleared his throat with a movement which seemed to use his shoulders for the purpose.  
"I myself will take this up with my brother," he said. "I will write to him about it."  
Lulu sprang to her feet. "Write to him now!" she cried.  
"Really," said Dwight, lifting his brows.  
"Now—now!" Lulu said. She moved about, collecting writing materials from their casual lodgments on shelf and table. She set all before him and stood by him. "Write him now," she said again.  
"My dear Lulu, don't be absurd." She said: "Ina, help me. If it was Dwight—and they didn't know whether he had another wife, or not, and you wanted to ask him—oh, don't you see? Help me."  
Ina was not yet the woman to cry for justice for its own sake, nor even to stand by another woman. She was primitive, and her instinct was to look to her own male merely.  
"Well," she said, "of course. But why not let Dwight do it in his own way? Wouldn't that be better?"  
She put it to her sister fairly: Now, no matter what Dwight's way was, wouldn't that be better?  
"Mother!" said Lulu. She looked irresolutely toward her mother. But Mrs. Bett was eating cardamon seeds with exceeding gusto, and Lulu looked away. Caught by the gesture, Mrs. Bett voiced her grievance.  
"Lulu," she said, "Set down. Take off your hat, why don't you?"  
Lulu turned upon Dwight a quiet face which he had never seen before. "You write that letter to Ninian," she said, "and you make him tell you so you'll understand. I know he spoke the truth. But I want you to know."  
"M—m," said Dwight. "And then I suppose you're going to tell it all over town—as soon as you have the proofs."  
"I'm going to tell it all over town," said Lulu, "just as it is—unless you write to him now."

and at its appearance she felt surprise and pleasure.  
"Well!" she thought, almost in Ina's own manner.  
Abruptly her confidence rose. Something of this confidence was still upon her when she returned. They were in the dining room now, all save Di, who was on the porch with Bobby, and Monona, who was in bed and might be heard extravagantly singing.  
Lulu sat down with her hat on. When Dwight inquired playfully, "Don't we look like company?" she did not reply. He looked at her speculatively. Where had she gone, with whom had she talked, what had she told? Ina looked at her rather fearfully. But Mrs. Bett rocked contentedly and ate cardamon seeds.  
"Whom did you see?" Ina asked.  
Lulu named them.  
"See them to talk to?" from Dwight. Oh, yes. They had all stopped.  
"What did they say?" Ina burst out. They had inquired for Ninian, Lulu said; and said no more.  
Dwight mused this. Lulu might have told every one of these women that cock-and-bull story with which she had come home. It might be all over town. Of course, in that case he could turn Lulu out—should do so, in fact. Still the story would be all over town.  
"Dwight," said Lulu, "I want Ninian's address."  
"Going to write to him!" Ina cried incredulously.  
"I want to ask him for the proofs that Dwight wanted."  
"My dear Lulu," Dwight said impatiently, "you are not the one to write. Have you no delicacy?"  
Lulu smiled—a strange smile, originating and dying in one corner of her mouth.  
"Yes," she said, "so much delicacy that I want to be sure whether I'm married or not."  
Dwight cleared his throat with a movement which seemed to use his shoulders for the purpose.  
"I myself will take this up with my brother," he said. "I will write to him about it."  
Lulu sprang to her feet. "Write to him now!" she cried.  
"Really," said Dwight, lifting his brows.  
"Now—now!" Lulu said. She moved about, collecting writing materials from their casual lodgments on shelf and table. She set all before him and stood by him. "Write him now," she said again.  
"My dear Lulu, don't be absurd." She said: "Ina, help me. If it was Dwight—and they didn't know whether he had another wife, or not, and you wanted to ask him—oh, don't you see? Help me."  
Ina was not yet the woman to cry for justice for its own sake, nor even to stand by another woman. She was primitive, and her instinct was to look to her own male merely.  
"Well," she said, "of course. But why not let Dwight do it in his own way? Wouldn't that be better?"  
She put it to her sister fairly: Now, no matter what Dwight's way was, wouldn't that be better?  
"Mother!" said Lulu. She looked irresolutely toward her mother. But Mrs. Bett was eating cardamon seeds with exceeding gusto, and Lulu looked away. Caught by the gesture, Mrs. Bett voiced her grievance.  
"Lulu," she said, "Set down. Take off your hat, why don't you?"  
Lulu turned upon Dwight a quiet face which he had never seen before. "You write that letter to Ninian," she said, "and you make him tell you so you'll understand. I know he spoke the truth. But I want you to know."  
"M—m," said Dwight. "And then I suppose you're going to tell it all over town—as soon as you have the proofs."  
"I'm going to tell it all over town," said Lulu, "just as it is—unless you write to him now."

and at its appearance she felt surprise and pleasure.  
"Well!" she thought, almost in Ina's own manner.  
Abruptly her confidence rose. Something of this confidence was still upon her when she returned. They were in the dining room now, all save Di, who was on the porch with Bobby, and Monona, who was in bed and might be heard extravagantly singing.  
Lulu sat down with her hat on. When Dwight inquired playfully, "Don't we look like company?" she did not reply. He looked at her speculatively. Where had she gone, with whom had she talked, what had she told? Ina looked at her rather fearfully. But Mrs. Bett rocked contentedly and ate cardamon seeds.  
"Whom did you see?" Ina asked.  
Lulu named them.  
"See them to talk to?" from Dwight. Oh, yes. They had all stopped.  
"What did they say?" Ina burst out. They had inquired for Ninian, Lulu said; and said no more.  
Dwight mused this. Lulu might have told every one of these women that cock-and-bull story with which she had come home. It might be all over town. Of course, in that case he could turn Lulu out—should do so, in fact. Still the story would be all over town.  
"Dwight," said Lulu, "I want Ninian's address."  
"Going to write to him!" Ina cried incredulously.  
"I want to ask him for the proofs that Dwight wanted."  
"My dear Lulu," Dwight said impatiently, "you are not the one to write. Have you no delicacy?"  
Lulu smiled—a strange smile, originating and dying in one corner of her mouth.  
"Yes," she said, "so much delicacy that I want to be sure whether I'm married or not."  
Dwight cleared his throat with a movement which seemed to use his shoulders for the purpose.  
"I myself will take this up with my brother," he said. "I will write to him about it."  
Lulu sprang to her feet. "Write to him now!" she cried.  
"Really," said Dwight, lifting his brows.  
"Now—now!" Lulu said. She moved about, collecting writing materials from their casual lodgments on shelf and table. She set all before him and stood by him. "Write him now," she said again.  
"My dear Lulu, don't be absurd." She said: "Ina, help me. If it was Dwight—and they didn't know whether he had another wife, or not, and you wanted to ask him—oh, don't you see? Help me."  
Ina was not yet the woman to cry for justice for its own sake, nor even to stand by another woman. She was primitive, and her instinct was to look to her own male merely.  
"Well," she said, "of course. But why not let Dwight do it in his own way? Wouldn't that be better?"  
She put it to her sister fairly: Now, no matter what Dwight's way was, wouldn't that be better?  
"Mother!" said Lulu. She looked irresolutely toward her mother. But Mrs. Bett was eating cardamon seeds with exceeding gusto, and Lulu looked away. Caught by the gesture, Mrs. Bett voiced her grievance.  
"Lulu," she said, "Set down. Take off your hat, why don't you?"  
Lulu turned upon Dwight a quiet face which he had never seen before. "You write that letter to Ninian," she said, "and you make him tell you so you'll understand. I know he spoke the truth. But I want you to know."  
"M—m," said Dwight. "And then I suppose you're going to tell it all over town—as soon as you have the proofs."  
"I'm going to tell it all over town," said Lulu, "just as it is—unless you write to him now."

and at its appearance she felt surprise and pleasure.  
"Well!" she thought, almost in Ina's own manner.  
Abruptly her confidence rose. Something of this confidence was still upon her when she returned. They were in the dining room now, all save Di, who was on the porch with Bobby, and Monona, who was in bed and might be heard extravagantly singing.  
Lulu sat down with her hat on. When Dwight inquired playfully, "Don't we look like company?" she did not reply. He looked at her speculatively. Where had she gone, with whom had she talked, what had she told? Ina looked at her rather fearfully. But Mrs. Bett rocked contentedly and ate cardamon seeds.  
"Whom did you see?" Ina asked.  
Lulu named them.  
"See them to talk to?" from Dwight. Oh, yes. They had all stopped.  
"What did they say?" Ina burst out. They had inquired for Ninian, Lulu said; and said no more.  
Dwight mused this. Lulu might have told every one of these women that cock-and-bull story with which she had come home. It might be all over town. Of course, in that case he could turn Lulu out—should do so, in fact. Still the story would be all over town.  
"Dwight," said Lulu, "I want Ninian's address."  
"Going to write to him!" Ina cried incredulously.  
"I want to ask him for the proofs that Dwight wanted."  
"My dear Lulu," Dwight said impatiently, "you are not the one to write. Have you no delicacy?"  
Lulu smiled—a strange smile, originating and dying in one corner of her mouth.  
"Yes," she said, "so much delicacy that I want to be sure whether I'm married or not."  
Dwight cleared his throat with a movement which seemed to use his shoulders for the purpose.  
"I myself will take this up with my brother," he said. "I will write to him about it."  
Lulu sprang to her feet. "Write to him now!" she cried.  
"Really," said Dwight, lifting his brows.  
"Now—now!" Lulu said. She moved about, collecting writing materials from their casual lodgments on shelf and table. She set all before him and stood by him. "Write him now," she said again.  
"My dear Lulu, don't be absurd." She said: "Ina, help me. If it was Dwight—and they didn't know whether he had another wife, or not, and you wanted to ask him—oh, don't you see? Help me."  
Ina was not yet the woman to cry for justice for its own sake, nor even to stand by another woman. She was primitive, and her instinct was to look to her own male merely.  
"Well," she said, "of course. But why not let Dwight do it in his own way? Wouldn't that be better?"  
She put it to her sister fairly: Now, no matter what Dwight's way was, wouldn't that be better?  
"Mother!" said Lulu. She looked irresolutely toward her mother. But Mrs. Bett was eating cardamon seeds with exceeding gusto, and Lulu looked away. Caught by the gesture, Mrs. Bett voiced her grievance.  
"Lulu," she said, "Set down. Take off your hat, why don't you?"  
Lulu turned upon Dwight a quiet face which he had never seen before. "You write that letter to Ninian," she said, "and you make him tell you so you'll understand. I know he spoke the truth. But I want you to know."  
"M—m," said Dwight. "And then I suppose you're going to tell it all over town—as soon as you have the proofs."  
"I'm going to tell it all over town," said Lulu, "just as it is—unless you write to him now."

and at its appearance she felt surprise and pleasure.  
"Well!" she thought, almost in Ina's own manner.  
Abruptly her confidence rose. Something of this confidence was still upon her when she returned. They were in the dining room now, all save Di, who was on the porch with Bobby, and Monona, who was in bed and might be heard extravagantly singing.  
Lulu sat down with her hat on. When Dwight inquired playfully, "Don't we look like company?" she did not reply. He looked at her speculatively. Where had she gone, with whom had she talked, what had she told? Ina looked at her rather fearfully. But Mrs. Bett rocked contentedly and ate cardamon seeds.  
"Whom did you see?" Ina asked.  
Lulu named them.  
"See them to talk to?" from Dwight. Oh, yes. They had all stopped.  
"What did they say?" Ina burst out. They had inquired for Ninian, Lulu said; and said no more.  
Dwight mused this. Lulu might have told every one of these women that cock-and-bull story with which she had come home. It might be all over town. Of course, in that case he could turn Lulu out—should do so, in fact. Still the story would be all over town.  
"Dwight," said Lulu, "I want Ninian's address."  
"Going to write to him!" Ina cried incredulously.  
"I want to ask him for the proofs that Dwight wanted."  
"My dear Lulu," Dwight said impatiently, "you are not the one to write. Have you no delicacy?"  
Lulu smiled—a strange smile, originating and dying in one corner of her mouth.  
"Yes," she said, "so much delicacy that I want to be sure whether I'm married or not."  
Dwight cleared his throat with a movement which seemed to use his shoulders for the purpose.  
"I myself will take this up with my brother," he said. "I will write to him about it."  
Lulu sprang to her feet. "Write to him now!" she cried.  
"Really," said Dwight, lifting his brows.  
"Now—now!" Lulu said. She moved about, collecting writing materials from their casual lodgments on shelf and table. She set all before him and stood by him. "Write him now," she said again.  
"My dear Lulu, don't be absurd." She said: "Ina, help me. If it was Dwight—and they didn