

(Continued from last week).

SYNOPSIS

I-APRIL General factotum in the house of her sister Ina, wife of Herbert Deacon, in the small town of Warbleton Lulu Bett leads a dull, cramped existence, with which she is constantly at enmity, though apparently satisfied with her lot She has natural thoughts and aspirations which neither her sister nor her brotherin-law seemingly can comprehend. To Mr. Deacon comes Bobby Larkin, recently graduated high-school youth, secretly enamored of Deacon's elder daughter, Diana, an applicant for a "job" around the Deacon house. He is engaged, his occupation to be to keep the lawn in trim. The family is excited over the news of an approaching visit from Deacon's brother years. Deacon jokes with Lulu, with subtle meaning, concerning the coming

II-MAY.—Chiefly because of the ripple in her placid, colorless existence which the arrival of Ninian will bring, Lulu is interested and speculative, meanwhile watching with something like envy the boy-and-girl love-making of Bobby and Diana. Unexpectedly, Ninian arrives, in the absence of Herbert, at his business, and of Ina, resting. Thus he becomes acquainted with Lulu first and in a measure understands her position in the house. To Lulu, Ninian is a much-traveled man of the world and even the slight interest which he takes in her is appreciated, be-cause it is something new in her life.

III-JUNE.-At an outing which the family takes, Ninian and Lulu become in a measure confidential. He expresses his disapproval of her treatment as a sort of dependent in the Deacon home. Lulu has vaguely had the same thoughts, but her levalty to her sister and her own diffidence make Ninian's comments embarrassing. He declares his intention of giving the family a "good time" in the city before he leaves. Diana and Bobby, in the course of "soft nothings," discuss the possibility of eloping and "surprising the whole school." Lulu, despite herself, has awakened to pleasant possibilities concerning Ninian's intentions toward herself, the more so because hitherto she has been a practical nonentity in the household, having little to do with its simple social functions. The fact that Ninian had walked home with her causes all sorts of speculations to disturb her

IV-JULY.-Ninian redeems his promise of a "good time," and dinner in the adjacent city, with the attentions shown her by her brother-in-law, is a delight to Lulu. At supper, after the theater, the conversation languishes, and Herbert banteringly suggests reading the funeral service as a rebuke for the dullness. Ninian apparently jokingly urges the substi-tution of the wedding service, himself and Lulu participating. As part of the joke Lulu repeats the words of the civil ceremony, with Ninian. The laughter subsiding, Herbert remembers that a civil wedding is binding in the state, and inasmuch as he is a magistrate, Ninian and Lulu are legally wedded. The rest of the party is shocked, but Ninian declares he is perfectly satisfied. Lulu is dumfounded but secretly happy. She and Ninian depart at once for their honeymoon, without re-turning to Warbleton. The Deacons lose no time spreading the news in the home town, though the services of Lulu are sadly missed in the household.

V-AUGUST.-Lulu's marriage, now an event of a month ago, still is a subject of conversation in the Deacon family, Ina feeling that there is something vaguely disquieting in her sister's letters. Abruptly, Lulu returns to her former home without Ninian, and with the appalling news that he had a wife living (though he declares he believed her dead) when he and Lulu went through the wedding ceremony at that after-theater supper With little feeling for Lulu's unhappy position, the Deacons think only of the disgrace to the family. Reluctantly Herbert agrees to write to Ninian, insisting on the whole truth, and Lulu takes up her old position. Herbert is inclined to blame haiu for her part in the proceedings, and Ina defends her feebly. Billing and cooing between Bobby Larkin and Diana goes merrily on, though neither Diana's father nor her stepmother appear to notice anything out of the ordinary.

In their room, Ina and Dwight discussed the incredible actions of Lulu. "I saw," said Dwight, "I saw she wasn't herself. I'd do anything to avoid having a scene-you know that." His glance swept a little anxiously his Ina. "You know that, don't you?" he sharply inquired.

"But I really think you ought to have written to Ninian about it," she now dared to say. "It's not a nice position for Lulu."

"Nice? Well, but whom has she got to blame for it?"

"Why, Ninian," said Ina. Dwight threw out his hands. "Herself," he said. "To tell you the truth,

I was perfectly amazed at the way she snapped him up there in that restaurant." "Why, but, Dwight-" "Brazen," he said. "Oh, it was

"It was just fun, in the first place." "But no really nice woman-" he

shook his head.

"Dwight! Lulu is nice. The idea!" He regarded her. "Would you have done that?" he would know. Under his fond look, she softened.

took his homage, accepted everything was silent.

"Certainly not," he said. "Lulu's tastes are not fine like yours. should never think of you as sisters." "She's awfully good," Ina said, feebly. Fifteen years of married life behind her-but this was sweet and she could not resist.

by D. APPLETON AND COMPANY "She has excellent qualities." He admitted it. "But look at the position she's in-married to a man who tells

get free. Now, no really nice woman-"No really nice man-" Ina did say

her he has another wife in order to

that much. "Ah," said Dwight, "but you could never be in such a position. No. no.

Lulu is sadly lacking somewhere." Ina sighed, threw back her head. caught her lower lip with her upper, as might be in a hem. "What if it was Di?" she supposed.

"Di!" Dwight's look rebuked his wife. "Di." he said, "was born with ladylike feelings."

It was not yet ten o'clock. Bobby Larkin was permitted to stay until ten. From the veranda came the indistinguishable murmur of those young

"Bobby," Di was saying within that murmur, "Bobby, you don't kiss me as if you really wanted to kiss me, tonight."

VI

September.

The office of Dwight Herbert Deacon, Dentist, Gold Work a Specialty (sic) in black lettering, and Justice of the Peace in gold, was above a store which had been occupied by one unlucky tenant after another, and had suffered long periods of vacancy when ladies' aid societies served lunches there, under great white signs, badly lettered. Some months of disuse were now broken by the news that the store had been let to a music man. A music man, what on earth was that?

Warbleton inquired. The music man arrived, installed three pianos, and filled his window with sheet music, as sang by many ladies who swung in hammocks or kissed their hands on the music cov-"Hello, there!" he said. "Can I sell

you an upright?" "If I can take it out in pulling your teeth, you can," Dwight replied. "Or," said he, "I might marry you free, either one."

On this their friendship began. Thenceforth, when business was dull, the idle hours of both men were beguiled with idle gossip.

"How the dickens did you think of pianes for a line?" Dwight asked him once. "Now, my father was a dentist, so I came by it natural-never entered my head to be anything else. But pianos-

The music man-his name was Neil Cornish-threw up his chin in a boyish fashion, and said he'd be jiggered if he knew. All up and down the Warbleton main street, the chances are that the answer would sound the same. "I'm studying law when I get the chance," said Cornish, as one who makes a bid to be thought of more

"I see," said Dwight, respectfully dwelling on the verb. Later on, Cornish confided more to



Later On, Cornish Confided More to Dwight: He Was to Come by a Little Inheritance Some Day.

inheritance some day-not much, but something. Yes, it made a man feel a certain confidence. . "Don't it?" said Dwight, heartily, as

funny stories, and he never compared Warbleton save to its advantage. So at last Dwight said tentatively at

lunch: "What if I brought that Neil Cornish up for supper one of these nights?" "Oh, Dwightie, do," said Ina. "If

there's a man in town, let's know it."

"What if I brought him up tonight?" Up went Ina's eyebrows. Tonight? "'Scalloped potatoes and meat loaf and sauce and bread and butter." Lulu contributed.

Cornish came to supper. He was what is known in Warbleton as dapper. This Ina saw as she emerged on the veranda in response to Dwight's informal halloo on his way upstairs. She herself was in white muslin, now much too snug, and a blue ribbon. To her greeting their guest replied in that engaging shyness which is not awkwardness. He moved in some pleasant web of gentleness and friendliness.

They asked him the usual questions, and he replied, rocking all the time with a faint undulating motion of head and shoulders: Warbleton was one of the prettiest little towns that he had ever seen. He liked the people -they seemed different. He was sure to like the place, already liked it. Lulu came to the door in Ninian's thin black-and-white gown. She shook hands with the stranger, not looking at him, and said, "Come to supper. all." Monona was already in her place. singing under-breath. Mrs. Bett, after hovering in the kitchen door, entered; but they forgot to introduce her.

"Where's Di?" asked Ina. "I declare that daughter of mine is never any-

where.' A brief silence ensued as they were seated. There being a guest, grace was to come, and Dwight said, unintelligibly and like lightning, a generic appeal to bless this food, forgive all our sins and finally save us. And there was something tremendous in this ancient form whereby all stages of men bow in some now unrecognized recognition of the ceremonial of taking food to nourish life-and more.

At "Amen" Di flashed in, her offices at the mirror fresh upon herperfect hair, silk dress turned up at the hem. She met Cornish, crimsoned. fluttered to her seat, joggled the .able and, "Oh, dear," she said audibly to her mother, "I forgot my ring."

The talk was saved alive by a frank effort. Dwight served, making jests about everybody coming back for more. They went on with Warbleton happenings, improvements and openings; and the runaway. Cornish tried hard to make himself agreeable, not ingratiatingly, but good-naturedly. He wished profoundly that before coming he had looked up some more stories in the back of the Musical Gazettes. ers. While he was still moving in, Lulu surreptitiously pinched off an Dwight Herbert Deacon wandered ant that was running at large upon downstairs and stood informally in the the cloth and thereafter kept her eyes door of the new store. The music man, steadfastly on the sugar bowl to see if a pleasant-faced chap of thirty-odd, it could be from that. Dwight prewas rubbing at the face of a piano. | tended that those whom he was helping a second time were getting more than their share and facetiously landed on Di about eating so much that she would grow up and be married, first thing she knew. At the word "married" Di turned scarlet, laughed

heartily and lifted her glass of water. "And what instruments do you play?" Ina asked Cornish, in an unrelated effort to lift the talk to musical levels.. "Well, do you know," said the mu-

sic man, "I can't play a thing. Don't know a black note from a white one." "You don't? Why Di plays very prettily," said Di's mother. "But, then, how can you tell what songs to

order?" Ina cried. "Oh, by the music houses. You go by the sales." For the first time it occurred to Cornish that this was ridiculous. "You know, I'm really studying law," he said, shyly and proudly. Law! How very interesting, from Ina. Oh, but won't he bring up some songs some evening, for them to try over? Her and Di? At this Di laughed and said that she was out of practice and lifted her glass of water. In the presence of adults Di made one weep, she was so slender, so young, so without defenses, so intolerably sensitive to every contact, so in agony lest she be found wanting. It was amazing how unlike was this Di to the Di who had ensnared Bobby Larkin. What

was one to think? Cornish paid very little attention to her. To Lulu he said kindly, "Don't you play, Miss-?" He had not caught her name-no stranger ever did catch it. But Dwight now supplied it: "Miss Lulu Bett," he explained, with loud emphasis, and Lulu burned her slow red. This question Lulu had usually answered by telling how a felon had interrupted her lessons and she had stopped "taking"-a participle sacred to music, in Warbleton. This vignette had been a kind of epitome of Lulu's biography. But now Lulu was heard to say, serenely:

"No, but I'm quite fond of it. I went to a lovely concert-two weeks

ago." They all listened. Strange, indeed to think of Lulu as having had experi-

ences of which they did not know.
"Yes," she said. "It was in Savannah, Georgia." She flushed, and lifted her eyes in a manner of faint defiance. "Of course," she said, "I don't know the names of all the different instruments they played, but there were a good many." She laughed pleasantly as a part of her sentence. "They had some lovely tunes," she said. She knew that the subject was not exhausted and she hurried on. "The hall was real large," she superadded, "and there were quite a good many people there. And it was too warm."

"I see," said Cornish, and said what ke had been waiting to say: That he, too, had been in Savannah, Georgia. Lulu lit with pleasure, "Well!" she said. And her mind worked and she

Every one liked Cornish. He told | caught at the moment before it had escaped. "Isn't it a pretty city?" she asked. And Cornish assented with the intense heartiness of the provincial. He, too, it seemed, had a conversational appearance to maintain by its own effort. He said that he had enjoyed being in that town and that he was there for two hours.

"I was there for a week." Lulu's superiority was really pretty.

"Have good weather?" Cornish selected next. "Oh, yes. And they saw all the dif-

ferent buildings-but at her "we" she flushed and was silenced. She was coloring and breathing quickly. This was the first bit of conversation of

this sort in Lulu's life. After supper Ina inevitably proposed croquet, Dwight pretended to try to escape and, with his irrepressible mien, talked about Ina, elaborate in his insistence on the third person-"She loves it, we have to humor her, you know how it is. Or no! You don't know! But you will"-and more of the same sort, everybody laughing heartily, save Lulu, who looked uncomfortable and wished that Dwight wouldn't, and Mrs. Bett, who paid no attention to anyhody that night, not because she had not been introduced. an omission which she had not even noticed, but merely as another form of "tantrim"-a self-indulgence.

They emerged for croquet. And there on the porch sat Jenny Plow and Bobby, waiting for Di to keep an old engagement, which Di pretended to have forgotten, and to be frightfully annoyed to have to keep. She met the objections of her parents with 211 the batteries of her coquetry, set for both Bobby and Cornish and, bold in the presence of "company," at last went laughing away. And in the mipute areas of her consciousness she said to herself that Bobby would be more in love with her than ever because she had risked all to go with him; and that Cornish ought to be distinctly attracted to her because she had not stayed. She was as primitive as pollen.

Ina was vexed. She said so, pouting in a fashion which she should have outgrown with white muslin and blue ribbons, and she had outgrown none of these things.

"That just spoils croquet," she said. "I'm vexed. Now we can't have a

real game." From the side door, where she must have been lingering among the water-

proofs, Lulu stepped forth. "I'll play a game," she said. . . . . .

When Cornish actually proposed to bring some music to the Deacons', Ina turned toward Dwight Herbert all the facets of her responsibility. And Ina's sense of responsibility toward Di was enormous, oppressive, primitive, amounting, in fact, toward this daughter of Dwight Herbert's late wife, to an ability to compress the offices of stepmotherhood into the functions of the lecture platform. Ina was a fountain of admonition Her idea of a daughter, step or not, was that of a manufactured product, strictly, which you constantly pinched and molded. She thought that a moral preceptor had the right to secrete precepts. Di got them all. But of course the crest of Ina's responsibility was to marry Di. This verb should be transitive only when lovers are speaking of each other, or the minister or magistrate is speaking of lovers. It should never be transitive when predicated of parents or any other third party. But it is. Ina was quite agitated by its transitiveness as she took to her hus-

band her incredible responsibility. "You know, Herbert," said Ina, "if this Mr. Cornish comes here very much, what we may expect."

"What may we expect?" demanded Dwight Herbert, crisply.

Ina always played his games, answered what he expected her to answer, pretended to be intuitive when she was not so, said "I know" when she didn't know at all. Dwight Herbert, on the other hand, did not even play her games when he knew perfectly what she meant, but pretended not to understand, made her repeat, made her explain. It was as if Ina had to please him for, say, a living; but as for that dentist, he had to please nobody. In the conversations of Dwight and Ina you saw the historical home forming in clots in the fluid wash of the community.

"He'll fall in love with Di," said "And what of that? Little daughter

will have many a man fall in love with her, I should say." "Yes, but, Dwight, what do you think of him?"

"What do I think of him? My dear Ina, I have other things to think "But we don't know anything about

him, Dwight-a stranger so." "On the other hand," said Dwight

with dignity, "I know a good deal

With a great air of having done the fatherly and found out about this stranger before bringing him into the home, Dwight now related a number of stray circumstances dropped by Cornish in their chance talks.

"He has a little inheritance coming to him-shortly," Dwight wound up. "An inheritance-really? How much, Dwight?"

"Now isn't that like a woman. Isn't

"I thought he was from a good family," said Ina. "My mercenary little pussy!"

"Well," she said with a sigh, "I shouldn't be surprised if Di did really accept him. A young girl is awfully nattered when a good-looking older man pays her attention. Haven't you noticed that?"

Dwight informed her, with an air of immense abstraction, that he left all such matters to her. Being mar-

ried to Dwight was like a perpetual rehearsal, with Dwight's self-importance for audience.

A few evenings later, Cornish ly before October 1. brought up the music. There was something overpowering in this brown- time to have some of the cows freshhaired chap against the background en. looked hopefully ahead, woke with grain and fodder. slans, regarded the children in the street as if, conceivably, children 000 is harvested in fox farming in the might come within the confines of his United States alone. life as he imagined it. A preposterous little man. And a preposterous ed is within the standard of purity store, empty, echoing, bare of wall. the three pianos near the front, the remainder of the floor stretching away like the corridors of the lost. He was going to get a dark curtain, he explained, and furnish the back part of the store as his own room. What dignity in phrasing, but how mean that little room would look-cot bed. washbowl and pitcher, and little mirrer-almost certainly a mirror with a

"And then, you know," he always added, "I'm reading law." The Plows had been asked in that

wavy surface, almost certainly that.

evening. Bobby was there. They were, Dwight Herbert said, going to have a sing.

Di was to play. And Di was now embarked on the most difficult feat of her emotional life, the feat of remaining to Bobby Larkin the lure, the beloved lure, the while to Cornish she instinctively played the role of womanly little girl.

"Up by the festive lamp, everybody!" Dwight Herbert cried.

As they gathered about the upright piano, that startled, Dwightish instrument, standing in its attitude of unrest, Lulu came in with another lamp.

"Do you need this?" she asked. They did not need it, there was, in fact, no place to set it, and this Lulu must have known. But Dwight found a place. He swept Ninian's photograph from the marble shelf of the mirror, and when Lulu had placed the lamp there, Dwight thrust the photograph into her hands.

"You take care of that," he said, with a droop of lid discernible only to those who-presumably-loved him. His old attitude toward Lulu had shown a terrible sharpening in these ten days since her return.

She stood uncertainly, in the thin black and white gown which Ninian had bought for her, and held Ninian's photograph and looked helplessly about. She was moving toward the door when Cornish called: "See here! Aren't you going to

sing?" "What?" Dwight used the falsetto.

"Lulu sing? Lulu?" She stood awkwardly. She had a piteous recrudescence of her old agony at being spoken to in the presence of others. But Di had opened she struck the opening chords of foot of available earth has become Dwight offered his arm, absurdly crooked. The Plows and Ina and Di began to sing. Lulu moved forward, and stood a little away from them, and sang, too. She was still holding Ninian's picture. Dwight did not sing. He lifted his shoulders and his eyebrows and watched Lulu.

When they had finished, "Lulu the



"Miss Lulu Bett, the Mocking Ba-ird!" Dwight Insisted.

mocking bird!" Dwight cried. He said "ba-ird." "Fine!" cried Cornish. "Why, Miss

Lulu, you have a good voice!" ba-ird!" Dwight insisted.

him now, quietly, and with a look of crops are turned under these plant appraisal.

"Lulu the dove," she then surprisingly said, 'to put up with you." It was her first bit of conscious repartee to her brother-in-law.

Cornish was bending over Di "What next do you say?" he asked. lovely sacred song here," she suggest-

ed, and looked down. "You like sacred music?" She turned to him her pure profile. her eyelids fluttering up, and said: "I

(Continued next week).

-It pays to read the "Watchman." grazing on some farms.

## FARM NOTES.

-To control white grubs plow deep-

-September or October is a good

of his negligible little shop, his whole capital in his few planos. For he ly hardened it will do to cut corn for

-It is estimated that about \$8,000,-

set by the government. -It is figured by the experts that the new tariff on fertilizers will cost the farmers of the United States approximately \$18,000,000 a year.

—September is a good month to or-der trees for fall setting. Many or-chardists maintain that fall-set trees not only grow better, but are a full year ahead of next spring's.

-A good, persistent cow ought to keep milking for 10 months, and she should keep a pretty good flow up for six or seven months if she is to pay for her keep and a profit besides. -The lime sulphur now used very

extensively for San Jose scale as a dormant spray is being used in a dry form to dust on for control of mildews, fungous diseases of fruits and vegetables.

-The first fall frost may be expected about this time of the year. Several weeks may elapse between the first and second frost, which makes it worth while to protect and probably save tender plants of such vegetables as tomatoes, peppers, and eggplants.

-Grapes are perhaps the easiest fruit raised. A good start can be made in September by taking cuttings of last year's well matured wood and cutting into lengths of 10 or 12 inches. If tied in a bundle and stored in damp sand, butt ends down, they will be ready for setting out next spring.

-Hogs of different ages and sizes will not do well in the herd. They should be separated into small lots, according to their ages and conditions. Sows and growing pigs should not be allowed in the same lot with fattening hogs. The excessive corn diet is not so good for their growth and production, and with large fattening hogs the smaller ones will be crowded and injured.

-There were 400,000 more dairy cows in the United States in 1921 than there were in 1920. The production of milk in 1920 was 89,658,000,000 pounds, and in 1921 it was 98,862,000,-000 pounds. This increase in production was taken care of by an increase in consumption. There is no danger of overdoing the production end of the dairy industry if the selling end is properly taken care of. What this country needs is more good cows and

fewer scrubs in making the dairy pay. -Why Early Plowing is Desirable This Fall.-We did not have the drouth this year, which generally visthe "Album of Old Favorites," which its us annually. Instead there was Cornish had elected to bring, and now rainstorm after rainstorm until every "Bonny Eloise." Lulu stood still, mass of weeds and grass. This fact looking rather piteously at Cornish. points out the necessity of early plowing so that this vegetation may be turned under, thus replenishing the soil in humus and getting rid of noxious plants. It is important that the plowing be done before cold and wet weather interferes with it, in order that the land may be in condition for

late fall rains and early winter freez-Land upon which is intended to sow wheat or oats should be gotten ready as soon as possible. On land that is not yet turned it will require considerable labor to prepare a seed-bed for wheat or oats. It can be done, however, but at a greater cost. If it can possibly be avoided, there should be no longer a delay in preparing the land for grain.

It is best to plow deep, especially on such soils that have been plowed rather shallow for several seasons. The deepening should be gradual and the breaking should be done early enough to allow the vegetation to decay and permit the clods to crumble sufficiently to make a good seedbed.

There is great value in green manuring. It maintains soil fertility and is of untold value where soils are low in organic matter, notably humus, and where soil fertility and mechanical

condition need improving.

In soil improvement the first step is to increase the vegetable matter. Satisfactory results from fertilizers cannot be obtained without humus. Unless the soil has sufficient organic matter to render it light, crumbly and friable, there can be no successful rotation of crops.

Early breaking and sufficient preparation of the soil is desirable, but there are some soils that will do better if planted in a winter clover or grazing crop. There are some seasons when considerable plant food is wasted by exposing the soil to winter conditions without some protection. Sandstorms in parts of the State of New Jersey are frequently destruc-tive. If broken in the fall or winter, such soils require the protection of a winter cover crop. A cover crop in favorable seasons will assist in binding the soil particles so that there will

be less loss on account of wind. Besides protecting the soil, cover crops hold soil particles together and "Miss Lulu Bett, the mocking the roots make use of the readily available plant food. This is especial-Lulu was excited, and in some accession of faint power. She turned to being wasted. When these cover foods are returned to the soil to stimulate larger crops. When grazing the cover crop, the crop helps the growth on animals and the roots and rem-

nants can be turned under. Where legumes can be grown to advantage they will be found to be the most suitable for cover crops. Vetch She lifted her eyes, met his own, when sown with wheat, oats or rye is held them. "There's such a lovely, excellent. Crimson clover does well

on some soils. Rye is one of the most satisfactory non-legumes for cover crop and for grazing. It is comparatively hardy and may be depended upon for stock and soil protection, even on quite thin

Wheat, barley and emmer are also adapted to sowing for cover crops and