

MISS LULU BETT



by Zona Gale
Illustrations by Irwin Myers

'What's the use of finding fault with Inie? Where'd you been if she hadn't married?' Lulu said nothing. 'What say?' Mrs. Bett demanded shrilly. She was enjoying it. Lulu said no more. After a long time: 'You always was jealous of Inie,' said Mrs. Bett, and went to her bed. As soon as her mother's door had closed, Lulu took the lamp from its bracket, stretching up her long body and her long arms until her skirt lifted to show her really slim and pretty feet. Lulu's feet gave news of some other Lulu, but slightly incarnate. Perhaps, so far, incarnate only in her feet and her long hair. She took the lamp to the parlor and stood before the photograph of Ninian Deacon, and looked her fill. She did not admire the photograph, but she wanted to look at it. The house was still, there was no possibility of interruption. The occasion became sensation, which she made no effort to quench. She held a rendezvous with she knew not what. In the early hours of the next afternoon with the sun shining across the threshold, Lulu was paring something at the kitchen table. Mrs. Bett was asleep. ('I don't blame you a bit, mother,' Lulu had said, as her mother named the intention.) Ina was asleep. (But Ina always took off the curse by calling it her 'si-esta,' long I.) Monona was playing with a neighbor's child—you heard their shrill yet lovely laughter as they obeyed the adult law that motion is pleasure. Di was not there. A man came round the house and stood tying a puppy to the porch post. A long shadow fell through the west doorway, the puppy whined. 'Oh,' said this man. 'I didn't mean to arrive at the back door, but since I'm here—' He lifted a suitcase to the porch, entered and filled the kitchen. 'It's Ina, isn't it?' he said. 'I'm her sister,' said Lulu, and understood that he was here at last. 'Well, I'm Bert's brother,' said Ninian. 'So I can come in, can't I?' He did so, turned round like a dog before his chair and sat down heavily, forcing his fingers through heavy, upspringing brown hair. 'Oh, yes,' said Lulu. 'I'll call Ina. She's asleep.'

'Don't call her, then,' said Ninian. 'Let's you and I get acquainted.' He said it absently, hardly looking at her. 'I'll get the pup a drink if you can spare me a basin,' he added. Lulu brought the basin and, while he went to the dog, she ran tiptoeing to the dining room china closet and brought a cut-glass tumbler, as heavy, as ungainly as a stone crock. This she filled with milk. 'I thought maybe . . . ' said she, and offered it. 'Thank you!' said Ninian, and drained it. 'Making pies, as I live,' he observed, and brought his chair nearer to the table. 'I didn't know Ina had a sister,' he went on. 'I remember now Bert said he had two of her relatives—' Lulu flushed and glanced at him pitifully. 'He has,' she said. 'It's my mother and me. But we do quite a good deal of the work.'



Lulu Flushed in Anguish. 'Miss, She Said Low.

Then, from unplumbed depths, another Lulu abruptly spoke up. 'From choice,' she said. He shouted with laughter. 'You bet! Oh, you bet!' he cried. 'Never doubted it.' He made his palms taut and drummed on the table. 'Say!' he said. Lulu gloved, quivered, smiled. Her face was another face. 'Which kind of a Mr. are you?' she heard herself ask, and his shoutings redoubled. Well! Who would have thought it of her? 'Never give myself away,' he assured her. 'Say, by George, I never thought of that before! There's no telling whether a man's married or not, by his name!' 'It don't matter,' said Lulu. 'Why not?' 'Not so many people want to know.' Again he laughed. This laughter was intoxicating to Lulu. No one ever laughed at what she said save Herbert, who laughed at her. 'Go it, old girl!' Ninian was thinking, but this did not appear. The child Monona now arrived, banging the front gate and hurling herself round the house on the board walk, catching the toe of one foot in the heel of the other and blundering forward, head down, her short, straight hair flopping over her face. She landed flat-footed on the porch. She began to speak, using a ridiculous perversion of words, scarcely articulate, then in vogue in her group. And, 'Whose dog?' she shrieked. Ninian looked over his shoulder, held out his hand, finished something that he was saying to Lulu. Monona came to him readily enough, staring, loose-lipped. 'I'll bet I'm your uncle,' said Ninian. Relationship being her highest known form of romance, Monona was thrilled by this intelligence. 'Give us a kiss,' said Ninian, finding in the plural some vague mitigation for some vague offense.

Monona, looking silly, complied. And her uncle said, my stars, such a great big tall girl—they would have to put a board on her head. 'What's that?' inquired Monona. She had spied his great diamond ring. 'This,' said her uncle, 'was brought to me by Santa Claus, who keeps a jewelry shop in heaven.'

GOVERNOR BONHAM

Interesting Sketch of One of South Carolina's Noted Sons.

(The following is one of a series of articles on the 'Paladins of South Carolina' written by James Henry Rice, Jr., for the Columbia State.) My first sight of Governor Bonham was early in 1875. He had come up from Edgefield to visit his son, the present Gen. Millidge Lipscomb Bonham, then ill with pneumonia. Always a striking figure, tall, straight, imposing, a born military man, he appeared to my boy's mind as a Paladin of Romance; nor did that childish impression ever leave me; it abides to this hour, for it is essentially true.

Governor Bonham's father, I am told, came to South Carolina from Maryland or Virginia, settling first at Jacksonboro, on the Edisto, a place that had attained a certain prestige because the legislature met there during the Revolution, owing to a laudable zeal on the part of its members to avoid being hanged. The father later moved to Mount Willing, then Edgefield district, now cut off into Sunda county.

When young Bonham became solicitor he prosecuted two white overseers for murdering negroes, always a popular diversion with that gentry in the region and convicted them, both being hanged.

Governor Bonham married a daughter of Colonel Nathan Griffin of Edgefield, who was the comfort and solace of his life until its close.

Married when she was in her sixteenth year, Mrs. Bonham was the mother of a large family. Marked by simplicity and beauty, her character like adamant graced every section and shed over her surroundings a radiance of purity and charm. Her taste was true and exquisite. Fit mate for her distinguished husband, she furnished an example of what may be done in any situation by an uncompromising force of character, joined to womanly sweetness.

In a society which might not inaptly be compared to the most brilliant circles in Paris, she herself was the central figure. Plain in manner and without a shadow of pretense, she was queen of home and sovereign of the hearts around her.

General (afterwards Judge) Samuel McGowan, an admirer of Governor Bonham almost to infatuation, thus spoke of Mrs. Bonham to my father, on returning from a visit to the Bonham home in Edgefield.

'She is a wonderful woman, and the governor calls her Patie (her name was Patience)' and, as the general spoke, his eyes lighted with fire and enthusiasm.

This was the impression produced on all who knew her and came within her influence. Joining in her girlhood the Baptist church to which her father's people belonged, she lived a consistent Christian and died in the faith wherein she was born.

I can now see the erect form of the governor, as he sat at meat, with Mrs. Bonham gracing the foot of the table, the cheer being enlivened with wit and delightful converse. Never a harsh word, never a shade of difference there, but one unbroken charm that drew the guest into that magic circle and made him one of the family. There was never more perfect understanding between man and wife. Their married life was an idyll.

After the battle of Bull Run General

BEAUTIFUL EMILY BOILEAU DISAPPROVES OF LONG SKIRTS.



Mrs. Phillip Boileau, the beautiful widow of the noted portrait painter, fears longer skirts will add years to women's age and force them to abandon bobbed tresses.

Bonham returned from Virginia to become the governor of the state and ruled it during the momentous war years. At this time everything was in his hands. There was practically no check. The finest tribute to Governor Bonham's character that could be paid is the fact that he came out of office without a dollar. What would not a modern, practical politician, a man of the people, have done with such an opportunity? The thought is staggering.

In 1878 Governor Bonham was made one of three railroad commissioners, the office being created largely for him. Members of the general assembly, then composed of high-minded, honorable men, alive to obligation, voted for the measure as a part return for his distinguished and unselfish service to the state in the time of stress. Said General McGowan:

'I voted for it and would have voted for it if it had sunk the state of South Carolina to the bottom of the Mediterranean sea!'

We did not always wear the livery of shame, the white-hot brand had not then secured public conscience.

Governor Bonham told me that he did not study at college until he attended a commencement, which was held before the general assembly. The claret of the occasion the way in which young speakers acquitted themselves and the plaudits of the audience aroused him that next session he buckled down to work and was graduated with second honor, the last time preventing his attaining first honor.

One memorable night, during my boyhood, it so happened that the governor and I were left alone at his home, all the family having gone out except Mrs. Bonham, who was engaged with household affairs.

With that famous twinkle in his eyes, the governor asked me: 'Son, do you read the Bible?' I told him that I did.

'Well, then,' he said, 'you remember about Noah, do you not? He was a human and interesting person; for after having been out in the elements 40 days and 40 nights, when Noah struck dry land, he planted him a vineyard, grew grapes and made some wine in order to settle his nerves, which had been upset by his exposure. Was not this a very human thing for Noah to do?'

So on, from man to man in the Bible, he went, winding up with Simon Peter, whose human side made irresistible appeal to the governor.

Withal I was so charmed that sleep

FLIVVER BEATS BEAR

Tin Lizzie Bucks Bruin and Finally Drives Him Away.

A thrilling battle between a big black bear and a five-passenger flivver in a lonely mountain road, thirty miles east of here, in which Bruin was forced to lower his colors and make a strategic retreat, was described by a party of oil and gas operators arriving here, says a Clarksburg, W. Va., dispatch.

Ernest Randolph of this city had been on an inspection tour of some leases in the mountains. Returning late at night, they were startled when their machine suddenly struck some heavy object, buckled up and almost came to a complete stop. Then they heard a growl and the headlights revealed a big black bear, his fur glistening in the light.

Angered, Bruin stood in the middle of the road, growling, and surveyed his antagonist. He had won the first round, for Lizzie had one badly battered fender, a bent bumper and a twisted headlight, while he was unhurt. The bear charged straight into the blinding headlights. Mr. Randolph, who was driving, decided to wind up the fight in this round. He stepped on the gas and headed the machine straight for Bruin, who was coming head on at full speed.

It is customary in England to enter a boys name for Eton College as soon as he is born. All vacancies are now filled until 1932.

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41-1/2 Acres—With 6-room house and outbuildings. Geo. McCarter home-place. Joins S. C. Purley's and others. Also 25 acres near this tract, and without buildings. Fifty acres on Clark's Fork, 200 acres of which is good bottom.

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97 Acres—New 4 room dwelling, 3 room tenant house; fine orchard and pasture, near Charlotte road, six miles from courthouse.

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Fifty Acre Tract—Near New Zion church and school. Residence Phone 111 and Office Phone 74.

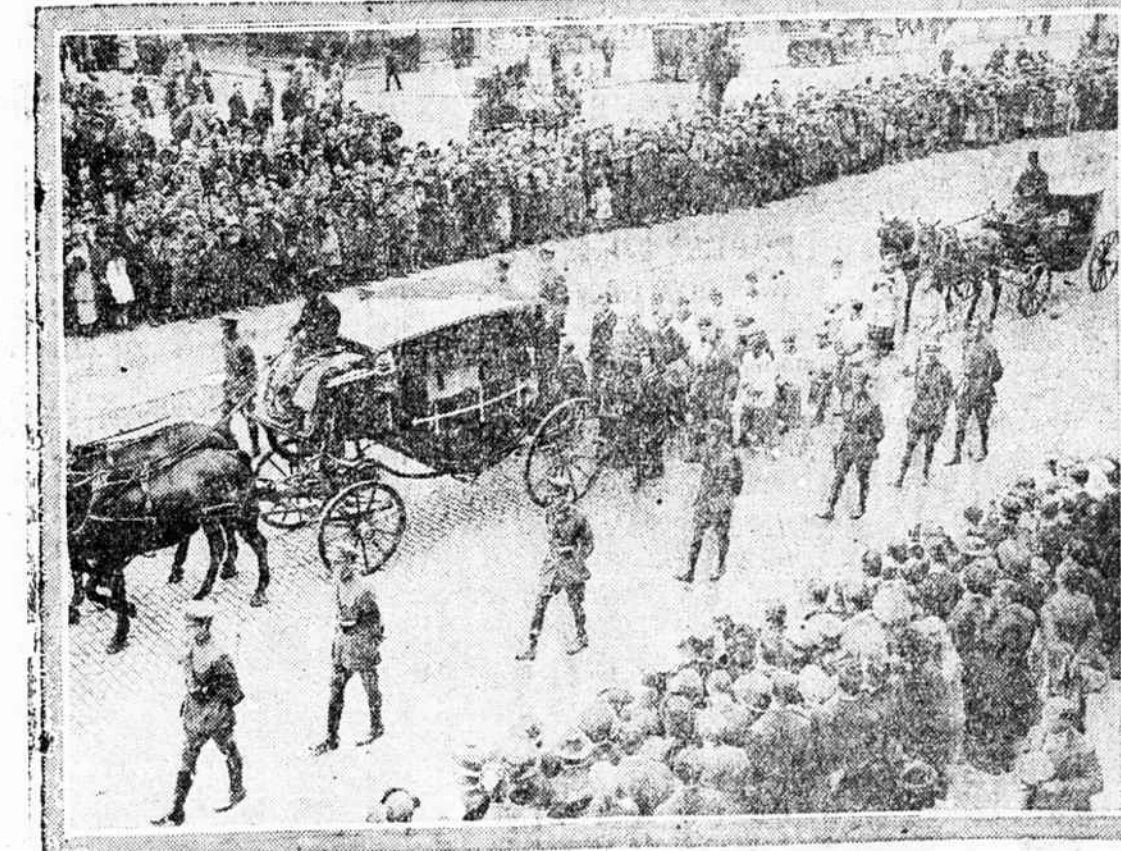
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