

## THE ROAD TO UNDERSTANDING

thought came to me that you might be. But, Betty, you yourself told me your father was — dead!”

“And so he is — to me,” sobbed Betty. “You are n’t my father. My father was good and true and noble and — you — ”

“And your mother *told* you that?” breathed the man, brokenly. “Betty, I — I — Where is she? Is she there — at home — now? I want to — see her!”

“I shan’t let you see her.” Betty had blazed again into unreasoning wrath. “You don’t deserve it. You told her you were ashamed of her. *Ashamed of her!* And she’s the best and the loveliest and dearest mother in the world! She’s as much above and beyond anything you — you — *Why* she let me come to you I don’t know. I can’t think why she did it. But now I — I — ”

“Betty, if you’ll only let me explain — ”

But the great hall door had banged shut. Betty had gone.

Betty took a car to her own home. She was too weak and spent to walk.

It was a very white, shaken Betty that climbed the stairs to the little apartment a short time later.

“Why, Betty, darling!” exclaimed her mother, hurrying forward. “You are ill! Are you ill?”

With utter weariness Betty dropped into a chair.

“Mother, why did n’t you tell me?” she asked dully, heartbrokenly. “Why did you let me come here and go to — house day after day and not know — anything?”