

# BLACK IS WHITE

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### SYNOPSIS.

In the New York home of James Brood Dawes and Riggs, his two old pensioners and comrades, await the coming of Brood's son Frederic to learn the contents of a wireless from Brood, but Frederic, after reading, throws it into the fire and leaves the room without a word. Frederic tells Lydia Desmond, his fiancée, that the message announces his father's marriage and orders the house prepared for an immediate homecoming. Mrs. Desmond, the housekeeper and Lydia's mother, tries to cool Frederic's temper at the impending changes. Brood and his bride arrive. She wins Frederic's liking at first meeting. Brood shows dislike and veiled hostility to his son. Lydia and Mrs. Brood meet in the late-room, where Lydia works as Brood's secretary.

### CHAPTER IV—Continued.

Lydia flinched, she knew not why. There was a sting to the words, despite the languidness with which they were uttered. Risking more than she suspected, she said: "He never considers the cost of a thing, Mrs. Brood, if his beauty appeals to him." Mrs. Brood gave her a quizzical, half-puzzled look. "You have only to look about you for the proof. This one room represents a fortune." The last was spoken haltingly.

"How old are you, Miss Desmond?" The question came abruptly. "I am nineteen."

"You were surprised to find me so young. Will it add to your surprise if I tell you that I am ten years older than you?"

came to marry him, but—the other way 'round. It's the way with men past middle age."

Lydia hesitated before speaking. "Mr. Brood does not confide in Frederic. I am afraid they have but little in common. Oh, I shouldn't have said that!"

Mrs. Brood regarded her with narrowing eyes. "He doesn't confide in Frederic!" she repeated, in the form of a question. Her voice seemed lower than before.

"I'm sorry I spoke as I did, Mrs. Brood," said the girl, annoyed at herself.

"Is there a reason why he should dislike his son?" asked the other, regarding her fixedly.

"Of course not," cried poor Lydia. There was a moment of silence. "Some day, Lydia, you will tell me about Mr. Brood's other wife."

"She died many years ago," said the girl, evasively.

"I know," said Mrs. Brood. "Still I should like to hear more of the woman he could not forget in all those years—until he met me."

"I should like to have Mrs. Desmond as my friend, not as my housekeeper," said his wife simply.

"By Jove, and that's just what I should like," he cried.

"There is but one way, you know." "She must be one or the other, eh?" "Precisely," she said with firmness. "In my country, James, the wives of best friends haven't the same moral standing that they appear to have in yours. Oh, don't scowl so! Shall I tell you that I do not mean to reflect on Mrs. Desmond's virtue—or discretion? Far from it. If she is to be my friend, she cannot be your housekeeper. That's the point. Has she any means of her own? Can she—"

"She has a small income, and an annuity which I took out for her soon after her poor husband's death. We were the closest of friends—"

"I understand, James. You are very generous and very loyal. I quite understand. Losing her position here, then, will not be a hardship?"

"No," said he soberly. "I am quite competent, James," she said brightly. "You will not miss her, I am sure."

"Are you laughing at me, darling?" She gave him one of her searching, unfathomable glances, and then smiled with regular mirth.

"I do not like that man," said Mrs. Brood. Her voice was low and her eyes were fixed steadily on the closed door.

### CHAPTER V.

#### Husband and Wife.

The ensuing fortnight brought the expected changes in the household. James Brood, to the surprise of not only himself but others, lapsed into a curious state of adolescence. His infatuation was complete. The once dominant influence of the man seemed to sink away from him as the passing days brought up the new problems of life. Where he had lived to command he now was content to serve. His friends, his son, his servants viewed the transformation with wonder, not to say apprehension.

It would not be true to say that the remarkable personality of the man had suffered. He was still the man of steel, but tempered. The rigid broadsword was made over into the fine flexible blade of Toledo. He could be bent but not broken.

It pleased him to submit to Yvonne's commands. Not that they were arduous or peremptory; on the contrary, they were suggestions in which his own comfort and pleasure appeared to be the inspiration. She was too wise to demand, too clever to resort to cajolery. She was a Latin. Diplomatic was hers as a birthright. Complaints, appeals, sulks would have gained nothing from James Brood. Nor would it have occurred to her to employ these methods. From the day she entered the house she was its mistress.

He Was Silent for a Moment.



"You Will Not Miss Her, I am Sure."

the arm of her chair, looking down at the singularly pallid face.

"But should love have the power to frighten one?"

"One can be lonely even in the heart of a throng," she said cryptically. "No, James, I will not have him sent away."

He was silent for a moment. "We will leave it to Frederic," he said. Her face brightened. "That is all I ask. He will stay."

There was another pause. "You two have become very good friends. Yvonne."

"He is devoted to me." She blew cigarette smoke in his face and laughed. There was a knock at the door.

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and laughed. There was a knock at the door.

"Come in," she called. Frederic entered.

### CHAPTER VI.

#### The Spreading Glow.

Yvonne Lestrage, in a way, had been born to purple and fine linen. She had never known deprivation of any description. Neither money, position nor love had been denied her during the few years in which her charm and beauty had flashed across the great European capitals, penetrating even to the recesses of royal courts. It is doubtful if James Brood knew very much concerning her family when he proposed marriage to her, but it is certain that he did not care. He sat side at the home of a British nobleman, but did not meet her. Something in the vivid, brilliant face of the woman made a deep and lasting impression on him. There was an instant when their eyes met through an opening in the throng which separated them. He was not only conscious of the fact that she was staring at her, but that she was looking at him in a curiously penetrating way. There was a mocking smile on her lips at the time. He saw it fade away, even as the crowd came between. He knew that the smile had not been intended for him, but for some of the eager cavaliers who surrounded her, and yet there was something singularly direct in the look she gave him.

That single glance in the duke's house proved to be a fateful one for both. They were married inside of a month. The virile, confident American had conquered where countless suppliants of a more or less noble character had gone down to defeat.

"He asked but one question of her, she asked none of him. The fact that she was the intimate friend and associate of the woman in whose home he met her, was sufficient proof of her standing in society, although that would have counted for little so far as Brood was concerned.

**After a man has met his wife's relatives who live in the East he comes to be afraid of them.**

**YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU** Write for Book of the Book of the Day. Write for Book of the Day.

**A Feminine Failing.** Polly—What would you do if you were in my shoes? Dolly—Buy a pair a size smaller.

**The Finest Horse Liniment** Is Yager's Liniment. B. L. T. Salem, N. J., says, "In 20 years' experience of training horses, Yager's is the most wonderful Liniment I ever used. For sprain, gall, swellings, colic, boils, wounds, etc., it has no equal. The finest external remedy for man or beast. Large 25-cent bottles at dealers. Prepared by Gilbert Yager & Co., Inc., Baltimore, Md.—Adv.

**Safety Assured.** Mistress—I will have to leave you alone in the house for a few days. Do you feel afraid? Pretty Domestic—No, indeed, ma'am. O! I know plenty ay policemen who w'd just die for me.—New York Weekly.

**TOUCHES OF ECZEMA** At Once Relieved by Cuticura Quickly. Trial Free.

The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal. Nothing better than these fragrant, creamy emollients for all troubles affecting the skin, scalp, hair and hands. They mean a clear skin, clean scalp, good hair and soft, white hands. Sample each free by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

**Fable Up to Date.** A counterfeiter was once walking along a lonely street when he was stopped by a bold, bad robber. The robber presented a large open-faced revolver and demanded coin. He got it—about two gallons of lead dollars fresh from his victim's private mint.

Next day the robber bought himself an automatic pistol of the latest design, a weapon which he had long coveted. He paid for the gun out of the proceeds of his latest haul and was immediately hailed before a magistrate and sent up for a long term of years for counterfeiting.

Moral—If they don't get you for what you've done, they'll get you for something else.

**The Telephone Pole.** The employer of a Polish girl who has learned quickly to speak English tells of her attempted mastery of the telephone. After its use was explained to her, she was eager to answer every call. A ring came and she jumped to the phone.

"Hello," came from the receiver. "Hello," answered the girl, flushed with pride at being able to give the proper answer.

"Who is this?" continued the voice. "I don't know," exclaimed the maid. "I can't see you."—Harper's Weekly.

**The Wherefore of School.** Little Herman was a very backward scholar and his teacher frequently lost all patience with him.

One day, when he seemed to be more dense than usual, the teacher exclaimed:

"It seems you are never able to answer any of my questions, Herman. Why?"

"If I knew all the things you ask me, ma'am," replied Herman, "my father wouldn't go to the trouble of sending me here!"

**Charitable.** "There is gossip about Miss Mayme's fixing up her eyebrows. What do you think?"

"I don't think they're as black as they're painted."

**Never Satisfied.** "He gives twice who gives quickly." "That's right. Those charity collectors always come back for more."

The Mormon church was organized at Manchester, N. Y., by Joseph Smith in 1830.

**A FOOD DRINK** Which Brings Daily Enjoyment.

A lady doctor writes: "Though busy hourly with my own affairs, I will not deny myself the pleasure of taking a few minutes to tell of the enjoyment obtained daily from my morning cup of Postum. It is a food beverage, not a stimulant, like coffee."

"I began to use Postum 8 years ago, not because I wanted to, but because coffee, which I dearly loved, made me nights long, weary periods to be dreaded and unfitting me for business during the day."

"On advice of a friend, I first tried Postum, making it carefully as suggested on the package. As I had always used 'cream and no sugar,' I mixed my Postum so. It looked good, was clear and fragrant, and it was a pleasure to see the cream color it gave my Kentucky friend, always wanted her coffee to look 'like a new saddle.'"

"Then I substituted it critically, for I had tried many 'substitutes' for coffee. I was pleased, yes, satisfied with my Postum in taste and effect, and am yet, being a constant user of it all these years."

"I continually assure my friends and acquaintances that they will like Postum in place of coffee, and receive benefit from its use. I have gained weight, can sleep and am not nervous."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. Postum comes in two forms: Regular Postum—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages. Instant Postum—in a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water, and with cream and sugar makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins. Both kinds are equally delicious and cost per cup about the same. "There's a Reason" for Postum. Sold by Grocers.

### HOW RANGE FINDER WORKS

Operation of Instrument that Makes Possible Deadly Gunnery of the Present Day.

One of the most important instruments used on a warship is the range finder. Without this instrument it is practically impossible to aim the guns accurately without incurring a serious delay in getting the range by trial shots. Range finders all work on almost the same principle, images of the

ship or other object sighted on being received through the two object glasses, one located near each end and on the side of the tube, being reflected and refracted by a system of mirrors and prisms, so that both are brought to the eye of the observer, who looks through the eyepiece, located at the middle of the tube and on the opposite side from the object glasses. The right-hand glass transmits only the upper half of the object sighted on the left-hand glass the lower half.

When sighting a ship, for example, the rigging and funnels will appear to be offset horizontally from the lower part of the ship so long as the instrument is not set for the correct range. The images then are brought together by thumb screw that moves one of the prisms, and this sets a scale that shows the distance in yards to the ship.

**Eugene Field Loved Children.** It was children whom Field loved best, and he would take all sorts of trouble to make a child happy. His

room was crowded with toys, queer dolls, funny little mechanical toys that ran about, or boxed, or nodded strange heads, or performed tricks. His study door was never shut to a child, and he had many child friends; his family knew nothing of it. His brother tells how, a few hours after his death, a little crippled boy came to the door and asked if he might go up and see Mr. Field. He was taken into the room where the gentle, much-loved figure lay, and left there. In a little while he came limping downstairs, the tears

streaming down his cheeks, and went silently away, known to nobody there.—From "Eugene Field, Lover of Childhood," by Hildegrade Hawthorne, in the St. Nicholas Magazine.

**Sanitary Sandwiches Latest.** Enter the sanitary sandwich. Many of the New York cafes have adopted a machine for their free lunch counters, that delivers a sandwich without a hand touching it, or the necessity of tipping the server. This intelligent mechanism consists of a num-

ber of vacuum tubes of glass, each containing ham, corned beef and cheese. Push the lever and a slice of bread drops out on the platform. If you want a ham sandwich, press the lever and a knife cuts off a slice of ham an eighth of an inch in thickness and drops it on the bread. Another push at the bread lever and your sandwich is complete. The new machine can make a sandwich every second and give it away, which should keep up with the capacity of some of the hungry ones.

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