

BLACK IS WHITE
BY GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

In the New York home of James Brood, Dawes and Riggs, his two old penitentiary comrades, await the coming of Brood's son, Lydia. Lydia, 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 home-coming. Mrs. Desmond, the housekeeper and Lydia's mother, tries to cool Frederic's temper at the impending home-coming. Mrs. Brood meets in the study room, where Lydia works as Brood's secretary. The room, dominated by a great gold Buddha, is furnished in oriental magnificence. Mrs. Brood, after a talk with Lydia, which leaves the latter puzzled, is startled by the appearance of Ranjab, Brood's Hindu servant. Mrs. Brood makes changes in the household and gains her husband's consent to send Mrs. Desmond and Lydia away. She tries to fathom the mystery of Brood's separation from his first wife, and his dislike of his son, but fails. Mrs. Brood fascinates Frederic. She begins to fear Ranjab in his uncanny appearances and disappearances, and Frederic, remembering his father's East Indian stories and a belief in magic, fears unknown evil. Ranjab performs feats of magic for Frederic to the jade-room and influences him to apologize to his father and the guests for his alleged lapse. Brood tells the story of Ranjab's life to his guests. "He killed a woman" who was unfaithful to him. Yvonne plays with Frederic's infatuation for her. Her husband warns her that the thing must not go on.

CHAPTER IX—Continued.

"It sounds rather ominous."
"If he waits long enough you may discover that you love him and his going would give you infinite pain. Then is the time for him to go."
"Good heavens!" he cried, in astonishment. "What a remarkable notion of the fitness—"
"That will be his chance to repay you for all that you have done for him, James," said she, as calm as a May morning.
"By love, you are a puzzle to me!" he exclaimed, and a fine moisture came out on his forehead.
"Let the boy alone, James," she went on earnestly. "He is—"
"See here, Yvonne," he broke in sternly, "that is a matter we can't discuss. You do not understand, and I cannot explain certain things to you. I came here just now to ask you to be fair to me, even though I may not appear to be. You are—"
"That is also a matter we cannot discuss," said she calmly.
"But it is a thing we are going to discuss, just the same," said he. "Sit down, my dear, and listen to what I have to say. Sit down!"
For a moment she faced him defiantly. He was no longer angry, and there lay the strength that opposed her. She could have held her own with him if he had maintained the angry attitude that marked the beginning of their interview. As it was, her eyes fell after a brief struggle against the dominant power in his, and she obeyed, but not without a significant tribute to his superiority in the shape of an indignant shrug.



Of the Three, Lydia Alone Faced the Situation With Courage.

He took one of her hands in his, and stroked it gently, even patiently. "I will come straight to the point. Frederic is falling in love with you. Wait! I do not blame him. He cannot help himself. No more could I, for that matter, and he has youth, which is a spur that I have lost. I have watched him, Yvonne. He is—to put it cold-bloodedly—losing his head. Leaving me out of the question altogether if you choose, do you think you are quite fair to him? I am not disturbed on your account or my own, but—well, can't you see what a cruel position we are likely to find ourselves—"
"Just a moment, James," she interrupted, sitting up very straight in the chair and meeting his gaze steadfastly. "Will you spare me the conjectures and come straight to the point, as you have said."
He turned a shade paler. "Well," he began deliberately. "It comes to this, my dear: One of the other of you will have to leave my house if this thing goes on."
She shot a glance of incredulity at his set face. Her body became rigid.
"You would serve me as you served his real mother, more than twenty years ago?"
"The cases are not parallel," said he, wincing.
"You drove her out of your house, James."
"I have said that we cannot discuss—"
"But I choose to discuss it," she said firmly. "The truth, please. You drove her out?"
"She made her bed, Yvonne," said he humbly.
"Did she leave you cheerfully, gladly, as I would go if I loved another, or did she plead with you—oh, I know it burst! Did she plead with you to give her a chance to explain? Did she?"
"She was on her knees to me," he grated, the veins standing out on his temples.
Yvonne arose. She stood over him like an accusing angel.
"And to this day, James Brood—to this very hour, you are not certain that you did right in casting her off!"
"I tell you, I was certain—I was sure of—"

"For his father, then?" she inquired slowly.
The perspiration stood out on his brow. He made no response. His lips were compressed.
"You have uttered her name at last," she said wonderingly, after a long wait.
Brood started. "I—Oh, this is torture!"
"We must mend our ways, James. It may please you to know that I shall overlook your mental faithfulness to me. You may go on loving Matilde. She is dead. I am alive. I have the better of her, then, al—e? The day will come when she is dead in every sense of the word. In the meantime, I am content to enjoy life. Frederic is quite safe with me, James; safer than he is with you. And now let us have peace. Will you ring for tea?"
He sat down abruptly, staring at her with heavy eyes. She waited for a moment, and then crossed over to pull the old-fashioned bell-cord.
"We will ask Lydia and Frederic to join us, too," she said. "It shall be a family party, the five of us."
"Five?" he muttered.
"Yes," she said, without a smile. "Are you forgetting Matilde?"

CHAPTER X.

Of a Music-Master.
A month passed. Yvonne held the destiny of three persons in her hand. They were like figures on a chess board and she moved them with the sureness, the unerring instinct of any skilled disciple of the philosopher's game. They were puppets; she ranged them about her stage in swift-changing pictures and applauded her own effectiveness. There were no rehearsals. The play was going on all the time, whether tragedy, comedy or—chess.

Of the three, Lydia alone faced the situation with courage. She was young, she was good, she was inexperienced, but she saw what was going on beneath the surface with a clarity of vision that would have surprised an older and more practiced person; and, seeing, was favored with the strength to endure pain that otherwise would have been unendurable. She knew that Frederic was infatuated. She did not try to hide the truth from herself. The boy she loved was slipping away from her and only chance could set his feet back in the old path from which he blindly strayed. Her woman's heart told her that it was not love he felt for Yvonne. The strange mentor that guides her sex out of the ignorance of youth into an understanding of hitherto unrepresented questions revealed to her the nature of his feeling for this woman. He would come back to her in time she knew, chastened; the same instinct that revealed his frailties to her also defended his sense of honor. The unthinkable could never happen!

She judged Yvonne too in a spirit of fairness that was amazing when one considers the lack of perspective that must have been hers to contend with Lydia could not think of her as evil, immoral, base. This beautiful, warm-hearted, clear-eyed woman suggested nothing of the kind to her. It pleased her to play with the good-looking young fellow, and she made no pretense of secrecy about it. Lydia was charitable to the extent of blaming her only for an utter lack of conscience in allowing the perfectly obvious to happen so far as he was concerned. For her own gratification she was calmly inviting a tragedy which was likely to crush him without even so much as disturbing her peace of mind for an instant, after all was said and done. There was poison in the cup she handed out to him, and knowing this beyond dispute she allowed him to drink while she looked on and smiled. Lydia hated her for the pain she was storing up for Frederic, far more than she hated her for the anguish she, herself, was made to endure.

Her mother saw the suffering in the girl's eyes, but saw also the proud spirit that would have resented sympathy from one even so close as she. Down in the heart of that quiet reserved mother smoldered a hatred for Yvonne Brood that would have stopped at nothing had it been in her power to inflict punishment for the wrong that was being done. She too saw tragedy ahead, but her vision was broader than Lydia's. It included the figure of James Brood.
Lydia worked steadily, almost doggedly at the task she had undertaken to complete for the elder Brood. Every afternoon found her seated at the table in the study, opposite the stern-faced man who labored with her over the seemingly endless story of his life. Something told her that there were secret chapters which she was not to write. She wrote those that were to endure; the others were to die with him.

"Yes, sahib. At ten o'clock."
"If Mr. Frederic is in his room send him to me."
"He is not in his room, sahib."
The two, master and man, looked at each other steadily for a moment. Something passed between them.
"Tell him that Miss Desmond is ready to go home."
"Yes, sahib. The curtain fell."
"I prefer to go home alone, Mr. Brood," said Lydia, her eyes flashing.
"Why did you send—"
"And why not?" he demanded harshly. She winced and he was at once sorry. "Forgive me, I am tired and—a bit nervous. And you too are tired. You've been working too steadily at this miserable job, my dear child. Thank heaven, it will soon be over. Pray sit down. Frederic will soon be here."
"I am not tired," she protested stubbornly. "I love the work. You don't know how proud I shall be when it

comes out—and I realize that I helped in its making. No one has ever been in a position to tell the story of Thibet as you have told it, Mr. Brood. Those chapters will make history. I—"Your poor father's share in those explorations is what really makes the work valuable, my dear. Without his notes and letters I should have been feeble indeed." He looked at his watch. "They were at the concert, you know—the Hungarian orchestra. A recent importation. Triangles, music, Gypsies." His sentences as well as his thoughts were staccato, disconnected.
Lydia turned very cold. She dreaded the scene that now seemed unavoidable. Frederic would come in response to his father's command, and then—
Someone began to play upon the piano downstairs. She knew and he knew that it was Frederic who played. For a long time they listened. The air, no doubt, was one he had heard during the evening, a soft sensuous waltz that she had never heard before. The girl's eyes were upon Brood's face. It was like a graves image.
"God!" fell from his stiff lips. Suddenly he turned upon the girl. "Do you know what he is playing?"
"No," she said, scarcely above a whisper.
"It was played in this house by its composer before Frederic was born. It was played here on the night of his birth, as it had been played many times before. It was written by a man named Fereverell. Have you heard of him?"
"Never," she murmured, and shrank, frightened by the deathlike pallor in the man's face, by the strange calm in

his voice. The gates were being opened at last! She saw the thing that was to stalk forth. She would have closed her ears against the revelations it carried. "Mother will be worried if I am not at home—"
"Guido Fereverell. An Italian born in Hungary, Budapest, that was his home, but he professed to be a gypsy. Yes, he wrote the devilish thing. He played it a thousand times in that room down—and now Frederic plays it, after all these years. It is his heritage. God, how I hate the thing! Ranjab! Where is the fellow? He must stop the accursed thing. He—"
"Mr. Brood! Mr. Brood!" cried Lydia, appalled. She began to edge toward the door.
By a mighty effort, Brood regained control of himself. He sank into a chair, motioning for her to remain. The music had ceased abruptly.
"He will be here in a moment," said Brood. "Don't go."
Suddenly he arose and confronted the serene image of the Buddha. For a full minute he stood there with his hands clasped, his lips moving as if in prayer. No sound came from them.
The girl remained transfixed, powerless to move. Not until he turned toward her and spoke was the spell broken. Then she came quickly to his side. He had pronounced her name.
"You are about to tell me something, Mr. Brood," she cried in great agitation. "I do not care to listen. I feel that it is something I should not know. Please let me go now. I—"
He laid his hands upon her shoulders, holding her off at arm's length.
"I am very fond of you, Lydia. I do not want to hurt you. Sooner would I have my tongue cut out than it should wound you by a single word. And yet I must speak. You love Frederic. Is not that true?"
She returned his gaze unwaveringly. Her face was very white.
"It is better that we should talk it over. We have ten minutes. No doubt he has told you that he loves you. He is a lovely boy, he is the kind one must love. But it is not in his power to love nobly. He loves lightly as—"
He hesitated, and then went on harshly—"as his father before him loved."
Anger dulled her understanding; she did not grasp the full meaning of his declaration. Her honest heart rose to the defense of Frederic.
"Mr. Brood, I do care for Frederic," she flamed, standing very erect before him. "He loves me. I know he does. You have no right to say that he loves lightly, ignobly. You do not know him as I know him. You have never tried to know him, never wanted to know him. You—Oh, I beg your pardon, Mr. Brood. I—I am forgetting myself."
"I am afraid you do not understand yourself, Lydia," said he levelly. "You



Confronted the Serene Image of Buddha.

are young, you are trusting. Your lesson will cost you a great deal, my dear."
"You are mistaken. I do understand myself," she said gravely. "May I speak plainly, Mr. Brood?"
"Certainly. I intend to speak plainly to you."
"Frederic loves me. He does not love Yvonne. He is fascinated, as I am also fascinated by her, and you too, Mr. Brood. The spell has fallen over all of us. Let me go on, please. You say that Frederic loves like his father before him. That is true. He loves but one woman. You love but one woman, and she is dead. You will always love her. Frederic is like you. He loves Yvonne as you do—oh, I know it hurts! She cast her spell over you, why not over him? Is he stronger than you? Is it strange that she should attract him as she attracted you? You glory in her beauty, her charm, her perfect loveliness, and yet you love—yes love, Mr. Brood—the woman who was Frederic's mother. Do I make my meaning plain? Well, so it is that Frederic loves me. I am content to wait. I know he loves me."
Through all this, Brood stared at her in sheer astonishment. He had no feeling of anger, no resentment, no thought of protest.
"You—you astounded me, Lydia. Is this your own impression or has it been suggested to you by—by another?"
"I am only agreeing with you when you say that he loves as his father loved before him—but not lightly. Ah, not lightly, Mr. Brood."
"You don't know what you are saying," he muttered.
"Oh, yes, I do," she cried earnestly. "You invite my opinion; I trust you will accept it for what it is worth. Before you utter another word against Frederic, let me remind you that I have known both of you for a long, long time. In all the years I have been in this house, I have never known you to grant him a tender, loving word. My heart has ached for him. There have been times when I almost hated you. He feels your neglect, your harshness, your—your cruelty. He—"
"Cruelty!"
"It is nothing less. You do not like him. I cannot understand why you should treat him as you do. He shrinks from you. Is it right, Mr. Brood, that a son should shrink from his father as a dog shrinks at the voice of an unkind master? I might be able to understand your attitude toward him if your unkindness was of recent origin, but—"
"Recent origin?" he demanded quickly.
"If it had begun with the advent of Mrs. Brood," she explained frankly, undismayed by his scowl. "I do not understand all that has gone before. Is it surprising, Mr. Brood, that your son finds it difficult to love you? Do you deserve—"
Brood stopped her with a gesture of his hand.
"The time has come for frankness on my part. You set me an example, Lydia. You have the courage of your father. For months I have had it in my mind to tell you the truth about Frederic, but my courage has always failed me. Perhaps I use the wrong word. It may be something very unlike cowardice that has held me back. I am going to put a direct question to you first of all, and I ask you to answer truthfully. Would you say that Frederic is like—that is, resembles his father? He was leaning forward, his manner intense.

Lydia was surprised. "What an odd thing to say! Of course he resembles his father. I have never seen a portrait of his mother, but—"
"You mean that he looks like me?" demanded Brood.
"When he is angry he is very much like you, Mr. Brood. I have often wondered why he is unlike you at other times. Now I know. He is like his mother. She must have been lovely, gentle, patient—"
"Wait! Suppose I were to tell you that Frederic is not my son?"
"I should not believe you, Mr. Brood," she replied faintly. "What is it that you are trying to say to me?"
"Will you understand if I say to you that—Frederic is not my son?"
Her eyes filled with horror. "How can you say such a thing, Mr. Brood? He is your son. How can you say—"
"His father was the man who wrote the accursed waltz he has just been playing! Could there be anything more devilish than the conviction it carries? After all these years, he—"
"Stop, Mr. Brood!"
"I am sorry if I hurt you, Lydia. You have asked me why I hate him. Need I say anything more?"
"I do not believe all that you have told me. He is your son. He is, Mr. Brood."
"I would to God I could believe that," he cried, in a voice of agony. "I would to God it were true."
"You could believe it if you chose to believe your own eyes, your own heart." She lowered her voice to a half-whisper. "Does—does Frederic know? Does he know that his mother—Oh, I can't believe it!"
"He does not know."
"And you did drive her out of this house?" Brood did not answer. "You sent her away—and kept her boy, the boy who was nothing to you? Nothing!"
"I kept him," he said, with a queer smile on his lips.
"All these years? He never knew his mother?"
"He has never heard her name spoken."
"And she?"
"I only know that she is dead. She never saw him after—after that day."
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DRIVEN TO THE LAST DITCH

Just One More Visitor and Mrs. Minkler Would Have Served Her "Pie-Pudding."
"That's the third time," observed Mrs. Minkler, who was visiting country relatives, "that I've heard reference made to Mrs. Minkler's pie-pudding, and it usually brings out a laugh if there's any joke about it, I'd like to hear it."
"Well, I'll tell you the story," said

one of the cousins. "Mrs. Minkler told it herself, so it won't do any harm to pass it on. Perhaps you've observed that we speak of the pie-pudding when we have to divide up something into unusually small portions; and possibly, since you are not acquainted with Mrs. Minkler, the joke may not strike you just as it did us. But here it is:
"Mrs. Minkler does the cooking for her family of four, and as she isn't in love with the science of cookery, it's very little in the way of extra the

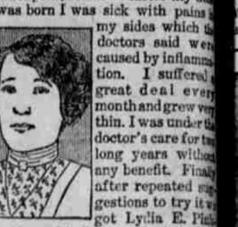
family gets. Mrs. Minkler says she considers 'apple sass and molasses' a good enough dessert for anyone.
"Well, one day, for a special treat, she baked a pie for dinner, allowing a quarter piece for each member of the family. But while she was preparing dinner her sister-in-law looked into the kitchen and announced that two cousins had come over from Rushville to spend the day.
"Shucks!" said Mrs. Minkler. "Now I'll have to cut the pie into six pieces."
"A half hour later, two neighbors,

Judge and Mrs. Peters called, and Mr. Minkler asked them to stay for dinner, to which they agreed.
"Mercy sakes!" grumbled Mrs. Minkler. "Now I'll have to cut the pie into eight pieces."
"Just as dinner was being dished up, who should drop in but an old bachelor friend of the family from the other side of town, and he also accepted an invitation to take dinner.
"Amanda Jane," declared the exasperated Mrs. Minkler to her sister-in-law, "I'll make out to cut that pesky

pie into nine pieces, but I tell you now it won't stand any more cutting than that. If a single other person comes here to dinner today, I'll squash the pie up, dish it round with sass on it, and call it a pudding."—Youth's Companion.

The Dardanelles.
The Dardanelles takes its name from Dardanus, who was supposed to have founded the lost city of that name near that other and far more famous lost city, ancient Troy. It is from one to five miles wide, the most romantic part of the passage being only a mile wide between Sestos in Europe and Abydos in Asia, where 'Leander swam the Hellespont his Hero for to see.' At the time of the largely mythical war of the Greeks and Trojans as celebrated by Homer. The boat of Leander had for long years been pronounced impossible, but Lord Byron, rhyming volubly of all this region of song, in 1810, swam the Hellespont, club-footed as he was, from Sestos to Abydos.

AFTER SUFFERING TWO LONG YEARS
Mrs. Aselin Was Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



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If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

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exposes the evils, the oppression, the fraud and the sin of usury or interest. Usurers are a boldy combining to resist government control. Wake up, patriotic men and women. If you are for enrollment or further income, write to THE ANTI-USURY LEAGUE, J. C. ELLIOTT, SILVER SPRING, MARYLAND.

PATENTS
An engagement ring is a girl's idea of a round of pleasure.
NOTHING SO EFFECTIVE AN ELIXIR FOR RHEUMATISM, GOUT, BRUISES & FEVER. Chief of Police, J. W. Reynolds, Newport News, Va., says: "It is a pleasure to recommend Habel's Chills and Fever. Have used it with necessary for 20 years and have found it really an effective." Habel's Chills and Fever, all drug stores, or by Parcel Post, per paid, from Knickerbocker & Co., Washington, D. C.
A Good Remedy—Habel's Liver & Bile Pills. 25 cents 50 pills

Pretty Blue.
Saplee—What is this Blue Bird we hear so much about?
Snapleigh—The Dove of Peace—Judge.
A Tale Often Told.
"Society is just now afflicted with a new species of bore."
"Still another?"
"It's the young woman who tells everybody she meets how the war in Europe prevented her from finishing her musical education."

Accounting for Tastes.
Bacon—I see expert French butter tasters claim they can perceive the flavor of the soil over which cattle feed.
Egbert—Must have sort of a taste of shrapnel now.
Enjoying Life in Trenches.
A soldier writes back: "Life in the trenches is fairly enjoyable if you know how to appreciate it."
Yes, indeed; life is worth while anywhere, if you make the best of it. The trenches offer peculiar opportunities for enjoying life. Living from minute to minute is intense, conscious living, replete with satisfaction. Every minute is as precious as though it was going to be the last. And the values of contrast heighten the zest for breathing. Just to be alive is keen joy in the trenches, surpassed only by the joy of living remote from the trenches.

FIND OUT
The Kind of Food that Will Keep You Well.
The true way is to find out what is best to eat and drink, and then cultivate a taste for those things instead of poisoning ourselves with improper, indigestible food, etc.

A conservative Mass. woman writes: "I have used Grape-Nuts 5 years for the young and for the aged; in sickness and in health; at first following directions carefully, later in a variety of ways as my taste and judgment suggested.
"But its most special, personal benefit has been as a substitute for meat, and served dry with cream when rheumatic troubles made it important for me to change diet.
"Served in this way with the addition of a cup of hot Postum and a little fruit it has been used at my morning meal for six months, during which time my health has much improved, nerves have grown sturdier, and a gradual decrease in my excessive weight adds greatly to my comfort."
Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Well-Being," it pays. "There's a Reason."
Ever read the above letter? A new use suggests from close to find. It gives genuine, true, and full of human interest.