

BLACKS WHITE GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

SYNOPSIS. -10- In the New York home of James Brood...

CHAPTER XV.

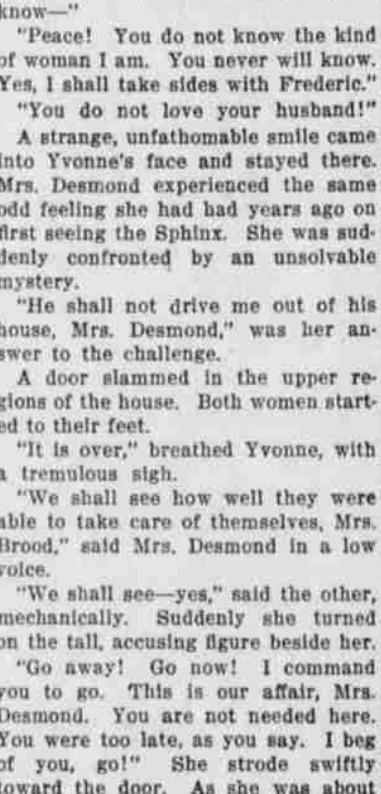
A Mother Intervenes. Long past midnight the telephone in the Desmond apartment rang sharply...

between those two men, but I shall at least remain here to assure Frederick of my sympathy...



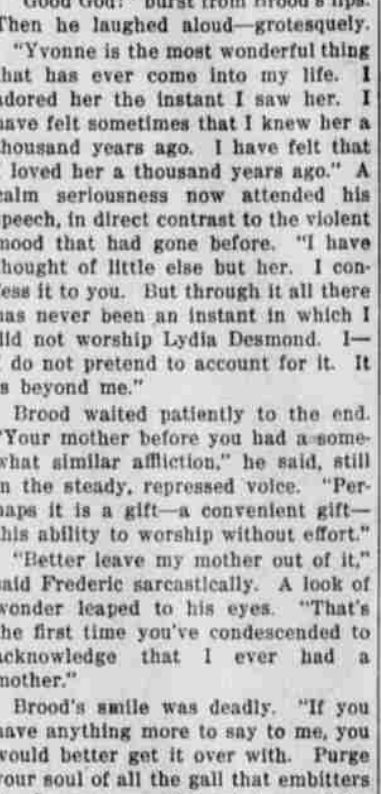
"I'd Like You to Remain." Stopping abruptly in front of the other woman, she exclaimed: "He made a great mistake in driving that other woman out. He is not likely to repeat it, Mrs. Desmond."

received from you. I hope I'll never see you again. If I ever have a son I'll not treat him as you've treated your son...



CHAPTER XVI. "To My Own Sweetheart." When James Brood and Frederic left the dining-room nearly an hour prior to the departure of Mrs. Desmond...

They were alone in his room. He squared his shoulders. "I suppose you think I am in love with her..."



"I shall be sorry for Lydia," he said levelly. "You needn't be," said Frederic hotly. "She understands everything."

you—so it must have been the other way round. She's dead now, I know, but she didn't die for years after I was born...



"I shall be sorry for Lydia," he said levelly. "I don't expect you to believe anything. I was lonely. I wanted to be with you and Yvonne..."

WOMAN COULD HARDLY STAND Because of Terrible Backache. Relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Advertisement for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, featuring a portrait of a woman and testimonials from Philadelphia, Pa.

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WHY DOGS' NOSE IS COLD Being Crowded Out of the Ark is a Pretty Story, but Not Science's Explanation.

smell. And, of course, as the moisture is evaporating all the time, it keeps his nose cold.

Oh, Ye Good Old Times. That the big New York hotels are not homelike or comfortable is the plaint of a western Pennsylvania man who makes frequent trips to New York.

There are a lot of things missing right here. Where are the big, comfortable chairs a fellow can sit in while he reads his feet on the brass rail and looks through a big plate glass window at the crowd passing on the street?

like as the old round iron stoves that used to decorate every hotel lobby? No sir-ee. Give me the old-fashioned hotels every time.