

# BLACK IS WHITE

By GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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CHAPTER XXIII—Continued.

"And I'm not so sure of that," said she, sagely. "It isn't the way with men. It may not have been love that he felt for the physical Yvonne, but it was Matilde that he held in his arms. You can't get around that, nor can he. Matilde's soul and Yvonne's body are quite two different—"

"Gad, you are analyzing things!" he exclaimed in amazement. "But all this is neither here nor there," she said, flushing. "The point is this: we are going away tomorrow, for heaven knows how long—you and I, my mother and your father. We are going to Vienna and in St. Stephen's cathedral—where your father and mother were married with poor little Therese as one of the witnesses—in St. Stephen's we are to be married. She will not be there. She is not asked to come with us. She is barred out. Isn't it the refinement of cruelty?"

"Cruelty, Lydia? I'd hardly call it that. It's the order of destiny, or something of the sort. She gambled with fate and lost out. She's a good loser. She hasn't squealed once."

"Squealed? I hate that word."

"I hate squealer worse," said he. "But seriously, it knocks me all out whenever I think of her. I've hesitated about speaking to father, dear. You see, I'm in rather a delicate position. Six weeks ago I was madly infatuated with Yvonne. I don't deny it—and he knows all about it. Gad, I'd give ten years of my life if she were going along with us tomorrow. I'd give more than that to see this whole unhappy business patched up so that they could start off anew. But I'm afraid he wouldn't take it well from me if I asked him to include her in the party. It's his affair, not mine, you see. He'd be justified in considering me selfish in the matter. It might seem as though I didn't care a hang for his personal feelings—"

"She's his wife, however," said Lydia, with a stubborn pursing of the lips. "She didn't wrong him and, after all, she's only guilty of—well, she isn't guilty of anything except being a sister of the girl he wronged."

"I'll have a talk with him if you think best," said he, an eager gleam in his eyes. "And I with Yvonne," she said quickly. "You see, it's possible she is the one to be persuaded."

"He'll never ask her," said Frederic, after a long period of reflection. "What is to become of her?" asked Lydia, rather bleakly.

"I suppose she'll go away. It will be the end."

"I—I don't think I could bear it, Freddy," she said, a trace of tears in her voice.

He swallowed hard. Then he cleared his throat briskly. "Of course you've observed that they never meet except alone. They never meet except when someone else is about. He rather resents the high-handed way in which she ordered him to stay away from me until I was safely out of danger. He has spoken of it to me, but, for the life of me I can't tell whether he holds it up against her or not. He says she saved my life. He says she performed a miracle. But he has never uttered a word of thanks or gratitude or appreciation to her. I'm sure of that, for she has told me so. And she is satisfied to go without his thanks. She rather likes him the better for the way he treats the situation. There's no hypocrisy about him. There's no use shamming, Lyddy."

"I see what you mean," she said, with a sigh. "I suppose we just can't understand things."

"You've no idea how beautiful you are today, Lyddy," he said suddenly, and she looked up into his glowing eyes with a smile of ineffable happiness. Her hand found his and her warm, red lips were pressed to his palm in a hot, impassioned kiss. "It's great to be alive! Great!"

"Oh, it is," she cried, "it is!"

They might better have said that it is great to be young, for that is what it all came to in the analysis. Later on Brood joined them in the courtyard. He stood, with his hand on his son's shoulder, chatting carelessly about the coming voyage, all the while smiling upon the radiant girl to whom he was promising paradise. She adored the gentle, kindly gleam in these one-time steady, steel-like eyes. His voice, too, of late was pitched in a softer key and there was the ring of happiness in its every note. It was as if he had discovered something in life that was constantly surprising and pleasing him. He seemed always to be venturing into fresh fields of exploration and finding there something that was of inestimable value to his new estate. Every day he was growing richer, happier—and yet poorer when it came to self-appraisal. All his life he had hoarded the motives and designs that applied to self. He had laid by a great store of hard things for his old age; they were being wrested from him by this new force that had taken possession of him and he saw how ill he had invested his powers. He appraised himself very lowly and with an ever-increasing shame. Rich, how-

—yet they have been true and loyal to them."

"You—you amaze me," she cried, watching his eyes with acute wonder in her own. "Suppose that I should refuse to abide by your—what shall I call it?"

"Decision is the word," he supplied grimly. "Well—what then?"

"You will abide by it, that's all. I am leaving you behind without the slightest fear for the future. This is your home. You will not abandon it." "Have I said that I would?"

"No."

She drew herself up. "Well, I shall now tell you what I intend to do—and have intended to do ever since I discovered that I could think for myself and not for Matilde. I intend to stay here until you turn me out as unworthy. I love you, James. You may leave me here feeling very sure of that. I shall go on caring for you all the rest of my life. I am not telling you this in the hope that you will say that you have a spark of love in your soul for me. I don't want you to say it now, James. But as sure as there is a God above us you will say it to me one day, and I will be justified in my own heart."

"I have loved you. There was never in this world anything like the love I had for you—I know it now. It was not Matilde I loved when I held you in my arms. I know it now for the first time. I am a man. I loved you—I loved your body, your soul—"

"Enough!" she cried out sharply. "I was playing at love then. Now I love in earnest. You've never known love such as I can really give. I know you well, too. You love nobly—and without end. Of late I have come to believe that Matilde could have won out against you—your folly if she had been stronger, less conscious of the pain she felt. If she had stood her ground—here, against you, you would have been conquered. But she did not have the strength to stand and fight as I would have fought. Today I love my sister none the less, but I no longer fight to avenge her wrongs. I am here to fight for myself. You may go away thinking that I am a traitor to her, but you will take with you the conviction that I am honest, and that is the foundation for my claim against you."

"I know you are not a traitor to her cause. You are its lifelong supporter. You have done more for Matilde than—"

"Than Matilde could have done for herself? Isn't that true? I have forced you to confess that you loved her for twenty-five years with all your soul. I have done my duty for her. Now I am beginning to take myself into ac-

count. Some day we shall meet again—and well, it will not be disloyalty to Matilde that moves you to say that you love me. I shall not stay out of your life forever. It is your destiny and mine, James. We are mortals, flesh and blood mortals, and we have been a great deal to each other."

He was silent for a long time. When at last he spoke his voice was full of gentleness. "I do not love you, Yvonne. I cannot allow you to look forward to the—the happy ending that you picture so vividly in your imagination. You say that you love me. I shall give you the opportunity to prove it to yourself if not to me. When I came back to you a moment ago it was to tell you that I expect you to be here—in this house—when I return in a year—perhaps two years. I came back to put it to you as a command. You are more than my wife. You are my prisoner. You are to pay a penalty as any convicted wrong-doer would pay if condemned by law. I order you, Therese, to remain in this house until I come to set you free."

She stared at him for a moment and then an odd smile came into her eyes. "A prisoner serving her term? Is that it, my husband?"

"If you are here when I return I shall have reason to believe that your love is real, that it is good and true and enduring. I am afraid of you now. I do not trust you."

Her eyes flashed ominously. She started to say something, but refrained, closing her lips tightly. "You used the word prisoner," Brood resumed levelly. "Of course you understand that it is voluntary on your part."

"For a year—or a year and a half, that's what it will come to," she mused. "I am to stay in this house all that time?"

"Yes, madam."

"When Mr. Dawes and Mr. Riggs return from the ship, tell them that I shall expect them to have luncheon with me. That's all, thank you."

"Yes, madam."

"By the way, James, you may always set the table for three."

Jones blinked. It was a most unusual order. He had been trying to screw up his courage to inquire what his mistress's plans were for the immediate future—whether she intended to travel, should he dismiss the servants, would she spend the heated term in the mountains, etc., etc. He, as well as the rest of the servants, wondered why the master's wife had been left behind. Her instructions, therefore, to lay three places at the table took him completely by surprise—"knocked the breath out of him," as he expressed it to the cook a few minutes later. She had never been known to take a meal with the garrulous old men. They bored her to distraction, according to Celeste. And now he was to lay places for them—always! It was most extraordinary!

"It's been here for two hours and she doesn't even think of opening it to see what's inside," complained Mr. Riggs, but entirely without reproach. "It's her business, Joe," said Mr. Dawes, pulling hard at his cigar. "Maybe some one's dead," said Mr. Riggs, dolorously. "Like as not," said his friend, "but what of it?"

"What of it, you infernal—but, excuse me, Danbury, I won't say it. It's against the rules, God bless 'em. But I will say that if anybody else had asked that question I'd say he was a blithering, unnatural fool. If anybody's dead, she ought to know it."

"But supposing nobody is dead," protested Mr. Dawes. "There's no use arguing with you." "She'll read it when she gets good and ready. At present she prefers to . . . the letters that just came from Freddy and Lyddy. What's a cablegram compared to the kind of letters they write? Answer me, Joe."

"Foolish questions like that—"

"Within these four walls," said he, and his face was very white. "Is that your sentence?"

"Call it that if you like, Therese." "Do you mean that I am not to put foot outside of these premises?" she asked, wide-eyed. He nodded his head. "My keepers? Who are they to be? The old men of the sea—"

"Your keeper will be the thing you call Love," said he. "Do you expect me to submit to this—"

He held up his hand. "I expect you to remain here until I return, Therese. I did not intend to impose this condition upon you by word of mouth. I was going away without a word, but you would have received from Mr. Dawes a sealed envelope as soon as the ship sailed. It contains this verdict in writing. He will hand it to you, of course, but now that you know the contents it will not be necessary to—"

"And when you do come back am I to hope for something more than your pardon and a release?" she cried, with fine irony in her voice. "I will not promise anything," said he, slowly.

She drew a long breath and there was the light of triumph in her eyes. Laying her slim hand on his arm, she said: "I am content, James. I am sure of you now. You will find me here when you choose to come back, be it in one year or twenty. Now go, my man! They are waiting for you. Be kind to them, poor souls, and tell them all that you have just told me. It will make them happy. They love me, you see."

"Yes, they do love you," said he, putting his hands upon her shoulders. They smiled into each other's eyes. "Good-by, Therese. I will return."

"Good-by, James. No, do not kiss me. It would be mockery. Good luck and—God speed you home again." Their hands met in a warm, firm clasp. "I will go with you as far as the door of my prison."

From the open door she smiled out upon the young people in the motor and waved her handkerchief in gay farewell. Then she closed the door and walked slowly down the hallway to the big library. She was alone in the house save for the servants. The old man had preceded the voyagers to the pier. Standing in the center of the room, she surveyed this particular cell in her prison with a sort of calm disdain.

"He has taken the only way to conquer himself," she mused, half aloud. "He is a wise man—a very wise man. I might have expected this of him." She pulled the bell cord, and Jones, who had just re-entered the house, came at once to the room.

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"I—I hope it is, by gee!" exclaimed the other, and then they got up and went over to examine the envelope for the tenth time. "I wish he'd telegraph or write or do something, Dan."

Medals as decorations for military service were first issued in England by Charles I in 1643.

Immutability. In a field that I passed there was uncharted, not long ago, the great country of a Roman settler, with its retortory, its little cloistered court, its baths and chambers, and storehouses. And it may all last, on hardy changing, for another thousand years, or longer still—A. C. Benson in the North American Review.

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"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts—sold by Grocers.

## COULD NOT STAND ON FEET

Mrs. Baker So Weak—Could Not Do Her Work—Found Relief In Norel Way.



Adrian, Mich.—"I suffered terribly with female weakness and backache and got so weak that I could hardly do my work. When I washed my dishes I had to sit down when I would get so weak that I would have to get a drink every few minutes, and before I could dusting I would have to lie down. I got so poorly that my folks thought I was going into consumption. One day I found a piece of paper blowing around the yard and I picked it up and read it. It said 'Saved from the Grave,' and told what Lydia E. Pinksam's Vegetable Compound has done for women. I showed it to my husband and he said 'Why don't you try it?' So I did, and after I had taken two bottles I felt better and I said to my husband, 'I don't need any more,' and he said 'You had better take a little longer anyway. So I took it for three months and I was well and strong.'—Mrs. ALONZO E. BAKER, 9 Tecumseh St., Adrian, Mich.

Not Well Enough to Work. In these words is hidden the tragedy of many a woman, housekeeper or wage earner who supports herself and is often helping to support a family, on meager wages. Whether in house, office, factory, shop, store or kitchen, woman should remember that there is one true remedy for the ills to which women are prone, and that is Lydia E. Pinksam's Vegetable Compound. It promotes that vigor which makes work easy. The Lydia E. Pinksam Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

DROPSY TREATED. Usually gives some relief, soon removes swelling and short breath, often gives entire relief in 3 to 25 days. Trial treatment sent FREE. DR. THOMAS E. GREEN, Successor to Dr. H. H. Green's Sons, Box A, Chatsworth, Cal.

Hard Work. First Flea—Been on a vacation? Second Flea—None, on a tramp—Penn Punch Bowl.

LOOK YOUR BEST As to Your Hair and Skin, Cuticura Will Help You. Trial Free.

The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal. These fragrant super-creamy emollients preserve the natural purity and beauty of the skin under conditions which, if neglected, tend to produce a state of irritation and disfigurement. Free sample each by mail with Book. Address: postcard, Cuticura, Dept. XL, Boston. Sold everywhere—Adv.

Taking No Chances. "So you're leaving to get married, Mary?" "Yes, mum." "And how long have you known the young man?" "Three weeks, mum." "Isn't that a rather short time? Don't you think you ought to wait until you know him better?" "No, mum. I've tried that several times, and every time the man changed his mind when he got to know me better."

The Floor Did. Jimmy, five years old, had discovered that he could do a few turns of the swinging rings in the gymnasium of the Boys' club, following the athletic example of his older brother. But as all joy must end, so ended the happiness of the young swinger. His hold slipped and he landed on the floor. His brother rendered first aid. "Did the rings hit you?" he asked. "No," Jimmy replied between sobs, "but the floor did."

No War This Time. Critical Husband—This beef isn't to eat. Wife—Well, I told the butcher that if it wasn't good I would send you around to his shop to give him a thrashing; and I hope you'll take someone with you, for he looked pretty fierce, and I didn't like the way he handled his big knife. Husband—Humph! Oh, well, I must say I've seen worse meat than this.

Men Out To Win appreciate that brain, nerves and muscles can be kept up to par only by right living and careful selection of food. Thousands of such men use Grape-Nuts because this food yields the maximum nourishment of prime wheat and barley of which it is made. Grape-Nuts also retains the wonderful mineral elements of the grains so essential for the daily repair of brain and nerve tissue, but which are so often lacking in the usual dietary.

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## EFFECTIVE WAY TO TEACH

Indirect Method and Concrete Example Alike Praised by Writer in Magazine.

The indirect method and the concrete example are the most effective ways to teach, according to a writer in Leadle's. The girls' canning clubs, organized throughout the South by the general education board, co-operating with the federal department of agriculture, have not only taught thou-

sands of girls how to can scientifically, but have indirectly opened the eyes of as many mothers to the possibilities of home system and home development, and have exerted strong and helpful social influences on hundreds of farming communities. The method has been to assign to each girl joining a canning club one-tenth of an acre, and to teach her how to select the seed, to plant, cultivate and perfect the growth of the tomato plant. When the tomatoes are ripe, the girls meet first at one home, then at another, to can

the product. Everything is done in the most up-to-date style, and the girls are taught the necessity of scrupulous cleanliness and sterilization. Canning club day becomes an occasion of social importance in which all of the family are included, so that indirectly the clubs have helped to awaken a community social spirit. There has been financial profit, as well as practical instruction and social pleasure. The average profit made by girls reporting in 12 states was \$21.98. In the four years the canning clubs have been in

operation the number of girls has increased from 325 to 30,000, and the appropriation of the general education board has advanced from \$5,000 to \$75,000. The board has spent no money anywhere that has secured better or more far-reaching results.

The Old Wheel. The world is eternally plagued by a class of estimable people who dread the new. Their instinct is to club it over the head. Since that primitive implement went out of fashion they

have carried an antique flintlock pistol known as an old wheel. With this they take deliberate aim and the noise which follows is: "Of course there is some truth in what you say, but you can never change human nature. Now while old campaigners like Columbus, Darwin, Cromwell and Giordano Bruno could view this weapon with equanimity, it did often terrify amateur rebels into silence, until one bolder than the rest looked unflinchingly into the bore. The reward of his courage was this damaging discov-

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Immutability. In a field that I passed there was uncharted, not long ago, the great country of a Roman settler, with its retortory, its little cloistered court, its baths and chambers, and storehouses. And it may all last, on hardy changing, for another thousand years, or longer still—A. C. Benson in the North American Review.

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